

Tracts For the People

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TRACTS

For the People.



A BIBLE MISCELLANY OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE AND AMUSEMENT.

THE BREACH OF PROMISE.

A TALE—BY J. D.

"VILLAGEs are pretty things enough in landscape and poetry, but exceedingly stupid in those of alode, and I am quite sure, Julia, we shall never enjoy a happy day in them until we have left this great lumbering house, ever-looking, as it does, that shabby, dusty, foolish, little place."

"And the same rainy days, Caroline," added her sister, clasping her hands, and raising a pair of pretty blue eyes at a Catholic saint. "Oh think of the rainy days." "I ought to think of them, Julia, they are positively dreadful. nothing to be seen all day long, but some farmer riding half drowned along the splashing road, or an occasional travelling carriage, with the hood close drawn, driving rapidly past, leaving us and the little village together, with an air of scorn, even in the sound of the wheels. Desolation without—"

"Among the circulating library within," rejoined her sister. "Here is the catalogue: 'The Sentimental Lover,' 'Feudal Tyrants,' 'Famela; or, Virtue Rewarded'—"

"Stop, stop, Julia, the very names are landmarks of oblivion. Had we brought our books! and music with us it would have been some consolation, but it mamma was so much tired of over-loading the carriage. And as to change of air, I really do not see what great difference there is—"

"The postman, the postman!" cried Julia, rushing from the drawing-room into the garden, and quickly re-appearing with a flush of joy upon her cheek, as she held up a letter to her sister. "A letter, Caroline, from Albert."

"Yes, but it is addressed to mamma—"

"No harm in a peep, however, in such a case," observed her sister, holding up the letter to the light, and reading. "I gave of absence—We shall be with you on Thursday! We—we wonder who he brings with him!—let's try again!—My friend, Sir—There's no speaking out the rest."

"Nay, never mind, we shall hear when mamma returns. I am glad, indeed, that she is going with us."

"Accompanied, who this Sir Somebody is," was instantly inquired, inquiringly. "Do you know, all be vastly inclined to fall in with our passage is."

"There are many more pleasant ways of passing it than that, Julia," observed her elder sister, pensively.

"Nay, in a village, and on rainy days, I should think, Caroline," inquired the other, archly.

The sisters laughed; and in a short time afterwards Lady Montague's carriage glided through the miniature grounds surrounding the house, and as soon as she had set her foot upon the landing, Julia held up the letter to her mother, who, receiving it with a look of pleasure, carried it into the drawing-room to read to her daughters.

Julia now learned that her brother's friend was a Sir Edward Russell, of Milton Park, who once held a commission in Albert's regiment, but had quitted the army on succeeding to the title and estates of his uncle, the late baronet.

"I have also heard he is a very accomplished young man," observed her ladyship.

"I have heard he is very handsome," added Caroline.

"I shall fall in love with him, I'm sure I shall," said Julia to herself.

Lady Montague was the widow of a gallant officer who had died in the service of his country, after having earned little besides a knighthood and a soldier's reputation, acquisitions which, however highly prized by the possessor, were of but little service to his descendants; and had not his widow fortunately inherited a small estate, she would have been left, with an only son, a subaltern officer, and two daughters (at the period of our tale both under twenty), in the most embarrassing situation in English society, that of a high-born, but portionless widow of an officer of rank.

Thursday at length arrived; and with it Albert Montague and Sir Edward Russell, who met the beautiful sisters of his friend with undiminished admiration; and they, on the other hand, were evidently pleased with their guest. Caroline he greeted in the courteous manner which her mother seemed to command, but to Julia's blushing smile he applied again; and she already began to see that to love the young baronet would be an easy task.

After dinner—it being a lovely evening—a walk was proposed, and the whole party, of Lady Montague's

resting the streamlet so clear, and the green walks so delightful to Julia as now, while leaning on Sir Edward's arm, she trod with light and gentle step the daisied paths that led through the adjacent grounds of an ancient priory, the ivy-clad ruins of which, gilded with the soft light of the closing day, added a picturesque beauty to the scene. And a fair sight it was, to see that slight white-robed form, glide fawn-like amid the venerable trees, her long brown hair stirred at times by the evening breeze, and baring beautifully her soft white neck, while the laughing blue eyes, and Hebe-like features of the light-hearted girl, as she turned with happy look to the youth by her side—the sweet and peaceful home,—the ruined priory,—and the scenery amid which they moved, seemed to realise to Sir Edward, some dimly remembered day-dream of former years, when love and life were only known to him, as pictured on the pages of poetry and romance.

Long and pleasant was then ramble. Caroline had many inquiries to make of Albert, regarding one who was then in a foreign clime, and Julia wandered on with her companion with continued delight and increasing communion of heart. Poor Julia! the task of falling in love which she had assigned herself was an easy one, and she appeared to be succeeding in it to her heart's content.

But Julia had no sooner made this conquest over herself, than she discovered it was a worthless one, unless she made the conquest of another heart in return,—a task attended with more inquietude and uneasiness by far, than the other. But this was already achieved, and ere many days had gone by, the young baronet declared his love, and pressed with rapture to his heart the blushing girl, who owned it was returned. Soon after this he departed with Albert,—looking forward, however, with pleasure, to the prospect of soon meeting Julia again, as Lady Montague had intimated her intention of spending the ensuing winter with her daughters in town.

The London winter arrived with its thousand gaieties, and Julia Montague made her debut with great éclat in the fashionable world. Her charms were extolled in many a courtly circle, and hearts as a few were already disposed to worship her. Sir Edward Russell she frequently met, and on many a night did she move among the gay groups in the glittering saloon, her soft arm linked in his, with smiles on her cheek and happiness in her heart. And proud was his affianced bride, and fortunate was he, known by many in having engaged the hand of such a girl.

But, however, a domestic affair called him out of town; and on his

return, that a Colonel Percy, who had just returned from abroad, had already supplanted him in the affections of Julia Montague. Every circumstance seemed to confirm these reports. The colonel was a constant visitor at Lady Montague's, and her daughters hardly ever appeared abroad without being attended by him, and many who had formerly congratulated Sir Edward, now with ill-timed pleasantry openly rallied him upon being thus so suddenly displaced by his more fortunate rival. This was more than the baronet could bear.—naturally proud and sensitive, he felt deeply hurt at the supposed faithlessness of one he so fondly loved, and once more abruptly left town, without even going through the ceremony of taking leave of Lady Montague or her family.

Julia felt this degradation keenly. She loved Sir Edward with all the fond devotion of woman's untainted heart, and, unsuspecting herself, she was ignorant of the grounds of suspicion in others. Her spirituelle and her avoided society, and she changed and came over her was not unmarked by her mother, nor had she much difficulty in guessing at the cause, but the shrinking timidity of her daughter induced her to forbear questioning her as to the cause of the estrangement; and she resolved to leave to time the solution of a mystery which she could not comprehend.

It has been remarked by a witty French marquis that "at no time is a man less likely to fall in love than when smarting under the desertion of one in whom he had placed his affections," and although a seeming variance with this, it is equally true that there is no time at which he is more apt to marry. Sir Edward Russell had no sooner reached his own country than he paid his addresses to a lady, the daughter of a neighbouring gentleman, and the rank, estate, and character of the suitor favoured his pretensions with the lady's friends, and after a short period he was favourably listened to by the lady herself. The marriage day was fixed at a date unusually early, the lawyers set to work, and all the necessary arrangements completed with the greatest rapidity. His reflections at this period were gloomy, but without regret, pride, if it had not perverted his judgment, had at least reached his heart, and the impatient course which he thus so recklessly pursued appeared to his eyes almost in the character of a duty.

The bells of the village church were ringing a merry peal on Sir Edward's marriage morn; but their sound brought him little of gladness; the image of Julia Montague, lovely and artless as he had once known her, forced itself in spite of himself upon his mind, and the sacred feelings which he sought in vain

King of Poland's army to assert his notorious, and in Moscow, Boris having taken poison.

The new czar began to force him; he raised which seemed to promise a fore him; he raised his eyes fell upon the inaccessible even to his power he looked again, and closed on him its using heart the following scene. His virtues of 16th, at — church, — a Polish princess; — eldest daughter of the late to which he showed Sir Henry Montague, to wife, served stately, — th Regt " satisfaction, dropped from his hands, the garbled again removed from his eyes, — the pulse was moment which he had formed of the weapon-hearted girl, and the consequences he No faith an infatuated hand drawn upon torrid it flashed upon his mind — he still shall not his marriage bells chiming on the theme as if air, and every peal added a pang to upon fancy of his mind blined, he had recovered from the first shock

King's sudden announcement, a travel-mouse of difficulty and, drove furiously to Purgatory their house, and when the postillions up, up their pecking and prancing horses, and the servant had time to ascend from the rumble, Albert Montague sprang from the carriage and was more leisurely followed by another gentleman, whom Sir Edward recognized as an officer of the same regiment. They were instantly admitted, and the impetuous young officer demanded satisfaction for the outrage to his sister's feelings, and that, Sir Edward crossed the church's threshold to lead his bride to the altar. Right willingly was this strange and somewhat extravagant demand complied with, and the baronet hastily summoning one of his friends, prevailed upon him to make immediate arrangements for a hostile meeting.

Sir Edward in the meantime retired — it wanted yet two hours of the time when his bride expected him — and as his house was full of guests, he was apprehensive of being unable to conceal his anterior purpose. He wrote a long letter to Julia Montague, which he intended should be forwarded to her should he fail in the day — this he sealed and left upon the table, then joining his friend, proceeded to a remote part of the grounds, which had been selected as the place of meeting.

Strangely now sounded the marriage bells, as they rose far over the distant trees, and never perhaps before, did holy bells fall on bridegroom's ear, as they fell now. The little party stood for some moments silently listening to them, the most thoughtless appearing a structure of the strange blending of feelings they created, and Sir Edward's friend strove once more to bring about a reconciliation. But this only roused the principles from their momentary inactivity, and accommodation being hopeless, the ground was instantly measured, and pistols put into

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their hands. The seconds then shook hands with their respective friends, and fell back — Montague's giving the signal to fire. Sir Edward discharged his pistol in the air, stood for a moment as if with an effort, then staggered a few paces and leaned against the trunk of a tree. The whole party rushed to his side and supported him, just in time to prevent him sinking to the earth. He neither uttered moan nor sigh, but the deadly paleness of his face, his drooping eyes, and a warm stream of blood which was now rapidly dying the white waistcoat he wore, showed them that he was severely, if not fatally, wounded. Montague kneeling by his side, grasped his hand, and exhibited all the wildness of despairing grief, but Sir Edward was now insensible, and in that state was borne back to the house; whence mounted servants were instantly despatched in quest of a surgeon.

After a short interval a surgeon arrived, who having examined the baronet's wound, and after some difficulty extracted the ball, pronounced him to be in a state of extreme danger, and as his patient was greatly exhausted with pain and loss of blood, the usual order was enforced of keeping him quiet, — and every person whose presence was at all likely to excite or disturb him summarily ejected from the chamber, — an exclusion to which Albert Montague could hardly be prevailed upon to submit. A messenger was sent to inform the bride of what had occurred; — the village bells suddenly ceased to peal, and round the spot, for many a mile, the affair cast a gloom which the cheerless answers that were given to the many anxious inquiries, made all day long at the minor-house, served greatly to increase.

A few hours after the affray, the letter which Sir Edward had left upon his desk, was found by his valet, and he, ignorant of its nature, sent it to the post-office. Albert Montague, agitated and perplexed by the events of the morning, omitted to acquaint his family of what had occurred, and Julia accordingly received on the following morning the letter alluded to, — which, unbroken as it was by any other communication, threw her into the most dreadful state of mind. With the wild impulses of her sex, she felt determined to go down to — — — Sir Edward, to live — or, if he had fallen, to put an end to the agony of suspense, by knowing the worst. It needed all the influence and persuasion of Lady Montague to prevent her daughter taking this step. She pointed out its rashness — its very indecency, and the sure and just censure of the world which would attend it, and at length succeeded in prevailing upon her weeping child to abandon it. Great, however, was her distress of mind, and had it been of long continuance, in all probability it would have been fatal to her life.

next morning, from her brother, acquainted her of all that had occurred, and expressed a belief, in which he himself but feebly participated, that Sir Edward would soon recover from the effects of his wound.

Not were the feelings of the bride less sensibly, although perhaps less painfully agitated. The circumstance of Sir Edward fighting a duel on his marriage morning to her was inexplicable, being perfectly ignorant of his previous engagement to Julia Montague, as well as of the subsequent estrangement. She sent for Albert, with whom she was slightly acquainted, and extracted from him a full relation of all the circumstances. But she knew not, even then, the real cause of the estrangement between her sister and Sir Edward, which he only imputed to the fickleness of the latter,—he could disclose nothing to offend the pride of her he addressed, but she heard enough to cause her secretly to determine that she would never be Sir Edward's bride. She knew not, she could not know, that he gave the preference to another, but she felt that his conduct had been ungenerous, that he had broken faith and promise, and she would never usurp the heart which of right belonged to another. His sudden and unexpected addresses, and the ardour with which he pressed his suit, had pleased her vanity, but had hardly touched her heart, and it cost her but little effort to resolve upon the course which she now deemed it her duty to pursue.

In the meantime, Sir Edward Russell was slowly recovering from the effects of his wound, but, returning health brought with it little to cheer him. His engagement to his bride, his love for Julia, were ever present with him,—and the strife between his feelings and his duty was painful and injurious to him. One evening, calling Albert Montague to his bedside, he frankly unboomed himself and sought his counsel. Montague smiled at his perplexity. "Never, my dear Russell," said he, "was there such a medley of broken promises, since the world began, for I assure you, that I expect nothing better than, on your recovery, to be called on again by you in return."

"What mean you, Montague?"

"Simply this, that your bride has already promised to become mine,—on the very day, too, on which Julia becomes yours."

"We shall not fight again," Montague said Sir Edward, falling back on his pillow.

Two months glided by, and Sir Edward Russell recovered from his wound as well as again at Julia Montague's feet. The village bells once more rang a merry peal, and the two young men led the blushing brides to the same altar on the same day. The fair couples became the firmest friends; and often, in the long and happy years, in which they lived in unity and love, would they recall the day of promise.

But, however, the day of promise was not the day of fulfilment, and on his

REMARKABLE IMPOSTOR

IT is a singular Percy, who had just created, a dismet, had already supplied, has appeared to the sons of Julia Montague, become private colonel of a nation, each having a perogative, and her form and feature, but armed abroad with have the marks of persons and many who destroyed. Even the Jews of Edward, now in whom the practice of intolerance had contributed to maintain a general blindness, are not exceptions to the law.

But, although no two persons could resemble each other, yet the distinguished traits of some individuals are noticed, slightly possible, or have been noticed, that fathers, mothers, husbands, wives have been led to favour the impostors who have made the resemblance to other individuals, instead of for practising their deceptions. Some impostors have even aspired to the attainment of sovereign power by this means. One of the most remarkable cases is met with in Russian history.

The celebrated czar, Basilovitz, dying in 1884, left two sons, the one, who became czar, named Feodor, and the younger, named Demetrius. The new czar, being a very weak-minded man, allowed all the power to be engrossed by his minister Boris, who persuaded him, that for the security of his crown and life, the assassination of his brother Demetrius was absolutely necessary, and this was accordingly accomplished. The czar himself died in a few years, and it was suspected that Boris had poisoned him. However that might have been, Boris procured himself to be declared the successor of Feodor. For a while Boris reigned wisely, and acquired much popularity with the multitude, but it was not long before the nobles began to plot against him; the affections of the populace were alienated, and great confusion ensued. This state of affairs was favourable to imposture, and an individual soon appeared who had talents to turn it to his advantage. There was a monk named Ostrefief, who bore a remarkable likeness to the murdered Demetrius. Relying on his resemblance to the deceased Prince, he showed the love which the people cherished for the old royal stock, and the hatred to which they had been roused against Boris, the hardy adventurer spread a report that he really was Demetrius, and that the person who had been assassinated had been substituted for him, when he had the good fortune to make his escape. The people lent a ready ear to his representations, the peasants, who had well known the prince from certain marks, declared that this person was unquestionably Demetrius. He was encouraged by some wealthy nobles, and the

King of Poland supplied him with a small army to assert his rights. His progress was notorious, and in 1605 he was crowned at Moscow, Boris having previously in despair taken poison.

The new czar began to reign in a manner which seemed to promise that it would be lasting. He was prudent, just, amiable, and accessible even to the poorest subjects. But the possession of power seems to have exercised on him its usual intoxicating influence. His virtues gradually vanished, and he began to excite disgust. He had married a Polish princess; and the undue partiality which he showed to the countrymen of his wife, served still further to increase the dissatisfaction. A conspiracy was speedily organized against him by Prince Semisky, his palat was stormed, and he perished by the weapons of the revolutionists.

Not less than five other impostors preceded afterwards to be Demetrius, but we shall not enter into particulars respecting them, as their attempts were not grounded upon the exactness of the personal resemblance.

Rumors, too, witnessed another impostor in more recent times. A Don Cossack, named Pugatcheff, having been sent to the camp with despatches, was observed by all the officers to bear a striking likeness to the murdered emperor, Peter. This was sufficient to awaken ambition in his mind. He deserted and took refuge in Poland, where he spent some time in acquiring the information, which was requisite for carrying his designs unto execution. He then returned to Russia, and by spreading the report that he was the emperor, who had escaped from the hands of the assassins, contrived to raise a considerable force among the Cossacks, and for more than a year maintained a most harassing warfare. It is probable that he might have continued his opposition to the reigning czar for some time longer, had he not distrusted even his partisans by his acts of wanton and brutal cruelty. This, and the temptation offered by a reward of a hundred thousand roubles, induced some of his followers to betray him to Count Plam. He was carried to Moscow in 1775, and was executed there in January, 1775.

In France several persons have personated the dauphin, the son of the unfortunate Louis XVI., who died in prison during the "Reign of Terror," but whom they declared to have escaped. The most conspicuous of these impostors were Jean Marie Herveygault, and Martin Bruneau. The former was the son of a tailor, at St. L6. The strong resemblance of his features to those of Louis XVI., was doubtless, that which inspired him with the hope of passing for the son of that monarch. He had a good address, much art, and a large stock of imposture; and succeeded in making numerous proselytes, even among people of education and fortune. He was several

times imprisoned, but his blind admirers still persisted in paying him royal honours. He died in the Bicêtre, in 1812. His successor, Bruneau, had neither equal skill nor equal success with Herveygault; yet he found a considerable number of dupes. His career was stopped in 1818, by a sentence of seven years' imprisonment.

In the "Causes Celebres," several curious cases of imposture arising from personal resemblance are to be found. A few of these we shall now place before the reader.

A noted example was determined by the Parliament of Toulouse, in 1560. Martin Guerre had been absent from home eight years, when an adventurer, named Arnaud Duille, personated him, and took possession of his property: he had children by Guerre's wife, but neither she nor her sister and brother-in-law suspected the deceit for three years.

Some suspicious circumstances then arising, the case was taken before the tribunals, when not less than three hundred witnesses were examined, some of whom positively asserted that the prisoner was Guerre, others as resolutely declared that he was Duille, while a third party informed the court that they could not distinguish the one from the other. The judges were reduced to the greatest perplexity, but they were relieved from their singular position by the appearance of Guerre himself. The identity of the pseudo-Guerre nearly disconcerted the real one, but upon direct personal comparison, the wife and sister at once acknowledged him as their relative.

De Caille, a Protestant, fled into Switzerland at the revocation of the edict of Nantes. His son died in his presence at Yverdon. Some years after a genuine and a Protestant, desirous of obtaining the estate by abjuration, declared himself to be the young De Caille, to whom he bore a great resemblance. He was prosecuted as an impostor. Numerous persons testified as to his identity, among whom were women who had nursed De Caille's child, and old servants of the family. Extraordinary enthusiasm was displayed by the public in his favour, as it was stated that the opposition to his claims was got up by the Protestants, in order to prevent him from embracing the Roman Catholic faith. In vain were proofs offered that the true name of the adventurer was Mege, and that the young man whom he personated was really deceased. He was put into full possession of the estate, and shortly afterwards married advantageously. But here he carried matters too far: he had already a wife, who, having hitherto associated with him in the imposture in hope of sharing in the spoil, finding herself duped and deceived, betrayed his secret. The case was now more carefully re-investigated at Paris, when it was discovered that certain physical marks, known to have existed upon the young De Caille, were not to be found upon the impostor.

A very singular case occurred in New York in 1801. A man was tried as John Hoag, for bigamy. He denied the identity, and declared his name to be Parker. Numerous witnesses swore that he was really Hoag; among others, the woman whom that person had married and deserted. Hoag was, moreover, said to speak quick and hisping, to have a scar on his forehead, and a mark on his neck, all which circumstances were observed regarding the prisoner. Two witnesses, however, distinctly swore that Hoag had a very visible scar upon the sole of the foot produced by treading on a knife, but this mark did not exist on the prisoner. He afterwards proved an impostor.

A man named Redman was accused of robbing a Mr. Brown, and one of the witnesses on cross-examination, said he knew a man, then in custody, who so resembled the prisoner then before the bench, that he should not know the one from the other. These men were placed side by side in court, and their exact resemblance astounded all the persons present.

Two children belonging to a widow, named Le Moune, stayed away from home during her absence. About a year after a beggar came into the church where the widow was, leading by the hand a little boy. All the inhabitants of the neighbourhood, struck by its resemblance, declared this to be one of the lost children. The mother, however, refused to acknowledge the strange child as her's. Her friends, among whom was a physician who had nursed the child for three years, and the surgeon who had attended it during an illness, protested against her unnatural conduct. The child itself was cunning enough to confute the existing prejudices. Things so continued, when one day one of the woman's sons returned, and stated that the brother who had run away with him was ill and died. To corroborate what he said, he produced a certificate, signed by the minister of the parish and the resident of the house in which the boy had died.

TALES FROM IRISH HISTORY.

TALL TALE FIRST

FIN MACCOLO.

OR

The Giant who ate the Irish people.

AN IRISH TALE.

BY WILLIAM WATTS, ESQ.

O! 'tis long, since these days when the music of Erin
Delighted the sons in the music of kings;
Since her bards, in the joys of the festive board
Shamrocked.

Were tossed by the magic that came from the
string.

O! 'tis long, since the bold Irishman's heart was
affected

By strains that the deeds of their forefathers told;
And long since the Bard and the Bump were respect-
ed.

As were they 'n the days of the duntless and
bold

To the poorest potato-planting peasant in

ould Ireland, the name of the mighty "Fin Maccolo" is well known even in the present day; and unlike many great names that are to be found in the annals of that ill-starred country, it is always mentioned with respect by persons of all parties in politics. By men of the better condition in life, in that country Fin (if he is allowed to have lived at all), is allowed to have been about the best, as well as the most powerful of the "giant-race" that ever left the print of his sin toen on the Emerald sod. The great Maccolo (if report does not belie him) was intirely a boy after my own heart; he was particularly partial to punch and pleasant pie-nio parties; and, in proof of this assertion, I need only mention his celebrated "Mornin'-walk, from the Giant's Causeway to the Cove of Cork," to be present at a party of that description given by a brother giant, who inhabits that part of the countiv, and where it is said—
I, O, passed a pleasant time, despite all care and woe,
Those giants that went gipsying, a long time ago.

We are told they fared well; but of what their fare consisted we can only guess—perhaps

There was *prater* and *potage*, of course no *cul-de-pate*,
And for Fin Maccolo a whole roasted *whale*;
Well stuffed with sage, and a power of meat,
And garnished with shark and conger-eel.

But to my tale. In the recent perusal of a very old work, a sort of early history of Ireland, which "hangs baughier" for its research into the antiquity of that country, I stumbled over a few particulars of the "Great Fin Maccolo," to whom the Irish are said to be indebted for a large portion of their earliest history. The work contains much that is curious which, in the form of short tales, I propose to place before the numerous reader's of this miscellany. The following short description of "Fin Maccolo" which I have put together in doggerel verse, will introduce my readers to the *great man*, whose *short history* I shall afterwards relate.

O! Fin Maccolo was the brother of a boy,
And a brawny big buffier to boot;
He could twist his fist thro' the topmost tree,
And pluck it sleek out by the root.
He lived in a great castle, near famed Lough Neagh
Which he (and was) in the county Tyrone
O! his waters were clear, on a bright summer's day,
As the spirit of pure *Junonia*.
He had a big foster-brother, a giant of the west,
To betray him in his misadventure.
But "Fin" caught him up on his tower one day,
And thus inticed him *clang* into the lake.

Supposed to be the Giant O'Mahony—a Giant who lived at a place called "Giant's Cairn," in the county Cork, perhaps near "Cork." This spot has been invested by tradition with a particular interest, as the place where the Giant O'Mahony is enthralled by enchantment, and confined wit in the bowels of the earth, in "Antres vast."

The people of Ireland are said to love tenderly their foster-children, and often to bequeath to them child's portion, whereby they acquire sure friendship. In the good old times, a hundred kine and better, are said to have been given to a nobleman's child to foster.

For his first act of vengeance—the Chronicles say,
(I do not deem it mere superstition)
That he went to Saint Patrick the following day,
And pronounced himself at confession
By holy Saint Patrick he then was baptised,
And Fin told him of News a great store,
For he did live in the world such a precious long time,
That he died—aged “Two thousand, and more.”

The first annals of most nations are equally fabulous, prodigious, and improbable. The earliest foundations of history are the tales which are told by parents to their children, and transmitted afterwards from one generation to another, they are only probable in their origin, and lose a degree of probability every succeeding generation. In process of time, false gains and truth loses ground, hence it is that the origin of every nation is absurd. Matters of this kind ought to be related merely as proofs of human credulity, for, properly speaking, they belong only to the history of opinion. It is recorded of Fin Macoolo—but I do not undertake to say that the Irish have writ their annals right—that “he related to Saint Patrick, a word of mouth all the news that happened in *oull* Island” (both domestic and foreign private and political), “for full twelve thousand years, and to most of which he had been an eye witness.” As this information may fairly be supposed to embrace much of the early history of that country, some account of so extraordinary a character may not prove unacceptable to the readers of the TRACTS FOR THE PEOPLE, who must, however, be in mind that the Europeans had no chronology before the times of the Persian empire, founded by Cyrus, *Ant. Chr.* 536 and that whatever chronology they now have of more ancient times, built like a framed sieve by reasoning and conjecture.

The reader will see the necessity of the following preliminary observations when I inform him of the somewhat startling fact, that the legend I am about to relate must be placed amongst the remarkable occurrences which are *supposed* to have happened as far back as *anno mundi*, 1900.

FIN MACOOL

Once upon a time—and 'tis a precious long time ago—there lived a highly respectable gentleman called Bartholomew, who with his three sons, Languinnus, Salanus, and Ruthuinnus, and their wives, of the posterity of Japhet, came over to Ireland in “three ships.” Of Bartholomew but little is recorded, except that in a mighty short space of time, and with many hands working at once, he planned a great part of the country, then overgrown with woods and thickets. This posterity kept the land under the good government of these three sons and their offspring for somewhere about three hundred years.

“Where God hath his church the Devil will have his chapel.”

About the time there arrived in Ireland a

certain cursed race of the stock of Nimrod, worthily termed a Giant as one that in bodily shape exceeded proportion, and used his vast strength to win sovereignty, and to oppress the weak with rapine and violence. This cursed line grew strong not only in numbers, but in rebellion and mischief, they were always for being “top-sawyers” wherever they went: so at last they set up a king of their own faction, in opposition to the posterity of Japhet. Well, the “*daacent* boys,” who were determined that “might should not overcome right,” if they could help it, put their heads together to make common cause in “a bit of a shindy” with these big *blangawards*. Many were the skirmishes and scimmages they had, the success on both sides being variable, for scarcely a day passed without a “bit of fight,” to the great grief of those who coveted to live in peace under their lawful rulers. It was at last resolved by the posterity of *oull* Bartholomew, that it would be better to try the chance of one general battle, than to live in a state of constant warfare, and either wholly to subdue the rebellious and tyrannous Giants or else to end their lives in the cause of freedom, and so “*get shut*” of their misery altogether. No sooner was the decree made known throughout the land “that it was intended to make common cause against the Giants, to well them out or die,” than all private quarrels were set at rest, and the whole of the people turned out from all parts of the island for a great day’s *disbarrow*.

The blue ethereal haze of a summer eve was gathering upon the surface of Lough Neagh, and the dipping sun marked the glittering track across its broad and silvery bosom, the breeze seemed to sigh in measured cadence among the waving reeds, and the cry of the water-lowl to wax distant and faint upon the air, as the Warder took his station for the night upon the watch-tower of Fin Macool’s castle. He gazed for some time upon the vast and watery waste, then shouldering his ponderous club he commenced his monotonous tread.

The last rays of departing day shone red upon the rude armour of the warder, as he trod his narrow round, and in a very few minutes the sun had set beneath the distant hills. Just as the grey light of evening fell upon the tranquil water a light boat, manned by a single rower, put off from a distant creek and made direct for the shore beneath the castle of the Giant Macool.

The bark was light and firm, and at every stroke of the tiny oars, she bounded danc-

“In Ulster they used to crown their kings after the *oull* fashion. A white cow was brought forth, which the King must kill and see in the water while, and then him or their stark naked, then sitting in the same cauldron, his people about him together with them, he must eat of the flesh, and drink of the broth which he sitteth, without cup, or dish, or use of his hands.”

ing, along like a thing of life; the voyager appearing anxious to proceed onward as quickly as possible. From the moment the boat became visible to the warder upon the tower, he never for a moment lifted his eye from contemplating it; and when at length its keel grated on the yellow strand at the base of the castle, he demanded in a stentorian voice,—"Art thou a friend to the great Macoolo?"

The answer was given in a female voice of surpassing sweetness, and must have proved satisfactory, for the surly warder demanded the fair visitor's business in a milder tone.

"My business is with the mighty chief, Macoolo, and admits of no delay," said the applicant.

"I fear then, that thou may'st speed thee on thy route back," replied the warder, "for none can enter here to-night."

"Then is the chief from home, else none dare refuse me entrance to the castle," replied the maiden, with great earnestness.

"The chief is within the fortress, lady, but my orders are that none find entrance here after sunset; there is a rising among the people, and we fear surprise."

"Tis of small moment what you fear," returned the visitor, "I must be admitted, I come to warn your chief of treachery;—ay, base treachery now lurks within this castle's walls," and so saying the maiden knocked violently at the postern.

In a few moments an armed vassal appeared, who, by the warder's directions, conducted the female into the presence of Fin Macoolo.

When she entered the narrow stone cell, in which the giant chief had taken up his quarters for the night she found him asleep upon a rude bed of dried leaves and rushes, in the further end of the apartment. A large mantle, or cloak made of the skins of wolves was thrown loosely around him, and his morion lay upon the floor by his side. One hand held the gathered folds of the mantle, and the other grasped the handle of a ponderous battle-axe. A wolf-dog was stretched at his feet, which growled furiously upon the entrance of the lady. At the voice of the dog Macoolo started on his feet, and throwing a hurried glance around the dimly lighted cell, his eyes fell upon the fair form of the lovely visitor.

"What!" he exclaimed, "Meta, art thou here? Didst thou not promise me you would not leave your safe retreat in the fair island on the lake,—am I never to be obeyed?"

"Nay, be not angry with me, Macoolo, I come to save thee!"

"To save me!—what means the quest?"

"Thou art betrayed—trust not thy foster-brother!"

"Nay—nay—mistress, thou art in jest—the Red Maiduin is no base-born hind, and will not herd with foes to Fin Macoolo."

"Enough! my word is doubted, and my mission done. I now return, great chief, to my lurking place. But, look to it well, or ere to-morrow's dawn thy foes will be the masters of this fortress." And with this warning the lady swiftly sought her skiff, and was soon again upon the waters of the lake.

The information communicated by Meta was, however, found to be correct. She was one of the many mistresses of the great Macoolo, and in order to ingratiate herself with this powerful chief, had ventured alone from her seclusion in "Ram's Island," to warn him of his danger. When left to himself, the giant paced across his apartment, apparently wrapped in deep thought; some tidings of a general rising among (even in those days) "the finest country" upon earth having already reached his ears.

"Meta is a shrewd wench," he muttered, "and there may be some truth in the warning she has given. I might depend my life to the Red Maiduin, he has ever served me faithfully;—but he is always better served, however, who dependeth on himself—I will look to it;"—and so saying, he placed his morion cap upon his brow, and bent his steps to the summit of the tower to reconnoitre.

The night was calm and still, and the faint sound of the rippling water, as it broke upon the yellow sands, was borne distinctly to the ears by the passing breeze. Fin gazed intently inland, and strained his eyes to penetrate the twilight. An indistinct sound was heard as if coming from the forest which stood to the northward of the castle, which at length resolved itself into the measured tread of marching men.

"Meta was right, then, the danger she warned me of has followed close upon her; caution; and see!" he exclaimed aloud to the warder, "by the Gods! some traitor knows now lowers the portcullis!—It is the Red Maiduin!—Warder, we'll have no traitors here, take thou the post that slave should have deserted, and guard it well—begone, and send our honest foster-brother here directly."

In a few minutes the ponderous portcullis was raised, and the Red Maiduin stood in the presence of the mighty giant. The chieftain gazed earnestly at his false follower for a few seconds; and the guilty one turned pale as death when he saw his eagle eye upon him.

"So, thou wouldst betray thy friend and foster-brother in his extremity! The culprit attempted to speak, but Macoolo, waving his hand, exclaimed, "Nay, speak not; if yon base herd have given thee gold, why should I spare the steel?" But so, thou art my foster-brother, and blood of thine stains not one stone in the castle of the Macoolo. Thou shalt have thy reward, though. See'st thou how fast our assailants close upon us? Those are thy masters now, and of pur-

choke, and they shall have thy service." With one giant grasp he seized the trembling traitor, and holding him aloft for a second, threw him far into the lake beneath the watch tower.

In the meantime, the castle was assailed on all sides with great vigour by the adherents to the posterity of Bartholomew, the posterity had given way before the strength of the assailants, who, pouring in, in great numbers, at length became masters of the giant's stronghold. The resistance of the giant chief and his followers was long and bloody, and Fin Maccoolo is said to have fought like a tiger. Numbers at length overcame the garrison, and they were driven from the court-yard into the building. Fin took a different way to the interior from that taken by his followers, and as he retreated upwards, towards the top of the tower, he covered the narrow stairs with the bodies of the foe. At length he was driven out on the battlements, and fighting hand to hand, and foot to foot, he reached the side of the tower which looked towards the lake.

"Yield, or die!" cried several score voices at once.

"Never!" shouted Fin Maccoolo. "If you want me, come and fetch me," and with one giant bound he plunged into the water beneath and having reached a skiff moored near the castle, he escaped across the lake unhurt.

The captors of Maccoolo's castle soon commenced their work of sacking, and next morning a heap of ruins alone remained to mark the spot where stood the giant's strong hold.

A few days after this adventure the great battle was fought between the followers of Bartholomew and the giants, the former having situated the latter up from all corners of the island that at last they surrounded them in one vast common in the country of Roscommon, and there they had a glorious fight.

O'Hell's of which dogs was never so hot for a night for ten hours without making one well.

And in conclusion the lawful kings prevailed against their ponderous foes, the miscreants were done to death.

But now the mockery of fortune—victors they were and promised themselves security—but unceremonious and insolence overturned all for what with poisoning the dead carcasses, what with murdering nearly all that remained of the present generation (man, woman, and child) in all parts of the country vomiting them no burial but casting them out like dogs there issued a mortal pestilence. The infection was so great from the carcasses of the giant race, that it infected not only the places where they lay, but the air around about by contagion, so much so, that dogs and other animals are said to have died thereof, and

nearly all the followers of Bartholomew are said to have followed their example.

This was the greatest fight that ever took place in this land of ours and so useful was it, that the survivors agreed to call the country "Ireland"—and Ireland it has remained ever since. The blood shed in this great and memorable battle is never to be dried up. The spot where it was fought is now called the 'Bog of Allan' and has for centuries past supplied the Irish with turf for fuel, and I have no doubt gives the origin of the very common exclamation "*O Blood and Turf!*"

From this great plague (says the Irish) was preserved one Fin Maccoolo the giant, who, fearing this great mortality, hid himself close in his cave on Rinn's Island, and continued there till nature forced him to come forth for food. Having eaten up all the cats and badgers, which there did congregate, for so hungry was he that everything was meat to him that met his mouth.

For fear of infection, he is reported to have covered his face with a thick mask of moss and grass, and to have fled to the far south into the wind to avoid the pestilence. Here, it is recorded that he lived in great quiet and content, with his particular friend the Giant O'Mahony who, like himself, had escaped the perils of war and contagion. He is also said to have kept the true records of the history of the Irish people, also utterly done away by sundry casualties of death, war, spoil, fire and foreign invaders. He lived until the year of Christ 112 which is the very year that Saint Patrick came to Ireland, on his mission from the good Bishop Celsinus, at Rome. As Saint Patrick he told all the news of the country (as I have said before), he was by that holy man baptized, and so he died like a decent layman when he had lived no more than TWO THOUSAND AND FORTY ONE YEARS, which, according to Cocker, is about double the age of that venerable and most respectable old gentleman called 'Methusalem.' The remains of the great Maccoolo lie buried at Loughry in Ormond, where there is a church dedicated to his name and he has the honour of being numbered among the Confessors of Ireland.

THE FORTIFICATIONS OF PARIS STRATEGICALLY CONSIDERED.

WHATEVER difference of opinion may have existed on the question of the fortification of Paris, the doctrine now applied only as the mode of execution, the justice of the absolute necessity of the measure, has been universally admitted and inculcated by the highest military authorities in France. In the operations of modern war, the capital—the centre of power—is naturally the object of every point of an invader. The repeated examples of Napoleon's campaigns in the allies to Paris in 1814 & 1815. In fact, financial considerations

would render these rapid expeditions of imperative necessity, even were they not based on the soundest principles of military science. If, at the commencement of a campaign, in which the object of an invading army is the capital, the latter be placed in an adequate state of defence, the defensive army no longer chained to the roads leading to it, and thereby compelled to accept battle often inopportunistically, is rendered in consequence more free and unfettered in its operations—may base itself on the frontier or central fortresses, and act vigorously on the enemy's communications. If, on the other hand, the capital be uncovered, the army of defence must narrowly watch every movement of the enemy; not only accept, but gain every battle; abandon the frontier fortresses to their fate, and, in case of reverse, retire on the capital itself. And there what could it effect, if art had made no preparations for defence? What could be expected from the energy of a population uncovered by a rampart in presence of a superior and victorious force? The fortification of Paris was a great act, both of political and military policy. By covering the heart of the empire, the frontier fortresses have been restored to much of their pristine value and importance. It is, in fact, the key-stone of a grand comprehensive system of national defence, that will in future secure the independence of France against the attacks of condescended Europe.

There are, in France, 124 fortified places, viz., 23 of the first class, 47 of the second, and 54 of the third. The principal towns are Metz, Lille, Strasburg, Valenciennes, Peronne, Arras, Toulon, and Bayonne. But the places more especially marked out as the pivots of a general system of defence are Paris and Lyons.

The revolution which the art of war has undergone, the rapidity of movement, and, above all, the great numerical strength of the armies now brought into the field, have demonstrated the utter insufficiency of a line of frontier fortresses, as a means of national defence. Again, the increased power of artillery since the days of Vauban in vertical fire has rendered necessary a change in the construction of fortresses. The bastioned enclosures of the system of Vauban and Cormontaigne are now found inadequate to hold bodies of troops sufficiently large to effect the operations of a campaign, to afford space for a refuge, or a position to a retreating army, or to contain safe and abundant magazines, and casemated cover. It is found, moreover, that an assailant can invest them with ease, and concentrate upon every part of the defensive lines to heavy gunfire from direct enfilade and vertical batteries, as to overwhelm the defenders; that, when forced at any point, the whole is immediately carried, from the connexion between the consecutive fronts of bastions and curtains; and that the inhabitants, thus coped up in a small space, are

subject to all the horrors of a bombardment.

These objections have produced a new arrangement of defensive work in nearly all the new constructions of modern fortifications.

The ground to be defended is now shut in by a series of strong detached works; such as forts, redoubts, lunettes, Maximilian towers, &c. These mutually flank and defend each other at distances varying from 300 to 2000 yards, in ratio to the nature of the ground, and embrace a circumference of several miles, each work having within itself the means of sustaining a siege with its small garrison, protected by good casemates, strong parapets, &c. &c.

The advantages thus obtained are these:—They remove the offensive operations to such a distance from the inhabitants, that their sufferings and privations during the operation of a siege shall be greatly diminished. The space which an assailant must occupy to invest such a circuit of works will require an immense force, and weaken him to such a degree as to afford opportunities to the defenders to fall upon his disseminated fronts with heavy attacks. The vast interior space, on the other hand, thus enclosed, not only gives cover to the largest body of troops, and enables an army after a defeat to rally, re-organise, and assume the offensive, but affords, likewise, ample space for the formation of vast magazines of every description.

Fewer men are also required for the defence of these works, thus leaving a larger force disposable for the active operations of the field.

When attacked, the fall of one, two, or more of these detached works does not endanger the safety of the whole, each point requiring a separate attack.

The mode of flanking has also undergone a great change. The open flanks of Vauban's system can be much injured from the batteries of the first parallel; so that, on following the covered way, these flanks are unable to contend with the counter batteries, and thus the ditch is brought under the enemy's control. To remedy this defect, the flanks of bastions are now defended by casemated batteries, secure from every fire except the shot and shell that may be pitched against them from distant batteries; but even this will be powerless if they are further defended by caponniere, and completely screened from a distant view, and placed beyond the influence of even the chance results of distant firing.

Again, the usual covered way and glacis, which did not admit of sorties being made with facility in force and regular formation, from the paucity of the *devoûtes* from the *places des armes*, have been formed *ex contraponto*, by which means large bodies of every arm can now rapidly form in the ditch and move out in any direction.

At Linz in Upper Austria, and at Coblenz on the Rhine, vast entrenched camps constructed on the above system have been established; but the most extended application of these modern principles has been recently successfully executed at Paris. Here we behold the largest continental capital, with a population of 1,200,000 souls, enclosed by a system of fortified works that will ensure the independence of France more effectually against the attacks of coalesced Europe than even the acquisition of several provinces that would greatly extend the area of her frontier.

The system of fortification adopted for the defence of Paris consists, first,

Of a continuous bastioned enceinte revetted to the height of 35 feet, surrounded by a ditch, with cunette 45 feet broad, and covered by a counterscarp in masonry. The gateways, to the number of fifty, are strong casemated barracks, containing batteries to flank the ditches and approaches, and form so many citadels. The ditch, by means of a barrage of the Seine, could be flooded to the depth of eight feet in forty-eight hours.

The profile of the enceinte covers an extent of ground of about 400 yards, and its circumference a distance of eight French leagues.

The second line consists of seventeen detached forts, varying in their outline and properties (but all constructed on the most approved principles of modern art), according to the nature of the localities, and connected with each other by strategic roads. This exterior line, combled with the natural obstacles of the ground, extending beyond St. Denis, Pantin, Vincennes, Charenton, Ivry, Meudon, and Mount Valerien, intersects by woods, rivers, and heights, embraces a circumference of upwards of twenty leagues.

The distance between the two lines varies from 2000 to 7000 French metres. The right bank of the Seine presents sixty-seven fronts, the left twenty-seven.

The exterior line is connected with the "enceinte by strategic roads, which so radiate the ground around the city, that, should an enemy have captured a fort, and mastered the whole position of the line, of which it forms the head, he could not advance on any portion of the enceinte without being taken in flank."

The armament of the enceinte requires 2000 guns of heavy calibre, that of the detached forts 700. The powder magazines of the latter will contain 5,000,000 pounds of powder. Of the exterior line, St. Denis and Charenton form the two great pivots of manœuvre and defence.

The impossibility of provisioning so large a capital as Paris for the operation of a siege has been much insisted upon; but to the object made there is no real foundation. There are always laid up in Paris provisions

in grain and flour for thirty-five to forty-five days' consumption, besides an immense quantity of salt provisions, vegetables, and six months' provision of wine, spirits, and fuel, based on the following calculation:—

Capital	1,000,000
San Luis	200,000
Garrison	100,000

Total 1,300,000 souls.

By adding 80,000 sacks of flour to the ordinary quantity always in store, the means of subsistence would be provided for this population for sixty days. Neither would it be impossible to park within the city cattle for the supply of fresh provisions.

The army of defence would occupy the forts and space between the two lines, the National Guard would man the enceinte.

Whatever may be the results of the most disastrous campaign, from 80,000 to 100,000 men—the wrecks of different corps—will always compose the remains of an army; and, in such a position, could not be attacked. In the meantime, the enemy could not blockade Paris. To attempt the investment of a place, embracing a circumference of twenty leagues, would require a dissemination of force that would render him numerically weaker than the besieged on every point of the circumference. Such a disposition would renew the disaster of the Lines of Turin—lead to inevitable ruin and defeat. An enemy would, therefore, establish himself on the northern face of the capital, and throw his cavalry across the river, to scour the surrounding country, and cut off the supplies of men and material arriving from the interior.

Previous to attacking the *corps de place*, one or two of the detached forts must be carried—an operation that will occupy from fifteen to twenty days. To undertake the regular siege of the enceinte, would require an army of 250,000 men, 500 guns, and a large battering train. For the means of transport alone for the *matériel de siège*, 10,000 waggons, and 60,000 horses would be necessary. The complement of each gun in the field is 250 rounds, which, at ten rounds per hour, would be expended in twenty-four hours. Every thing required for the besieging army, *munitions de guerre et de bouche*, must be brought up from the rear—an operation, in a hostile territory, at all times of immense difficulty, even should all the conditions for securing the line of communication have been rigorously fulfilled.

While the enemy is waiting his strength before Paris, the French army, with the succours of the neighbouring departments, would have so filled up its *coulres*, and repaired its losses, that in less than a month 300,000 men, in the most perfect state of equipment, and in the highest moral condition, would be ready to march against the invader.

Under such circumstances, what force would be required to oppose this overwhelming array? Attacked on all sides—his communications threatened—should the invader divide his force

ces, he will be beaten in detail: should he concentrate, on the other hand, how will he subvert? And what would be his fate after a reverse? Should, therefore, an enemy, flushed even with victory, have advanced under the walls of Paris, let him draw off before the army of France, completely reorganised, shall assume the offensive—to maintain his forward position would be to court inevitable destruction.

But the difficulties which an invading army would have to encounter in a march on the French capital can only be fully appreciated by a rapid glance at the dispositions made for the general defence of the whole territory, of which, as it has been already observed, Paris and Lyons form the two great pivots.

The sphere of action of a simple fortified post is the range of its artillery. Of a fortress, the distance to which its garrison can act with safety. Of a grand fortified position, the whole range of country upon which an entire army can operate. It is the combination of all these conditions that will render France unassailable on her own ground. The events of the last twelve months, the direction of French policy in Spain, have significantly demonstrated how impressed are the French Government with this truth.

It is perfectly idle to urge, that, when Louis Philippe contracted the Montpensier marriage, his sagacity perceived not the complications to which it would inevitably lead. No! When he decided on the measure, it was with the firm determination of accepting all its conditions; of embracing all its consequences of carrying out, in case of need, his Machiavellian machinations by an appeal to the sword!—*Abridged from Fraser's Magazine.*

SKETCHES OF CHARACTER.

THE BEST FELLOW IN THE WORLD.

"THE best Fellow in the World", is generally a very agreeable, lively, and somewhat gentlemanly sort of personage, possessing among other acquirements a perpetual buoyancy and elasticity of spirits, and an acute insight into human character, the weaknesses of which it is his peculiar business to turn to his own account. He is usually verging towards what may be called "The Middle Ages" and his person is invariably "dressed up" to the very best advantage, it being part of his profession to look, if possible, for ever juvenile. From what precise sphere of society the genus, or class of beings, bearing this distinguishing appellation usually spring, we have not yet been able to discover. As far as our experience goes, we have most commonly found "The best Fellow in the World" to have, at the commencement of his career in life possessed good prospects which he had effectually destroyed, either to gratify some absurd whim, or some emanation of childish vanity, selfishness, or folly, the consequence of which has been an introduction to straitened circumstances, terminating in pecuniary embarrassments, to alleviate which his natural and entire want of proper pride

and energy points out to him but one remedy—namely, to render himself as useful, agreeable, and as amusing as he can to the more wealthy portions of his acquaintances—to create in their minds an absolute want of his society, and a feeling that he is indispensable to their enjoyments in some way or other. This is effected either by fetching, carrying, flattery, toadying, or twenty other artifices that procure for the well-trained lagger-on the enviable epithet of "The best Fellow in the World."

It may be asked, has our hero no friends who are of service to him, but those whom he ranks as patrons? Oh, yes, there are many whom he honours with a most substantial patronage. These consist of tradesmen and others, who live by their labour, together with a numerous assemblage connected with the embellishments of life, who are anxious for introductions to the vain and hollow-hearted beings to whom "The best Fellow in the World" is so essential. His services, therefore, are continually solicited, and in the true spirit of overflowing benevolence he kindly promises to aid the views of each. Through these plausible assurances, the tailor clothes him, and similar tradesmen send him their various useful stores in gratitude for favours lavishly promised, and which are all in perspective. These victims are also unanimous in conferring upon him the general sobriquet; and it is not improbable that among them may be found some so initiated as to accommodate him either with a pecuniary loan, or the discount of a bill, for these reputable manoeuvres are included in the schemes of universal burlesquing practised by "The best Fellow in the World."

One remarkable characteristic appertaining to the personage we have attempted to describe, is the crafty spirit of self-preservation that invariably attends him; consequently, he remembers well the anecdotes, jokes, and table-talk best suited for every circle that his exhausted assurance has been the means of forcing him into. Thus he dexterously renders himself acceptable to all parties, however opposed in taste, morals, or mental qualifications. He clings to his present friends until he enumerates among his acquaintance fools more wealthy, and from whose patronage more is to be gained. To ensnare these despicable children of Midas, he puts forth all his powers of pleasing, calls all his utility and subservency into action, and, probably, he triumphs over their good sense in some unguarded moment, they at the same time etching their powers of discrimination, by proclaiming him "The best Fellow in the World."

There is a sangfroid in the adventures of this creature of this stamp that necessarily limits our description of him. Suffice it, therefore to observe, that his career is, in most cases, either terminated by expatriation to avoid the unpleasantness attending incarceration, or by death under the most humiliating shape of human degradation; for, previous to either of these events taking place, some frightful breach

of trust, or violation of private friendship, generally causes the impostor to be unmasked, and held up to the scorn of his former associates, and the unrepented detestation of mankind. Such has been the fate, and it may be added with truth, the well merited fate, of too many on whom has been bestowed the desultory title of "The best Fellow in the World."

We have been led into penning this sketch from observing, in our intercourse with the fashionable world, that this race of impudent adventurers, and amusing charlatans, is by no means extinct, on the contrary, the present being an age distinguished for successful imposture, renders noxious plants of this growth prolific in the extreme. The consequence is, that we continually see the tables of the great crowded with wily and well-dressed "Men up on Town," who have no visible means of subsistence, but such as knavery and "the chapter of accidents" affords them, whose heads are as empty as their pockets, and whose hearts are as cold as the iced champagne they are treated with. Yet, every one of these designing and deceitful beings in the circle in which he moves, is looked upon, and believed to be, "The best Fellow in the World."

MORALS AND MATRIMONY.

A TALE.

"MAKE way! make way!" shouted a young man driving a handsome cab through a crowd of carriages that surrounded the principal door of Drury Lane Theatre, waving his whip, and recklessly urging on his chafing and spirited horse, amid the imprecations of twenty coachmen. The audience were issuing from the theatre; the rain falling in torrents, and the cry for coaches loud and general, when this sudden and fearless attempt to dash through them created immediately the most perfect confusion. Smash went glass—crash went poles and pannels—loud rose the babel sounds of rage and quarrel—the impatient shout of footmen—the angry cry of policemen, and all was noise, hubbub, and clamour; while the coachmen now too busily engaged in quarrelling with each other to attend to any thing else, permitted the common author of the mischief to pass on unnoticed, leaving behind him a scene of tumult and uproar which seemed every moment to increase. On he drove, heedless of every obstacle, rapidly threading several narrow streets, until on turning a corner, a shriek of terror caused him suddenly to rein up his horse, but not before the fury of the animal had thrown down a young girl who happened at the moment to be crossing the street. Flinging the reins to his groom, he sprang hastily from the cab, and raising the girl, carried her to an adjoining tavern, where in a few minutes a surgeon, who had been summoned by some one present, made his appearance, and proceeding to the sofa on which the girl had been

laid, soon quieted the alarm of the young man who had occasioned the accident, by assuring him that she was only slightly stunned, by the shock of the fall, and would speedily recover. As he removed her bonnet, a profusion of auburn ringlets thus set free, fell in silken luxuriance over her pale face, the beauty of which called forth an exclamation of surprise and admiration from the most unconcerned of the bystanders. It was indeed a touching sight to witness the sweetness of those reposeing features—the smooth fair brow, closed eyes, and sleeping lips—while her neat but faded dress, worn with a certain elegance that told the altered fortune of superior rank—the little French basket which had fallen from her arm, and the drawings it contained—perhaps the means by which she earned her livelihood—strewn upon the carpet—her white and spotted hands, and whole appearance, indicated that proudest and most sacred of all conditions, poverty without meanness or degradation. Sighing heavily, she opened her deep hazel eyes, looked timidly around her, then instantly shutting them, while the tears stole from her long-closed lashes, clasped her hands together and exclaimed, "My poor mother!"

"Nay, be not alarmed," said the young man, kindly. "It was my carelessness that occasioned the accident, and it shall be my care to see you conducted home in a manner least likely to agitate your family."

The girl opened her eyes, still glistening with tears, at the kind tone of the speaker's voice, and looked earnestly at him for a moment. "You will forgive my rashness," continued he, taking her hand respectfully, but with some emotion—"You will pardon me for having inadvertently occasioned you all this?"

"Oh, yes!" said the girl quickly. "I pardon you freely; and now that the fright is over, I think I am sufficiently recovered to be able to go home without assistance."

"That I hardly believe," replied the other, glancing at her soiled dress. "Call a coach," said he, addressing a waiter that stood near, and slipping at the same time a doubloon into the surgeon's hand.

The lumbering sound of the vehicle soon announced its arrival, and the girl, with some embarrassment, having evaded mentioning her address, by an assurance that she felt so little injured, that any farther inquiries regarding the effects of the accident were unnecessary, entered the coach, and directed the coachman to drive to Hyde Park Corner.

"By my honour, you escape not thus," said he, her acquaintance to himself as he mounted his cab, and somewhat to the surprise of his groom—who knew that their destination had originally been one of a very different nature—directed his horse's head after the coach, which, keeping at a little distance, he continued to follow.

On joggled the miserable backs, at their

usual contemplative pace, followed by the proud-pacing cab horse, until Hyde Park Corner was at length reached, where the coachman, having already received his fare, drew up, and put down his passenger, who passed hastily on, and entered a house of humble appearance at some little distance in an adjoining street. "Now, my pretty maiden, it will go hard if we meet not again," said Arthur Blanchyard—for such was her follower's name—as he turned his horse and drove rapidly off to another part of the city.

There is not in London a more useful class of men than the bakers; not so much in the way of supplying food as information. In this respect they are indeed invaluable—persons, places, and events are stored in their minds with the regularity of a "Treatise carefully arranged," the information they give is always graphic, and to the point; and they afford it with the willing promptness and faithful accuracy of an iatinct. At the shop of one of these functionaries, near the house alluded to, did Blanchyard on the following morning make inquiries regarding his acquaintance of the previous night, and learned that a lady and her daughter resided there, under the name of Powell—that they appeared to be in reduced circumstances, and lived in the most perfect seclusion.

On ascertaining this, Blanchyard immediately forwarded them pecuniary assistance anonymously; but, calling the second morning at the baker's shop to renew his inquiries, he was surprised and mortified to learn that the lady and her daughter had suddenly left the house and neighbourhood, and that, too, without having given any information as to their future abode. Young, ardent, and impetuous, however, his was not a temperament that suffered him to be deterred by obstacles like these from endeavouring to penetrate a mystery by which he had been interested and aroused, and accordingly all the means which his ingenuity could devise or his purse command, were put into action for that purpose. In the latter respect indeed his power was by no means extensive—although the presumptive heir to the title and estates of his uncle, Viscount Morenfield, he was possessed of but slender private fortune, and too often drew upon the dangerous resources which are always more or less at the command of "men of expectations." But weeks and months glided by, and Arthur, although undismayed in the pursuit, was yet without tidings of the object of his search.

It was a dull rainy night, nearly twelve months after the accident we have mentioned, that Blanchyard's cab stopped at a house of unpretending exterior in Monmouth Street, and his groom, having in rather a quick manner announced his arrival, he descended from the vehicle, just as the door was opened to receive him.

"Is Mr. Isaac home?" he inquired of a

slipshod mallow-looking girl that stood in the narrow entrance with a light in her hand.

"Who shall I say asks for him?" replied the other suspiciously.

"Mr. Blanchyard. Tell him I wait, and must see him instantly."

"Show the gentleman up, Rachael," cried a harsh female voice from above; and the girl immediately led Blanchyard up a flight of stairs to the door of an apartment, which, without ceremony or announcement, he instantly entered.

"Ah, Mr. Blanchyard!" said an elderly man, rising from a leather-cushioned chair which he occupied near the fireplace of the dingy room;—"I am ver glad to see you—come, I dare say, to pay that little bill; and I assure you I am ver much in want of monish just at this time. Let me see," continued he, grasping some papers with a dirty hand, adorned with a large diamond ring.—"Let me see, first, two thousand pounds on the second day of February, one thousand—"

"Stop, stop," cried Blanchyard, laughing; "not quite so fast, Mr. Isaacs; I still come on no such errand, I assure you."

The Jew had expected this, but he did his best to look disconcerted; and Blanchyard continued—

"A lady of the name of Powell was, I understand, accommodated by you with the loan of a sum of money a few months ago?"

"One pair of diamond ear-rings—Bah! she has them again, and paid the money long ago. But what of that?"

"I wish particularly to know her address, and I dare say that you—"

"Me? certainly not. I do not know her address. But, Mr. Blanchyard, I am really ver much in want of the monish of that small bill."

"I am precisely in the same situation, and pray state, without further diffidence, the terms upon which you will let me have five hundred pounds. I want the money immediately."

"Mr. Blanchyard," said the Jew, pointing to a paragraph in a newspaper, which he handed over the table—"look at that."

Blanchyard took the paper, and read as follows:—

"A marriage is said to be on the tapis between Viscount Morenfield and the young and beautiful Miss Elton, daughter of the late Colonel Elton; and who lately succeeded to the estates of her grandfather, Sir Edward Elton, of Deerhill, Bucks. The Noble Viscount is in his sixty-seventh year."

Blanchyard read the paragraph again and again, in utter amazement. "Why, Mr. Isaacs," said he, "you are not foolish enough to believe this silly story. The idea of my uncle marrying is ridiculous."

"I am not quite so sure of that," said the Jew, with the coolness of a cynic. "But,

Mr. Blanchyard, when do you intend to pay that leafy bill?"

"My uncle marry!" exclaimed the other to himself—"I should as soon think of him dancing at the Opera. But it must be utterly without foundation.—Good night, Mr. Isaacs. I hope I shall soon be in a condition to be able to answer your claims."

"Well, then, there is the two thousand pounds, and the interest—let me see——"

"Yes," said Blanchyard, making his retreat. "I dare say it's all right. Good night."

"All right!" said the Jew, mournfully tying up the papers as his guest descended the stairs—"it is all wrong."

On his return home, Blanchyard found a letter from his uncle, in which he requested his nephew's immediate presence at Morefield. It needed but this to confirm his most gloomy forebodings: and, anxious to know the worst, he ordered post-horses to be ready for him at an early hour the following morning.

He arrived late in the evening, and his uncle had retired for the night. Next morning they met at breakfast, and Blanchyard exerted his ingenuity in endeavouring to discover symptoms of matrimony in his uncle—but without effect. His manner was wholly unaltered—his smiles under the same rules of distributive proportion—his toast as carefully buttered—his fur slippers as attentively warmed—and, to crown all, he ate as substantial a breakfast as ever.—"The paragraph is as fabulous as the heathen mythology," muttered Blanchyard to himself.

Breakfast over; his lordship sat for some time in silence, until at length, after a few preparatory hems, "Arthur," said he, "I dare say you are anxious to know the purpose for which I summoned you from town."

Blanchyard bowed, and began again to have misgivings.

"I am not, Arthur, one of those," continued his lordship, "who look with too severe an eye upon youthful indiscretions; but you must be aware that your present course of life is neither very creditable to yourself, nor can it well be pleasing to your friends. In short, I would seriously recommend you to marry; for I should think that a comfortable establishment, a fixed income, and a sensible wife, will alter, if any thing will, the irregularities of your life. And, without the irregularities of your life, and with the irregularities of your life, of control your inclination, I have the pleasure of being acquainted with a lady, whose qualities of character, beauty, and fortune, should you be so fortunate as to engage her affections, will, I have no doubt, secure your happiness."

"May I ask who the lady is to whom your lordship alludes?"

"One to whom it seems that I myself have, ridiculous enough, been supposed to be attached. Her name, is Miss Elton, grand-

daughter to my old friend Sir Edward, between whom and the young lady's mother, however, there existed an unfortunate estrangement. But you will soon have an opportunity of judging for yourself, as I propose to pay them a visit to-day. And, by-the-by," added his lordship, looking at his watch, "we had better get ready as soon as possible, as I have ordered the carriage at twelve."

Blanchyard willingly complied; and ere he had well recovered the surprise of this singular announcement, found himself driving by his uncle's side in the noble park of Deerehill, and within sight of the mansion—a fine, venerable building. On arrival they found Mrs. Elton in the drawing-room, to whom the viscount presented his nephew, who, although anxious to see the young heiress, did not fail to observe the pleasing and lady-like manners of the mother.

He was standing at one of the windows, admiring the fine prospect it commanded, and which his uncle was pointing out, when, turning round, he perceived the young lady—who had almost noiselessly entered—in the middle of the room.

"Mr. Arthur Blanchyard, Julia."

"My daughter, Mr. Blanchyard."

But the parties addressed stood gazing at each other as if spell-bound, the lady trembling from head to foot, and the gentleman embarrassed to a degree that astonished and confounded himself. There stood, radiant in beauty and blushes, the girl who, twelve months before, he had borne in his arms to a tavern parlour, from the street where his own rashness had nearly occasioned her death—her humble guise exchanged for that of opulence, and giving bright effect to a beauty which even then had touched and interested him.

Their mutual surprise was equalled by that of Mrs. Elton and the Viscount; and Blanchyard, who saw that an explanation was required, led the young lady to a sofa, and, seating himself by her side, proceeded to give an account of their first meeting, and his own rashness, which had occasioned it. The brow of the Viscount began to darken; when Julia, who had been silent till now, ventured to plead his cause, inadvertently betraying a warmth of which, perhaps, she was hardly aware. A glance was exchanged between them—a blush. Need we say more?

"No!" as Sterne says, "No!" Julia Elton, then was woo'd and won; and for many long and happy years had Blanchyard reason to congratulate himself upon the fulfilment of his uncle's hopes, and the wedded-for union of "morale and matrimony."

When Augustus asked Virgil, "How a state might be well governed?" he answered by "placing wise men at the helm, and excluding bad men from public offices."

• HOME AMUSEMENTS.

THIS is the title of a little book, (the second edition of which has just been published), which is calculated to please the young holiday folks. It is a "choice collection of Riddles, Charades, Rebuses, Conundrums, Parson's Games, and Lovers," made by *Peter Puzzlewell, Jsq. of Rebus Hall*. For the amusement of our juvenile readers, we extract a few scraps from this welcome and opportune visitor.

RIDDLE.—There is a certain natural production, which is neither animal, vegetable, nor mineral: it commonly exists from two to six feet from the earth's surface: it is neither male nor female, but oftentimes between both; has neither height, breadth, width, nor thickness; it is often found mentioned in the Old Testament, and stands strongly recommended in the New, and as at the same time subservient to the purpose of fidelity and veracity.

Solution.—A KISS.

AN ENGLISH TOWN ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.—A large vessel and a considerable weight.

Solution.—Shipton.

CHARADE.

With my first I sometimes warm myself;
My second secures the miser's self;
These, when connected, will display
My third, which is carried every day.

Solution.—A Firelock.

VERB.

A British bard of universal fame;
A classic river's oft repeated name;
A naval hero dear to every heart;
A ruthless tyrant with a murderous dart:
An English author famous for his style;
A poet who our leisure may beguile;
Th' hybrids join, an ancient bard you'll find,
Who to his verse has left his name behind.

Solution.—Pope, Hyssus, Nelson, Death, Addison, Rogers, —PINDAR.

THE RIDDLING FOREST.—What tree is of great use in history?

Solution.—The Date.

CONUNDRUM.—Why are both like verbs?

Solution.—Because they are regular and irregular.

GAMES.—*The Traveller.*—The party having all gathered together, one personates the "traveller," and requests a lodging for the night. It is granted him, and he is expected to give an account of his travels, tracing out his course, naming the cities, rivers, and mountains which he has seen in regular order; also the productions, customs, and peculiarities of the country, allowing any questions to be asked regarding them. If he make any mistake in his descriptions, or mentions any production not for found in the

part he pretends to have visited, he is chased out of the room and a fifth is demanded.

MISCELLANEOUS AMUSEMENTS.—*The Apparent Impossibility.*—State that you are able to show any one what he never saw, what you never saw, and what nobody else ever saw, and which, after you two have seen, nobody else will ever see. When those present have professed themselves unable to guess the riddle, produce a nut, crack it, take out the kernel, and ask them whether they have ever seen that before. The answer will of course be, "No." You reply, "Neither have I; and I think you will confess that nobody else has ever seen it, and now no one else shall ever see it again," then put the kernel in your mouth and eat it.

The Conjuror's Trick.—Take a ball in each hand, and stretch your hands as far as you possibly can; then tell the company that you will make both the balls come into whichever hand you please without bumping the hands into contact with each other. This is done by laying one of the balls upon a table, then turn yourself round and take it up with the other hand.

FORFEITS.—Say, "Around the rugged rock the ragged rascals ran," five times without making a mistake.

Repeat the following:

Robert Rowley rolled a round roll round,
A round roll Robert Rowley rolled round,
Where's the round roll Robert Rowley rolled round?

FACTS AND SCRAPS.

All correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, No. 3, Catherine Street, Strand.

The excesses of liberty are apt to hurry us into the love of despotism.

"Hate children, do you? You're a monster, then! Dear little cherubs! 'Happy is the man that has his quiver full of them.' So says the Psalmist; so says every fond mother."

Queen Caroline once asked Whiston to tell her her faults. Whiston expressed great unwillingness to do this, but the queen exhorted him not to be afraid of offending her, but to tell her his mind plainly, and not to screen what he thought of in his conduct. Whiston, at last, said that, he thought his majesty was not quite so attentive as she might be wished; and that she talked too much during prayers. The queen said that that was only a trifling fault, and that she would ask him to tell her of something of more importance. Whiston replied, that he did not think this fault of small importance, but at any rate, he would request her majesty to correct that before he proceeded to enumerate any greater errors.

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TRACTS

For the People.

A WEEKLY MISCELLANY OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE AND AMUSEMENT



Christmas : Customs and Amusements.

Welcome ! " OLD CHRISTMAS "—by your look 'so jolly,
Your presence here has banished melancholy ;
For round your merry well-filled wassail-bowl,
The happy elves, in blithesome glee now trowl.

In the days of our ancestors, Christmas was a season inviolate sacred to mirth and gay English hospitality than it is at present. Though not wholly neglected now, it cannot boast of the honours it once had ; because the veneration for religious seasons fled upon the decline of Popery in this country. Our

present modern votaries of fortune, who make the whole year a revolution of dissipation and joyless festivity, cannot distinguish this season, unless, by resting from their laborious round of pleasure, and seeking to find a happy serenity in a quiet home. In former times the great barons and knights usually kept open house during the festive season of Christmas, when their vassals or vassals were most hospitably entertained, with beef, bread, and beer-pudding, wassol cake, or Christmas kitchel, and a grat in silver. Before parting, they were obliged to wave the full flagon round their heads, in honour of the master of the house. In these times—and the custom is not yet quite extinct—a master the festivities was chosen. Who has not heard of the

famous Lord of Misrule? He is the true "Chief of the Despots"—the "Master of the Merry Revels." Sometimes these festivals continued until Twelfth day, when the baron or his steward took the deis, or opper seat at the table, and after dinner, bestowed upon every man a new gown of his livery, and two Christmas kitchins. This kind of liberality endeared the barons to the common people, and made them ever ready to take up arms in their cause, and fight right manfully under their banners.

The ancient Christmas gambols were, in my opinion, superior to our modern spectacles and amusements. Wrestling, hunting the ball, and dancing in the woodlands, were amongst the diversions of the men; and for the evening's amusement there was the hearth-side conversation, in which both sexes took a lively part. The tales of superstition and of fairies, the adventures of Robin Goodfellow and of hobgoblins, never failed to make the trembling and to matter an *Ace Maria*, and cross their chins; whilst the more laughable exercises of blind man's buff, riddling, hunt the slipper, and question and command, sufficiently compensated for the few sudden starts of terror occasioned by the relation of the Christmas stories. As to these amusements, the voices of the chanters and sub-chanters singing their carols in Latin-verse (somewhat doggrel, it is true), the burning consecrated wax candles, the chiming of consecrated bells, the munching consecrated cross loaves, sold by the monks—all of which were supposed to effectually exorcise the spectres of their terrific stories. Nor were these the only charms against the evil fiends and night-mare. Sleeping cross-legged, like the effigies of Knights Templars and warriors, and the holy bush and churchyard yew, were certain antidotes against these invisible beings. After this representation, I may be thought partial to my own hobby horse, as an antiquary, in giving the preference to the amusements of the days of old; but let the sentimental reader consider that the tales of superstition, when believed, affect the soul with a sensation pleasanter than horrid. We may paint in more lively colours to the eye, they spoke directly to the heart.

Of the liberality of the barons of old, at this festive season, we find, by a register of the manny of Keynsham, that William, Earl of Gloucester, entertained two hundred knights with tilts and tournaments, at his great manor of Keynsham, providing thirty paces of the eels of Avon, as a curious dainty, at his Christmas banquet; and on the twelfth day began the plays for the knights by the monks, with miracles and mannyeries for the laymen and servants by the minstrels. There is plainly a distinction between mannyeries and miracles, and the more noble representations comprehended under the title of plays. The first were the holiday entertainments of the vulgar, the other of the barons and nobility. The private exhibitions at the manors of the

barons were usually "family histories," the monk who represented the master of the family being arrayed in a tabard, or herald's coat without sleeves, painted with all the hatchments of the names. In these domestic performances absurdities were unavoidable. In a play written by Sir Tibbett Gouges, Constance, Countess of Breague and Richmond, marries and buries her three husbands in the compass of an hour—a "dramatic effect" which even the far famed "Richardson of Bartholomew Fair" notoriety never accomplished. Sometimes these pieces were merely relations, and had only two characters of this kind, as that in "Weaver's Funeral Monuments." None but the patrons of mannyeries had the service of the monks in performing plays on holidays, provided the same contained nothing against God or the Church. The public exhibitions were superior to the private—the plot generally the life of some Pope, or the founder of the abbey the monks belonged to. I have seen several of these pieces, mostly Latin, and cannot think our ancestors so ignorant of dramatic excellence as the generality of modern writers would represent. They had a good moral in view, and some of the mannyeries abound with wit, which, though low now, was not so then. Minstrels, jokers, and mummers were the next class of performers. Every knight had two or three minstrels and jesters, who were maintained in his house, to entertain his family in their hours of dissipation. These Chaucer mentions in the following passages:—

D & comma, he said, myn minstrelles,

And jestours for to telle us tales,

Anon in myn armayge,

Of romaunces vatto been royals,

Of papes and of cardinals.

And also of low longeyre,

Rime of Sir Thopas.

Of all manere of mynstrelles,

And jestours thatte tellen tales

Both of weyrage and of jame

And of all thatte longe hyn'o fame

Thyd Book of Fame.

CHRISTMAS CAROLS.—These ditties, which now exclusively gladden the industrious servant-maid, and sturdy shop boy, and enliven the humble labourer, gladdened the festivity of royalty in ancient times. It is recorded that, at the celebration of Christmas, at Greenwich, in the third year of Henry VIII., after the first course, the Deap, and others of the Chapel Royal, "sung a caroll." In Ireland the custom of singing carols still prevails, and to a great extent in Wales, but it is unknown in Scotland.

EVERGREENS.—The evergreens with which, according to our ancient custom, we deck our churches and houses at this festive season, are not only beautiful ornaments, but fitting emblems of joy and gladness. The prophetic bay, whose sacred branches are a sure protection from devouring fire, or the lightning's vivid flash; and a leaf of which, when held in the mouth, will protect the wearer from mis-

fortune or pollution. But far above the ivy, the bay, or the mistletoe, ranks the red-gemmed holly tree; a noble specimen of which now decorates the ceiling of "THE HOUSEHOLD PRISING ORATOR." Of the far-famed holly, tradition says that, unknown before it sprung up in perfection and beauty beneath the footsteps of Christ when he first trod the earth, and that though man has forgotten its attributes, the beasts all reverence it, and are never known to injure it. Brand, in speaking of the mistletoe, says, this sacred plant of the Druids was not admitted with the evergreens into Churches, but "had its place assigned it in kitchens, where it was hung up in great state with its white berries, and whatever female chanced to stand under it, the young man present either had a right or claimed one of saluting her, and of plucking off a berry at each kiss." Mr. Archdeacon Nares adds, there was this "charm attached to it, that the maid who was not kissed under it at Christmas, would not be married the next year.

CHRISTMAS EVE.—Bees are said to be heard to sing on Christmas Eve, as if it were a day in June, and cattle kneel in their stalls, as if in devotion. It is also said that bread baked on this eve will not become mouldy. In the West Riding of Yorkshire, on Christmas Eve at night, they bring in a yule-log, or Christmas block, and set it on fire, and lap their Christmas ale, and sing "Yule, yule, a puck of new cards and a Christmas stool." The Calabrian minstrels on this day enter Rome, and are to be seen saluting the shrines of the Virgin Mother with their music, under the traditional notion of soothing her, until the birthtime of her infant. They also stop at the shops of carpenters, out of respect to Joseph. On Christmas Eve, in many places it was, and still is, a practice to roast apples on a string, till they drop into a large bowl of speed. This composition is then called Lamb's Wool.

CHRISTMAS DAY.—A merry and a happy one may it prove to the numerous readers of "TRACTS FOR THE PEOPLE," for so holy is the earth said to be on this day, that the angels from heaven come down to keep Christmas on it. It is said that the earths thronged with bright and beautiful forms, which we see not, that the air is filled with soft low melodies, though we hear them not. It is said that myriads of seraph voices swell the chant which now puls from every church and temple, and unnumbered gracious beings are smiling witnesses at merry firesides, and that winged messengers wait instantaneously to heaven the gleaming record of every deed of love. Reflect on this, ye rich and powerful, on who is the bounteous hand of divine Providence has showered this world's wealth, and give with no unsparring hand some portion of your riches, to make "THE POOR MAN'S CHRISTMAS DAY" a happy and a cheerful one.

ERIGENON WIR.—After the late city contest, when Messrs. Bevan, Freshfield, Johnson, and Larpent, heard that the Baron Lionel de Rothschild was returned, they came to the unanimous opinion that the people's choice was in Jew, dish us.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

A PARISIAN TALE

IN the year 1853 there resided in the city of Paris a lady of fashion, called Lady Maze. Her house was large and handsome, and four stories in height, on the ground floor was a large servants' hall in which was a grand staircase, and a cupboard where the plate was locked up, of which one of the chamber maids kept the key. In a small room partitioned off from the hall, slept the valet de chambre, whose name was Le Brun. The rest of the floor consisted of apartments in which the lady saw company, which was very frequent and numerous, as she kept public nights for play. In the floor up one pair of stairs, was the lady's own chamber, which was in the front of the house, and was the innermost of three rooms from the grand staircase. The key of this chamber was usually taken out of the door and laid on a chair by the servant who was fast with the lady, and who, pulling the door after her, it shut with a spring, so that it could not be opened from without. In this chamber, also, were two doors, one communicated with a back staircase, the other to a wardrobe, which opened to the back stairs also.

On the second floor slept the Abbe Poulard, in the only room which was furnished on that floor. On the third story were two chambers, which contained two chambermaids and two foot-boys, the fourth story consisted of lodges and granaries, whose doors were always open. The cook slept below in a place where the wood was kept, an old woman in the kitchen, and the coachman in the stable.

On the 27th of November, being Sunday, the two daughters of Le Brun, the valet, who were eminent milliners, waited on the lady, and were kindly received, but as she was going to church to afternoon service, she pressed them to come again, when she could have more of their company. Le Brun attended his lady to church, and then went to another himself, after which he went to play at bowls, as was customary at that time, and from the bowling green he went to several places; and after supping with a friend, he went home seemingly cheerful and easy, as he had been all the afternoon. Lady Maze supped with the Abbe Poulard as usual, and about eleven o'clock went to her chamber, where she was attended by her maids. Before they left her, Le Brun came to the door to receive his orders for the next day, after which one of the maids had the key of the chamber door on the chair next it; they then went out, and Le Brun, following them, shut the door after him, and talked over the maids

a few minutes about his daughters, and then they parted, he seeming still very cheerful.

In the morning he went to market, and was popular and pleasant with every body he met as was his usual manner. He then returned home and transacted his usual business. At eight o'clock he expressed surprise his lady did not get up, as she usually rose at seven; he went to his wife's lodging which was in the neighbourhood, and told her he was uneasy his lady's bell had not rung, and gave her seven louis d'ors, and some crowns in gold, which she desired her to lock up, and then went home again, and found the servants in great consternation at hearing nothing of their lady, when one observed, that he feared she had been seized with an apoplexy, or a bleeding at the nose, to which she was subject; Le Brun said, "It must be something worse, my mind misgives me, for I to mid the street door open last night after all the family were in bed." A smith being now brought the door was broke open, and Le Brun, entering first, ran to the bed, and after calling several times, he drew back the curtains, and said, "Oh, my lady is murdered!" He then ran into the wardrobe and took up the strong box, which being heavy, he said, "She has not been robbed; how is this?"

A surgeon then examined the body, which was covered with no less than fifty wounds; they found in the bed, which was full of blood, the scrap of a cravat of coarse lace, and a napkin made into a nightcap, which was bloody, and had the family mark upon it, and from the wounds in the lady's hands, it appeared she had struggled hard with the murderer, which obliged him to cut the muscles before he could disengage himself. The bell strings were twisted round the frame of the tester so that they were out of reach and could not ring. A clasp knife was found in the ashes, almost consumed by the fire, which had burned off all marks of blood that might have ever been upon it; the key of the chamber was gone from the sent by the door, but no marks of violence appeared on any of the doors, nor were there any signs of robbery, as a large sum of money and all the lady's jewels, were found in the strong box, and other places.

Le Brun being examined, said, that "after he left the maids on the stairs, he went down into the kitchen; he had his hat and the key of the street door upon the table, and sitting down by the fire to warm himself, he fell asleep; that he slept, as he thought, about an hour, and going to lock the street door, he found it open; that he locked it, and took the key with him to his chamber." On searching him, they found in his pocket a key, the wards of which were newly filed, and made remarkably large, and on trial it was found to open the street door, the antechamber, and both the doors in Lady Mazel's chamber. On trying the bloody nightcap on Le Brun's head, it was

found to fit him exactly, whereupon he was committed to prison.

On his trial it appeared as if the lady was murdered by some person who had been let in by Le Brun for that purpose, and had afterwards fled. It could not be done by himself, because no blood was upon his clothes, nor any scratch on his body, which must have been on the murderer from the lady's struggling; but that it was Le Brun who let him in, seemed very clear. None of the locks were forced; and his own story of finding the street door open, the circumstances of the key and the nightcap, also a ladder of ropes being found in the house, which might be supposed to be laid there by Le Brun, to take off the attention from himself, were all interpreted as strong proofs of his guilt, and that he had accomplices was inferred, because part of the cravat found in the bed was discovered not to be like his; but the maids deposed that they had washed such a cravat for one Berry, who had been a footman to the lady, and was turned away about four months before for robbing her. There was also found in the loft at the top of the house, under some straw, a shirt very bloody, but which was not like the linnen of Le Brun, nor would it fit him.

Le Brun had nothing to oppose to these strong circumstances, but an uniformly good character, when he had maintained during twenty-nine years he had served his lady; and that he was generally esteemed a good husband, a good father, and a good servant. It was therefore resolved to put him to the torture, in order to discover his accomplices. This was done with such severity, on February 23, 1800, that he died the week after of the hurts he received, declaring his innocence with his dying breath.

About a month after, a man was sent from the provost of Seins that a dealer in horses had lately set up there by the name of John Garlet, but his true name was found to be Berry, and that he had been a footman in Paris. In consequence of this he was taken up, and the suspicion of his guilt were increased by his attempting to bribe the officers. On searching him, a gold watch was found, which proved to be Lady Mazel's. Being brought to Paris, a person swore to seeing him go out of Lady Mazel's the night she was killed, and a barber swore to shaving him next morning when, on his observing the hands of his customer to be very much scratched, Berry said he had been killing a cat.

On these circumstances he was condemned to the torture, and afterwards to be broken alive on the wheel. On being tortured, he confessed, that, by the direction and order of Madame de Savoyere (Lady Mazel's daughter), he and Le Brun had undertaken to rob and murder Lady Mazel, and that Le Brun murdered her, whilst he stood at the door to prevent surprise. In the truth of this declaration he persisted till he was brought to

the place of execution when, begging to speak with one of the judges he recanted what he had said against Le Brun and Madame de Savoniere, and confessed that he came to Paris on the Wednesday before the murder was committed. On the Friday evening he went into the house, and, unperceived, got into one of the lofts, where he lay till Sunday morning, subsisting on apples and bread which he hid in his pockets, that about eleven o'clock on Sunday morning, when he knew the lady had gone to mass, he stole down to her chamber, and the door being open, he tried to get under her bed but it being too low, he retired to the loft pulled off his coat and waistcoat, and returned a second time to the chamber in his shirt. He then got under the bed, where he continued till the afternoon, when Lady Mazel went to church, that knowing she would not come back soon, he got from under the bed, and being incommode with his hat, he threw it under the bed, and made a cap of a napkin which lay on a chair, secured the bell strings, and then sat down by the fire, where he continued till he heard her coach drive into the court yard when he again got under the bed, and remained there, that Lady Mazel having been in bed about an hour, he got from under the bed and demanded her money. She began to cry out, and attempted to ring, upon which he stabbed her, and she resisting with all her strength, he repeated his stabs till she was dead; that he then took the key of the wardrobe cupboard from the bed's head, opened this cupboard, found the key of the strong box, opened it, and took out all the gold he could find, to the amount of about six hundred livres; that he then locked the cupboard and replaced the key at the bed's head, threw his knife into the fire, took his hat from under the bed, left the napkin in it, took the key of the chamber from the chair, and let himself out, went to the loft, where he pulled off his shirt and cravat, and leaving them there, put on his coat and waistcoat, and stole softly down stairs; and finding the street door only on the single lock, he opened it, went out, and left it open; that he had brought a rope-ladder to let himself down from the window, if he had found the street door double-locked; but finding it otherwise, he left his rope-ladder at the bottom of the stairs, where it was found."

Thus was the veil removed from this deed of darkness, and all the circumstances which appeared against Le Brun were accounted for consistently with his innocence. From the whole story the reader will perceive how fallible human reason is when applied to *circumstances*; and the humane will agree, that in such cases even improbabilities ought to be admitted, rather than a man should be condemned who may possibly be innocent.

THE DRESS-MAKER.

BY HENRY BROWNIGG, ESQ.

LET us, however, "take a single victim;" let

us present the Dress-maker's Girl, but a year in her teens, compelled, it may be, to aid in the support of younger brothers and sisters. How many bleak, savage winter mornings does she rise, and, with half-frozen fingers, put on her scanty clothes—all insufficient to guard her shivering limbs from the frost, the wind, and rain,—and, with noiseless feet, that she may not disturb "any of the lodgers," creep down three pair of stairs and, at six o'clock, pick her timid way through mud, and cold, and darkness, to the distant "work room." "Poor, gentle thing!" now hurrying on, fearing that she is five minutes too late, and now pausing, and creeping into a door-way, to let some staggering drunkard pass, rooming and reeling home. It may be, too, that this little creature was born in the lap of comfort—was the pet, the hope of a fire-side—was the darling of a circle—the child of competence, of luxury. Death, however, has taken her father—the sole prop and stay of a house of plenty, and the widow, after struggling from year to year, has passed from bad to worse, and now, with four children—our little dress-maker's girl the eldest—pines in a three-pair back room, whence, every morning, our young heroine, with a patience and a pensive sweetness—the gifts of early adversity—salutes forth to unremitting toil.

Gentle reader—is this a false picture? Is this a coloured thing, flicked out to cozen sensibility?—the creation of a florid story-writer—the flimsy heroine of a foolish novel? Oh, no! do not think it at this moment, hundreds upon hundreds of the fairest and the most delicate of human buds—of creatures who, born in the regions of May Fair, had been painted, and their portraits scattered through the empire, as very triumphs of "the exceeding hand of nature"—work twelve, fourteen, sixteen hours per day—for what? For just enough to prove how very little human nature may exist upon. To proceed.

Our little dress-maker has arrived at the "work-room." After two or three hours, she takes her bread and butter, and warm adulterated water, denominated tea. Breakfast hurriedly over, she works, under the rigid, scrutinizing eye of a task mistress, some four hours more; and then proceeds to the important work of dinner. A scanty slice of meat—perhaps an egg—is produced from her basket, and dined; and sews again till five. Then comes again the fluid of the morning, and again the needle until eight. Hark! yes, that's eight now striking. "Thank Heaven!" thinks our heroine, as she rises to put by her work, "the task for the day is done!"

At this moment a thundering knock is heard at the door: "The Duchess of Dalfozdis must have her robe by four to-morrow!"

Again the dress-maker's apprentice is made to take her place; again she resumes her thread and needle; and perhaps the clock is "beating out" as she again, jaded and half dead with work, creeps to her lodging, and goes to bed, still haunted with the thought

that as "the work is very back," she must be up by five to-morrow.

Beautiful, and very beautiful, are the dresses at a drawing-room! Surprisingly delightful, as minutely described in the columns of the *Morning Herald* and the *Morning Post*. To the rapid imagination they set in motion of "Irish wool," or things manufactured by the Fairy Queen and her maids of honour; yet may imagination, if it will, see in the trappings the work of penury, of patient suffering, and scantily rewarded toil. How many sighs from modest humble worth have been breathed upon that lace! If very much of the heart-ache has gone to the sewing of that flounce! All the beauty of the kingdom, says the Court Chronicle, for the thousandth time, "was at her Majesty's drawing-room!" What! all the beauty in brocade, in satins, and in velvets? Is none left for humble gingham—none for homespun stuff? Oh, yes! beauty that has grown pale at midnight, that wealthy beauty might shine with richer lustre the next court day! Beauty that has pined and withered in a garret, that sister beauty might be more beautiful in a carriage!

Can there be a more forlorn, more pitiable condition than that of the daily sempstress, growing old and lonely on the wages of her ill-paid craft. Follow her to her room—the topmost nook of some old gloomy house, in some gloomy court, survey the abode of penury; of penury, striving with a stoutness of heart, of which the world knows nothing, to put a bright face upon want; to smile with patience on the greatest, as on the pettiest privations. This is the dressmaker long past her girlhood; the sempstress no longer out-starred in the street—followed for her beauty—flattered—led to: tempted with ease and luxury, when her own home offers nothing but indigence and hardest labour. This is not the young, blushing creature, walking in London streets, her path full of pit-falls; the lawful prey of selfish vice—the watched-for prize of mercenary infamy. No; she has escaped all these snares; she has, in the innocence and constancy of her heart, triumphed over the seductions of pleasure; has, "with the wings of a dove," escaped the net spread for her by fiends with the faces of women. She has wasted the light heartedness of her childhood, and the bloom of her youth, in daily, nightly toil; and arrived at middle age, she is still the working sempstress—the doubly-faded spinster—the human animal vegetating on two shillings per diem. Is not this the fate of thousands in this our glorious metropolis?

Among many of the most annoying trials of life, the trial of a new dress by a wayward, aristocratic customer, or what is infinitely worse, by purse-proud ignorance, is not the least to the poor dress-maker's girl, who may be commissioned to take the garment home. If there be a failing in a flounce, the slightest

error in a sleeve, if a cuff be a hair's breadth too broad, or a thread too narrow, down will come a shower of hard words—and that, some times, from the prettiest, and seemingly the meekest of mouths—about the unskilful head of the dress maker, who with helpless looks for the omission of quivers, or, what is equally likely, for the forgetfulness or new whim of the lady herself, stands silent and abashed; or flusteringly hesitates an excuse, or promises instant amendment. Such promise, however, for the time, only increases the storm; until the culprit finds that silence is the best defence, and she is at length ordered "to take the thing away," and if she please, "to throw it on the fire!"

Now, ere we proceed, wiff all our lady readers put their fair, white hands upon their gentle hearts, and, with unblushing faces, declare that never, at any time of their lives, did such a scene as that above described pass between them and the dress-maker, the innocent scape goat of the faults and the caprice of the employers and the employed? "We pause for a reply."

THE FOLLY OF FASHIONS.

"IT IS THE TAILOR MAKES THE MAN."

THE fashion of a thing is the form thereof. "Thou hast fashioned me" thou hast made me: we pay a silversmith five shillings an ounce for the silver of our tea spoons or our epergnes, and five or fifty more for the fashion, for the making. Fashion is derived from *facio*, to make; the etymology is abstruse.

Hence it is that a man is fashioned by his tailor, or a lady by her mantua-maker and milliner. It is the tailor who fashions the man; he makes him a man: him, who before that, without the tailor's aid, would have been a thing. The man-midwife produced the substratum into the world—a thing of nought, a *rasatabula*, a simple *ens*, an *ens non ens*, unformed, unchecked, endowed with susceptibilities, with susceptibility of clothing, and respect, and form, and character, and the tailor forms him, licks him, makes him, fashions him, endows him with a shape and a character, and he becomes fashioned; and if the tailor be Stultus, he becomes a man of fashion—a fashionable man.

Nature made animals—she is a vile step-mother—and the tailor makes man. Thus the mantua-maker, and the milliner, and the shoemaker make woman; woman—heaven's best gift to man, Christian man, below—her best gift to man, Mahometan man, above. What would woman be without those aids? a nothing; a variable, inapprehensible, ungraspable, unintelligible bundle of caprices—not even a thing, as the Romans considered her—not even a moveable, though moveable enough, but a metaphysical *ens*, a wind influenced by every wind that blows. But she is solidified by muslin, and silk, and crape, and gauze, and she becomes a tangible substance—a

woman of fashion—provided that she is fashioned by some Parisian Madame.

What, indeed, is human nature but a bundle of human clothes. What are all the distinctions of society, but distinct suits of clothing. And properly, therefore, is man the produce of a tailor. It is he that is the real creator of man; and such is the importance of his office, that it requires nine tailors to make a man. Much injured race—that is the true solution of this proverb. The tailor taketh satin and he cutteth it, he carveth ermine, and he slasheth velvet—he maketh a suit of clothes and he clappeth a crown on his top, and he felleth down and worshippeth, and he crieth, Aha? so is a king. Again, he taketh scarlet, and gold, and fur; and he tacketh them together with needles and with thread, and he putteth a sword into his sleeve, and he presenteth it with eustard, and he crieth, I have made a Lord Mayor.

Thus also do twenty-four wigs sit on a bench covered with red cloth to pass Faddy a pagan. A man cannot even be hanged without the order of a square cap; and such also is the difference between prunella and silk, that it costs a man twice as much to be plundered of his property by the latter as by the former. And thus the gown of prunella envies the gown of silk, and frets itself; and goes into opposition, because the produce of a sheep is not that of a silk-worm.

The very law acknowledges that the suit of clothes is the man itself, and that the rest is nothing; a post, a horse to hang them on. We may steal the child as we please, but we be to him that steals the suit of clothes. Doctors may resurrect the body, cut it into pieces, cram it into bottles; but the doctor who resurrects the clothes goes to Botany Bay. In short, from the coal heaver to the chancellor, from Drury to Ajmack's, human nature is a Monmouth-street, a collection of suits—black, white, and grey—silk, gauze, and frivolity—leather and prunella, goats' hair and gold lace.

Thus is fashion all, and all in all. And according to the fashion of the clothes are the fashion of the man and the fashion of the woman.

Hence is its sway predominant, as it ought to be. Being all, it ought to be everything. To be in the fashion is to exist; it is existence itself: to be out of it is non-existence; it is oblivion, death, and the grave. • It is beauty, morality, everything—not dress alone; its sway is unbounded, its powers unlimited, its sanctions unquestionable, and its decrees, like the laws of the Medes and Persians, irreversible.

For if the coat makes the man, and fashion makes the coat, then does fashion make the man. • And thus the man who is fashioned, is fashioned in every thing; not only in his coat but in his carriage, his horses, his wife, his house, his conduct, his principles, his politics, his literature. All is fashion, and fashion is all, in every thing.

There is a metaphysical concatenation which links the whole together. Or, as the full-fa-

shioned man must be perfect, whatever he chooses, follows, drinks, performs, thinks, rides, votes, or bets, must be equally fashioned and fashionable. It is the model and the pattern to follow by him who would also be fashioned. It is his opinion, conduct, morality; his dictate of conscience, his moral law.

Thus we have traced man, society, everything, to the tailor, and to the mantua maker; and to them also we trace beauty, grace, taste. And hence have moral writers justly laid down that great principle, that there can be no standard of taste. Now, indeed, should there be a standard of taste, or unerring principle of grace, an undeviating line of beauty, as poor Hogarth imagined, unless M. Stultz and Madame Triand were as eternal as the wandering Jew, unless all the essence of all the tailors and mantua-makers, and milliners, and hat-makers, and boot makers, and shoe makers, and coach-makers, and upholsters, that ever will exist, were concentrated in one man or woman of each species, and that species invariable, unchangeable, immovable to all winds of doctrine.

Thus it is that we endeavour in vain to fix this fleeting spirit, this "essential form of grace," which is unessential, changing with every wind that blows. And thus it is that we admire and adore the fur, that lovely part of creation, fashion's favourite child, whether rustling in silk, angled with satin, or flowing in muslin like white-robed innocences. Whether mounted on heels of wood, peaked like a lance, squared to the outtenseness of Paris, or rounded to an ellipse, the foot of beauty is always beauty. it carries its arrows to the heart, whether of morocco, or kid, or prunella, or satin, lilac, scarlet, white, blue, green, or black sandalled or Wellingtoned, Brunswicked or Xorked, or even soled with "*Gutta Percha*."

Thus, too, whether Gipsy or Jenny Lind prevails, or cottage, coalscuttle, or quaker; whether the fair one fans the idle air with the topgallant sails of Leghorn, or waves in plumed or hearsed chivalry, or undertakery, she cannot err; fashion is beauty, and beauty is fashion. Waists contract and expand—anon she is a wasp, and anon a barrel, now she diminishes the equatorial diameter, and now she enlarges it; zones ascend and descend from the seat of honour to the seat of the heart; the seat of honour itself undergoes a sudden development, busied out to the size of the great "*Naassau Balloon*," and again it vanishes; cushions are transferred from region to region from the Hotternot-region to the head; the bosom now "hides, oh! hides, those hills of snow," that the spectator may riot in scapular charms and spinal value, and again tuckers descend till descents count, over more precarious, while the balance of compensation restores to concealment that of which the repose should never have been disturbed. Yet like the moon through all her changing phases, she is always beauty, for she is always fashion.



• THE WIERS, NEAR OXFORD.

The above engraving is, we believe, the first that has ever been presented to the public of the Wiers, near the City of Oxford. We can assure our numerous readers, that it is a faithful representation of the place, which within the last few years has acquired some notoriety amongst the Oxonians. We place it before the public because we have often heard it mentioned as "the haunt" of the men belonging to the various colleges in that classic city. Oxford, as some of our readers are aware, is pleasantly placed upon a gentle eminence in a valley at the confluence of two rivers, the Isis and Cherwell. These streams, in their circuitous and meandering approach to each other, almost inclose this beautiful seat of learning, the former on the west and south and the latter on the east. Along the rivers, and between them and the city, lie rich and verdant meadows, beyond which the prospect is bounded by an amphitheatre of hills clad in the richest foliage, except towards the north, where it extends over a rich champaign country, in the highest state of cultivation.

The appearance of the city of Oxford from the high grounds to the east and south-west is highly picturesque and interesting. The view embraces groups of towers, domes, spires, pinnacles, and turrets, intermingled with the dark masses of foliage, surrounded by rich meadows, intersected by many streams. The striking effect is not diminished, although varied, on a near approach, which affords an opportunity for the number and magnitude of the public buildings, with the splendid details

of their architecture, to be more distinctly observed. Amidst these lovely scenes, in a quiet and sequestered 'nook,' about a mile and a half below the city of Oxford, is the spot known as "The Wiers." It is a river side public-house, and is on the Berkshire side of the river; from the appearance of the punt and its occupant, it will be seen that it is also a ferry-house. "The Wiers," (like the "Bells," on the river side at Putney), has of late years obtained considerable celebrity, from the frequent mention made of it in the public prints whenever a grand regatta takes place amongst the students of the different colleges. It has been, we believe generally selected as the point from which the competitors for aquatic honours usually start; and is also much resorted to by the university men, for the purpose of diversion; the favourite game of skittles forming one of the chief attractions and amusements. In this quiet and sequestered spot the angler will find pleasant pastime. We are not aware that Isaac Walton makes mention of the place, but we can assure the lovers of the piscatorial art, that they will find good sport in and about "The Wiers," where trout, pike, perch, roach, dace, and gudgeon, do plentifully abound.

People generally make the greatest fuss about that to which they have the least pretensions. Even the Americans make a great clamour about their families, and have their first, second and third classes; though the further they go back, with respect to their genealogy, the nearer approximation they make to the galleys.

SCIENTIFIC PAPERS.

GYMNOTI, OR ELECTRICAL EELS.

Men of science and ingenuity seldom communicate without deriving mutual advantage. The electrical apparatus and the Voltaic pile led to the subject of the gymnoti, or electrical eels, which had been an object of research to M. de Humboldt from the time of his arrival at Cumana. He wished to procure some of these eels at Calabozo, but the dread of them is so great among the Indians, that the offer of reward was unavailing, though they pretended that, by chewing a little tobacco, they might venture to touch them with impunity. "This fable," says M. de Humboldt, "of the influence of tobacco on animal electricity is as general on the Continent of South America, as the belief among mariners of the effects of tallow and garlic on the magnetic needle."—he might have added, as groundless too. Impatient of waiting longer for the Indians, they proceeded to the Cano de Bera, from whence they were conducted to a stream, which in the time of drought forms a basin of muddy water, surrounded by live trees.

The gymnoti are difficult to be taken by nets, on account of their extreme agility, and their burying themselves in the mud, like serpents. They are more easily caught by the roots of the *Piscidea erithryna*, *jacquinia armillaris*, and some species of *phyllanthus*, which when thrown into the pool intoxicate or benumb them. This, however, would have enfeebled the gymnoti, and our philosophers wished to procure them in full vigour. The Indians therefore told them that they would "embarbasar con cavallos"—set the fish to sleep, or intoxicate them with horses. They found it difficult to conceive what this meant; but they saw the guides, who had gone to the Savannah, return presently with about thirty horses and mules which they had collected. The novel and singular scene which ensued is thus described:—

"The extraordinary noise caused by the horses' hoofs makes the fish issue from the mud, and excites them to combat. These yellowish and livid eels, resembling large aquatic serpents, swim on the surface of the water, and crowd under the bellies of the horses and mules. A contest between animals of so different an organization furnishes a very striking spectacle."

The Indians, provided with harpoons and long slender reeds, surround the pool closely; and some climb upon the trees, the branches of which extend horizontally over the surface of the water. By their wild cries, and the length of their reeds, they prevent the horses from running away and reaching the bank of the pool. The eels, stunned by the noise, defend themselves by the repeated discharge of their electric batteries. During a long time they seem to prove victorious. Several horses sink beneath the violence of the invisible strokes, which they receive from all sides by

organs the most essential to life; and, stunned by the force and frequency of the shocks, disappear under the water. Others, panting, with mane erect and legs and eyes, expressing anguish, raise themselves and endeavour to flee from the storm by which they are overtaken. They are driven back by the Indians into the middle of the water, but a small number succeed in eluding the active vigilance of the fishermen. These regain the shore, stumbling at every step, and stretch themselves on the sand, exhausted with fatigue, and their limbs benumbed by the electric shock of the gymnoti. In less than five minutes two horses were drowned. The reddish five feet long, and pressing itself against the belly of the horses, makes a discharge along the whole extent of its electric organ. It attacks at once the heart, the intestines, and the plexus coeliacus of the abdominal nerves. It is natural that the effects felt by the horses should be more powerful than that produced upon man by the touch of the same fish at only one of his extremities. The horses are probably not killed, but only stunned. They are drowned from the impossibility of rising amid the prolonged struggle between the other horses and the eels.

We had little doubt that the fishing would terminate by killing successively all the animals engaged; but by degrees the impetuosity of this unequal combat diminished, and the wearied gymnoti disposed. They require a long rest and abundant nourishment to repair what they have lost of galvanic force. The mules and horses appear less frightened; their manes are no longer bristled, and their eyes express less dread. The gymnoti approach timidly the edge of the marsh, where they are taken by means of small harpoons fastened to long cords. When the cords are very dry the Indians feel no shock in raising the fish into the air. In a few minutes we had five large eels, the greater part of which were but slightly wounded. Some were taken by the same means towards the evening.

The presence of the gymnoti is considered as the principal cause of the want of fish in the ponds and pools of the Llanos. The gymnoti kill many more than they devour; and the Indians told us, that when they take young alligators and gymnoti at the same time in very strong nets, the latter never display the slightest trace of a wound, because they disable the young alligators before they are attacked by them. All the inhabitants of the waters dread the society of the gymnoti. Lizards, tortoises, and frogs seek the pools, where they are secure from their action.

It became necessary to change the direction of a road near Uriticu, because these electric eels were so numerous in one river that they every year killed a great number of mules of burden as they forded the water.

VIEWS OF SOCIETY.

BY J. C.

TRUE POLICY OF THE RICH.—The over rich are wrong even in a prudential sense, in still adding to their possessions, with a view to strengthen their position. The real danger (if there be any danger at all) lies in the feelings excited by their present superfluity. The practice of adding acre to acre, on every possible occasion, to estates already enormous, is like the behaviour of a man, who, in a shipwreck, should spring from the side of the vessel with a pig of lead under his arm, under the notion that it would keep him afloat.

The real policy of the affluent lies in showing moderation, both in the acquisition and the enjoyment of wealth. Their superfluity should be expended partly in supplying more liberally the wants of their poorer relatives, and partly in acts of public utility and beneficence. By a constant endeavour to "show the heavens more just," they would not only be doing that which must necessarily be most pleasing to the Deity, but also strike wider and deeper root in the public heart; thus would they avert the influence of "the evil eye," or convert it into one of kindness and tearful gratitude.

On the basis of beneficence only can the permanent stability of families be founded; and having so built, the affluent should feel they have done all that can be done in reference to worldly affairs. By harassing their ruinds, in order to make their posterity secure against all future possible changes, they are seeking a species of security which in the nature of things cannot exist; and acting with absurdity equal to those who, after the great catastrophe at Lisbon, purchased quack-pills that were impudently advertised as "infallible for the prevention of earthquakes."*

PUBLIC WRITERS.—A man who is really anxious to be of service, should no more write for the public while conscious that his mind is in a morbid taste, than he should marry with the consciousness of labouring under consumption, or any other disease that is liable to injure the health, utility, and vigour of his offspring.

POLITICAL WOOERS.—Political powers should be sought (if at all) with the same ardour that is exhibited in the pursuit of a beauty of flesh and blood, by a lover worthy of the same: not in a Jenny Jessoamy spirit (or want of spirit), with a secret fear of the consequences of being accepted.

A WORD FOR THE CLERGY.—In estimating the conduct of the clergy at any given period, we should be guided by the same candour that we are willing to exercise towards other classes or professions. Physicians of old, like ecclesiastics of old, doubtless committed many pernicious and absurd mistakes, but nobody supposes that they did so purposely, or that upon the whole their practice was not beneficial. Upon what principle, then, should

the clergy alone be supposed to have erred, designedly, in those cases in which they are now thought to have demeaned themselves cruelly, or unwisely? Altogether, it may, perhaps be said, that the clerical body have at all times presented at least an average idea of the wisdom, goodness, and information of the age and country in which they lived.

PROPHETS OF EVIL.—It is both amusing and consolatory to observe how constantly public events belie sinister predictions, from whatever quarter they may come, to see how invariably the energy and strength of the nation triumph over the mistakes of the *ans*, and turn into ridicule the fears of the *outs*. Even the great Chatham was no exception to the common lot, in this particular. He prophesied, that if the Northern American provinces succeeded in achieving independence, "the sun of Great Britain was set for ever." Yet that sun, sure the fulfilment of the alleged condition of the decline, has shone out with greater lustre than ever: not only has our commerce increased with every other part of the world, but with these same provinces of North America, an intercourse has been maintained far greater and more beneficial than it ever had been before, or was ever likely to be, under the circumstances that originally existed.

REMARKABLE CASES OF IMPOSTURE.*

No II.

The next instances of imposture which we shall submit to our readers are those two celebrated cases which occurred in our own country during the reign of Henry VII.—Lambert Simnel and Perkin Warbeck. We may observe that these persons did not attempt like the examples in our first chapter, to compass their ends by insinuating upon the *personal resemblance*, but rather by natural address and a skilful employment of historical and family facts, which could only have been acquired from a careful tuition.

In the month of November, 1486, a young priest of Oxford, and a beautiful boy landed at Dublin. The priest gave out that the boy was Edward Plantagenet, Earl of Warwick, who had escaped in a marvellous manner from the Tower of London; and among a people of lively imagination and warm feelings a ready belief was accorded to the story, and a generous sympathy spread from heart to heart for the young hero of it. What was credit to the common people was design and craft in some of the Anglo-Irish nobles, who were much averse to Henry VII. Thomas Fitzgerald, Earl of Kildare, and Lord-Lieutenant or deputy of Ireland, received the priest and his pupil with open arms, and presented the latter, "to all his friends and lovers," declaring "the coming of the child, and afterward affirming that the crown and sceptre of the realm of right belonged to this young prince." The boy was not only beautiful and graceful in person, but witty and ingenious. He told

his touching story with great consistency; and, when questioned, he could give minute particulars relating to the royal family. The citizens of Dublin declared unanimously in his favour; and his fame was "shortly bruited throughout all Ireland, and every man was willing to take his part, and submit to him, calling him, on all hands, king."

When news of these things reached King Henry, he summoned a great council to meet in the Charterhouse, near his Royal manor of Richmond. The council was held with great secrecy; the resolutions, however, were immediately carried into execution. The chief event arising from this meeting was, that the Queen Dowager, Elizabeth Woodville, widow of Edward IV., was arrested, deprived of all her property, and placed as a close prisoner in the monastery of Bermondsey. This was done because it was strongly suspected that this lady had a hand in the imposture at Dublin. Shortly afterwards, the true Earl of Warwick was taken out of the Tower (where he had been lodged since the commencement of Henry's reign), and conducted in the most public manner through all the principal streets of London, that he might be seen and recognised by the citizens, many of whom had known the boy up to his tenth year. This exhibition had its effect in England; but "in Ireland, where it was too late to go back, it wrought none; but contrariwise, there they turned the imposture upon the King, and gave out that he, to defeat the true inheritor, and to mock the world, and blind the eyes of simple men, had tricked up a boy in the likeness of Edward Plantagenet, and showed him to the people."

For a time the plot thickened; the dowager Duchess of Burgundy, sister to Richard III., the late king, collected a body of two thousand Germans, under the command of Martin Swart, a valiant and experienced captain. With these foreign mercenaries, the Earl of Lincoln, Lord Lovel, and some other English exiles, embarked for Ireland. In the month of May, a few days after their landing, the pseudo Earl of Warwick was crowned in the cathedral church of Dublin in the most solemn manner, the Bishop of Meath performing the ceremony. Edward VI., as the new king was styled, issued writs, convoked a parliament, and caused penalties to be enacted against the citizens of Waterford, from whom alone he had met with opposition.

Henry, meanwhile, levied troops in different parts of the kingdom, and stationed himself at Kenilworth. Then was it that the impostor landed at the pile of Fingray, in the southern extremity of Farness; and being joined by a few malcontents, they advanced boldly towards York. But their snowball did not gather as it went; for the people came not into them, neither did any rise or declare themselves in other parts of the kingdom for them. Though cruelly disappointed, the rebels boldly turned southward to meet Henry, who was rapidly

advancing towards York, at the head of a well-appointed and numerous army. On the 16th of June an action took place between the rival parties at Stoke, then a little village upon the brow of a hill not far from Newark. The battle was fierce and obstinate for about three hours; and the victory was not decided in Henry's favour until one-half of the whole invading force and many hundreds of the English troops had perished. His Majesty Edward VI., now plain Lambert Simnel, the son of a baker, and the priest of Oxford, whose proper name was Simons, were taken prisoners. The impostor's life was spared; not, however, from any magnanimity on the part of Henry; he was taken into service in the Court, "to a base office in the kitchen; so that he turned a broach (spit) who had worn a crown. And afterwards he was preferred to be one of the king's falconers. As to the priest, he was committed closer prisoner, and heard of no more—the king loving to seal up his own dangers."

One would have imagined that, from the ill success of Simnel's imposture, no one would be willing to embark in another of a similar kind; however, we find that, in the year 1491, a stranger—a beautiful young man—landed in the Cove of Cork, and gave himself out to be Richard, Duke of York, the second son of Edward IV. The murder of the elder son by order of their uncle Richard was admitted, but this youth (so went the story) had escaped by some marvellous means from the Tower, and, after being a fugitive and a wanderer for seven long years, had come to claim his inheritance.

Without caring for the recent case of the baker's boy, the citizens of Cork warmly declared in favour of the new impostor, whose name was soon spread over the greater part of Ireland. Many of the Anglo-Irish nobles were ready to draw the sword; but the powerful Earl of Kildare was rather more cautious than he had been on the previous occasion, and the young man was induced to accept a pressing invitation to the French court. King Charles gave a most courteous reception, and caused his whole court to treat him as the real Duke of York and heir to the crown of England. A royal body-guard was appointed to wait upon him; the story of his adventures, and the list of his accomplishments, were diligently circulated; and numerous English exiles went to Paris, and bound themselves to his service. But a treaty was soon concluded between the two kings, Henry and Charles, and the adventurer, consequently, driven out of France.

The wanderer retired for protection and assistance to the Duchess of Burgundy, who received her guest, after some delay, as her dear nephew. She bestowed upon him the poetical surname of "the White Rose of England," in allusion to his pure Yorkish descent. The people of Flanders, out of their love and respect for the duchess, showed a great elasticity in believing what she desired; and, by means of the active commercial intercourse between them and the English, the present condition of

the young man was soon made known, and a correspondence was opened in his behalf in England. Sir Robert Clifford was despatched as the confidential agent of these malcontents to the court of the Duchess Margaret, to ascertain whether this were a true Prince or not. Sir Robert reported that he had seen "the White Rose," had conversed with him and his aunt, and that there could not be a shadow of doubt as to his birth and rights. But Henry, also, had sent his secret emissaries into the country, and they framed a report of a very different nature, stating, as the result of their diligent researches, that "the White Rose" was none other than one Peterkin, or Perkin Warbeck, the son of a merchant—a converted Jew—of the city of Tournay, that he had lived much with the English merchants in Flanders, and that he had recently been travelling about Europe as a servant to Lady Brompton, the wife of one of the exiles.

On refusal of the Flemings to deliver up Warbeck, Henry withdrew the mart of English cloth from Antwerp to Calais, and prohibited all intercourse with Flanders. This injurious interruption of trade roused the Flemings, and they determined to get rid, as soon as possible, of the cause of their trouble; Warbeck was therefore informed that he could no longer remain with them. No sooner had Warbeck knowledge that his presence in Flanders was obnoxious, than he adopted the bold resolution of landing in England. On the 3d of July, while the king was in Lancashire on a visit to his mother, a few hundred desperate men, English exiles or foreign adventurers, landed near Deal, and attempted to raise the country in favour of the self-styled Duke of York. The people were easily moved, but it was fiercely to repel, not to join, the invaders, who, after a sharp conflict, were driven back to the sea-shore. Many were taken prisoners; the rest, with Perkin among them, returned with a press of sail to Flanders; but finding that they could not stay in that country, they proceeded to Ireland, where they met with a cold reception. From Ireland they crossed over to Scotland, where James III. received them with open arms. The impostor was entertained with tournaments and other great festivals, and when these were over, he was taken on a royal progress through Scotland, by which means he was seen and enthusiastically admired by all classes. As if to prove the warmth of his attachment, and the sincerity of his conviction that Perkin was the real Duke of York, James married him in a short time to the Lady Catherine Gordon, the beautiful daughter of the Earl of Huntley, who, on the mother's side, was nearly related to the Royal House of Stuart.

Two incursions into England having been unsuccessful, James grew tired of the contest, and consented to treat with Henry. Too honourable, however, to think of selling Perkin, he permitted him to depart. A ship was privately got ready at Ayr, and a delicate at-

tention was paid to whatever might contribute to the comfort of the passengers. Warbeck was escorted to the sea port by a guard of horse, and he embarked with a few followers who were attached to him, and who could on no account leave him. Though he had nothing to offer but a wandering and perilous life, his wife nobly resolved to share his fortunes to the last. At the end of July, 1497, the "Duke and Duchess of York," as they were still called, left Scotland for ever. They stood over to Ireland, and, landing at Cork, Warbeck tried once more to raise the Irish. Failing in this attempt, he acted on the bold resolution of trying his fortunes in Cornwall, where the people were much infuriated against Henry for his exactions. At the beginning of September he arrived in Whitsand Bay, with four small barks. From the coast he marched towards Bodinn, where he soon found himself at the head of a host. Having assumed the title of Richard IV., and having sent his wife, "for present safety," to Mount St. Michael, he advanced into Devonshire, and, being joined by many disaffected persons, appeared before the city of Exeter, on Sunday, the 17th of September, with an irregular force, estimated by those within the walls at ten thousand men. The insurgents were defeated in their attempt to take this city, and this failure disheartened such of the men of Devonshire as had joined Perkin, and they began to return to their homes as quietly as they could, but the hardy men of Cornwall advised their leader to continue his march eastward, vowing that they were ready to die for him to a man. Making rapid marches, they reached Taunton, in Somersetshire, on the 20th, but they found no accession of force. At Taunton their further progress was checked by the presence of a royal army, numerous, well provided with artillery, and well appointed in all particulars.

The half-naked Cornishmen, thus confronted, neither fled nor spoke of retreat; and Warbeck, showing a good countenance, rode along their ranks, and made his dispositions for a battle, to be fought on the morrow. Warbeck, with all his noble qualities, was deficient in one, very essential to princes in those days—he wanted courage; he was appalled by the sight of the measureless superiority of Henry's forces, and during the night he mounted a swift horse and fled from his company at Taunton, "taking no leave nor license of them." When morning dawned, and his flight was discovered, the Cornish men, without head or leader, submitted to the mercy of Henry, who hanged the ringleaders, and dismissed the rest.

Perkin took sanctuary at the Abbey of Beaulieu, in the New Forest, which was soon surrounded by the King's troops. Henry, however, hesitated to force so holy a place, and he proceeded by artifice, in which he was not often unsuccessful. He sent some of his skillful agents to work upon the fears of Perkin,

who, finding himself without help or hope, accepted the royal pardon, and, of his own will, frankly and freely departed out of the sanctuary.

When Henry returned to London, Warbeck rode behind him at a little distance, but not in any ignominious manner. In order that he might be seen by the citizens, he was sent through Cheapside and Cornhill to the Tower. The people crowded to gaze upon the handsome prisoner, whose won'erful adventures had occupied their minds during so many years. When they saw the dismal gates close upon him, they thought never to see him again; but presently he came forth of the Tower, and he was conveyed in the same slow state back to the palace at Westminster.

In June, 1498, when he had resided some six or seven months in Henry's court, he was permitted to escape. Being immediately pursued, he took refuge in the house of Bethlehem, called the Priory of Sheen, beside Richmond, in Surrey. This house was a sanctuary; but the prior having, by earnest solicitations, procured a promise from the King that his life should be spared, delivered him up. A paper was now put into his hand, and he was fettered in a pair of stocks before the door of Westminster Hall, where he stood a whole day; and there he read the paper, which purported to be his full confession. The next day he stood in the stocks at Cheapside, and read the same paper. After this he was shut up in the Tower, where he became the companion of the unfortunate Earl of Warwick, who had been persecuted by Sumner.

A short time after it was rumoured that Warbeck and the Earl of Warwick had conspired together to escape from the Tower, and get up another insurrection. The plot being discovered before it could be executed,—or this, at least, being stated,—Warbeck and Warwick were closely confined in separate cells, and preparations were made for their separate trials; for though the only charge brought against Warwick was his being an accomplice of Perkin, it was not deemed wise to try them together. On the 16th of November, Warbeck was arraigned in Westminster Hall. He was convicted, of course, and on the 23d of the same month he was drawn to Tyburn: there, on the scaffold, his confession was again read, and he affirmed on the word of a dying man, that it was all true. Then he asked the King's forgiveness, and died patiently.

RICHARD PLANTAGENET, NATURAL SON TO KING RICHARD III.

In the year 1720 (I have forgot the particular day, only remember it was about Michaelmas), I waited on the late Lord Heneage, Earl of Winchelsea, at Eastwell House, and found him sitting with the register book of

the parish of Eastwell lying open before him. He told me that he had been looking there to see who of his own family were mentioned in it. But, says he, I have a curiosity here to show you, and then showed me (and I immediately transcribed it into my almanack), Richard Plantagenet was buried the 22d of December, *anno ut supra*. *Ex registro de Eastwell sub anno 1550*. This is all the register mentions of him; so that we cannot say whether he was buried in the church, or churchyard; nor is there now any other memorial of him, except the tradition in the family, and some little marks of the place where his house stood. The story my lord told to me was thus:—When Sir Thomas Moyle built that house (that is Eastwell Place), he observed his chief bricklayer, who never he left off work, retired with a book. Sir Thomas had a curiosity to know what book the man read, but was some time before he could discover it, he still putting the book up if any one came towards him. However, the knight coming into his room while he lay asleep, took up a book that lay by him, and found it to be Latin. Hereupon he examined him, and finding he pretty well understood that language, he inquired how he came by his learning? Hereupon the man told him, as he had been a good master to him, he would venture to trust him with a secret he had never before revealed to any one. He then informed him that he was boarded with a Latin school-master without knowing who his parents were, till he was fifteen or sixteen years old; only a gentleman, who took occasion to acquaint him he was no relation to him, came once a quarter and paid for his board, and took care to see that he wanted nothing. And one day this gentleman took him and carried him to a fine house, where he passed through several stately rooms, in one of which he left him, bidding him stay there. Then a man finely dressed, with a staff and garter, came to him, asked him some questions, talked kindly to him, and gave him some money. Then the forementioned gentleman returned, and conducted him back to his school. Some time after the same gentleman came to him again, with a horse and proper accoutrements, and told him he must take a journey with him into the country. They went into Leicestershire, and came into Bosworth field; and he was carried to King Richard the Third's tent. The King embraced him, and told him he was his son. "But, child," says he, "to-morrow I must fight for my crown: and assure yourself, if I lose that I will lose my life too; but I hope to preserve both. Do you stand in such a place (directing him to a certain place) where you may see the battle, out of danger. And when I have gained the victory, come to me—I will then own you to be mine, and take care of you. But, if I should be so unfortunate as to lose the battle, then shift as

well as you can, and take care to let nobody know that I am your father: for no mercy will be shown to any one so nearly related to me." The King then gave him a purse of gold, and dismissed him. He followed the King's directions; and when he saw the battle was lost, and the King killed, he hastened to London, sold his horse and fine clothes; and the better to conceal himself from all suspicion of being son to a king, and that he might have means to live by his honest labour, he put himself apprentice to a bricklayer. But having a competent skill in the Latin tongue, he was unwilling to lose it; and having an inclination also to reading, and no delight in the conversation of those he was obliged to work with, he generally spent all the time he had to spare in reading by himself. Sir Thomas said, "you are now old, and almost past your labour; I will give you the running of my kitchen as long as you live." He answered, "Sir, you have a numerous family; I have been used to live retired, give me leave to build a house for myself of one room in such a field, and there, with your good leave, I will live and die; and if you have any work that I can do for you, I shall be ready to serve you." Sir Thomas granted his request; he built his house, and there continued to his death.

THE WIFE OF A LITERARY MAN.

From the New Yorker.

A woman fit to be the wife of a literary man must indeed be a woman; she must combine in her character all those pleasing attributes which we often find described, but so rarely meet with in real life. She must be neither selfish in feeling, vain, prodigal, nor passionate. She must be one who will not marry where she cannot respect, and, when she has consented to lay aside her virgin honours, one who will love her husband with a devotion that shall waive every other consideration but that of duty to her God. She must on even more than this; she must be self-sacrificing in disposition, and be willing to endure much loneliness; and also learn, if she have not already, to have a fondness for her husband's pursuits, in which case she will receive a return that will be dearer far than all the world can offer. A man of literary pursuits smug against himself, and the woman he marries, if he takes one who is but a votary of fashion, whose empire is in the drawing-room, and not in the seclusion of domestic life. And if he marry a literary pedant, he will be still more unfortunate unless the pedantry be that of a young, active, and inquiring mind, which is pleased with its first essay into the regions of learning. She should not resemble the first wife of Milton, whom the poet married from sudden fancy. Unable to endure his literary habits, and finding his house too solitary for her rousing disposition, she beat his nephews, and conveyed herself away at the expiration of the honey-moon. 'Not like the wife of Bishop

Cooper, who, jealous of his books, consigned the labour of many years to the flames. Nor like the wife of Sir Henry Seville, whose affection was so strong as to cause her frequently to destroy his most valuable manuscripts, because they monopolised so much of his attention. Neither should she resemble in character Mrs. Barclay, who made both herself and her husband ridiculous by her great public admiration of his abilities, she considering him little less than a demi-god. She should either be like the lady of Dacier, who was his equal in erudition and his superior in taste, but whose good sense caused her to respect and give place to her husband at all times and on all occasions, and whose love for him kept her from the slightest feeling of presumption, because she was his equal in mind, or as the wife of Wieland, a domestic woman, who, though not much given to study, was of a calm, even temperament, and always soothed instead of exciting her husband's irritable disposition. A literary man, in choosing a wife, should not look so much for shining abilities, as for a clear, discriminating judgment, and a warm and affectionate heart. A combination of these qualities, if he be not an unreasonable, cross-grained tyrant, will be sure to bring domestic felicity.

A SONG FOR CHRISTMAS.

SOME love the SPRING, —its voice of mirth,
Its tones of love from bird and bee,
Its smiling sun, its flower-gemmed earth,
The music of its melodious
The murmuring of the laughing rill
Through many a blossomed way,
While wandering at its own sweet will
Through field and valley gay,
But though pleasant the voice of SPRING may be,
Bring me a branch of the holly tree!
Some love the SUMMER's pleasant sky
Its laughing tone of joy and love,
The music of its memory,
The cooing of the gentle dove,
The moonlit bowers, the opening flowers,
The song the shrike of mirth,
The perfume of its very bowers
Fall softly on the earth,
But though pleasant the voice of SUMMER be,
Bring me a branch of the holly tree!
And some love AUTUMN's sunny corn,
Waved gently by the passing breeze,
The hunter's horn o'er meadows burned,
Re-echoed through the opening trees,
The harvest moon that looketh down,
In bright and placid dawn,
On smiling eyes and love-breathed sighs,
Telling love's most sweet story,
But though Autumn be pleasant, bring, bring to me,
A branch from old Christmas's holly tree!
Yes, give me Christmas with its cheer,
Around the happy, household hearth,
While burns the fire-light bright and clear,
With song, and voice, and shout o' mirth
While smiling on, look glad, young brows;
And aged cheeks are bright,
As underneath the holly's boughs
Young eyes gleam gay and light,
So a branch of the holly bring to me,
A branch from the good old Christmas tree!

SCRAPS AND FACTS

To be *everybody's* "humble servant" is to be nobody's friend.

CHRISTMAS SUNSHINE.—There are scores of old women in the country, of both sexes, and of all ages, who still peer out instantly on Christmas morning, to see the sun shining through the apple trees for if it do so, the boughs are sure to rejoice under a rich burden in the ensuing season.

"Then all was jollity."

Feasting and mirth, light wantonness and laughter, piping and playing, minstrelries and making."

FAME.—What is fame? Is it sustenance of life? Is it happiness? Does it bring content? Does it produce the softer joys of life? Can it command the tender sympathy, and rule, with pleasure, wedded life? Does it smooth the rough pages of existence, or mellow its asperities; make calm the tide of passions, or quell their boisterous overflowings? Does its tone sound in accordance with the still small voice of religion? Does its aim and ends agree with the moral law of God? What is fame? Is it to be spoken of by men in after times? Then be that burnt the temple of Ephesus has as much as an Alexander, or a Socrates? Is fame the offspring of good actions, or bad—or both? The question suggests the sufficient answer. What is fame? A vain shadow, unfit to taint the noble mind of man. Man should live to honour his Maker, and, in doing so, ennoble himself.

CONTEMPLATION AND ACTION.—Jean Paul Richter thus beautifully contrasts these two qualities of the soul:—"Who is the greater sage—he who lifts himself above the stormy time and contemplates it without action; or he who, from the high region of calmness, throws himself into the battling tumult of the times? Sublime is it, when the eagle soars upward through the storm into the clear heaven; but sublime, when floating in the serene blue above, he darts down through the thick storm cloud to the rock-hung eery, where his unfeathered young live and tremble."

TIME SAVED BY EARLY RISING.—The difference between rising every morning at six and at eight, in the course of forty years (supposing a person to go to bed at the same time he otherwise would) amounts to 29,200 hours, or three years, one hundred and twenty-one days, and sixteen hours, which calculation affords eight hours a day for exactly ten years. What an important consideration! In this period of time it is in our power to command eight hours a day for the cultivation of our minds in knowledge and virtue, and for the arrangement and despatch of business.

POISONED WELLS.—Any one passing Richmond Terrace, Clifton, during the last week or ten days, must have remarked the long string of doctors' carriages drawn up in the neighbourhood. The reason for this vast display was the existence of illness in almost

every second house, the inhabitants of which were afflicted with gastric fever. Nearly a whole school of young ladies were lying down ill at the same time, and there was scarcely a family which had not some of its members sick. It was not however, until one death took place, and several were in imminent danger, that the cause of this extensive illness was discovered, when it turned out to be produced by the use of a spring which supplied the place, and whose waters had been imperceptibly poisoned by a sewer breaking into it, and so greatly vitiating their character as to cause gastric fever in every family using it! On being found out, of course the evil was remedied, but not before ninety mischief had been done, and the necessity both for a pure supply of water and an improved system of drainage shown.

INTERESTING TO BACHELORS.—"Don't marry a poor gall, for they are apt to think there is no end to her husband's pass; nor too rich a gall, for they are apt to remind you of it unpleasant sometimes; nor too giddy a gall, for they neglect their families; nor too demure a one, for they are most apt to give you the dodge, race off, and leave you; nor one of a different sect, for it breeds discord; nor a weak minded one, for children take all their talents from their mothers; nor a—Oh, Lord, says I, minister how you skewer a body! Where under the sun will you find such a non-such like what you describe? There ain't acitly no such critturs among women.—I'll tell you, my son, said he, for I'd like before I die to see you well mated; I would, indeed! I'll tell you, tho' you talk to me sometimes as if I didn't know nothin' of women. You think nobody can't know 'em but them as romp all their days with them as you do; but them, let me tell you, know the least, for they are only acquainted with the least deservin'. I'll gin you a gage to know 'em by that is almost invariable, universal, infallible. The character and conduct of the mother, is a sure and certain guarantee for that of the darter."

TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.—The *Wabash Courier* gives us, over the signature of "Truth," this well turned contrast between "to-day and to-morrow":—

To-day man lives in pleasure, wealth, and pride,
To-morrow poor of life itself denied.
To-day lays plans for many years to come,
To-morrow sinks into the silent tomb.
To-day his food is dressed in dainty forms,
To-morrow is himself a feast for worms.
To-day he's clad in gaudy, rich array,
To-morrow shrouded for a bed of clay.
To-day enjoys his halls, built to his mind,
To-morrow in a coffin is confined.
To-day he floats on honour's lofty wave,
To-morrow leaves it title for a grave.
To-day his beautiful visage is extol,
To-morrow lifeless in the sight of all.
To-day he has exquisite drama of heaven,
To-morrow cries, 'too late to be forgiven.'
To-day he lives in hope as light as air,
To-morrow dies in anguish and despair.

Excessive complaisance is more frequently

the mark of pride than affability. A proud man fearful of having liberties taken with him by people who have, he thinks, no right to trust themselves upon a footing with him, behaves to them with the most ceremonious civility, to keep them at a *proper* distance; and he generally gains his point, for who can be free with a man whose very politeness is forbidding.

The Arab is great and admirable in the hour of death. I have seen many Arabs die, but never did I see any one beg his life or utter any unmanly complaint. When his hour is come he recommends his soul to Mahomed, and dies.

A DREAM REVISITED.—Mrs. Northaw, of the Queen's Head, Taunton, having dreamed that the house was on fire, awoke her husband, who found the servant man's room in flames. It appeared that, having fastened the candle against the bed-post when he went to bed, the candle fell upon and ignited his clothes.

IRELAND A HUNTING COUNTRY.—In a glen on the Dublin mountains, there have been lately found the skeletons of two reindeer and thirty Irish elk; and, subsequently, there were discovered at Ballybogh, within seven miles of Dublin, the remains of thirty-two rein and elk deer.

MOCKING IS CATCHING.—A woman residing at Colyton, had information forwarded to her relations at Exeter of her death, which it was stated took place on Saturday. Her relations were astonished upon their arrival at her residence, to find her hearty and well. That night she was seized with typhus fever, of which she died in a week. So that her relations really accomplished the work for which they came—that of burying her.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF FAMILY GOVERNMENTS.—A silence which ensued was broken by the loud lamentations of two childish voices, proceeding from the terrace outside, with a "running accompaniment" of reprimand from their nurse. "You deserved to lose your ball, Miss Ellinor," said this "cultivator" of Mr. Burielgh's children; it has fallen over the parapet just to punish you for jumping about like a boy, instead of walking like a young lady. Hold your tongue, Miss Caroline; I won't give you back yours, because you only want to lend it to Miss Ellinor. You are both very naughty girls."

INSTINCT OF BEES.—A friend of the narrator observed that a large frog having lately scaled the stage of wood on which the two hives rested, the bees very speedily killed him. On the following morning, he observed that the bees had during the night completely encased the frog in a mummy of wax. The inference he drew was that, not being able to remove him, the bees had instinctively adopted this precaution against the animal becoming offensive.

GRAMMAR CLASS.—"John, what is the singular of man?"—"They is singular when

they pay their debts, without being asked to do it a dozen times."—"Young women are beautiful. What is it that comes after woman?"—"It is the idlers, to be sure, they are always after the young women."—"That will do."—*American Paper.*

COURTSHIP.—Much intellect is not an advantage in courtship. General topics interfere with particular attentions. A man, to be successful in love, should think only of himself and his mistress. Rochefoucauld observes, that lovers are never tired of each other's company, because they are always talking of themselves.

PROPHECY.—It is easy to see (written in 1760) that England, with all its glory, will be ruined in twenty years; and will, moreover, have lost all that remains of its liberty. Every body tells me that agriculture is flourishing in this island, but I tell them, that I will lay a wager that it is dying away. London is getting bigger every day, and consequently the kingdom is unpeopled. The English desire to be conquerors; hence they will soon be slaves.—*Rousseau in his *Extrait du Projet de paix perpetuelle de St. l'Abbe de Saint Pierre.**

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications intended for this publication should be addressed "to the Editor," at No. 3, Catherine-street, Strand.

The Editor thanks the various contributors who have favoured him with articles for this Journal. They shall have immediate attention. Persons sending articles for insertion, would do well to keep copies, as the Editor cannot undertake to return rejected manuscripts.

J. R.—We shall feel obliged by receiving good Riddles, Rebuses, and Charades—the solutions must always accompany them.

Our Friends and Patrons will greatly oblige us by making favourable mention of TRACTS FOR THE PEOPLE, at all their mer y meetings of this festive season; as it will be our endeavour to furnish the Public with a great quantity of useful information and amusement than has yet appeared in any of the cheap publications.

James H.—The period of seven days, by far the most permanent division of time, and the most ancient monument of astronomical knowledge, was used by the Brahmins with the same denominations employed by us; and was likewise found in the calendars of the Jews, Egyptians, Arabs, and Assyrians. It has survived the fall of empires, and has existed among all generations—a proof of their common origin.

Mary S.—We do not agree with our fair correspondent. The ever-blessed day, of plum-puddings and pantomimes, like our birth days and other precious holidays, should come but once a year. Who, but one too much given to the enjoyment of the good things of this world, would think of having Christmas tide visit us in every quarter of the year, like the tax-gatherer; or come as often and with as common a face, as the old whey-faced moon?

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TRACTS

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cuts and by characteristic anecdotes. We
commence the series with 7—

THE BOA CONSTRICTOR AND THE LION.

THE great number of venomous snakes in all parts of India, are a vast check to the enjoyment of all persons residing in that country; to the timorous, apprehension and fear attend them, at every step,—even within their houses there is danger of meeting with them; and the most courageous and strong-minded cannot help often feeling uneasy at the presence of these reptiles. The largest of these terrible creatures is the *Boa Constrictor*; but it is not by the natives of India considered the most formidable, because its bite is not venomous, and its great size sometimes diminishes the danger of a sudden surprise. It is, however, greatly dreaded on account of its vast strength; as when requiring food it has been known to attack the most formidable of the inhabitants of the forest.

The name *Boa*, is not of recent introduction; it occurs in Pliny who, doubtless, intended by it some one of the larger species of European snakes; the name being probably derived from the notion, which is still very prevalent among the peasantry of Europe, that these reptiles introduce themselves among the herds to suck the cows. This enormous reptile, usually called the *Boa Constrictor*, is found in the East Indies and in Africa, and does not appear to differ much from the *Anan* of South America, which was worshipped by the Antis of Peru: it is the largest of serpents. Its average length appears to be about thirty feet, but it sometimes attains to forty, fifty, or even sixty feet; it therefore occupies the relative position among reptiles which the elephant does among quadrupeds, and the whale among the inhabitants of the sea. The teeth of the *Boa* are long, sharply pointed, and inclined backward, of no use for mastication, but evidently intended only for the purpose of holding the prey. The genus is distinguished by having a hook on each side the vent; the body is compressed, inflated towards the middle; the tail is prehensile; the scales small, particularly upon the back of the head. The ground colour of the *boa constrictor* is yellowish grey, with a large chestnut-coloured interrupted chain, extending down the back from the head to the tip of the tail, and sub-trigonal spots down the sides. The name "*constrictor*" is derived from the terrible muscular power by which it crushes to death the unfortunate animals embraced in its folds. It is true, that most serpents possess, in some degree, this constrictive power, but it is not commonly used by the smaller species in seizing their prey, the mouth and teeth alone sufficing for the purpose. Requiring food only at long intervals, the *boa constrictor*, like most other serpents, spends the greatest part of its life coiled up asleep, or in a state of stupor, in which it has lately been gorged with food, it may be overcome with little danger and difficulty, although to attack it in an active state would

be almost an act of madness. But when it becomes hungry, the gigantic reptile assumes an activity strikingly in contrast with the sluggish inertness it before exhibited. It is in this state that it is represented in our engraving; driven by hunger, it has attacked the noble monarch of the forest; and the conflict, between the two is terrific. Its mode of attack is as follows:—When properly in wait for its prey, it usually attaches itself to the trunk or branches of a tree, in a situation likely to be visited by quadrupeds for the sake of pasture of water. In this posture it swings about, as if a branch or pendant of the tree, until some unfortunate animal approaches, and then, suddenly relinquishing its position, it seizes the unsuspecting victim, and coils its body spirally around its prey. If the animal attacked is not a very powerful one, after a few ineffectual cries and struggles, it is suffocated and expires. It frequently happens that the contest is long and bloody, when an animal of a large size is attacked, as is the case in the engraving in our front page. It is to be remarked that the *boa* does not merely wrathe itself around the prey, but places fold over fold, as if desirous of adding as much weight as possible to the muscular effort; these folds are then gradually tightened with such immensity as to crush the principal bones, and thus not only to destroy the animal, but to bring its carcase into a state the most easy for being swallowed.

The prey of the *Boa Constrictor* generally consists of dogs, goats, deer, and the smaller sorts of game. We have met with several accounts, by travellers, of its attacks upon the lion and the tiger, one of which our artist has beautifully illustrated; but Bishop Heber considers all these stories as quite untrue, and will not even give credence to their attacks upon the buffalo, or the chetah; but he states that men are by no means exempt from their attacks. We will here relate an anecdote of its attack upon a lascar, which we quote from the *Oriental Annual*.—

"A few years before our visit to Calcutta, the captain of a country ship, while passing the Sunderbunds, sent a boat into one of the creeks to obtain some fresh water and fruits. Having reached the shore, the crew moored the boat under a bank, and left one of the party to take care of it. During their absence, the lascar, who remained in charge of the boat, overcome by heat, lay down under the seats and fell asleep. Whilst in this state of unconsciousness, an enormous *Boa Constrictor* emerged from the jungle, reached the boat, and had already coiled its huge body round the sleeper, and was in the very act of crushing him to death, when his companions fortunately returned at this auspicious moment, and attacking the monster, severed a portion of his tail, which so disabled it that it no longer retained the power of doing mischief. The snake was then easily destroyed, and found to measure sixty-two feet and some inches in length."

In Brazil, according to Koster, an opinion prevails that whoever has been bitten by the boa-constructor has nothing to fear from any other snake. This notion is, in all probability, a prejudice.

THREE TALES, BY A GERMAN TRAVELLER.

TALE THE FIRST.

THE MERCHANT OF BREMEN.

THERE lived formerly, in the town of Bremen, a very rich man, whose name was Melchior. His wealth was so great that his large dining-hall was actually paved with hard dollars. Still his money went on increasing every year, and he looked forward to a long enjoyment of it. But he died suddenly one day, of apoplexy, in the midst of a sumptuous feast which he had given, to celebrate the safe arrival of one of his most richly laden ships.

Melchior's son, Francis, was the sole heir to his father's immense fortune, and being of age, came into the uncontrolled possession of it. In the full vigour of health, with a handsome person, and an excellent heart, he was esteemed as one of the most amiable young men in his native place; while his vast wealth enabled him to indulge to its utmost his noble desire of doing good. But, on the other hand, inexperience and youthful passions exposed him to all the dangers of seduction, and the more so because his father, whose whole soul had been wrapped up in the accumulation of money, had bestowed very little care upon the judicious instruction of his son.

Francis was soon surrounded by a circle of flatterers and parasites, who called themselves his best friends, and endeavoured to keep him in one continued turmoil of pleasure. His house became the resort of all the roystering spirits of Bremen, who passed their days in riotous eating and drinking at his expense. No banquets, given at the bishop's palace, equalled the splendour and profusion of his; and so long as the town stands, it will never again witness such ozen feasts as he used to give yearly; when every citizen received from him a noble piece of roast-beef, and a small pitcher of Spanish wine. Business was left to the management of clerks and agents, with whom he interfered as little as he could help, the cashier being the only person he cared to see, because it was his province to find the money for his prodigality. The credit of his father had been too deeply fixed to admit of being easily destroyed; Francis, therefore, was enabled to go on for some years in this extravagant and thoughtless career; but when, in order to obtain ready money, he found himself compelled to remove, secretly the silver flooring of the dining-hall, and replace it with one of stone, he began to think

a little seriously of his situation. His numerous creditors, too, became suddenly clamorous, and as he was unable to satisfy their demands, a complete bankruptcy ensued. The paternal mansion, warehouses, gardens, lands, costly furniture, all were sold by the candle; and Francis hardly saved enough out of the wreck of his inheritance to secure him from utter destitution for half a year.

And now, for the first time, his eyes were opened. He meditated seriously upon his past life, and his present situation; but alas! repentance came too late! His good friends, his revelling companions, all disappeared: while he had wholly neglected to cultivate the friendship of honourable and upright men. He was left consequently quite alone; abandoned to himself, with no one to consult or advise with in his melancholy condition. It was insupportable to his proud feelings remain among those who had known him on the pinnacle of wealth and greatness, in the character of a worthless spendthrift. He resolved, therefore, to quit his native town, and endeavour to gain, once more, fortune, and respectability in some foreign country.

While he was meditating upon this resolve, and before he had definitively settled any plan in his own mind, it happened that his father's account books fell into his hands. Here, therefore, he had never troubled himself with them; it had always been an arduous task even to look into them, but now they became of importance. He turned over the leaves, and found large arrears of bad debts: his resolution was immediately taken. He determined to set forth and seek the persons who owed these debts: he hoped, by a touching description of his own misfortunes, so far to work upon their feelings, that they would at least pay some portion of them, and then he would again be able to carry on business in a small way. This cheering prospect animated him; he made immediate preparation; bought a saddle-horse; packed his saddle bags; ordered a prayer to be put up in the cathedral for a young traveller, beseeching an auspicious issue to his journey, and rode away.

The principal debtors were merchants, who resided at Antwerp, and thither he directed his steps. A journey from Bremen to Antwerp in those days, when the roads were beset with robbers, and every knight considered himself at liberty to plunder, and incarcerate in the dungeons of his castle, any traveller not duly provided with a safe-pass, was a more dangerous undertaking than it would be now to go from Bremen to Kamchatka. Francis, nevertheless, journeyed safely till he reached the middle of Westphalia. Here, one sultry day, he rode till sunset through a wild desolate tract of country, without seeing a habitation of any kind. Suddenly a dreadful thunder-storm came on, accompanied with a deluge of rain, which soon drenched him to the skin. Far and near he cast his eyes around, but he could discover no friendly roof. Night came

on, and the clouds rolled so thickly over the heavens, that he could not discern an object at the distance of two paces.

The delicate Francis, who from his infancy had been accustomed to every effeminate indulgence, was ill calculated to encounter hardships like these, and he began to ruminate, with many bitter forebodings, upon the manner in which he should probably have to pass the night. In the midst of these gloomy reflections, to his infinite consolation he perceived a distant light; it served him as a guide in seeking immediately for it; and he found that it issued from a miserable hovel.

He knocked at the door, entreating to be admitted; but the man who lived there was a surly fellow, who without opening the door, answered from within—"There is no room for travellers—I have hardly room enough for myself, much less for strangers." Francis renewed his entreaties more imploringly. He represented what a dreadful night it was, said, he only wished for a safe shelter, and assured him he would gladly reward him. But the hute made no further answer; extinguished his light, and laid himself down upon his straw.

Francis, however, did not cease his importunities outside, and as the man could get no sleep, he endeavoured to get rid of his visitor. "Hark'ee, countryman," said he, "if you would have such quarter, ride on about a quarter of a mile further to the left, through the wood; you will come to the castle of the bold knight Bronkhörst; he is always ready to give shelter to travellers; only sometimes he is fond of indulging in a foolish whim, that of soundly thrashing them when they take then leave. If this dislike you not, you will find yourself comfortable enough there."

Francis bethought himself a moment, for the said leave taking was not exactly to his fancy. But what was to be done? He must either pass the night, stormy as it was, in the open air, or run the risk, for once, of that same thrashing. The latter seemed preferable. Besides it was not certain the knight would indulge in his joke. He sprang forward, therefore, and soon found himself before the massy gates of the castle. As he knocked the warder, in a hoarse loud voice called out, "Who is there?"

"A traveller who has lost his way, and wishes for shelter from the inclemency of the weather," answered Francis.

"If you are willing to comply with the custom of the place, the door shall be opened to you," replied the warder in the same growling tone.

Francis promised, and immediately the enormous gate rolled back. Servants came forth to help him to alight, to take charge of his saddle-bags, to lead his horse into the stable, and to conduct himself to the knight, who was seated in a brilliantly illuminated chamber.

He was a tall, powerful man, who in his younger days had performed vallant deeds as

a warrior; but he had now retired to his castle, to repose from the severe duties of the field. His frank and hearty manner, and his hospitality, might have inspired confidence: but his haughty warlike air, his harsh voice, and his impetuous gestures, created alarm at first, to those who did not know him intimately.

He advanced towards Francis, shook him by the hand with so cordial a grasp that he could hardly refrain from crying out, and thundered in his ears such a rattling oath, in the way of welcome, as would have made a deaf man hear. Francis was astounded, and betrayed in his appearance the alarm he felt.

"What is the matter with you, youngster?" said the knight; "your whole body trembles like aspen leaf."

"I am wet through, and cold," replied Francis. "It could have some dry clothes and a warm posset—"

"Very well—you shall have them. Is there any thing else you wish? Command freely, as if you were in your own house."

Francis considered for a moment. It would all come to the same end, he thought. He could not escape the awkward leave taking; so, as he was fairly in for it, he resolved to make himself comfortable meanwhile.

When the servants brought him dry clothes and assisted him in undressing and dressing, he began scolding them without any ceremony, complaining that this was wrong, and the other, and finding fault with every thing. The knight manifested no displeasure at this freedom; on the contrary, he set to, and scolded them himself, for not knowing how to wait properly on a stranger, and ordered them to be quick. The table was next spread, and a splendid banquet brought in. Francis was desired to sit opposite his host, who apprised him, once for all, that it was not his custom to press his guests to eat. Francis took the hint; helped himself quickly to whatever he fancied; and ordered whatever he wanted without the least diffidence. After a while, the knight beckoned to the servants, that they should bring in the wine, and pour it out. "How do you like that wine?" inquired the knight, when Francis had put his first glass to his lips.

"If it be the worst in your cellar," replied Francis, "then it is very good of its kind; but if it be your best, it is very bad."

"Well said," answered the knight, and immediately ordered another flask to be brought.

"This is better than the first," said Francis; "but I have drank much stronger wine of this quality."

The knight ordered a third flask to be brought, and scarcely had Francis tasted of it when he exclaimed, "That's capital! we'll stick to this, if you please."

"You are a nice judge of wine," answered the knight.

And now they began, after the good old custom of their country in those days, to flipp away, while the knight entertained Francis with accounts of his own heroic deeds in the

Turkish wars; in the recital of which he became so warmed that he sabred down bottles and glasses with the great carving-knife, till Francis often started back in terror, lest his own nose should be sliced off. Towards midnight, however, he interrupted his loquacious host.

"Excuse me, Sir Knight," said he, "but I have a long journey to perform, and must proceed onward with the first dawn of the morning; I should be glad, therefore, to have an hour or two of sleep."

The knight gave over his stories immediately, and replied, "Your bed is ready for you. but I cannot allow you to set out so early, and fasting. You must breakfast with me first; and then I will accompany you according to the custom of my castle."

Francis understood these words without any further explanation. However, he once more tried to convince his host that he could manage his departure so quietly, as not to disturb any one; but it was all in vain.

"An old soldier is accustomed to be always ready," said the knight, "and you shall see I shall be awake before you are."

He then bade Francis good night, and they both retired to rest.

Wearied from his long journey, and moreover somewhat oppressed with wine, Francis slept soundly on his soft bed until it was broad daylight, and was first awakened by the voice of the knight, who stood by his side inviting him to breakfast, which was ready. Francis sprang out of bed, dressed himself, and descended (since he found he could not help himself) into the room where the knight was waiting to take breakfast with him. On the table were spread delicious Westphalia hams, smoked tongues, white bread, and *pumpernickel* (a sort of coarse black bread), fine old Rhenish wines, and others of a more generous quality. Without waiting for much pressing, he fell to, and made an excellent breakfast.

When he had eaten his fill, he had his nag saddled and led out. And now he expected, every moment, the threatened leave taking. In order to have as much as he could, by way of compensation for his anticipated thrashing, he said to the knight, "Will you allow me to take from what remains of our repast, something to refresh me on my journey?"

"With great pleasure," replied the knight, and immediately began himself to help Francis in cramming his pockets as full as they could hold.

He was now ready to set off, and shaking the knight cordially by the hand, thanked him warmly for the hospitable reception he had experienced, and descended into the courtyard. The knight, wishing him a pleasant journey, accompanied him thither; and the servants were all in waiting, eager to perform what little remaining services he might require. Francis mounted his horse, and rode slowly through the castle gates, wondering greatly that he was allowed to take his leave thus, without submitting to the customary ordeal.

The knight stood with his servants at the gate, looked after Francis, and made some observations upon his horse; for he was a great lover of horses, and an excellent judge of them. Still, fearful, however, that perhaps they might bring him back, and make him pay his reckoning on his well-belaboured shoulders, he looked frequently behind with trembling. But when he had got a considerable distance, he turned his horse's head (for he could no longer restrain his curiosity), and, riding back, thus addressed the knight:—

"With your permission, Sir Knight, I would fain ask you a question. The man who directed me here, and who praised your hospitality, told me in addition, that you were accustomed, when your guests took their departure, to thrash them till they were black and blue; and yet you have allowed me to depart freely. Has then the fellow told me a falsehood? If so, I will go and punish him. Or, if you have an exception in my favour, may I ask wherefore?"

"You were told no falsehood," answered the knight. "In the same way that I received and entertained you, so do I receive and entertain every stranger who visits me. But, there are now and then fools, who with their intended compliments and over politeness sicken me almost to death; affected idiots, who would have you believe, forsooth, they feel neither hunger or thirst, when they are absolutely tormented with both, and who must be entreated and persuaded, every mouthful they eat and every drop they drink. Such men make me so enraged at last, that I take my staff and cudgel them out of my house. But a man of your sort is always a welcome guest. You spoke plainly and roundly your mind, as the Bremen folks always do. Call here again without fear, if your road should lie this way, on your return, and so God speed you!"

THE SMUGGLER'S FATE.

A TRUE TALE.

MARK BRATTIN, who had for more than a twelvemonth paid courtship to poor Jane, had obtained her father's consent to their union, whenever he could realise a sufficient sum to begin the world in a prudent and respectable way. The precarious life of a fisherman, however, appeared to Mark to hold out little prospect of wealth enough either to gain or support a wife; and he resolved upon obtaining the object of his wishes as speedily as possible in some other way. A man, named Simpson, a notorious smuggler in the neighbourhood, was known to have amassed a considerable property, and Mark resolved to offer himself to serve as one of the crew on board his lugger, hoping that in a trip or two he might earn sufficient to claim his promised bride. He was accepted aboard; and the day following the little vessel spread her light sails to the breeze, and took her course for Holland. Mark possessed a little money, which he laid out in a venture, trusting these

by to clear as much as would enable him to claim as his bride the object of his love. It was a stormy day, when the inhabitants of Llandudno were roused by the report of guns from seaward, the wind blowing furiously right on shore. It was about the time that the smuggler's vessel was expected, and those interested in her safe arrival hastily ran to this promontory to ascertain if she was in sight, or in danger, for a king's cutter was known to be cruising on the coast. It was just dawn; the sea was running mountain high; and within a league of the rocks they perceived two vessels within half a mile of each other. The first was a small lugger, carrying a press of canvas that seemed to run her hull under as she made directly for the headlands, and her masts bent like reeds to the fury of the tempest. As she approached the headland, a number of kegs, piled one upon another on the deck, were observed to vanish into the deep by dozens, being flung overboard by the busy crew. They were within a mile of the shore, when the revenue-cutter, hauling her wind, poured a broadside of grape-shot into the smuggler, so well directed that several were seen to fall from their stations in various parts of the vessel. Still they carried every stitch of canvas, knowing that there was water enough for the light lugger to cross the bar after they had rounded the point, and that the revenue-cutter would be sure to strike upon the sands if she attempted to follow them half a mile further, being of much heavier tonnage. Besides, she was already in some peril, by venturing so far in shore, with a gale blowing heavily from the north-east. She was soon within hail of the head, and the cliffs were covered with human beings, gazing eagerly upon the little craft beneath, when suddenly a chain-shot from the cutter carried away her mainmast, which fell over the side. To cut away the stays and clear the wreck was the work of a minute, and the smuggler's bark swept like a sea-bird round the great Ormes head into the Bay of Conway, but not until their pursuers had sent another broadside into her hull as they stood off the shore. As the Typhoon, the name of the King's vessel, turned from the pursuit, the daring outlaws sent up a shout of triumph, which was echoed from those upon the rocks, and after a slight shock which the lugger received as she crossed the sand-bank, they floated safely in smooth water. But where was Jane? Foremost of that crowd which gathered on the rocks when the firing was first heard, flew the light form of the loving maiden, like a young eagle gliding for its mate. She stood upon the extreme verge of the cliff, unconscious of every thing save the peril of her lover—her eyes fixed upon the vessels, straining as they would crack their strings, to discover the form of him who had her heart in keeping; and, as the vessel glided under the headland, she hung over the brink of the precipice, gazing upon the dead and dying, with whom the decks were strewn. But she saw him not. With the swiftness of the sea-mew,

she followed the corpse of the smuggler along the shore; and when at last she saw the white sail gathered to the yards, and the vessel riding safely at anchor in the rocky bay, she leaped into a boat and rowed herself to its side. A moment, and she jumped upon the deck, calling wildly for poor Mark. But no one answered her. With hair dishevelled, and eyes glancing fire, she turned each dead man's face up to the sky. At length, a headless trunk met her distracted gaze. A bright gold ringlet of hair, tinged with the smuggler's blood, and fastened to the breast of his shirt, the blue pen-jacket she gave to Mark at his departure, and the brass buckles which her father wore, and presented to him as a pledge of future favour, all flashed conviction on her mind that it was the mutilated form of her lover. A wild scream, which struck terror into the hearts of the daring crew, proclaimed her heart was broken; and falling on his mangled corpse, instantly expired.

THE NEW YEAR'S FESTIVAL.

Old year, thou art gone, and to where I don't care,
For a *famishing*, surly, old fellow you were;
You departed this life, on the last Friday night,
With your face full of woe, and a heart full of spite
Thy successor I know not, though perhaps in his reign.

Folk may taste more of pleasure, and feel less of pain;

So as young POST-SCRIPT has commenced his career,
Here's his jolly good health in a tankard of beer.

THE OLD YEAR is dead; he lived as long as he could, and small blame to him; he began in fever and in famine, and, as a parting token of his influence, has left us more than a neighbour's share of influenza. As poor as the breath was out of the old gentleman's body, nothing would serve the young, scrape-grace, "*New Year*," but he must have a grand spread upon his coming of age, and to which he insisted all the *days* in the year should be invited. Cards of invitations were filled up by a few seconds, and passed into the minute hands of those tiny-tigers the *hours* for general post delivery; and right merrily did the twelve little, merry, whirling foot pages ply their hands as well as their feet, as they trod their measured round. It would have broken the heart of a penny-post-man to have kept pace with them. They found out all the persons invited well enough, except *Easter-day*, *Brown Tuesday*, and such moveables, who had shifted their quarters, like many others, fearing the arrival of *Quarter-day*. The *Festivals* were requested to undertake the office of stewards, as they were in the habit of providing good cheer (*Time out of mind*) for mortals here below; and it was thought high time that they should have a taste of their own bounty. It was stiffly debated whether the *Fests* should have a card; but this objection was overruled by *Christmas*.

day, who said it was a poor heart that never rejoiced. The *Vigils*, out of respect to the memory of the Old Charleys, were requested to come with their lanterns, to light home the gentlefolks, in case old *Box* looked cloudy. All the *Days* sprited, returned for answer, that they should be as punctual as clock-work, or common-councilmen at a lord mayor's feast. The "Court Circular" announced that covers would be laid for three hundred and sixty-five with an extra knife and fork at a side table for the Twenty-ninth of February, who promised to attend on this occasion:

There never was seen,
Such a motley scene;
Some came dirty,
And some came clean.

There were *foul-days*, and *fair-days*, and *days*, of all sorts, they all came to make *holiday*, and a rare day they had of it. It was observed that *Lady-day* was not particularly well received, and that she kept a good distance off, like the "Scornful Lady at the Marylebone Theatre." Some say that the *Twelfth-day* had cut her out and out, for she came in a tiffany suite of white and gold, of real Spitalfields' manufacture, and looked right royal and glittering, like Queen Victoria on frosted-cake. Some of the *days* looked jolly green—sonas came attired in virgin white, but all in their every-day clothes, except *Sundays*, who, as a matter of course, came togged out in their best. The rainy *days* came in (like men from Greece) all dripping; but the *sunshine days* soon helped them to change their condition. *Wedding-day* was there in his marriage finery, a little the worse for wear. *Saint Denis's-day* and *Saint Patrick's-day* came in *March-ing* order, the latter for a wonder left sober. Shortly after the removal of the cloth, in company with *Saint Swickin's day*, to join a water party at Temperance Hall, at which Father Mathew was to preside, *Rins day* came from Ireland, all in tatters—but little having been collected at Conciliation Hall, since the death of the mighty *Duff*—*pay-day* came late, as he always does; and *Doom's-day* sent word, "he might be expected." *April-fool's-day*, as jester, took upon himself to marshal the guests, and wild work he made of it; for it would have puzzled old *Erre Pater* to have found out any day in the year to greet a scheme upon good days, and bad days were so shuffled together.

During dinner, *Valentine's-day* kept nudging pretty *May-day* with his foot, under the table, and slipping amorous *bellet dours* into her lap; which made the *Dog-days* (who are naturally of a warm constitution) rather fabled; and they barked and roared exceedingly. In the course of the evening *May-day* delighted the company with the following dulcet strains,—"The Light of other Days," and "The Days, when we went Gypsy-ing." Old *Christmas-day* favoured the company with "The Good Old Days of Adam and Eve." The company did not separate until "Day-light did appear."

Michaelmas-day, the old goose, got drunk and was locked up in the station-house, along with *Boring-day*, who was taken up for riotous conduct. The rest of the party declared that they had never passed a merrier day,—and now, gentle reader, I wish you a very good-day!

W. C.

A STRANGE STORY.

We copy the following curious story from *Gallegani*. A few days since Madame Sancerotte, living at No. 8, Rue Turgot, was brought before the Tribunal of Correctional Police in Paris, to answer the charge of swindling and of illegally practising the medical art by means of somnambulism. The wife of a person at Montmorency having lost two horses which she had let to two young men to make a promenade in the forest, went to Mme. Sancerotte, who put herself into a magnetic trance, and took hold of the woman's hand. The latter then put several questions to her respecting the horses. The somnambulist, to the intense astonishment of the woman, correctly described the colour of the animals, and stated that her husband and another person had sought for them in a particular part of the forest, which was perfectly true. The sleeping lady then added that one of the horses would be found at the Ile Adam, and the other in the forest of Montmorency. For this consultation she received 10*fr*. It turned out that the horses were found, not in the Ile Adam or in the forest of Montmorency, but at the Chapelle St. Denis, and this falsification of the prediction constituted the alleged act of swindling. But the woman who was said to have been swindled gave the strongest testimony in favour of the accused, stating that the description she had given of the colour of the horses, and of the search made by her husband, convinced her that she was no impostor, adding that she had no doubt whatever that the horses had really been taken to Ile Adam, and to the place she had mentioned in the forest of Montmorency, and that she was convinced that if she had pressed the accused with questions, she would have finished by stating that the horses were at the Chapelle St. Denis. In the face of this testimony the public prosecutor abandoned the charge of swindling. To establish the accusation of illegally practising the medical art, a witness was called, who stated that she had paid the somnambulist to prepare for some dreadful pains which she had in the head; but she added that the prescriptions of that person had completely cured her, though she had not been able to obtain relief from all the doctors of Paris. The witness added, that before placing confidence in the accused she determined to put her skill to the test, by asking her where the key of a drawer which she had lost for a long time could be found; whereupon the accused mentioned a spot, and, there, sure enough, the key was discovered. In consequence of this favourable

evidence, the tribunal only condemned the somnambulist to a fine of 5*l*. The president recommended her for the future not to give consultations without the presence of a physician.

RIDDLES.

RIDDLES are of the highest antiquity; the oldest on record is in the book of Judges, 14 ch. 14, 18 v. We are told by Plutarch that the girls of his times worked at netting or sewing, and the most ingenious "made riddles."

The following riddle is attributed to Cleobulus, one of the seven "wise men of Greece," who lived about 570 years B.C. "There is a father with twice six sons; these sons have thirty daughters a piece, partly-coloured, having one cheek white and the other black, who never see each other's face, nor live above twenty-four hours.

Solution.—1*st* the year.

PORFETS.

From the many games of forfeits that are played in parlours during in-door weather, one is presented to the perusal of youthful readers from "*Winter Evening Pastimes*."

AUNT'S GARDEN.

The company being all seated in a circle, the person who is to conduct the game proposes to the party to repeat, in turns, the speech he is about to make; and it is agreed that those who commit any mistake, or substitute one word for another shall pay a forfeit. The player then commences by saying, distinctly, "I am just come from my aunt Deborah's garden. Bless me! what a fine garden is my aunt's garden! In my aunt's garden there are four corners." The one seated to the player's right is to repeat this word for word: if his memory fails he pays a forfeit, and gives up his turn to his next right-hand neighbour, not being permitted to correct his mistake. When this has gone all round, the conductor repeats the first speech, and adds the following:—

"In the first corner stands a superb alaternus,
Whose shade, in the dog-days, won't let the sun
burn us."

This couplet having been sent round as before, he then adds the following:—

"In the second corner grows
A bush which bears a yellow rose;
Would I might my love disclose!"

This passes round in like manner:

"In the third corner Jane showed me much London
pride;
Let your mouth to your next neighbour's ear be
applied,
And quick to his keeping a secret confide."

At this period of the game every one must tell his right-hand neighbour some secret.

In the fourth round, after repeating the whole of the former, he concludes thus:

"In the fourth corner doth appear
Of aramantis a crowd;
Each secret whisper'd in the ear
Must now be told aloud."

Those who are unacquainted with this game occasionally feel not a little embarrassed at this conclusion, as the secrets revealed by their neighbours may be such as they would not like to be published to the whole party. Those who are aware of this finess take care to make their secrets witty, comic, or complimentary.

Make a rhyme to *Seringapatam*.

In vain you struggle to regain me,
When lost you never can obtain me;
And yet, what's odd, you sigh and fret,
Deplore my loss, and have me yet,
And often using me quite ill,
And seeking ways your slave to kill,—
Then promising in future you
Will give to me the homage due.
Thus we go on from year to year,—
My name pray let the party hear.

Solution.—Time.

CHARADE.

My first I would venture for; my second I would venture in; my whole is more talked of than practised.

Solution.—Friend—ship.

Good temper is the philosophy of the heart—a gem in the treasury within, whose rays are reflected on all outward objects—a perpetual sunshine, imparting warmth, light, and life, to all within the sphere of its influence.

Lightfoot informs us that the Jews were forbidden to enter the Temple merely to pass through to another place; nor is a man allowed to make the Muse's temple a mere thoroughfare; nor to pass through Parnassus as a short cut to some rich valley beyond it.

The three most beautiful words in the English language are, Mother, Home, and Heaven. A young married man says that the beauty and happiness connected with the above three words are associated with the single word wife.

A MISNOMER.—Sir Sidney Smith, making one of a *parti carré* at the apartments of a lady in Paris, was asked by his hostess if he would dispense with the attendance of servants during dinner, to which he willingly consented. "I promise you," she continued, "that you shall not be badly served, for I have always my dumb-waiter by my side." "A dumb-waiter, madam," replied our admiral, "is a misnomer, and would offer but little advantage to us, as servants are not in the habit of talking at their master's table; you mean a deaf-waiter, all the benefits of which proclaim themselves by its name alone, for its deafness is the most useful trait (tray) in the construction of our wooden friend."—*Life of Sir Sidney Smith*.

OF TWO EVILS PREFER THE LEAST.—The senate of Venice once drove all the *meretrices* women out of the town; but they were soon obliged to recall that order, for the sake of preserving the honour of the women who were left behind. The young libertines of the place, deprived of the usual means of indulging their passions, offered violence to every woman they met. In their proclamation for the recall they say, "*Nostri boni meretrici*."

REMARKABLE CASES OF IMPOSTURE.

No. III.

In January, 1762, the whole of London was thrown into a state of excitement by the imposture which bears the name of "the Cock Lane Ghost." It was the theme of conversation among the learned and the illiterate, and in every circle, from that of the prince to that of the peasant.

About two years before the time above-mentioned, there resided in Cock Lane, near West Smithfield, in the house of one Parsons, the parish-clerk of St. Sepulchre's, a stock-broker, named Kent. The wife of this gentleman had died in child-bed during the previous year, and his sister-in-law, Miss Fanny, had arrived from Norfolk, to keep his house for him. They soon conceived a mutual affection, and each of them made a will in the other's favour. They lived for some months in the house of Parsons, who, being a needy man, borrowed money of his lodger. Some differences arose between them, and Mr. Kent left the house, and instituted legal proceedings for the recovery of his money.

While this matter was yet pending, Miss Fanny was taken suddenly ill with the small-pox; and, notwithstanding every care and attention, she died in a few days, and was buried in a vault under Clerkenwell Church. Parsons now began to hint that the poor lady had come unfairly by her death, and that Mr. Kent was guilty of her murder, from his too great eagerness to enter into possession of the property she had bequeathed him. Nothing further was said for nearly two years; but it would appear that Parsons was of so revengeful a character, that he had never forgiven Mr. Kent the indignity which he had passed upon him, by suing him for the borrowed money. During the interval just alluded to, Parsons had been hatching schemes of revenge, but had dismissed them one after the other as impracticable, until, at last, a notable one suggested itself. At the commencement of the year 1762, the alarm was spread over all the neighbourhood, that the house of Parsons was haunted by the ghost of poor Fanny, and that the daughter of Parsons, a girl about twelve years of age, had several times seen and conversed with the spirit, who had, moreover, informed her, that she had not died of the small-pox, as was currently reported, but of poison, administered by Mr. Kent. Parsons, who originated, took care to spread these reports in all directions; and, in answer to enquiries, said his house was every night, and had been for two years,—troubled by a loud knocking at the doors and on the walls. Having thus prepared the credulous inhabitants of the district to believe, and exaggerate for themselves, what he had told them, he sent for a gentleman of a higher class in life, to come and witness these extraordinary occurrences. The gentleman came accordingly, and found the daughter of Parsons, to whom the spirit, alone appeared, and whom alone it answered,

in bed, trembling violently, having just seen the ghost who had again told her she had been poisoned. A violent knocking was also heard from every part of the chamber, which so mystified the understanding of the visitor, that he, departed, afraid to doubt, and ashamed to believe, promising to bring the clergyman of the parish and several other gentlemen on the following day, to report upon the strange events.

On the following night the gentlemen returned, bringing with him three clergymen and about twenty other persons, including two negroes, when, upon a consultation with Parsons, they resolved to sit up the whole night, and await the ghost's arrival. It was then explained by Parsons, that although the ghost would never render itself visible to any body but his daughter, it would answer any question that might be put to it, and that it expressed an affirmative by one knock, a negative by two, and its displeasure by a kind of scratching. His daughter was then put into bed along with her sister, and the parties present examined the bed and bed-clothes to satisfy themselves that no imposture was practised, by knocking upon any substance concealed among the clothes. As on the previous night, the bed was observed to shake violently.

After some hours, the knocking was heard in the wall, and the child declared that she saw the ghost. The following questions were then (gravely) put by one of the clergymen, through the medium of one Mary Frazer, the servant of Parsons, and to whom it was said the deceased had been much attached. The answers were by a knock or knocks:—

"Do you make this disturbance on account of the ill-usage you received from Mr. Kent?"

"Yes."

"How was the poison administered, in beer or in purg?"

"In purg."

"How long was that before your death?"

"About three hours."

"Can your former servant, Carrots, give any information about the poison?"

"Yes."

"Are you Kent's wife sister?"

"Yes."

"Were you married to Kent after your sister's death?"

"No."

"Was any body else, besides Kent, concerned in your murder?"

"No."

"Can you, if you like, appear visibly to any one?"

"Yes."

"Can you go out of this house?"

"Yes."

"Is it your intention to follow this child about every where?"

"Yes."

"Are you pleased in being asked these questions?"

"Yes."

"Does it ease your troubled soul?"

"Yes."

Here then was heard a mysterious noise, which some wisacres compared to the fluttering of wings!

"How long before your death did you tell your servant Carrots, that you were poisoned,—an hour?"

"Yes."

Carrots, who was present, was appealed to; but she declared that such was not the fact, as the deceased was *speechless* an hour before her death. This shook the faith of some of the fools present, but the examination continued.

"If Mr. Kent is arrested for this murder, will he confess?"

"Yes."

"Would your soul be at rest if he were hanged for it?"

"Yes."

"How many clergymen are there in this room?"

"Three."

"How many negroes?"

"Two."

"Is this watch (held up by one of the party) white?"

"No."

"Is it yellow?"

"No."

"Is it blue?"

"No."

"Is it black?"

"Yes."

The watch was in a black shagreen case.

"At what time in the morning will you take your departure?"

The answer to this question was four knocks; and, accordingly, at four o'clock precisely the ghost took its departure to the Wheatsheaf public-house, close by, where it frightened "mjine host" by knocking in the ceiling above their bed.

The rumour of these occurrences soon spread abroad, and the curious rushed with headlong haste to witness the marvels. Cock Lane was rendered impassable by the crowds that assembled around the house; at last, it was found necessary, so clamorous were they for admission within the haunted precincts, to let any one in who would pay a certain fee. Things had now taken a turn greatly to the satisfaction of Parsons; he not only had his revengeful feelings gratified, but he made a profit by their indulgence. The ghost, of course, played its antic nightly, to the amusement of some, but to the perplexity of most of the visitors.

At last, the ghost was induced to make some promises which were the means of unmasking the impostors. It promised, in answer to the questions of the Rev. Mr. Aldritch, of Clerkenwell, that it would not only follow Parsons's child wherever she went, but would also attend him, or any other gentleman, into the vault under St. John's Church, where the body of the deceased lady was deposited, and would there give notice of its presence by a knock upon the coffin.

As a preliminary, the girl was conveyed to the house of Mr. Aldritch, near the church, where a large party of ladies and gentlemen had assembled. About ten o'clock of the night of the 1st of February, the girl was put to bed, a strict examination having been previously made that nothing was hidden in the bed-clothes. While the gentlemen, in an adjoining chamber, were deliberating whether they should proceed in a body to the vault, they were summoned into the bed-room by the ladies, who affirmed, in great alarm, that the ghost was come, and that they heard the knocks and scratches. The girl when asked whether she saw the ghost, replied "No, but she felt it on her back like a mouse." She was then required to put her hands out of bed, and they being held by some of the ladies, the spirit was summoned in the usual manner to answer, if it were in the room. The question was put several times with much solemnity, but the customary knock was not heard in reply in the walls, neither was there any scratching.

The spirit was now seriously advertised that the gentleman to whom it had promised to appear in the vault, was about to repair to that place, when he claimed the fulfilment of its promise. At one hour after midnight the whole party proceeded to the church, and the gentleman in question, with another, entered the vault alone, and took up their position alongside of the coffin. The ghost was then summoned to appear, but it did not obey the request; and the two retired from the vault, firmly persuaded that the whole was a deception practised by Parsons and some confederates. The rest of the party, however, were not satisfied with the imposture; and Mr. Kent was requested to go down into the vault, to see whether he would be answered. He went with several others, but this question was treated with the same indignity as the first. The party then returned to the house of Mr. Aldritch, and ordered the girl to get up and dress herself. She was strictly examined, but persisted in her statement that she had no deception, and that the ghost had really appeared to her.

The precise manner in which the deception was carried on has never been explained. The knocking in the wall appears to have been the work of Parsons's wife, while the scratching part of the business was left to the little girl. The last time that watch was kept over her, "her bed was slung like a hammock, in the middle of the room. Driven to her last shifts, she contrived to secure, but not unseen, a bit of board, previously to her being put to bed; and having, as she thought, secured the necessary materials for carrying on the trick, she ventured to declare that she would bring the ghost at six the next morning. In the morning she accordingly began to make the accustomed sounds, and, on being asked if she had in the bed any wood to strike upon, she positively denied the fact. The bed-clothes were then opened, and the board was found. That

any contrivance, so clumsy as must have been put into practice for the various deceptions could have deceived any body, cannot fail to excite our wonder. But thus it always has been. If two or three persons can only be found to take the lead in any absurdity, however great, there is sure to be plenty of dupes.

So many persons had, by their openly expressed belief of the reality of the visitation, identified themselves with it, that Parsons and his family were far from being the only persons interested in the continuance of the imposture. The result of the experiment convinced most people; but these were not to be convinced by any evidence, however positive, and they therefore spread a report that the ghost had not appeared in the vault because Mr. Kent had taken care beforehand to have the coffin removed. That gentleman, whose position was a very painful one, immediately procured competent witnesses, in whose presence the vault was entered, and the coffin of the deceased lady opened. Their deposition was then published, and Mr. Kent indicted Parsons and his wife, his daughter, Mary Frazer, and two other persons, for a conspiracy. The trial came on in the Court of King's Bench, on the 10th of July, before Lord Chief-Justice Mansfield, when, after an investigation which lasted twelve hours, the whole of the persons who had lent themselves to the imposture were found guilty. Parsons was sentenced to stand three times in the pillory, and to be imprisoned for two years; his wife to one year's, and his servant to six months' imprisonment in Bridewell.

ST. PETERSBURG AND THE NEVA.

We have taken the following interesting extracts from a very clever work, recently published by Mr. Bentley, entitled "The Secret History of Russia," by Schnitzler.

"The river itself is past description: opening a vast panorama, it rolls its abundant waters at the foot of the most splendid edifices. In front of the beautiful and elegant summer gardens, across the water, stands the sombre, silent fortress, with its cathedral, ornamented with a clock of Dutch manufacture, from which rises a gilded needle. Farther on is the exchange, flanked by rostral columns; the academies of sciences and of art; and on the opposite bank are seen the imperial quay, one facade of the winter palace and the magnificent line of buildings of the English quay, chiefly devoted to the merchant princes of foreign nations, who have established their general quarters there."

"So much and more does the imperial city owe to the Neva. But if the river makes its principal ornament, it is also its irreconcilable enemy. Its embouchure towards the west is exposed to the storms which, in the Gulf of Finland, so often accompany the autumnal equinox. These storms drive the waters of

the gulf into the bed of the river, which overflowing, swells, roars, casts forth its accumulated floods upon the quays, and invades the low quarters on both its banks. It may be conceived how terrible is the destruction which the unchained waves make, in a city built upon a drained marsh, on the eve of a northern winter, enduring seven months of the year.

"It is said that Peter the Great was warned of the danger to be apprehended, but that he would nevertheless persist in his enterprise. The following incident is related on this subject. He had already laid a part of the foundation of his new city in the marshes of Ingria, when he accidentally perceived a tree marked around the trunk. He approached a Finnish peasant, and asked him what the mark was intended to indicate? 'It is the height to which the inundation arose in the year 1680,' said the man, with naive simplicity. 'You lie,' cried the Czar in wrath; 'what you have uttered is impossible,' and with his own hand he cut down the warning tree."

Scarcely had Peter the Great, the founder of St. Petersburg, been laid in his tomb, that inundation succeeded inundation:—

THE TERRIBLE INUNDATION OF 1824.

"On the 19th of November, 1824, one of those ravages of which we have already spoken, blowing from the west and south-west, with extreme violence, forced back the waters of the Neva, and drove those of the gulf into it. The river rose four measures above its ordinary level, and almost the entire city was submerged. The water flooded the streets, and rushed into the houses, where it mounted almost to the first story. Horses and carriages were whirled around by its fury on its surface, then sank to rise no more; bridges were torn up, and small wooden houses were washed away, and carried off as prey by the raging tide. The environs were literally razed. At Cronstadt a ship of the line was borne into the great market-place, where it rested. Nothing could resist the shock. From eight o'clock in the morning the alarm-guns were fired, and until four in the afternoon the water continued to rise. The Emperor had recently returned from a long journey in which he had penetrated as far as the steppes of the Kirghia: now he found himself besieged, as it were, in his own palace, by an unworsted enemy. He took his station upon the balcony which looks upon the Neva to the north, and there, surrounded by his weeping family, he had the grief of seeing the river rushing upwards towards its source, bearing upon its bosom wrecks of every kind, and many small wooden houses, some of them still tenanted by their inhabitants, who were uttering cries for succour which none could render. Bridges and merchandise were floating away; horses and other domestic animals struggling in the torrent, bark sinking under the crowd of human victims who sought refuge in them; and some, who had escaped death by drowning, were actually dying of wet

and cold, and lay stiffening on the decks of floating vessels, or loose rafts of wood.

"The monarch, in despair, stretched his hands and arms towards heaven, and invoked divine mercy; he then threw himself into the scene, to save whom he might.

"He speedily gathered around him a few resolute men, sent some of them with assistance in all directions, and with others, got into a bark, visited the spots where the suffering was most appalling, and did not hesitate to expose his life to a thousand dangers, in order to rescue all whom he could reach and whom he could afford aid. His presence revived the sinking courage of many; he stimulated the efforts of some; addressed words of consolation and sympathy to others, words which issued from the depths of his soul: he ministered to the most pressing need which fell under his eye, and promised future help. Nor were his promises idle: he immediately imposed upon himself pecuniary sacrifices, that he might augment his power to bestow; and, to the honour of the Russians of every class he told, his example was nobly imitated. Many a poor sufferer was by these means in some measure equalled and reimbursed. The official report rated the number of lives lost at 450; and it is probable that the truth would hardly be reached if this number were doubled or trebled. Infirmed and sick persons were suddenly surprised, and could not escape; and children, innocently sleeping in their cradles, were carried off by an easy death to wake in another world. In the galley-quay and the manufactories alone 500 workmen fell victims. Winter provisions were destroyed and swept away, and the value of many millions sterling in sugar, cotton, wool, salt, &c., was at once annihilated. Many houses that were not carried away were rendered uninhabitable; and thousands of poor houseless wretches without means to warm their chilled members, or dry their saturated clothes (for the flood was followed by cold which sent Reaumur's thermometer down to the 10th degree), were seen wandering through the streets, which were scattered over with wrecks. Houses of the most solid construction remained impregnated with saline damp, and hung with crystallizations, which proved that it was not the river but the sea which had thus awfully invaded them. The foundations of man's were shaken; and, if the water had continued for any length of time at the height it had reached, even these must have fallen."

CULINARY CURIOSITIES.

By W. COLLIER.

WHAT is a Lord Mayor's feast on the 6th of November compared with the feasting of ancient times? People talk about the luxury of feasting in the present day; but it is positive

abstinence compared with the luxury of the Augustan age. For the sake of the followers of Dr. Kitchener, Ude, Sayer, and Mrs. Glass (the former, by the bye, killed himself by his own kitchen), we will dip into a few old books and see what the Romans did seventeen centuries ago in the way of eating; and, if we do not show that they were really *Romans* in the culinary art, we will eat a bundle of goose-quills with no other gravy than that supplied from our ink-bottle. We will, therefore, paraphrase from "Tacitus," and others, as well as our neglected Latin will allow us.

It is recorded of old *Æsop*, the player, "that he dressed up a dish of singing birds which cost him 530,000 sesterces—4143!" It is well for our "Swedish Nightingale" that she lived not in those days, for, had the old player caught her, he most undoubtedly would have cooked her, and had her served with the most *recherché sauce*. Old *Æsop* had a son whom we are told did not degenerate from his worthy sire; he was a *gourmand par excellence*. "He was left with a great estate; and, meaning to live well, he wished to try what was the flavour of a pearl dissolved in vinegar. Finding it very delicious, he invited two thousand of his friends, and every guest had a pearl given to him to dissolve in the acid, as the finest draught he could tickle their palates with." Pearls and vinegar! Modern chemistry tells us, after all, that they only swallowed in this precious combination carbonate of lime and verjuice, a fact which may reconcile some people to *vin ordinaire*.

Apicius, a Roman, and of no mean genius, and born to an immense fortune, openly professed the culinary science, and made good eating the business of his life. "He applied himself with the utmost assiduity (*extrema diligentia*) to make experiments upon sauces, thy mixtures, and examine dishes. All kinds of birds, beasts, and fishes were brought to him from foreign parts and he investigated their tastes with different sauces, and dressings various. He gave 60,000 sesterces (nearly 508*l.*) for a dish of parrots and onion-sauce (*pavones sapibus; conditæ*)!" After this, who would think of eating boiled rabbits smothered in onions, or Bath tripe and onion-sauce?

Vedius Pollio, originally a slave, but afterwards emancipated, and, by dint of money, made a Roman knight, carried *lucury to its greatest height*. "He kept lampreys in a pond, where he fed them with human flesh; and the ordinary punishment inflicted upon his slaves, even for trivial faults, was to have them thrown, head hands and legs together, into that pond, to fatten those voracious animals." It is recorded of our Henry II. that he died after eating a hearty supper of lampreys. Perhaps his Majesty might have read this anecdote, by way of a nightcap.—*Lady's Paper*.

ROMANTIC ADVENTURE OF KING CHARLES.

From Jesse's Memoirs of the Court of England.

CHARLES, it seems, desirous of paying a secret visit to his sister, the Princess of Orange, who was then residing at the Hague, instructed a faithful adherent (one Fleming, who had been a servant of the Earl of Wigton) to have a couple of good horses in readiness at a particular hour on the following night. A retired spot was named for their rendezvous, and Fleming enjoined to the strictest secrecy. Accordingly, just before the appointed hour (having previously retired to bed, for the purpose of more effectually deceiving his attendants), Charles hastily dressed himself, and stole undiscovered down the back stairs; he previously, however, anticipated the fears of his little court, by leaving a letter on the table, in which he expressed his intention to be absent for two or three days, at the same time enjoining them to keep his departure as much a secret as possible, and to plead indisposition as the cause of his seclusion. Having joined Fleming, he explained to him his intended purpose of visiting his sister, and, by making great expedition, and selecting the most secret byways, about six o'clock in the morning, arrived without interruption at the Hague.

The king, who had adopted an excellent disguise for his purpose, alighted at a small inn in a retired part of the town, whence he despatched Fleming to his sister, with instructions to contrive some feasible plan for their interview. Shortly after the return of Fleming, the travellers were interrupted by the entrance of their landlord, who informed them that a stranger was making inquiries respecting them, and desired to be admitted. Charles appeared much surprised, but, notwithstanding the earnest remonstrance of his attendant, consented to admit the stranger to an interview. His astonishment was still greater, when "an old reverend-like man, with a long grey beard and ordinary grey clothes," was ushered into the room, who immediately addressing the king, assured him he was the person he came to see, and requested that their interview might be private. On this, Charles turned to Fleming, and desired him to withdraw. Fleming, however, naturally apprehending some danger to his sovereign, at first positively refused, till the king, taking him aside, explained to him how little was to be feared from a person so advanced in years, and again requested him to retire.

No sooner had Fleming quitted the apartment, than the stranger excited the king's suspicions by cautiously bolting the door. A moment afterwards, however, he fell on his knees, and pulling off his disguise, discovered, to the king's astonishment, the celebrated Sir George Downing, then ambassador from

Cromwell to the States-general. An explanation followed, in which Downing explored the forgiveness of his sovereign for the share which he had taken in the late troubles, adding, that at heart, no one could be inspired by more devoted feelings of loyalty than himself, and that whenever circumstances permitted him to take off the mask, he would be found one of the foremost to risk his life and fortune in his Majesty's service. He then came to the object of his present visit; in the first instance, however, exacting a solemn promise from Charles that, till he should be restored to his rights, he would communicate to no person living the secret of their present conference; and, on the other hand, that he would not inquire, or either directly or indirectly make any attempt to discover the means by which he had become possessed of the secret of the king's present expedition.

Charles having made the promise required of him, Downing then told him that, in accordance with a secret treaty entered into between Cromwell and the Dutch, it had been guaranteed on the part of the latter, that should Charles ever place his foot within the territories of the States, his person should immediately be seized, and delivered over to the usurper. Downing added, that so extraordinary were Cromwell's means of intelligence, that he expected, on his return to his own house, to find official information of his Majesty's present visit, of which, should he neglect to avail himself, he would, in all probability, lose his head. He then proposed that Charles should immediately take horse, and make the best of his way out of the dominions of the States; he added, that he himself would return home, and, on the pretence of indisposition, would keep his bed longer than usual, and by that means they would obtain sufficient delay for their purpose; and that as soon as it could be reasonably expected that his Majesty had escaped, he would repair to the States with his tardy information, and require, on the terms of the late treaty, that the king's person should be instantly seized. The plan fully answered their expectations, and Charles returned safely to Brussels.

HENRY FIELDING. — A paragraph has gone the round of the papers, stating, "that in a humble lodging in the western suburbs of London, obscure and unknown, resides the grandson and legitimate offspring of the author of 'Tom Jones.' His present descendant is about fifty years of age, and albeit with the prestige of so great a name, and not without talent, is, I believe, wholly unknown to the literary world. He is happily provided with a small independence. [We are glad to hear that the descendant of Fielding is removed above want, and that he is not likely to offer for public sale the house in which his clever ancestor was born.]

THE PIKE.

AN IRISH ADVENTURE.

Soon after the rebellion of Ninety-eight, an English merchant was necessitated, by urgent business, to visit the kingdom of Connaught. Having provided himself with a servant who professed an acquaintance with the language of the country, he made his will, and took a place in the Westport mail. He reached the port town of — in safety, and from it proceeded to cross that wild and picturesque mountain-chain which bounds the beautiful shores of Lough Corrib.

It was late in autumn; the weather had been wet, and, owing to the difficulty of the bridle-roads, the traveller was benighted some miles' distance from the house that he had calculated upon reaching. Unable to proceed further, he reluctantly took up his quarters at a *sheebone-house*. It was but a sorry caravan-sara—but nothing could surpass the apparent kindness of the family. Supper was prepared: the best bed was allotted; and when the belated stranger had sufficiently refreshed himself, he was conducted to an inner room, where, at his own request, the servant was also accommodated with a pallet.

Yet, notwithstanding the marked civility of the family, the stranger could not overcome a secret apprehension of impending danger. Midnight came; the outer door was opened cautiously—several men entered the kitchen with a stealthy pace—they conversed in their native language—his name was mentioned and himself was beyond doubt the subject of this nocturnal conversation. Crawling in an agony of apprehension to the pallet where his attendant lay, he awoke the sleeper, intimated his suspicions in a whisper, and desired him to report faithfully the midnight colloquy in the outer chamber.

"What's that they say?" quoth the traveller.

"They want another pint, for they have not had such a prize for the last twelvemonth."

"That's me!" growled the querist.

"They have *the pike* already, and expect more before morning," continued the valet.

"Turbulent scoundrels!"

"The largest is intended for yourself."

"Lord, defend me!" ejaculated the stranger.

"They wonder if you are asleep yet."

"Cold-blooded monsters! they want to dispatch us quietly."

"The owner swears that nobody shall enter this room till morning."

"Aye, then they will have daylight, and no difficulty."

"And now he urges them to go to bed."

"I'll even grant they may! for then, escape from this den of murder might be possible."

Listening with a beating heart until unequivocal symptoms of deep sleep were heard from the kitchen, the unhappy Englishman, leaving his effects to fortune, crawled through the window, half-dressed, and, with a world of trouble and perilous adventure, managed early

next morning to reach his original place of destination.

Never, however, was man more mortified than he, when he related his fearful story. His tale was frequently interrupted by a laugh, which *politiques* vainly endeavoured to control.

"Zounds!" cried the irritated Englishman, no longer able to conceal his rage, "is my throat so valueless, that its cutting should merely raise a horse-laugh?"

"My dear friend," replied the host, "you must excuse me—it is so funny, I cannot, for the life of me, be serious. The cause of all your fears lies quietly in the outer hall. Come, you shall judge upon what good grounds you absconded through a window, and skinned half the night over bill and dale, with but the nether portion of your habiliments."

As he spoke, he observed a large basket, and pointed to a huge pike of some thirty pounds weight, which was coiled around the bottom.

"The stormy weather," continued the host, "having interrupted our supply of sea-fish, the peasants who alarmed you had been getting night-lines for your especial benefit. This *peika mors* (large pike), which you heard devoted to your services in the *sheebone-house*, was not an instrument of destruction, but, as you shall admit at six o'clock, as good a white fish as ever true Catholics, like you and I, were doomed wherewithal to mortify the flesh upon a blessed Friday."

LINES ON THE DEATH OF HENRY THE THIRD.

We have great pleasure in placing the following beautiful lines, which form the concluding verses of a poem on the death of Henry III., before our readers. They are from the "Juvenile Verse and Picture Book," just published by James Burns, Portman-st.

A quail kneel'd slowly on the floor,

And he spake in humble tone,

"Henry of England breathes no more—

Thine are the crown and throne."

A sudden change o'er the prince's brow,

Like a cloud's swift shadow swept;

The strength of his heart forsook him now,

He hid his face and wept.

Oh! greatly marvels Scilly's king,

When the hero's tears he saw;

From a warrior-soul those tears did spring,

And the king stood mute with awe.

But at last he spake:—"O! valiant prince,

Right strangely hast thou done;

"Thou didst shed no tear, for thy daughter's death."

"Thou weepedst not for thy son."

But now thy aged sire is dead!

Like a worn-out pilgrim sleeping;

Though he leaves a crown for thy royal head,

"Thou like a child, art weeping."

"His noble face did Prince Edward raise,

And his tear became him now,

Like dew-drops' sheen on the laurel green,

When it binds a conqueror's brow."

"Ah! king," he said, "when infants die

We mourn but for a day,

For God can restore as many more;

Lovely and loved as they

But when a noble father dies,

Our tear pours forth like rain,

Once, from high Heaven, is a father given,

Once—and, oh! never again."

FACTS AND SCRAPS.

There are three companions with whom a man should always keep on good terms—his wife, his stomach and his conscience.

The Lord Verulam used to say, that he loved to have his throat cut with a razor, and not with a saw; intimating the smooth and keene oyle knaverie of some, and the ragged, rough, and rude knaverie of others.

Love-letters once caused a lady to exclaim: "When the devil is very desirous of revelling a man or a woman, he always puts a pen into their paw.

Mr. Fricke, minister of Denham, went to visit one of his sick parishioners, and ask't him how he did? "Oh, very ill, sir." "Why, how hast thou rested?" "Oh, wondrous ill, for mine eyes has not come together these three nights." "Why, what's the reason of that?" "Alas, sir," says he, "because my nose was betwixt them."

Since the introduction of *Gutta Serena* for our soles, the people appear to be on the mend. We hope this will last.

A generous individual hardly wishes to live, when he ceases to have somebody dearer to him than himself.

Edmund Gurney used to say, that a mathematician is like one that goes to market to buy an axe to break an egg.

A good general excludes fortune from any share in his success.

The greatest pleasures often originate in pain: and the worst pains usually spring out of pleasures.

True good breeding is nothing more than the practice of the common principles of humanity and good nature, extended to all the concerns of common life.

Suetonius mentions, that Julius Cæsar once had his baker put in dross for supplying his guests with a different bread from that which he made for himself. *Jul. Cæs.* 48.

"I am quite ashamed to be seen in such low company," as one of the "swell-mob," said, when a policeman walked him off to the station house.

All principles are faulty, which lead by false inference to conclusions that are repudiate by common sense and common feelings of mankind.

SPANISH WEALTH.—The Duke of Albuquerque died so wealthy that the weighing of his gold and silver occupied two hours each day for six weeks; amongst other things, were 2400 dozen of plates, 500 great dishes, 700 little ones, and every thing else in proportion. There were 76 silver ladders to set things on the cupboard, which were ascended by little steps, like the altars in a great hall.

A friend of ours asked a "Jey Gent," the other day, "what was the meaning of Chloroform?" "Oh," reform," answered the Hebrew, "means, reform your Tailors' bills."

The vapour of discontent is always most dangerous when it is confined.

Two men making love to the daughter of Themistocles, he preferred the virtuous man to the rich one, saying, "He would rather have a man without riches, than riches without a man."

The sentiment of retributive justice is the foundation of the penal law.

A letter has been received at the Academy of Sciences, from M. d'Castelnau, containing a curious catalogue of 947 earthquakes in different parts of America, between 1810 and 1845.

Maxims of philanthropy are mere words: a light is not fire, nor a candlestick a stove; but the whole pack of philosophers say, when they have lighted a candle or two to set them on the table, that they warm the whole house.

In all things there is a generic and an individual character. The first cannot be destroyed without altering the nature of the being; the last is susceptible of infinite varieties.

The pleasures arising from the endearments of social relations, and the delicate sensibilities of friendly affection, are more limited, and their objects incontrovertible; they are accompanied with perpetual tender solicitude, and subject to accidents not to be repaired beneath the sun. It is no wonder, however, that the joys of folly should have their completion in a world with which they are to end, while those of higher order must necessarily be incomplete in a world where they are only to begin.—*Mrs. Carter.*

M. de Humboldt has communicated to the Academy of Sciences, the details of the remarkable fall of an aerolith at Brannau, in Bohemia, on the 14th of July last. Two fragments, one weighing 15 kilogrammes, (about 33lbs. English), the other 21 kilogrammes, were picked up. The aerolith appeared to come, as is frequently the case, from a small black cloud.

Every thing leads to the conclusion that the mechanical work developed by chemical action and transformed into nervous force, in an animal, is very great; and that in all the machines which man has invented he is always, and will perhaps for a long time to come, be far from attaining that degree of perfection which exists in those machines which we know not how to imitate, and can only admire.—*Mastrucci.*

The *New York Express* states, that a miniature horse, weighing only 45lbs., has been received in that city from the island of Java, and that those who have seen it pronounce it a beautiful little wonder.

LINCOLN'S INN PRINCE OF MISRULE, 1668
—On the 2d of January, 1662, King Charles II, took his pleasure in seeing the holiday pastimes of the lawyers. Mr Peps says of himself, in his Diary, that while he was at Farthorne's, the fine engraver of old English portraits, whither he had gone to buy some pictures, "came by the King's life-guard,

he being gone to Lincoln's Inn this afternoon, to see the revels there; there being, according to an old custom, a prince and all his nobles, and other matters of sport and change."

FLOWERS—Who would wish to live without flowers? Where would the poet fly for his images of beauty, if they were to perish for ever? Are they not the emblems of loveliness and innocence—the living types of all that is pleasing and graceful? We compare young lips to the rose, and the white brow to the ransomed Lily; the winning eye gathers its glow from the violet, and a sweet voice is like a breeze, kissing its way through flowers. We hang delicate blossoms on the silken ringlets of the young bride, and strew her path with the fragrant buds, when she leaves the church. We place them around the marble face of the dead in the parrow coffin, and they become symbols of our affections—pleasures remembered and hopes faded, wishes flown and scenes cherished, the more that they can never return. Still we look to the far-off spring in other valleys—to the eternal summer beyond the grave, when the flowers which have faded shall again bloom in starry fields, where no rude winter can intrude. They come upon us in spring like the recollections of a dream, which hovered above us in sleep, peopled with shadowy beauties and purple delights, fancy broudered. Sweet flowers! that bring before our eyes scenes of childhood—faces remembered in youth, when love was a stranger to himself! The mossy bank by the wayside, where we so often sat for hours, drinking in the beauty of the primroses with our eyes—the sheltered glen, darkly green, filled with the perfume of violets, that shone, in their intense blue, like another sky spread upon the earth—the laughter of merry voices—the sweet song of the maiden—the downcast eye, the spreading blush, the kiss ashamed at its own sound—are all brought back to memory by a flower.

BAD THINGS.—An unfaithful servant, a smoky house, a stumbling horse, a scolding wife, an aching tooth, an empty purse, an undutiful child, an incessant talker, hogs that break through enclosures, a dull razor, musquitos, a fop, and a subscriber that won't pay for his paper.—*New York Paper*.

THE MARCH OF CATERPILLARS.—The naturalist may, perhaps, be interested by being informed that our route was crossed in this place by a singular procession; it consisted of upwards of a hundred large black caterpillars, which were performing their migration from one spot to another. They were led by three ranks, two deep; the rear rank followed in line, each taking hold of the rear of his predecessor and performing their movements at the same moment; the rear was again closed by three lines, two deep, and the whole moved on slowly, but with extreme precision, across our path.—*Emerson's Picture of Greece in 1825*.

A SONG FOR THE SEASON.

BY W. C.

Come pile more logs upon the hearth,
For bleak the North-wind blows,
And rest we here safe from the wrath,
Of hail and drifting snows.
The icicles hang by the door,
The streams are bound by frost;
All hushed is now the torrent's roar,
Its rage and fury lost
While we are huddled, snug and warm,
Before a cheerful fire.
How many a wretch must brave the storm,
Perhaps, in its rage expire
But hence with gloom, the cheerful glass,
Shall bid our hearts rejoice.
Then fill—each to his favourite lass,
And never shame the choice
Then pile more wood upon the hearth,
Tho' bleak the North-wind blows.
And rest we now safe from the wrath,
Of hail and drifting snows

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. S. R.—The Gutta Serena sales for boots repel the wet famously. We advise the *searrens* to beware, and not come too near the fire with them, as the smell is by no means pleasant, and the sales are very likely to part company from the boot. It is said that an order will soon be issued from the Horse Guards, stating that the boots of the *searrens* are on no account to be soled with Gutta Serena, as they won't "stand fire!"

W. Tins.—It is true that Mr. Albert Smith did make an ascent in a balloon by night. Surely there is nothing strange in the Editor of the "Man in the Moon," getting a lift towards his home.

THOMAS F. (Croydon).—If you send us a MS. of one of your best tales, it shall be attended to, and, should it suit us, we will write to you.

EMMA L.—According to Dr. Brewster, light moves with a velocity of 192,500 miles in a second of time. Sir John Herschel states, that a ray of light travels over 22,000 miles in one beat of the pendulum of a clock. Dr. Thomson is of opinion that no particle of light weighs the one-millionth millionth part of a grain. We hope the authorities we have quoted will satisfy our fair correspondent.

T. S. (Manchester). says, "Our Tract, No. 1, is sure to *Witrol*." Thanks for the compliment and the pun. It is the intention of the Proprietor of Tracts for the People, to make the work a "Mirror of Amusement and Instructions;" consequently a safe and interesting publication for the rising generation.

R. F. (Salington).—"Rome was not built in a day." The difficulty in obtaining our first number in this neighbourhood, can be readily believe. The difficulty will not occur again.

A FRIEND (in Church Street, Marylebone), will in future find a good supply of our Tracts for the People in that populous neighbourhood. Owing to the great demand for our second number, it has been reprinted, and is now on sale again.

TOM.—Your lines on "Christmas," contain nothing merry, or meritorious; they are respectably declined.

C. W. (Old Ford).—Thanks for your good wishes and contribution. We are at present overloaded with poetry—may, perhaps, find an opportunity. The memoir you mention (if not too long) we shall have much pleasure in perusing, and, should it suit us, it shall be inserted.

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TRACTS

For the People.

A WEEKLY MISCELLANY OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE AND AMUSEMENT.



[LAMBTON CASTLE.]

• "THE WORM WELLS" • A LEGEND OF LAMBTON CASTLE. •

- I know not how the truth may be,
- I tell the tale as told to me. •

THE antiquity and importance of a family are often mainly proven by the effect and purport of traditions, which originating in the obscurity of a remote age, still linger in the minds of the existing generation. Now there is one of those enduring records interwoven with the annals of the Lambtons, which will suggest to the reader many points of similarity with other romantic legends of the past—the famous

No. 4. Vol. I.

dam cow of the Warwicks, or the more renowned dragon of St. George. Thus runs the Lambton legend:—

One fine morn the heir to the house of Lambton was fishing in the river Wear, which now, as of yore, winds through the broad domains of Lambton. Now the said youth was reckless of paternal admonition or ghostly precept, and, despite bell, book, and candle, he should pursue this recreation even on saint's days and holy-days; this very morn then happened to be that of Sunday. He was, we may imagine, trolling for a trout or pike; but, instead thereof, he caught only a small worm, or eel, which he threw into a well hard by, and thought nothing

more of the matter. Time went on, and the worm grew, until finding the well too small, it betook itself to the river. Here it would lie during the day coiled round an immense crag which rose high above the surface of the water; at night, it resorted to a large mound, which it would encircle nine times with its giant bulk, and having thus comfortably pillowed itself, enjoy the balm of refreshing slumber. But so large a body necessarily required a suitable supply of creature comforts; and, after ruining half the farmers of the district by its incursions on their farm-yards and byres, it was found necessary to propitiate it by a daily offering of the milk of fifty cows. Meanwhile, the graceless cause of this monstrous growth had repented of his evil ways; and, the better to insure his soul's health had repaired to cut the throats of heathens by joining the Crusades. In this pious and holy work he was ever foremost; and having despatched a full heratomb of "Mahound dogs" to the other world, and thereby having ensured the admiration of the good here and a prospect of peace hereafter, he returned an altered man to his native land.

On reaching the house of his sire, what was his dismay at beholding the fruit of his unhal- lowed angling! "Had there been none," he inquired, "with spirit enough to encounter the monster?" Many, he was assured had made the attempt, but all had perished, for sword was vain against it; no sooner were its huge folds severed by the steel, than—*mirabile dictu*—they immediately reunited. The warrior was sorely perplexed heret; and, never having found his own brains of any use, he very prudently resorted to another's. He straightway took counsel of the *wise woman* of the district, and fortified by her advice, bound himself to the adventure. Unlike his predecessors in this dangerous business, he attacked the worm in its apparently strongest fortress—the crag of the river—and, his armour being well-studded with razor-blades, as *his* *the* furious reptile coiled round him, fold after fold was severed with their treacherous edge, and falling into the water, the rapid stream hurried them off beyond the power of reuniting.

The sequel of the story, however, assimilates to the rash vow recorded in Scripture. As a condition of success, the warrior had bound himself to slay the first living thing he met; and to secure himself from the guilt of killing a human being, he had agreed with his father that so soon as three blasts on his bugle announced victory, his favourite greyhound should be unloosed, which would naturally make direct for him; and so furnish a harmless victim. But his, good old sire, in his joy, forgetting his agreement, hurried to meet him, and be the first to welcome the valorous son. To keep his vow was now impossible for the knight, and, in despair, he hurried to his adviser. The *wise woman* bade him erect a chapel, and at the same time foretold, that, as a penalty for the non-fulfilment of his oath, for nine generations no lineal descendant of his should die other than a violent death.

When Hutchins wrote his "History of Durham," the shell of this chapel, which stood near the new bridge, on the left of the road, and just within the entrance to Lambton Park, was yet to be seen, and enclosed within one of the walls, "the figure of a man to the waist, in relief, with uplifted hands," supposed to represent the slayer of the worm. The well and its adjacent mound are still extant, and individuals are there living who will swear to having seen in their younger days the vermicular traces left by the sinuous folds of the worm around the mound.

The curse of the nine generations, according to a manuscript pedigree, was fulfilled. It records, that "Johan Lambeton, that slew the worme, was knight of Rhodes, and Lord of Lambeton and Wod Apilton, after the dethe of sower brothers sans eschewe made. His son Robert Lambeton was drowned at Newesbrigg;" and it is pretended that, tracing nine ascending generations from General Lambton, the present earl's great grand-father, the several worthies died out of their beds at least. The worm well became in process of time a *wishing well*, frequented by the gentle maidens of the district, who sought to dream of their husbands at ease, on Midsummer's Eve, and even now a *crooked pin* may occasionally be described shining on the gravel that forms its bed.

THE FOUR HENKIS.

THE progress of the sixteenth century is rich in works tending to feed the superstitious spirit of the period, and which, though tedious to read, amply repay the perusal of those who are content to window the "two grains of wheat from the bushel of chaff." Partly historical, partly traditionary, and with a still greater proportion of the fanciful, they delight in bringing into juxtaposition the most startling coincidences, and eliciting from them the manifestations of an overruling Providence, that "shapes our ends, rough hew them how we will."

In one of these antiquated volumes is the following story. We give in the TRACT, the bare outlines, divesting it of the prolix narrative and antiquated phraseology of the original, and curtailing the verbose reflections of the sober paced chronicles. In short, we propose to tell the legend after our own fashion, and for which we hold ourselves responsible; but, as for the facts—"We tell the tale as told to us."

It was the eve of a tempestuous day, A.D. —? when a cavalier gallantly arrayed, though besmirched with travel, knocked at the door of a rude hovel in the forest of St. Germain, and besought admittance. The old crone, its sole inhabitant, at once complied with the summons. The stranger secured his horse to a stately oak, which lent the protection of its branches to the trembling hut he sought to enter; and then stooping, crossed its lowly threshold.

"I am a-hungred, dame," he said, "hast ought to eat before me?"

"Such as I, seigneur," she replied, "have seldom much, and what with the gabelle to our lord the king, the tenths to the church, and the plundering *viviers*, there is little left between us and starvation. But to what I have you are welcome." And she busied herself to produce the black bread and goats' milk cheese, which was all that her hut afforded. The scanty repast was soon laid on the rugged board, and the stranger, who had meanwhile divested himself of his heavy riding cloak, and wrung the water out of his dank and dripping locks, saturated with rain, prepared to do honour to it, different as it was from his customary fare, when a knock was heard at the door.

"Enter in the name of the Virgin," said the beladame, and lifting the latch, a youth entered, who immediately exclaimed, "Hast any *viviers*, hag?" when seeing the table, he added, "By our lady! here is cheer, though of the roughest," and drawing near, so as to come within the feeble rays of the sorry lamp that lighted the hovel, the two strangers simultaneously accosted each other by the same name—"Henri!"

"I am glad to find even this poor provant," said the latter comer, as without any ceremony he made preparation to share the repast, which would barely have sufficed for one. But scarcely had he unsheathed his dagger, the usual knife of the knight of the period, when a third knock was ominous of another claimant for the spoil.

"*Ventre St. Gris!*" burst forth the second comer, at the same time unbuckling his sword, and laying it ready on the trestle, "a dog will fight for his bone!"

The newly arrived personage was greeted by the two first, by the same name as their own, it was still "Henri!" on all sides.

"There is but a morsel to eat," depreciatingly observed the first Henri.

"And of that I've bargained for half," interrupted the second.

"A fair bargain, no doubt," quietly rejoined the third, as he seated himself on the only remaining stool.

And, why so? chimed in a fourth cavalier, who had entered without the introductory ceremonial of knocking.

"Because, Henri,"—the fourth was a Henri as well—hastily rejoined the second comer, "because it has been fairly purchased," and he pointed significantly to the sword, which he had placed on the so much coveted board.

"And may be still further shared by a similar guardon," said the last Henri.

"Not without danger," was the stern reply.

"I reck sought of a dog's bark," tauntingly rejoined the fourth comer.

"Then beware his bite," said the second with an oath; and instantly the swords of the four flew from their scabbards, and the two

last comers found themselves confronting their precursors.

The poor woman hurried out of her cot, preferring "the bitter pelting of the pitiless storm" without, to the dangerous tempest raging within. The lamp was soon knocked down in the melee, and the angry combatants sought to secure their deadly object, by closing upon each other with dagger in hand. A fierce struggle ensued; and poor Bertha murmured many a prayer, and crossed herself devoutly, as she heard the loud imprecations which accompanied the unchristian strife. These became less frequent and fainter; and after a time, no sound was audible to her ear, save that of the raging elements. She cautiously entered her hut, and having relit the lamp, found the youths extended on the clay floor, all wounded, but more exhausted by the close grapple in which they had been engaged, than by the dangerous nature of their wounds, which chanced to be slight and superficial.

No sooner did the light show them their position, than the youths gazed at each other, and simultaneously burst into a fit of laughter. "It has been a pretty onslaught enough," said the third Henri, "and good exercise, too, had we wanted to sharpen our appetites. So let us to supper, and 'the more the merrier!'"

The *viviers*, however, had disappeared, trodden under foot, as they had dashed in the fray from side to side of the narrow hovel. But this discovery only provoked them to fresh peals of laughter, which were redoubled when they perceived old Bertha gazing upon them, fixed as a statue, and her hand extended, as in act to speak. The astonishment first, and then the awe, depicted on her countenance, amused them exceedingly; but ere long they became exhausted with mirth, as they had previously been with contention; and the attitude rigidly preserved by Bertha, as well as the solemn expression which now lent dignity to her withered features, and seemed to animate and dilate her attenuated frame, bore at length heavily upon them, alive to all the superstitious of the age, and chilled them to a breathless silence.

At length the second Henri broke the spell which seemed to have been cast upon them, and haughtily asked, "Why gazest thou so, thou hag of Satan?"

Without moving from her posture, Bertha chanted, rather than spoke, in a low measured voice, which had not lost all the tremulousness of age—

Seated at the friendly board,
Ye have drawn the hostile sword;
Presence of the deadly brand
Ye wield to desolate the land:
And, as ye trampled on the bread;
O'er which a blessing should be said;
Each shall meet a ruthless doom,
Hurried to an early tomb."

We pursue the story no further than to ex-

plain who these four youths were, thus brought by accident together, after having assisted at a grand chase of the wild boar, in the suit of their monarch.

Henri, Prince of Condé, poisoned by his wife.

Henri, Duke of Guise, assassinated by the "Forty-five."

Henri III. of France, assassinated by Jacques Clement.

Henri Quatre, assassinated by Ravaillac.

FOURTEEN TALKS, BY A GERMAN TRAVELLER.

TALK THE SECOND.

THE BARBER GHOST.

FRANCIS pursued his journey to Antwerp with a cheerful mind, and reached that city without meeting with any particular adventure by the way. At the inn where he alighted he inquired of the landlord respecting the merchants who were his father's debtors, asking whether they were yet living, and in what circumstances they were?

"Oh," said mine host, "they are rich men now, and count among the principal persons of the city."

This intelligence delighted Francis, who began to congratulate himself upon the certain success of his plans. On the following morning he set forth early, and called upon the debtor against whom he had the largest claim. He stated his case, urged his own misfortunes as pathetically as he could, and finished by entreating that he would at least pay some portion of what was owing, on account.

The man elevated his eyes, pursed his forehead into wrinkles, and with an angry air demanded how he dared to talk of a debt after every thing had been duly settled with his father, who was satisfied with the composition which had been offered, and which was confirmed by the proper authorities. What right had he to make a fresh claim?

Francis endeavoured to remonstrate respectfully, but he could not obtain a hearing. The man overwhelmed him with abuse, and finally showed him to the door. He fared no better with the second and third, who equally assailed him with reproaches, and peremptorily refused to acknowledge that they owed any debt.

He returned to his inn dejected and sorrowful, and considered with himself whether he should go to the remainder, or what would be the best thing to do. Meanwhile the knavish debtors assembled together, and debated how they might get rid of their unwelcome creditor. They lodged a complaint against him, utterly without foundation; and, corrupting the judges with bribes, poor Francis was arrested.

He remained in prison three months; but during the whole of that time underwent no judicial examination. At the expiration of the three months they offered him his liberty, upon

condition that he quitted the city in four-and-twenty hours, and engaged in heavy penalties never again to enter it; and as he saw it was impossible to get out of prison by any other means, he consented.

He was now free, indeed, but in order to defray his fees they sold his horse, and so managed what was due to themselves as to make out an account which left a balance of five florins only for Francis. With this pittance was he forced to leave the city on foot and wander where he might. All the hopes with which, a few months before, he had entered it, all the bright prospects which had cheered him on his journey were now at an end. Indifferent whither his path might lead him, he kept along the main road with downcast eyes, and was a little shocked, after several days' travelling, to find he was in the direct way for his native town.

"Impossible!" he exclaimed to himself. "Can I be seen there again in this miserable garb—I will rather roam through the wide world at all hazards." With these words he turned upon his steps, and directed his course towards Holland, where he resolved to take ship at Amsterdam either for the East Indies or America.

It was not far from the frontiers of the Netherlands that he arrived late one evening at an inn which was full of strangers. He inquired of the landlord whether he could have a lodging for the night; but mine host, who either perceived from the first glance that there was not much to be gained from his guest, or else took him for a suspicious character, refused him.

"My rooms are all occupied," said he; "you must trudge on, my fine fellow, to the next village."

Francis, who was annoyed at this reception (because he saw plainly the landlord considered him a vagabond or some thief perhaps), turned away, muttering some abusive words, which the former overheard. He immediately called him back.

"Hark ye," said he, "I can provide you with a good night's lodging. In yonder castle, there, on the hill, there are plenty of rooms, and the keys are in my custody. It is never inhabited, because there is an old tradition that spirits and goblins haunt it: but for my part I do not believe there is a word of truth in the story. Ever since I have lived here I have never been able to discover any thing of the kind."

Francis, who was foot-sore and thoroughly fatigued, seeing he could not better himself, and moreover thinking it might be a mere rumour, like that of the hospitable knight Bronckhorst, accepted the offer without further parley. But the host, who was a wag, had done this to be revenged upon the stranger for his abuse of him.

The castle stood upon a height exactly opposite the inn, and about a stone's throw from it; it was used by the owner as a hunt-

ing seat merely; and in the day time he and his friends often caroused there; it was kept in good repair therefore, and richly furnished, but they never ventured to pass a night within the walls.

Mine host now conducted himself very kindly towards Francis. He filled a small basket with provisions, took a flask of wine, and two great wax candles, and gave Francis a lantern to carry. Thus they proceeded in company to the castle. Mine host unlocked the gates, then handed to Francis the basket, the wine, and the lights, and thus addressed him: "You can select whichever room you like best to sleep in; should any thing happen to disturb you, you have only to call for help from one of the windows; there are always some persons up in my house during the whole night."

Francis ascended the steps, entered the castle, and walked through a long suite of rooms; he at length chose one, the windows of which was nearest the inn. He lighted his candles, unpacked his supper, and ate and drank with a keen relish. He then shut and securely bolted the door, walked to the window, opened one half of the casement, and looked down upon the inn, where he heard plenty of noise and revelry going on. After ten o'clock, however, every thing became more and more quiet—the lights disappeared one by one—and only a small night-lamp remained, which was burning in the chamber of the landlord. Francis now began to feel a little frightened in spite of himself; but fear was overpowered by fatigue, so, without undressing, he threw himself upon a couch, and soon fell asleep.

About midnight, just as the clock struck twelve, he awoke, and fancied he heard, at a distance, the rattling of keys, and a creaking like that of doors turning upon rusty hinges. He listened. To his horror he found he was not deceived. The noise came nearer, and in an agony of terror he drew the clothes over his head. Then he heard, most distinctly, some one trying different keys to unlock the door of the room in which he was. At length the right one was found, and the lock gave way; but the bolts still held the door fast on the inside. A tremendous crash followed, as if a thunder-bolt had descended—the door flew open, and a tall haggard figure, with a black beard, entered. His dress was quite ancient in its fashion:—a small pointed hat was on his head, and a scarlet mantle hung from his shoulders. He paced silently up and down the room several times, then stood before the table, snuffed the candles, took off his mantle, produced a shaving-case which was concealed under it, and drew forth all the necessary apparatus for shaving. He next sharpened a polished razor upon a stone which hung from his girdle.

Francis, peeping from under the clothes, saw all this preparation, and the sweat burst from him in agony, for he could not tell whether his

neck or his beard was to be operated upon. He breathed a little more freely, however, when the spectre poured some water out of a silver pot into a silver basin, and with his withered bony hand began to wash up a lather. He then placed a chair, and, by his gestures, signified to Francis that he should leave his hiding place, and come to him.

What could poor Francis do? He plucked up courage—sprang out of bed at the first summons, and seated himself in the chair. The spectre fastened a napkin under his chin, took a comb and a pair of scissors—cut off his hair and beard—then soaped him all over, even to his eyebrows, and shaved him so clean, that he was as bald as a death's head. Afterwards he washed him with cold water, dried him nicely, made a bow, packed up his shaving tackle, put on his mantle, and prepared to retire.

Francis was right glad to think that nothing worse had befallen him. The spectre, however, still remained standing at the door, looked towards him, sighed, and with his hand stroked his face and beard several times. Francis believed he comprehended these signs. He started up, and invited the ghost to sit in his place. He was right—he had hit it. The ghost came back in a very friendly manner, replaced his shaving apparatus on the table, and seated himself. Francis soon served the ghost as the ghost had served him, only he was not quite so expert at the business as might be wished, and the ghost frequently winced under his unpractised hand. However, he managed to get through; for in about a quarter of an hour there was not a hair left on the head, beard, and eyebrows of the ghost.

Hitherto not a word had been uttered, but now the spectre spoke:—

"Thanks, stranger, for the service you have done me! Through thee I am released from a hell which has confined me to this castle for the last three hundred years. Here once lived Count Hartmann, a cruel monster, who delighted in decoying unsuspecting strangers and travellers into his power, by pretended acts of kindness, and then, after maltreating and otherwise insulting them, drove them away. I was his castle barber, and sought to obtain his favour by assisting him in those malicious tricks. More particularly I was wont, in the way you now understand, to disfigure the heads of these unfortunate persons who suffered themselves to be allured hither, and who were afterwards turned out to be the mock and jeer of every fool who saw them. One day there came a pious man in monkish weeds, whom I thus served. It was he who pronounced the anathema which has ever since hung to me. 'Accursed,' said he, 'know that thou shalt wander within these walls until, unbidden, a stranger shall retaliate upon thee what thou hast done to me.'

From that moment I wasted slowly away, and died a mere shadow. My spirit departed from my withered carcass, but it remained here under the curse that had been breathed upon

it. In vain I looked, for my release, for I longed to be at rest. My sprite soon drove away all the inhabitants of the castle, and it remained desolate, for rarely would any one venture to pass the night here; and although I served every one who did venture as I have served thee, I could never make them understand me, so as to induce them to serve me the same. Now, however, I shall go to my wished for repose, and shall be seen here no more!

"Were I the guardian of any concealed treasures they should be yours. But listen to my advice. Remain here till your hair has grown again; then return to your native place, and tarry on the great bridge of the Weser at the time when day and night are equal, for a friend who will instruct you how to retrieve your fortunes. Now, adieu!"

With these words the ghost vanished.

Francis stood for a moment, and was inclined to think he had been dreaming; but his bald head convinced him of the truth of all that had happened, and of the wonderful story he had heard. As however, he had nothing more to fear, and was very tired still, he once more bolted his door, laid himself quietly down, and slept soundly till noon.

In the morning the roguish landlord waited impatiently for the arrival of the bald-headed traveller, that he might have a good laugh at him; but at last he became terribly alarmed, thinking the ghost had perhaps murdered instead of only shaving him. He called all his people together, therefore, went with them into the castle, and knocked loudly at the fastened door of the room in which Francis still slept. This noise awoke him; and he arose and opened the door. As soon as mine host espied his smooth glossy head, he started back a few steps, clasped his hands, and exclaimed with well-feigned astonishment, "So, then, it is no fable what has been told of the spectre! Tell me, I pray, exactly how it happened?"

"Well, then," answered Francis, "the ghost came and shaved my head in the way you see; and at his departure he gave me this bit of advice—never to trust a rascally innkeeper again. That fellow, said he, knew very well what would happen to you. Command him, him, however, in my name, to keep you in whatever you want without any charge till your hair has grown again; and if he dare refuse I will haunt him every night, and play up such devilries in his house that in a very short time not a soul shall come near it. But to this castle I never mean to return."

Mine host, who was horrified at this menace, promised every thing, took Francis back, and regaled him daily with the best he could furnish. When the owner of the castle, too, heard of the adventure, and learnt that the ghost did not intend disturbing it in future, he was overjoyed, and ordered the landlord to pay every attention to the stranger.

Towards autumn Francis's hair was grown again, and he made preparations to set out upon his journey homewards, for he longed to

speak with his friend on the great bridge of the Weser. When he took leave of mine host, the latter presented him with a valuable horse, suitably caparisoned, and a good travelling purse, in the name of the nobleman whose castle he had delivered from the spectre. Thus provided, he had a pleasant journey enough, and arrived safely at Bremen a short time before the equinox.

(To be concluded in our next.)

A CHAPTER ON CLUBS.

BY THE KNAVE OF CLUBS.

WHILST every one is complaining of the great scarcity of money, the dearth of provisions, and the insupportable oppression of Taxes, there is scarcely a mechanic, or a labourer, who is not guilty of the folly and extravagance of spending the more elevated ranks of society, by being Members of some Club. The desire of being a Clubbist, at the present time seems to have infected nearly the whole nation, from the peer down to the mechanic;—and what is the consequence, as regards the latter?—Why, that one half of his weekly earnings find their way into the pockets of the landlord of the public-house in which his club is held. That there are exceptions to this, we will admit; but generally speaking, the money that ought to make the poor man's home one of comfort and cleanliness, is too frequently expended in dissipation.

DENY CLUBS, OR SWEEPS.—Under this title, there is a species of Club which has of late years increased to a frightful extent, and which must prove of serious injury to the working classes. All these, "Sweeps"—or nearly so—which but too often sweep the poor man's pocket clean, are held in public-houses, for the sole purpose of "bringing gris" to the **LICENSED VICTUALLER'S TILL.** Some years ago, salutary laws were passed (and what is better enforced) against the vice of gambling in lotteries;—why is this not followed up against the overwhelming multitude of lotteries that now exist under the title of "Sweeps"? Surely they offer far greater temptation and opportunity to the lower classes to throw away their money, than any "Stated Lottery" that was ever drawn. It is to be hoped that some steps will soon be taken to put down these *Dorby* and *St. Leger* nuisances.

CLUBS FOR GAMBLING.—Meetings of this description are upon the wane. "Crockford's pandemonium," and its neighbour, "The House of Bond-age," have had their day, and are numbered with the defunct. War has been waged, and carried on with some success against the "Hells" at the West-end, and in the vicinity of the Royal Exchange. The progress of refinement is beginning to gradually change our customs and modes of thinking, so likewise has it re-cast many of our

Club-houses, and thrown them into a totally different, and better shape. In the olden times, and they were the times of England's glory, good fellowship was cemented by good living at the clubs of our aristocracy; may we live to see those days again.

THE BEEF-STEAK CLUB was once the *ne plus ultra* of a club; where honesty and kindheartedness were the order of the day, and the sum of human enjoyment was considered a seat at its board. At its merry-meetings, mirth, jollity, and good-humour flowed round with every full cup, and at every round kindled a new spark of wit, and drew forth a fresh gust of merriment. Those days are gone by—our open-hearted gaiety is gone; we have gravity and oant in the room of it, and after all what are we the winners?

POLITICAL CLUBS.—We have no want of clubs of this description in this vast metropolis; but in politics are at present at a discount, clubs for political purposes are fast going out of repute. "The Carlton"—"The Reform"—"The Conservative," and several others are gradually sinking into an obscurity from which they are not likely soon to recover. The reason of this is, that in proportion to the progress of knowledge in a nation is the progress of rational and independent thinking; and in the same proportion that men think for themselves, they discover the folly as well as the danger of suffering any man or set of men to think for them. "Time was," says an able writer, in one of our magazines) "when the mass of the community gave themselves no concern about who were their political rulers. Party was arrayed against party, and leader against leader, and all who busied themselves with politics enlisted under the banners of the one or the other, as their opinions or their interest dictated. But the founts are all destroyed at which *Tory* and *Whig* were christened."

THE PIC-NIC CLUB has had its day, but the mercifulness of fashion could not long bear up against the shafts and scoff of ridicule, and the poor pic-nics have long since died a natural death.

THE FOUR-IN-HAND CLUB originated in the paltry ambition of rivaling the *Mail-coach clubs*, and for a time created a state of astonishment, and afterwards a smile of contempt. It soon came to be considered as a sad libel on the rising nobility, that the most conspicuous among them were so destitute of all true taste and real talent, that time could ripen them into nothing better than respectable *Stage-coachmen*. They, like those whom they strove to imitate, have at last quitted the road.

THE FAT CLUB.—No allusion is meant to the "Smithfield Cattle Club." Addison, in his "*Spectator*," mentions, "a considerable market town in which there was a Club of fat men, they did not come together (as you may well suppose) to entertain

each other with sprightliness and wit, but to keep one another in countenance." The room where the club met was something of the largest, and had two entrances, the one by a door of moderate size, and the other by a pair of folding doors. If a candidate for this corpulent club could make his entrance through the former he was looked upon as not qualified; but if he stuck in the passage, and could not force his way through it, the folding-doors were immediately thrown open for his reception, and he was saluted as a brother member." [I have heard that this club, though it consisted of but fifteen members, weighed above three tons.]

THE LEAN CLUB.—"In opposition to the '*Fat Club*,'" there sprang up a society composed of scare-crows, and skeletons, who, being very meagre and envious did all in their power to thwart the designs of their bulky brethren, whom they represented as men of most dangerous principles; till at length they worked them out of the favour of the people, and consequently of the magistracy. These factions tore the corporation to pieces for several years, till at length they came to this accommodation, that the two bullfights of the town, should be annually chosen out of the two clubs." It is stated that the waistcoat of one of the members of the "*Fat Club*," would encase six of their lean brethren without staining a button.

THE SHORT CLUB.—It is either Pope or Swift, I forget which, that gives an account of the "*Society of Short Fellows*," who combined to keep up the dignity of humanness against the assumed pre-eminence of men of taller stature. They had a door in the club-room made so low as to admit no man above five feet high without brushing his forehead. The day of their institution was in December, on the shortest day of the year, on which day they held an annual feast over a dish of *skrimps* and *small beer*. We might fill a volume with an account of the various clubs that have sprung up and died away during the last fifty years, but will conclude, by merely mentioning one more—

THE SCREW CLUB.—which was one of the most celebrated of its day. It was held in Dublin, and was the most distinguished club existing in Ireland. Its members were called "*Monks of the Screw*," and the celebrated J. P. Curran was the "*Grand Prior of the Order*," and he had for his brethren the most illustrious characters of the day:—*Lords—Charlemont, and Avenmore—Three Judges—H. Grattan—Flood—Father O'Leary—George Ogle* and many others, which it would feast an Irishman's memory to recall, and make him proud of heart to record. It was a club for social intercourse, in which wit and eloquence abounded; and where every new member was on his admission, sworn upon the consecrated Banner, bearing the emblem of the club, A CORK-SCREW.

TWELFTH NIGHT.

This is the night
For fun, and frolic,
Mirth, and pure delight.

In the entire three hundred and sixty-six days of the *present year*, there is one day (or night) which is always a gala-day with our young readers. On that day, though the heavens shower roses, or stones, or sea-water, we have always our *Frost* and *Snow* upon Earth. If it be not nature, it is art, and will answer our purpose as well. This day (we beg pardon of our Hibernian friends) *is Twelfth Night*. On that day there is a grand, general, making of *Kings* and *Queens*, (but no coronation). Kings and Queens are, on this day, as common as Kittens, and quite as playful. This is the day for mirth, fun, frolic, and laughter, at least in merry England. In France it must be otherwise—for who ever saw a Frenchman laugh—not I—they smile, they grin, they shrug their shoulders, they dance, and cry "*Ha*," and "*Mon Dieu*," but they never give themselves up to the boisterous laughter that rings round an Englishman's fire-side on *Twelfth Night*—say what you will. They have always a rein upon their lungs, their muscles are drilled to order, and their mirth does not savour of real good flesh and blood.

I am not one of those who love to breed up children seriously, or to make them moral rather than happy. Let them be happy (innocently) while they may, and the other will follow as a matter of course. A good example is a good thing. Give them that, and spare your precept.—Oh! I dearly love to see the pleasures of children, although, fair readers, I am unfortunately a Bachelor. They enjoy to-day, and care not a rush for to-morrow. Their path is (as it should be) strewn with roses; the heaven is blue above them, and life is a gay race, which all feel sure to win. Some indeed there are (and pity 'tis, 'tis so), outcasts of fortune, who have to make their way over the rough stones and barren places—beggars by birth. It pains me to see those many little faces, frost-nipped, which are, at this season, pressed (with flattened noses) against pastry-cooks' windows.—Lazarites at the rich man's table. I do not enjoy their famished looks and roving eyes, and watering mouths half-opened—alas! to receive but scanty fare. They have no privilege, but to ask—and be refused;—no enjoyment, save hungry idleness;—no property. Or rather, they are "tenants in common" with the bird of passage, and the houseless dog; they have the fierce sun or the inclement sky; nothing further.—*Their* "liberty" is without even its "crust or its cake."

Of all the feasts and gay doings which I have known, none were ever surpassed by those of "Twelfth Night,"—and the remembrance of one in particular, which I passed some years ago, will dwell in my memory for ever. That was a night! O Jupiter—Bacchus—and

Venus!—"I ne'er shall look upon its like again." Our host was a right merry man,—a man of humour, of good nature, of high animal spirits, fantastic. He could make "the table" ring and roar beyond any one I ever knew. His jokes would not bear a strict glance, sometimes; but they were better than wit, which is too serious. Wit sets one thinking, but his did not do this. He laughed; he talked; he told comical stories; he mimicked friend and foe (good naturedly); he spoke burlesque in verse; he misplaced epithets; he reconciled contradictions; he tackled extremities to each other—the grave and the gay—sense and nonsense. He had drawn "the king," and was as absolute as a Fate. He ordered things impossible. He insisted that black was white, and he insisted that others should think so too. Oh! there was no withstanding him, he was so pleasant a potentate:—he said something—nothing—and looked round for the boisterous homage of his neighbours, and received it smiling and content.

That night we had songs of the good old times,—the dance, ay, and the mistletoe:—the mistletoe! think of that, boys! (for there were ladies under it)—we had wines, coffee, and *Twelfth Night* characters. We had a supper, too, where joke and hospitality reigned. And there were cold meats, and salads, and pies, and jellies, and wines of all colours, mocking with their lustre the topaz and the ruby; and there were pyramids of fruit, and mountains of rich cake, all decked with sprigs of holly and laurel. And we had a huge "*wassail bowl*:"—One? We had a dozen, brimming and steaming, and scented with cloves and cinnamon. We ate, and we drank, and we shouted. One sang, and another spoke (like a Parliament orator), and one gave an extravagant toast; and a fourth laughed out at nothing; and one cried, from very pain, that he could "*laugh no more*;" and instantly a fresh joke was started, and the sufferer screamed with delight, and almost rolled from his chair. The cup of mirth was brimming. It went round and round again, and every one had his fill. This was no meagre shadowy banquet,—no Barmecide feast,—no card-party, coldly decorous (where you lose your money, and pay for the candles). It was a revel and a jollity. Though our mirth was becoming, it raged and was loud like thunder! It lasted from nine o'clock at night till early breakfast (eight o'clock) in the morning, and the memory of that "*Twelfth Night*" still lives in my recollection, as the brightest day (or rather night) of the calendar. May many of my readers, in after years, enjoy the same pleasing remembrance of this day, sacred to mirth and pleasure.

TWELFTH-DAY IN FRANCE—The celebration of the "*Jour des Rous*" is one of the few old customs which years of revolution have not yet banished from this country. It is the fea-

tival of Twelfth-Day which we also celebrate in England, and, perhaps, there are few of our readers who do not still remember the delight with which, in sportive childhood, we greeted the appearance of the Twelfth-cake, and the exultation that we have felt, if hailed as King or Queen of the festival. In France, the ceremony takes place in a somewhat different manner. In great families, each person is served with a cake, and the fortunate possessor of the one which contains a bean, is proclaimed, by acclamation, "*Le Roi de Fève*." The new Monarch immediately makes choice of a Queen, and, directly afterwards, chooses the grand officers of his suite and household. Then the spirit of the diversion begins to show itself;—some have petitions to present to their sovereign; others advice to give him; in short, it is a comedy at once the most piquant, and the most innocent. The custom is not confined to great families, it prevails equally among the lower classes, who would want a dinner for a week before Twelfth-Day, rather than not have a *gâteau des Rois*, which is cut in as many slices as there are guests, and the happy person to whose share the slice with the bean falls, goes through the ceremonies of the evening in the manner we have above described. At the time of the Revolution in 1789, the French were so much attached to this custom, that certain death, the well-known penalty that awaited all convicted of showing even the slightest respect to royalty, did not prevent many families from cultivating, in secret, the festival of the "*Jour des Rois*."

REMARKABLE CASES OF IMPOSTURE.—No. IV.

ABOUT ten years after the affair of the "Cock Lane Ghost" had been sent to the "tomb of all the Capulets," London was again alarmed by the story of a haunted house. Stockwell, in Surrey, being the scene of this deception, has given its name to the ridiculous transaction; and it is now known by the name of the "Stockwell Ghost." The narrative is as follows:—

On Twelfth-day, 1772, about ten o'clock in the forenoon, as Mrs. Golding,—an elderly lady—was in her parlour, she heard the china and glasses in the back-kitchen tumble down and break. Mrs. Golding went into the room and saw another row of plates and dishes fall down from a shelf, and yet nobody was near them. Other things, also, in different places, began to tumble about, some of them breaking, attended with violent noise all over the house; a clock tumbled down and the case broke: a lantern that hung on the staircase was thrown down, and the glass broke to pieces; an earthen pan of salted beef broke, and the beef fell about; all this creating great alarm and surprise in her mind, she called in several neighbours to

assist her in endeavouring to discover the cause. Among the rest was a Mr. Rowledge, who gave it as his opinion, that "the foundation was giving way, and that the house was tumbling down; occasioned by the too great weight of an additional room erected above."

The demolition continuing, Mrs. Golding determined to leave the place. She accordingly took refuge at a neighbour's house, accompanied by Anne Robinson, her servant; but his glass and crockery being immediately subjected to the same persecution, he was reluctantly compelled to give her notice to quit.

Mrs. Golding then went to the house of her niece, Mrs. Pain, near Sutton, where she was joined by Anne Robinson. About eight o'clock in the evening, a fresh scene began. The first thing that happened was a whole row of pewter dishes, except one, fell from off a shelf to the middle of the floor, rolled about a little while, then settled, and as soon as they were quiet, turned upside down. They were then put on the dresser, and went through the same a second time. Next fell a whole row of pewter plates from off the second shelf over the dresser to the ground, and being taken up and put on the dresser one in another, they were thrown down again. Two eggs were upon one of the shelves—one of them flew off, crossed the kitchen, struck the cat on the head, and then broke to pieces. A ham that hung on one side of the kitchen chimney, raised itself from the hook and fell down to the ground; soon afterwards another ham that hung on the other side of the chimney, likewise underwent the same fate. Then a slice of bacon which hung up in the same chimney, fell down. Mr. Pain, finding his property was seized with the same sort of St. Vitus's dance that had attacked the goods and chattels of others, who had afforded Mrs. Golding shelter during her singular troubles, reluctantly refused to allow her to remain any longer under his roof. Driven to despair, Mrs. Golding returned to her own house. Now, the glass and china being nearly all demolished, other alarming circumstances occurred. A pail of water, that stood on the floor, boiled like a pot; a box of candles fell from a shelf in the kitchen to the floor; and the table in the parlour fell over.

The young woman, Anne Robinson, who had been but a few days in the old lady's service, endured with great composure the extraordinary display which others beheld with terror and consternation, and coolly advised her mistress not to be alarmed or uneasy, as these things could not be helped. This remarkable coolness, at last, excited an idea that she had some reason for being so composed, not inconsistent with a degree of connexion with what was going forward. The suspicion was much strengthened by the fact that the mys-

terious movements took place only when she was present. Anne Robinson, therefore, was dismissed, and the hubbub ceased at once, and for ever.

Many years afterwards Anne Robinson confessed the whole matter to the Rev. Mr. Brayfield, of Camberwell. This gentleman confided the story to Mr. Hone, who published an explanation of the mystery, in the first volume of the "Every Day Book." Anne, it appears, was anxious to have a clear house to carry on an intrigue with her lover, and resorted to this trick to effect her purpose. The only magic in the business was the dexterity of the girl and the simplicity of the spectators. She played the china on the shelves in such a manner that it fell on the slightest motion, and attached herself to other articles, so that she could jerk them down from an adjoining room without being perceived by persons, whose natural shrewdness was dimmed and obscured by their superstitious fears. She put the eggs in motion, and after one only fell down, threw the other at the cat. She took advantage of absences to loosen the hams and bacon, and attach them by the skin. She caused the water in the pail to appear as if it boiled, by slipping in a paper of chemical powders as she passed, and afterwards it bubbled. In short, she effected all the mischief.

Sir Walter Scott, in his amusing little work entitled "Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft," relates the following ghost story:—

"I once heard a sensible and intelligent friend in company, express himself convinced of the truth of a wonderful story told him by an intelligent and bold man, about an apparition. The scene lay in an ancient castle on the coast of Morven, on the Isle of Mull, where the ghost-seer chanced to be resident. He was given to understand by the family, when betaking himself to rest, that the chamber in which he slept was occasionally disquieted by supernatural appearances. Being at that time no believer in such stories, he attended little to this hint, until the witching hour of night, when he was awakened from a dead sleep by the pressure of a hand on his body. He looked up, and beheld a tall Highlander in the antique and picturesque dress of his country, whose brows were bound with a bloody bandage. Struck with sudden and extreme fear, he was willing to have sprung from bed, but the spectre stood before him in the bright moonlight, its one arm extended, so as to master him if he attempted to rise; the other hand held up in a warning and grave posture, as menacing the lowlander if he should attempt to quit his recumbent posture. Thus he lay in mortal agony for more than an hour, after which it pleased the spectre of ancient days to leave him to more sound repose. So singular a story led on its side, the usual number of votes for the company, till, upon cross-examination, it was explained that the principal person concerned was an excise-man; after which *clairvoyance*, the same

explanation struck all present, namely, that the Highlanders of the mansion had chosen to detain the exciseman by the apparition of an ancient heroic ghost, in order to disguise from his vigilance the removal of certain modern enough *spirits*, which his duty might have called upon him to seize."

A trick, somewhat similar to the first story related in this chapter, was played off in Scotland, in the winter of the year 1838. On the 6th of December, the inmates of the farmhouse of Baldarroch, Aberdeenshire, were alarmed by observing a great number of sticks, pebble-stones, and clods of earth flying about the yard. They endeavoured, but in vain, to discover the delinquent; and the shower of stones continuing for five days in succession, they came at last to the conclusion that the Author of Evil was the cause of the extraordinary disturbance. After the fifth day, the shower of stones, &c., ceased on the outside of the house, and the scene shifted to the interior. All the domestic utensils seemed suddenly to be inspired with vitality;—spoons, knives, and other articles jumped about from to froon, and rattled down the chimneys. There was also a tremendous knocking at the doors and on the roof, and pieces of stick and pebble-stones rattled against the windows. The whole district, for miles round, believed in the supernatural character of the events.

Rumour, as usual, magnified these strange occurrences a thousand fold. One old man asserted positively that, one night, after having been to see the gambols of the knives and mustard-pots, he met the phantom of a great black man, "who wheeled round his head with a whizzing noise, making a wind about his ears that almost blew his bonnet off," and that he was haunted by him in this manner for three miles. One evening a shoe suddenly darted across a garret where some labourers were sitting; and one of the men, who attempted to catch it, swore that it was so hot and heavy that he was unable to hold it.

At last, after a fortnight's continuance of the disturbances, the whole imposture was discovered. Two of the servant girls were examined, when it appeared that they alone were at the bottom of the whole affair; and that the alarm and credulity exhibited by the proprietor of the farm and his family, and afterwards by the inhabitants of the district, made their task comparatively easy. A little common dexterity was all they had used; and, being themselves unsuspected, they swelled the terror by the wonderful nature of the stories they invented. It seems that they played the prank merely for the gratification of a love of mischief.

The ungrateful are sparing of their thanks, for fear that thankfulness may be an introduction to reward.

THE ORIGIN OF PANTOMIME.

THE origin of this species of entertainment will be found amusing and instructive to our readers:—In ancient Rome, the Pantomimi were the the greatest actors of tragedy, by their looks and gestures; and in modern Italy the learned have not disdained to rack their invention for their *Sanctio*, or *Clown*, while Princes have been known to make the most famous of them their companions. It was an alteration of later times, though two centuries and a half ago, to change the dotards of Terence and Plautus into the Venetian *Favola*; and the *Lover* was *pur necessitas* added, to complete a drama sufficient to embrace plot or intrigue. These four characters have now become the essentials of Pantomime; all the rest being either identified with one or the other of them, or entirely incidental to the particular piece in which they appear. At Naples, in the Largo del Castello, there are two theatres, La Fenice and San Carmino, which are chiefly devoted to Pantomimes for the amusement of the lower classes. The performers speak the broad Neapolitan dialect, and there you see the Polcinella in his genuine colours. This Neapolitan *Clown* is somewhat similar to the Anacchino of Bergamo, and the *Pantoloon* of Venice, but he is not an honourable specimen of the national character of his country, of which he is intended as the caricature. Polcinella is represented as a servant from Accora, a town near Naples, and is so highly gifted by nature, and accomplished by education, that he is at once a thief, a liar, a coward, a braggart, and a debaucher, still the facetious way in which he relates his various feats enraptures his travelling countrymen. He delights in *double entendre*, gross jokes, and dirty tricks; there is not a single good quality in him; his cunning is very low, and he is always outwitted when he meets with any person of sense; so that, in the end, he is generally discovered, imprisoned, whipped, and hanged. Such is the celebrated Polcinella of Naples. Some of the finest acting in the world, both tragic and comic, was formerly exhibited in Pantomime; but now, nothing is attempted beyond activity in the *Harlequin* and *Columbine*, decrepitude in the *Pantoloon*, and grimace in the *Clown*. A great prince observed of a Scaramucca, who admirably depicted a whole scene of successive frights, *Scaramucca non parla, e dica gran cose*: "he speaks not, but he says many great things."

ANECDOTE OF MADAME CATALANI.

WE take the following interesting anecdote of this unrivalled vocalist and truly estimable lady, from the *Morning Advertiser* of Monday, which we give with pleasure, having many years since enjoyed the society of this really excellent and accomplished woman:—"We called upon Madame Catalani" (says a traveller describing his visit to Florence), "who leaves her palazzo on the side of the mountains in the winter months to reside with her son Valabreque, in Florence. She presently made her appearance with that vivacity and captivating manner which so delighted us in England. After a short conversation with Madame (—), I spoke to her in English, coupling my name with Mrs. Lorraine Smith, of Leicestershire, at whose house I spent a week with her, thirty-six years ago. The incident directly flashed across her mind, and with obvious pleasure she began to recount the honours paid her on that occasion, especially a banquet at Mr. Pochini's, of Markby. She retains her English, and was pleased to talk to me in my own language. I observed that it was forty years since I first heard her at the Opera, in London. She instantly replied, 'Thirty-nine. I was in Portugal in 1807, and though the war was raging, I ventured to make my way to England through France. When at Paris I was denied a passport. However, I got introduced to Talleyrand, and by the aid of a handful of gold, I was put into a Government boat, and ordered to lie down to avoid being shot, and, wonderful to relate, I got over in safety, with my little boy, seven months old.' Great suspicion was attached to foreigners who arrived from the Continent at that time. Viotti, I remember, was absurdly ordered out of the country, and Kelly, who was a manager in the Opera House, officially announced from the stage, that Madame Catalani and her husband Valabreque, were not objects of suspicion to the Government. I was surprised at the vigour of Madame Catalani, and how little she was altered since I saw her at Derby, in 1828. I paid her a compliment upon her good looks. 'Ah,' said she, 'I'm grown old and ugly.' I would not allow it. 'Why, man,' she said, 'I'm sixty-six!' She has lost none of that commanding expression which gave her such dignity on the stage. She is without a wrinkle, and appears to be no more than forty. Her breadth of chest is still remarkable; it was this which endowed her with the finest voice that ever sang. Her speaking voice and dramatic air are still charming, and not in the least impaired."

Upon the landing of King William III., Serjeant Maynard, aged 80, attended one of his state dinners, when his Majesty complimented the learned serjeant upon having outlived all the lawyers who had been his contemporaries. "I would," replied the serjeant, "have also outlived all the law also, had not your Royal Highness arrived."

"SIMPLE NATURE'S HAPPY CHILD."—"May I be married, mamma?" said a pretty brunette of sixteen to her mother. "Married!" repeated the astonished mother. "For what reason?" "Why, ma, the children have never seen a wedding—I think a marriage might please them."—*Family Jo: Miller.*

THE MURDERED WARRIOR.

A TALE OF THE THUGS.

THE great excitement which prevailed throughout the whole of British India, relative to that vast combination or society of individuals, styling themselves "Thugs," caused the author of the following tale to believe that any fresh light thrown upon the proceedings of these wholesale murderers, must be acceptable to the reading public; and as the materials from which this tale has been compiled is authentic, and was casually obtained by the author at various times and places during the last few years, he sincerely hopes that any slight faults or inaccuracies, which, perhaps, will occasionally appear in the thread of the narrative, may be attributed to these causes.

The complete unravelling of the mysteries of this singular body is due to that excellent nobelman and unlightened statesman, Lord William Bentinck, Governor-General of British India; and when we consider the ancientness of the order, (if we may so term it,) its numbers, secrecy and activity, before which even the more modern society of "Freemasons" sinks into insignificance, we cannot but think that great credit must be due to the individual who could thus, by using his official power with energy and discernment, lay open, in a great measure, to the public, the history of this dangerous party.

The atrocities committed by some of the members of this gang, are without parallel in the annals of crime, either for cleverness or contrivance or boldness of execution; for, urged alike by religious fanaticism and the hope of gain, and being, moreover, regularly bred to the profession, these individuals went about their cold-blooded murders in such a systematic manner, as to cause the heroes even of an American or European murder to thrill with horror. The following narrative will give the reader a tolerable insight into their method of procedure.

It was towards the close of a beautiful day in the autumn of the year 1818, that a solitary horseman might have been seen crossing one of those extensive *maidans** that prevail in the south-eastern neighbourhood of the Nerbudda River. His erect and dignified carriage, and the ease and grace with which he managed the noble animal that he bestrode, would, even to an inexperienced eye, almost have stamped him as a military character, had not the question been placed beyond a doubt by the brilliant reflection of the sun's rays from the polished surface of his buckler, and the

steel head of his long and taper lance, which latter glittered several feet above his head-dress, the motion of the horse imparting to it the eccentric glancing of a meteor.

The costume of the warrior was evidently Mahometan, and from its richness, betokened the wearer to be of some rank. The tunic and trousers were of crimson silk, richly laced with gold; and the sheath of the cimeter, which hung gracefully from his left side, had a mounting of the same precious metal, and the trappings of the steed were of the richest description. But as it is a crime that the reader should be introduced to so evidently an important personage, we will proceed at once to the task.

Abdur Kaled was a Mahratta chieftian, of no mean rank, and during the late war which his countrymen had been waging against the British, had proved himself a warrior of considerable military experience and prowess, and often had the *serried* columns of the sipahis and troops of the line gazed with mingled admiration and anxiety upon Abdur and his splendid troop of horsemen, as they wheeled to the right or left, advanced or retired, with the rapidity of lightning, causing the aforesaid troops to obey with rather more than their usual alacrity the order, "prepare to receive cavalry," no time being lost either in giving or obeying this command, as soon as the glittering cavalcade appeared in the distance.

But peace had been proclaimed between the belligerent powers, and the Mahratta prince having assembled his followers, merely awaited the ratification by the council of a few of the articles of the treaty, to return to his capital. But Abdur Kaled, burning with impatience again to embrace his beloved wife, Zulema, and her children, obtained permission of his royal master to leave the camp before the general movement of the army; and in his impatience to begone, utterly neglecting the advice of the prince to his favourite chieftain, viz., that he should take with him some of his followers - but mounting his charger, and scarcely heeding the adieus of his various friends, rode alone and unattended from the camp, it being upon the third day of his journey that we introduced him to the reader. The sun was rapidly sinking towards the horizon, and when we consider the dreary solitude that the rider was traversing, and the distance from any human habitation, the slow pace at which he was advancing would have appeared singular in the extreme. But, perhaps, he was thinking upon his absent beloved ones, or it might be, that a presentiment of the dreadful fate that awaited him was weighing heavily upon his spirit; be this as it may, certain it is that he allowed the animal he rode to choose its own pace, and he appeared to be in a deep reverie.

Abdur had advanced in this manner for the space of an hour, and had nearly reached

* In Hindostan the jungle is occasionally interspersed with open plains of several miles in circuit, somewhat resembling the western prairies.

the extremity of the *meidaun*, when he was aroused by hearing a low and plaintive wailing, as of a female in distress, and upon raising his eyes, observed a figure robed in white, seated upon the ground at a short distance from where these mournful sounds appeared to issue. Like a true warrior, Abdur was ever ready to assist the distressed; therefore turning out of the path, he rode closely up to the figure, and his interest was immediately more strongly excited upon finding himself gazing upon a female of the most exquisite beauty, who appeared to be bewailing her hard fate in tones of bitter anguish. With great solicitude, Abdur inquired the cause of her grief, when a voice possessing the softest modulations and most insinuating tones that Abdur thought he had never heard, thus replied—"Ah! my lord! it is but a few hours since some ruffians burst into my peaceful and beautiful cottage, and having slain my husband, who would have resented the intrusion, seized upon our dear children and myself to bear us into slavery; but fear and hope giving me strength, I broke from their hold, and flying from the door, sought protection in the neighbouring jungle; but thinking to meet with assistance, I have wandered some distance from home, and now let me entreat my lord to accompany me there with all speed, as we may yet be in time to save my darling babes from slavery!" Abdur hesitated not a moment, but told her to lead the way with all expedition, and that he would follow, as he feared not to encounter half-a-dozen such cowardly ruffians with his single arm. Smiling her thanks through her tears, the female rose with alacrity, and glided over the ground with a rapidity that astonished Abdur, who had to exert himself, or rather his steed, to keep up with her. She speedily gained the jungle, which here skirted the *meidaun*, distant not more than two or three hundred yards from the left of the pathway, and threaded her way with amazing celerity among the tangled brushwood. They had proceeded for some time in silence, when Abdur observed that she appeared to be leading him deeper and deeper into the wilderness, and for the first time, suspicion of her intentions flashed across his mind. He was about to question her upon this point, when at that moment his horse happened to stumble over the projecting root of a shrub, which accident occupied all his attention, and upon raising his eyes, to his astonishment, he could not perceive his fair companion in any direction, and upon his horse advancing a pace or two, he found himself on a small open glade, and in the presence of five individuals, two of whom had the appearance of merchants, and were seated upon the ground, apparently enjoying a repast; the remaining three seemed to be servants, and were attending to a camel, laden with

merchandise, and two horses were grazing at no great distance. Upon observing Abdur, the strangers rose, saluted him after the eastern manner, and introduced themselves as merchants, who had lost their way in the wilderness, and had decided upon remaining in that spot till the morning. They invited Abdur to share their repast, and proposed that when the morning dawned they should together endeavour to find their course to the nearest town or village, as they presumed that he had also lost his way.

It must be confessed that Abdur felt rather puzzled how to account for the singular adventure that had befallen him; yet these persons appeared so respectable, and their words had so much the appearance of truth, that all things considered, he thought that it was his wisest plan to accept their invitation. He therefore dismounted, saluted them courteously, and was soon seated by their side, engaged in discussing his share of a repast, which his long ride rendered very acceptable. A flask or two of excellent wine was not wanting. All parties appeared very opportunely to forget that this beverage was strictly prohibited by the tenets of their faith. Its generous influence, however, appeared to be rapidly banishing the usual Mahomedan reserve and plaudity. Abdur having related to his new friends his adventure with the beautiful woman, they immediately gave it as their opinion that it was a good genius who had appeared to him for the purpose of conducting him to shelter and safety for the coming night, and being a true Mahomedan, Abdur was very soon induced to be of the same opinion, more especially when he considered her singular disappearance. An hour or two had thus passed very pleasantly, when, "My lord carries a beautiful cimeter," suddenly exclaimed one of the seeming merchants, "for doubtless such a splendid sheath contains nothing less worthy of it than a pure Damascus blade?" Abdur took it from his side and handed it to the stranger, who appeared anxious to examine it more closely. No sooner had he done so, however, than the folly of thus parting with his only available weapon appeared obvious to him. Short time, however, was allowed him for regret, as he speedily felt his arms rudely seized from behind, and by a sudden jerk, he was pulled back upon the ground, while his quondam associates, the merchants, sprang to their feet, and one of them unwinding his turban, it was passed round Abdur's neck quick as lightning; they then took their stations, one at each end of the turban, while their assistants, who had previously thrown him on his back, now held his hands firmly grasped in theirs. Death, with all its horrors, now stared him in the face, and he felt the sickening thought that he was completely in the power of these wretches, whose hearts had never felt the touch of pity. But moved to desperation, as his mind reverted to his absent wife and children, he made a phrensied

effort to escape and regain his cimeter, which he perceived was lying upon the ground at a few paces distant. But the villains, alarmed at the strength he displayed, hastened to draw upon their instrument of death. A livid hue quickly overspread the countenance of their victim, followed by a convulsive shudder of the limbs, and the gallant warrior was added to the list of those murdered by these wretches, who now slept the sleep of death,

"Their hapless fate unknown"

The dead body was speedily stripped of every thing valuable, and the consecrated pickaxe, whose sound is heard not save by the initiated, was even put in requisition to hide the witness of their iniquity from mortal eyes. The whole party having then collected their plunder, moved rapidly and silently from this scene of darkness and of death.

A few years ago, a *Thug* having been discovered and condemned to death, confessed, among numerous other murders, his having been concerned in the one above related.

WINTER EVENING PASTIMES.

RIDDLES.

What disappointed persons are;
What tailors always do;
Our grandmothers' delight declare,
Though now despised by you.

Solution.—Cross—stitch.

My body is quite thin,
And has nothing within,
Neither have I head, face, or eye;
Yet a tail I have got
Full as long as—what not?
And up, without wings, I can fly.

Solution.—Paper Kite.

CHARADES.

A wreath of flowers expressed enigmatically, by Young Choetwood:

1. Fifty, a vowel, and a fastening.
2. Five-sixths of a pillar, and half of to unite.
3. Part of a house, to glide, and half a mistake.
4. An article, a fruit (beheaded), and a vowel.
5. A consonant, a preposition, and a feather.
6. A young lady to allow, and a couple of vowels.

Solution.—1st, *Lupin*—2nd, *Columbine*—3rd, *Wall-flower*—4th, *Anemone*—5th, *Jonquill*—6th, *Miss-let-o-e*.

My second is conveyed to my first by the company of a friend; my whole is a product of spring.

Solution.—Heart's-ease

If, ladies, ye my first require,
I'm offspring of a stormy sire;
My second, on an April morn,
Hangs pendant from the budding thorn:

In innocence and beauty, too,
My whole, ye fair, resembles you.
Solution.—Snow—drop.

REBUSSES.

Two letters, expressing profusion and waste,
Transposed, show a quantity to some people's taste.

Solution.—X S (*excess*)—S X (*Excess*).

A colour and a pledge.

Solution.—Green—gaze.

THE RIDDLING FOREST.

"What is in a hundred thousand pounds sterling?"

Solution.—Nothing.

What is in a couple?

Solution.—Pear (*pair*).

CONUNDRUMS.

Why is a judge like a person reading aloud?

Solution.—He pronounces sentences.

Why is love like a growing potato?

Solution.—It springs from the eyes.

GAMES.

The Wonderful Hat.

Place three pieces of bread, or other eatable, on a table a little distance from each other, and cover each with a hat; take up the first hat, and, removing the bread, put it into your mouth, and let those present see that you eat it; do the same with the second and third hats. Then give any one present to choose under which hat he would wish the three pieces of bread to be; put the hat selected on your head, then ask if he does not think they are under it.

ST. STEPHEN'S DAY.—The Church of England observes this festival and the name of the apostle is in the almanacs accordingly. He is deemed the first martyr for the Christian faith. The notice of this festival by Naogeorgus is thus translated by Barnaby Googe:—

Then followeth Saint Stephen's day

whereon doth every man

His horses jaunt and course abroad,
as swiftly as he can,

Until they doe extreemely swante,

and then they let them blood;

For thus being done upon this day,

they say doth do them good,

And keeps them from all maladies

and sickness through the yeare,

As if that Stephen any time

took charge of horses here.

Whether St. Stephen was the patron of horses does not appear; but our ancestors used this festival for calling in the horse-leech. Tupper in his "*Five Hundred Points of Husbandry*," says:—

Yer Christmas be passed

let Horses be lett blood,

For many a purpose

it doth him much good:

The day of St. Stephen,

old fathers did use,

If thou do mislike thee,

some other day chuse.

USEFUL RECIPES.

PICKLED EGGS—At the season of the year when eggs are plentiful, boil some four or six dozen in a capacious saucepan, until they become quite hard. Then, after carefully removing the shells, lay them in large-mounted jars, and pour over them scalding vinegar, well seasoned with whole pepper, allspice, a few races of ginger, and a few cloves or garlic. When cold, bung down closely, and in a month they are fit for use. Where eggs are plentiful, the above pickle is by no means expensive, and is a relishing accompaniment to cold meat.

SHORT BREAD.—Rub one pound of butter, and twelve ounces of finely powdered loaf sugar, into two pounds of flour; with the hand, make it into stiff paste with four eggs; cut it into round or square cakes; pinch the edges, and stick slices of candied peel and some caraway comfits on the top, and bake them on iron plates, in a warm oven.

TOOTH POWDER.—Cream of tartar, three ounces; tincture of myrrh, three ounces; capseut oil, ten drops; oil of cinnamon, twenty drops; sugar, nine ounces, Mix well together, and sift.

CHILBLAINS.—In common cases, as soon as any part becomes affected, rub it with spirits of rosemary, or aromatic camphorated cream; afterwards apply pieces of soft linen, moistened with camphorated spirits, soap liniment, camphor liniment, &c. When the swellings break or ulcerate, apply poultices and emollient ointments for a few days.

N.B. Persons subject to chilblains should, on the approach of winter, cover the parts liable to be affected, with woollen gloves and stockings, and not expose the hands and feet too precipitately, when cold, to a considerable degree of heat.

Another excellent application for chilblains can be made with equal quantities of sweet-oil, linseed-water, and proof-spirits.

CEMENT FOR BROKEN GLASS, &c.—A little isinglass dissolved in mastic varnish. The least possible quantity should be used.

SAVOURY RICE FOOD.—Having saved the bones of the previous day, a very good food may be made as follows:—Take six pounds of bones, which break into small pieces, and boil in ten quarts of water for four hours; having added three ounces of salt, a small bunch of thyme, bay-leaf and savory, put into a stewpan the fat and two onions cut thin, half a pound of vegetables, as carrots, turnips, celery, &c.; cut very thin; half ounce of sugar; put it on the fire for fifteen minutes stirring it occasionally; add half a pound of oatmeal, and mix well; moisten with two gallons of the stock from the bones; add one and a quarter pound of rice, previously soaked; boil till tender, and serve.

Since bodily strength is but a servant to the mind, it were very barbarous and preposterous that force should be made judge over reason.

FACTS AND SCRAPS.

We become willing servants to the good by the bonds their virtues lay upon us.

Without woman man would be rude, unpolished, solitary; he would be a stranger to grace, which is no other than the smile of love. Woman suspends around him the smiles of life, like the honeysuckles of the forest which adorn the trunks of the oak with their perfumed garlands.

Montesquieu said, "Germany was the country to travel in, Italy to loiter in, England to think in, and France to live in."

On Christmas-day, a clergyman, in a parish near Exeter, having preached, a very long sermon, as his custom was, some hours after asked a gentleman his approbation of it; he replied that, "Twas very good, but that it had spoyled a fine turkey worth ten of it."

In extremities, the winning of time is the purchase of life.

Pope Gregory expelled Livy from every Christian library over which he had authority. How different does his present Holiness act, who thinks he cannot sufficiently encourage the reading of books, the works of such an eminent writer and historian.

The Mayor of Norwich, some years ago, called an assembly of the Corporation, and on its being assembled, expressed his surprise that, so many years after her decease, Queen Anne's name should be retained on all public deeds, which the more surprised him as their present Sovereign, King George III., was so gracious a monarch. He therefore proposed to his loyal brethren that on all papers, deeds, and charters issued by them, instead of the usual words, *Anno Domini*, the words *George Domini* should be substituted!

PROOF OF GOOD SENSE.—Recommending your friend to take in "TRACTS FOR THE PEOPLE," and to read them with attention.

Eaculapius was attended by a dog and a goat in all his peregrinations; the former he taught to lick the sores of those whose bodies were affected with ulcers, and he gave the goat's milk to such as suffered from diseases of the lungs and stomach.

Peter the Great being at Westminster-hall in term time, and seeing multitudes of people swarming about the courts, asked, "What all those busy people were, and what they were about?" and being answered, "They are lawyers," he observed, with great vivacity, "Why, I have but four in my whole kingdom, and I design to hang two of them as soon as I get home."

'Tis no less vain to wish for death, than it is cowardly to fear it.

When men have been long injured to the vicissitudes of war, they come at last to look upon death with as much indifference as upon any of the ordinary occurrences of life.

• There is no simple interest in knowledge. Whatsoever funds you have in that bank go on increasing by interest upon interest—till the bank fails.

• Sir Jostlin Perce, being told that the Council had fined him 1000 marks, laught exceedingly at it. One askt him the reason. He answered, that "the Privy Council were so wise as they knew where to find 1000 marks; for hang me if I know where to find 1000 pence," says he.

To prohibit an inquiry into the truth of religion, is like asserting that God can be gratified with the service of a lie.

It is hard, but it is excellent, to find the right knowledge of when correction is necessary, and when grace doth most avail.

As Queen Elizabeth passed the streets in state, one in the crowd cried first, "God bless your Royall Majestie!" and then, "God bless your Noble Grace!" "Why, how now," says the Queene, "am I tenne groates worse than I was e'en now."

ADVICE TO THE FAIR SEX.—Women should be acquainted that no beauty has any charms but the inward one of the mind, and that a gracefulness in their manners is much more engaging than that of their persons; that meekness and modesty are the true and lasting ornaments; for she that has these, is qualified as she ought to be for the management of a family, for the educating her children, for an affection for her husband, and submitting to a prudent way of living. These only are the charms that render wives amiable, and give them the best title to our respect.—*Epictetus*.

Mr. Pitt neatly censured, in the following manner, the late hour of dining in the fashionable circles of the day.—"Mr. Pitt," said the Countess of Gordon, "I wish you to dine with me this evening at ten."—"I am sorry I cannot wait upon your grace," replied the minister, "as I am engaged to sup with the Bishop of Lincoln at nine."

HINDOO MORALITY.—Never to bear patiently of evil, nor speak that which is mischievous and wicked; to utter no lies, prevarication, or hypocrisy; to use no deceit nor over-reaching in trade or dealing; never oppress the weak and humble, nor offer violence to your neighbour; to keep your hands from pilfering and theft; and in no way to injure a fellow-creature.—*Brahminical Books*.

ARCHER, THE JESTER.—King James was complaining one time of the leanness of his hunting horse, and swore by his sole he could see no reason but his should be as fat as any of his subjects; for he bestow'd upon him as good feeding, keeping, and as easy riding as any one did, and yet the jade was lean. Archer, his fool, standing by, told him, "If that be all, take no care: I'll teach your Majestie a way to raise his flesh presently; and if he be potus fat as ever he wallow, you shall ride me." "I pry thee, fool, how?" said the King. "Why, doe but make him a bisshoppe; and I'll warrant you," says Archer.

THE BRIDE OF LUSAC.

[From an unpublished poem by the Rev. Lionel B.—r.]

On! who is more gay than the bride of Lusac—
In her hat is the bustard's feather
The fur of the hill-fox whirrs her back,
And her shoes are of chamols leather.

The bear makes her muff, and the ermine her tippet
She heeds not the storm that lowers;
But as light o'er the snows that bride can trip it,
As a May-queen among the flowers.

In summer the feathering oar she plies,
Nor boatman needs to escort her,
And the alppory skis to her heel she ties,
When winter binds the water.

As cold as as bright as the Furka snows
Is a Lusac Virgin's honour:
Though her heart like a July sunbeam glows,
She bears no stain upon her.

Warm is thy love, oh' Bride of Lusac—
It burns with no flickering ember;
For time or tide it turns not back,
The same in June as December.

Then who is more gay than a Lusac bride,
In her lordly bustard plumes?
She moves o'er the Alps in her beauty's pride,
Like a goddess athwart the fountains.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, No. 3, Catherine Street, Strand.

N. R.—We feel obliged by your offer, which we must decline, three of the letters having already appeared in the *Morning Advertiser*. The letters are of great length, and translated from the *Constitutionnel*. They contain a fearful picture of Parisian society and intrigues.

YOUNG CHARTWOOD.—Thanks for your amusing contributions, which you will find in our present number. Shall be happy to hear from you again.

M. G. (Edinburgh).—The article you have sent us is not quite up to the mark. We feel obliged. Try again.

To S. S., T. C. R. W. M., and J. H. L.—The doors of the *TRACTS FOR THE PEOPLE* are always thrown wide open to those who are qualified for admission; but the above, we are sorry to say it, have not the privilege of the entrance.

NGGATOR will see that his plan has been too readily anticipated.

GE F.—We have no vacant corner, and are therefore unable to oblige our correspondent by the insertion of his "Trilles."

D. L.—You will find the two lines we have quoted in "Fin Mascolo"—in Lord Bacon's Essays.

TRUTH, G. F. Z. Z., FRANKLIN, HUMPHY, L. T. S., and J. H. are thanked for their contributions. Next week we shall have much pleasure in publishing them; and shall, certainly, use whatever will suit our columns. The rejected, as requested, shall be destroyed.

A SUSCRIPTION.—We did not receive your first note. Your second (postage unpaid) came to hand. If your questions are worth answering they will be attended to. Please to pay the postage of your notes when you collect a favour.

G. S. C.—We do not coincide in opinion with your correspondent.

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TRACTS.

For the People.

A WEEKLY MISCELLANY OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE AND AMUSEMENT



[MADAME ADELAÏDE.]

MEMOIR OF THE LATE MADAME ADELAÏDE D'ORLEANS.

THE PRINCESS EUGÉNIE ADELAÏDE LOUISE D'ORLEANS, whose death occurred at the Tuileries, was the sister of his Majesty the King of the French. This Princess was born in Paris, on the 23rd of August, 1777, and was at the time of her demise, in the 71st year of her age. Her death was unexpected—for, although it was announced that her Royal Highness had

for some time been suffering from the prevailing influenza, the attack was stated to be of so slight a nature as to cause no alarm. The Princess was the daughter of Louis Philippe Joseph, Duke d'Orléans, and the Princess Louise Marie Adélaïde de Bourbon, Duchess d'Orléans. With the active part which this illustrious lady is said to have taken in the politics of France, we have nothing to do, our task being merely to record, briefly, some of the circumstances of her wandering life.

At an early age the young Princess (and her twin sister, who died in childhood) was placed under the guidance of the celebrated Madame de Genlis, from whom she received the utmost care, and was brought up according to the ideas of Rousseau, then in vogue, relative to education. "In order," says the *Constitutionnel* ("not to be disturbed in her functions with respect to the two princesses, her pupils, Madame de Genlis had withdrawn to the convent of Belle-Chaise. A pavilion was built for her in the garden, and every thing was there disposed for a life of study. The hangings of the chamber of the princesses were covered with historical pictures; two screens contained on their surface a full series of sketches relating to the history of France; and every thing in the rooms contributed to the great task of education. The empire which Madame de Genlis had obtained over the mind of the young princess and her brothers, (who were also committed to her care) had excited to the highest degree the maternal jealousy of the Duchess of Orleans, and she at last obtained the departure of the governess. Mademoiselle Adelaide felt the separation so keenly, that it was found necessary to recall Madame de Genlis. The latter then obtained from the duke permission to make an excursion to England with the princess, and it was in that way that she was first separated from her mother. The events of the Revolution caused Mademoiselle Adelaide to be placed on the list of emigrants. Her father, who was himself menaced, however, succeeded in getting that measure revoked; but she had scarcely returned when she received an order to quit the capital in twenty-four hours, and the French territory in three days. The Duke de Chartres (the present King) having heard of the difficulty in which his sister was placed, hurried from the army, and conducted her to Tournay. Some time after we find the young exile and her governess in the town of Schaffhausen, where the Duke de Chartres, also an exile, went to join them. They afterwards proceeded for greater safety to Zurich, and thence to Zug, where, under an Irish name, they resided a month. They were then recognised, and obliged to seek for a new asylum. It was also found necessary for the young prince to separate from his sister, his presence drawing down on her the severity of the various governments and of their police. They were in the greatest perplexity, when a lucky circumstance freed them from their perplexity. General Montesquiou, then established in Switzerland, had rendered to the Government of Geneva services which had given him great consideration in the canton. By his intervention, Mademoiselle Adelaide and Madame de Genlis obtained permission to fix their residence in the convent of St. Claire near Baumgarten. The princess did not leave the convent until May 11, 1794; to withdraw to Hungary, to the residence of her aunt, the Countess du Conti; she next proceeded to Figueras, in Catalonia, where the Duchess of

Orleans was residing, and where she remained until 1808. The war in Spain caused her to fly, and she set out in search of her brother, whom she at length met at Portsmouth, at the moment he was about to embark. "God be praised!" said the Prince, "one of my good angels is restored to me!" They promised each other not to again separate, and they kept their word. In January, 1809, the Princess was present at the marriage of her brother at Palermo, with the Princess Marie-Amelie, who, when she married an exile, had no idea that she was uniting her destiny to the future King of the French, the Restoration brought back to Mademoiselle d'Orleans a less troubled existence. The faults of the Government caused the Duke of Orleans to play an important part, and conferred on him an influence to which the Revolution of July gave the concluding touch. Madame Adelaide contributed, in no small degree, during the fifteen years' struggle, to rally round her brother the various influences which the Restoration appeared doing all it could to band together against itself. Afterwards, in presence of the events of 1830, when it was necessary for the Duke of Orleans to decide either on accepting or refusing the Crown, it was Madame Adelaide who acted with boldness, and pledged herself for her brother. She even offered to come to Paris the first, to share the dangers of the Parisians. Since then she did not cease to share and aid the King's high fortune."

There can be no question that the subject of our present memoir was a woman of great sagacity and strong presence of mind; and that she never neglected any opportunity of making friends among those who were endeavouring to overthrow their relatives—Louis XVIII. and Charles X.—and who ultimately succeeded in their projects. It is also recorded of this illustrious lady, that she watched occurrences, entered into communications with Lafayette, Laffitte, and the other leaders and advisers of the insurgents, not even omitting M. Thiers, then a writer in the *National*, and promised, at a moment King Louis Philippe was particularly uncomfortable, that he should accept the throne.

In the few remarks we shall venture to make on the private character of the Princess Adelaide (out of respect to the memory of the dead), we will select the most favourable:—In the domestic circle, her character is said to have been of a kind to command at once love and respect. She was religious without bigotry, and her serious duties were always characterised by a benevolence as cheerful as it was expansive; and, beyond the domestic circle, it is stated, that many thousands can testify to the unvaried kindness of this amiable Princess, whose adversities had made her acquainted with calamity only to inspire her with the desire, when brighter days should dawn upon her, to administer the comforts and necessities of

her suffering fellow-creatures. Unostentatious as were the acts of benevolence of Madame Adelaide, it was impossible for her to conceal them all, and volumes could be filled with instances of her known charities; but the good acts she did in secret far surpassed in number those which have reached the knowledge of the public. Her reward during life was in her own conscience—that of her memory will be in the blessings of the thousands whom she has succoured.

Madame Adelaide was never married, but rumour states, “that Robespierre proposed for her hand, and offered to save her father, Louis Egalite, from the scaffold, if he would consent to the match.” It is also stated that madame has for the last three years been suffering from a complaint in the throat, which required cauterising with muriatic acid. Her Royal Highness was attended by M. Ducog, who performed the operation when required, but being suddenly seized with an attack of influenza, she was unable to bear up against her old malady, and at last sunk, literally choked. The remains of this illustrious princess have been embalmed, and are placed in the family vault at Dreux. Numerous errors have appeared in the daily papers respecting the fortune left by Madame Adelaide; by some it is estimated as high as four millions sterling. *The Presse* is, we think, nearest the mark,—that journal states her income to be 1,800,000 francs, representing a capital of 60,000,000 francs, which according to her will, are to be thus disposed of—two millions to the young Duke de Chartres, second son of the late Duke of Orleans; ten millions to the Duke de Nemours, and the rest of her fortune to be divided between the Prince de Joinville, and the Duke de Montpensier. She has left nothing to the Count de Paris, nor to the Duke d’Aumale, whose fortune is very great, he having inherited the property of the Duke de Bourbon.

We cannot do better than close our remarks with the following interesting description of Madame Adelaide’s calm and tranquil death, which we have extracted from the *Journal des Debats*.

“The King loses in her Royal Highness the dear companion who had faithfully followed the different chances of his long life. Adversity, with its most cruel attendant exile, had commenced this indissoluble union, which death alone could terminate. Death, in fact, has gently severed the bonds which united together these two destinies, & intimately connected together. The life of Madame appeared dependent on that of the King, and for a length of time she bore up—as the persons who were admitted to the intimacy of the royal family knew perfectly well—only by the force of that affection. For a length of time the Princess was in a languishing state, subject to a serious malady which slowly wore out the strength, which the vicissitudes, the fatigues, and the chagrins of life

had left her. After the attempt of Lecointe she said to one of her ladies:—‘I may still live some time, but be assured that this day I have received my death-blow!’ She died on, however, sustained by that strong affection of the heart which had not grown old, and by the happiness which she enjoyed in that paternal intimacy which had been by turns her consolation, her support, her pride, and the joy of her old age. To love the King was her strong reason for living, and she struggled on to the last with that sole defence against death. She died away in the King’s arms, without suffering, without shock, almost without agony, smiling at death, of which she had foreseen the coming, but from which she had to support no rude attack. Her death was gentle, as she herself was kind and gentle to every one. Her Royal Highness was already dead when the hour arrived at which those around thought it was time to awaken her. Scarcely a few days since the Princess had been struck by the reigning epidemic, the attacks of which, of no great gravity elsewhere, had rendered more intense the affliction from which her Royal Highness had long suffered. However, her position, particularly since Thursday, did not inspire any serious inquietude. In the course of the 30th she had got up, vigorously complaining of extreme weakness. In the evening, she received the King and Royal family; she spoke to the Duc de Montpensier respecting the purchase of certain objects of art for Christmas presents. She even expressed a hope to be able to be present, but ‘sitting,’ she observed, at the receptions of the *jour de l’An*. In the evening she slept some time in her arm-chair; her sleep was easy, giving no evidence of suffering, her respiration being natural and light. The King entered the room whilst she was in this state, and went out again without awaking her. Some time after her Royal Highness’s medical attendant approached, and, having observed her with attention, began to distrust so prolonged and obstinate a state of insensibility. In a short time, certain grave indications gave to this sleep its veritable character—it was the death-struggle that was commencing. The King hurried in, in tears; all the Royal Family were informed of her position. The King, the Queen, the Princes, and the Princesses surrounded the arm-chair of the august patient, who received, in the midst of the prayers and tears of all her relatives, kneeling around her, the religious aid which opens heaven to the Christian soul—in a few minutes after Madame had ceased to exist. We shall add nothing to this recital. We have spoken of the great affection of the Princess for the King, but we shall not attempt to depict his Majesty’s grief. The pen stops short before the tears which fall so abundantly from the eyes of the afflicted brothers. Publicity recalls before the private

violations of royalty, not less inviolable in its griefs than in its prerogatives. There is but one thing that we desire to say to the public, and that is, that the King's affliction is not too much for his courage, and that the frightful wound which is now again opened at the bottom of his heart, so gruesomely tried five years back, will not shake either the constancy of his character, or the firmness of his mind. The loss which he has experienced is no doubt a great one, the loss is irreparable; but there still remains to the King his family, numerous joys for his old age, great and austere duties for his activity and devotedness."

THE SCHOOLMASTER ABROAD.

Spare the rod, and spoil the child.—*Proverb*

REFORMATION is the order of the day; and, among the manifold modern improvements, Mr. Strap, the schoolmaster, had his.

"I instruct," said Mr. Strap, "on an entire new system."

"You do?" said old Mrs. Gosling.

"I do," said Strap, oracularly.

"Now, do tell," said Mrs. Gosling.

"Madam," said Mr. Strap, "the world is six thousand years old."

"Law!" said Mrs. Gosling, admiringly.

"And it has been all that time wrong on the subject of the education of youth."

Mrs. Gosling opened her eyes and ears. She knew Mr. Strap was one of the wisest of men. He saw she liked to hear him talk, and he went on.

"Madam, children should never be whipped."

"No?" said Mrs. Gosling, interrogatively and with a guilty look. She had flogged her little son, Jim, every day of his life, once, at least, on an average. If ever she had omitted one day, from absence, illness, or any other accident, she made up the deficiency by flogging him twice the day after.

"Children," said Mr. Strap, "should never be whipped."

"No?" asked Mrs. Gosling.

"Never," said Mr. Strap. "How would you govern them, then?" asked Mrs. G., with simplicity.

"Kindness, madam," said Mr. Strap.

"But when kindness won't answer!"

"Reason, madam," rejoined Mr. Strap, with a magisterial wave of the hand.

"Reason may do well enough for some," said Mrs. Gosling, shaking her head doubtfully.

"It will do for all, madam, if properly applied. We are created with reason. We are not brutes. We are—we are—that is——"

"Certainly," said Mrs. Gosling.

"I shall hereafter conduct my school on an entirely new system," said Mr. Strap. "I shan't have a rod in it. I shall make my boys love me—respect my kind intentions—bow

to my reason—and obey me for their own good."

"What do you charge a year?" asked Mrs. Gosling.

"Fifty pounds per annum; and each boy to bring a silver spoon, two suits of clothes, and two pair of sheets," said Strap.

"I've been a-thinking," said Mrs. Gosling, "whether my son Jim is not old enough to be put under your care."

"What is his age?" asked Strap.

"Ten, last June."

"Certainly," said Mr. Strap; "I'll take him with pleasure."

"I must tell you frankly," said Mrs. G., "that I have had trouble with him."

"I'll take him, madam, and the trouble too," said Strap.

"He's very wild," said Mrs. G.

"No matter madam," reiterated Mr. Strap, with a smile of self-confidence; "I'll take him."

"He's a boy of good parts," said Mrs. G.; "but he's beyond my management."

"I think I understand his case, madam," said Mr. Strap, smiling again. "When shall he come?"

"When you please."

"Send him to-morrow."

"I will," said Mrs. Gosling.

"And come you and see him this day four weeks."

The next day, Master James Gosling, with two suits of clothes, a silver spoon, and two pair of sheets, arrived at Mr. Strap's boarding-school in the country, not far from the town where he had hitherto resided. He was a little red-headed boy, with short sandy hair standing straight out like a shoe-brush—a forehead half an inch high—a little pug-nose—an enormous mouth—no eyebrows—and a pair of small eyes, which looked green in the morning and red at night. Four of his front teeth had been knocked out fighting. He bit his nails half way down, so that you could not look at them without setting your teeth on edge. His hands were covered with warts, and he had a shrill, cracked voice. Jim was a sad fellow; and one would think, from the number of whippings he had received, must have had led but a sad life of it. It appeared, however, that he had accommodated himself to his situation, and that he lived, amid his multifarious flagellations, almost numb, like a salamander in the fire. He had been literally whipped through life, and had become hardened to it, soul and body, as a camel's knees are to the sand. Such was the lad sent by the over-wearied mother to Mr. Strap—not more, if the truth must be told, to get rid of a heavy trouble, than from curiosity to see what Jim would do in a school where they "never whipped."

On arriving at the school, Jim was let loose among the rest of the boys, to play. He got into a game of marbles, but his antagonists

soon perceived that he "cheated," and turned him out. He then took to the top, but the "fellows" found that he had brought into the arena a great, long-pegged thing, that cut their little, handsome tops to pieces.

The next morning the rope of "the swing" broke while a person who was swinging fell, to the imminent danger of his life. It was found that it had been cut two-thirds through. In the afternoon the pair of globes were scratched to pieces with a nail or knife: and when the usher went to ring the bell for bed, that necessary instrument was no longer to be found. A chain of circumstantial evidence fixed these things on James Gosling. Mr. Strap took the boy into his private room.

"James."

"Sir."

"Did you scratch the globe?"

"No, sir."

"Do you give me your word of honour?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you know what an oath is?"

"Yes, sir."

"Should you be willing to swear?"

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Strap then said—

"My son, to be candid, I do not believe you. I know you to be the author of these delinquencies."

James looked up into the mild face of his instructor with astonishment.

"If you will confess the truth I will forgive you. Are you not guilty?"

"Yes, sir."

"I thought so. Now you have imagined yourself here, doubtless, among enemies. I wish to show you that you are not so. We are all your friends. If you do wrong, you do so against those who love you. Is that right?"

"No, sir."

"Well, then, I am willing to believe you have done these things from bad habits—from want of reflection—from ignorance of the character of the instructors. I pardon you. Go down among your companions. Be a better boy for the future. I shall never have cause to complain of you again. Shall I?"

"No, sir."

"Go then, my dear child. Remember that the way to be happy is to be virtuous."

"Yes, sir."

"That if you intend to be respected in society, you must begin as a boy the honourable conduct which you mean to practise as a man. Go then, remember I love you, and trust to your generosity that you will not hereafter infringe any of the rules. Good morning, my dear son."

"Good morning, sir," said Jim.

Two days after this occurrence one of the ushers found a pin very ingeniously placed in his chair, to the great derangement of his own ideas and the undisturbable merriment

of all the school when the discovery was proclaimed. The next day the cat was killed, a creature which had been much beloved and was universally lamented, and in the evening one of the little boys was frightened actually into fits by a ghost fourteen feet high, with the head of a pumpkin and eyes as large as tea-cups.

The culprit was detected in James Gosling, and he was confined to a bread and water diet for three days, which did not prevent several of the boys' stockings being filled, before they rose in the morning, with prickly pears; and the usher, who slept in the room with the lads, on waking in the night, found his toes tied together by a long string communicating with the toes of six boys, who were also thus tied, the whole being linked together. Mr. Strap looked grave at this, and James Gosling might think his stars that he was the inmate of an establishment where "they never whipped." He had to wear a fool's-cap, two feet high, with a pair of jackass's ears attached to the top: but one of the little boys near him being unable to repress his laughter, James gave him a blow on the eye, which blinded him for a month. That very evening Mr. Strap's foot caught in a string laid across the top of the stairs, in such a way as nearly to break his neck. He took James again into the closet, and talked to him an hour. The arguments which he used would be quite too long for the limits of this article. Socrates could not have spoken more wisely. At the end he gave him a piece of cake, and sent him into the school-room, with a kindness more than paternal. James was this time melted. He wiped his eyes, and blew his nose, and Mr. Strap went on with his argument, till at length the worthy discipline of the new system felt assured of its success.

"He is mine!" said he to himself, with rather a benevolent smile. "He feels his error. He will do wrong no more. How much better thus to overcome errors than with the brutish use of this!" and he regarded a small bamboo cane, which he usually carried out with him in his walks.

The month had expired, and this was the day appointed for the visit of Mrs. Gosling. In the afternoon Mr. Strap went into his library, where he had sent James on some errand. The boy not returning, he followed him. He had been detained by a curious attraction. A beautiful little canary bird, accustomed to fill the house with music, had been hanging in its cage against the wall; the repentant boy had taken it down, and plucked off all its feathers, and was amusing himself by regarding its contortions and distress with a grin of delight. Mr. Strap forgot his system, but, obeying the honest and doubtless correct impulse of his soul, seized the young reprobate by the collar, and, having accidentally in hand his bamboo cane, gave him what people in the every-day world would term a regular *troussing*. Mrs. Gos-

ling entered while he was in the act. The naked canary-bird revealed the story.

"I ought to apologise," said Mr. Strap, taking breath.

"For thrashing my Jim?" asked Mrs. G., surprised.

"No, madam, but for having ever been such a fool as to suppose myself wiser than Solomon. I shall renounce *new systems*, and hereafter take the world as it is!" and poor Jim, after his brief reprieve, received his daily portion as regularly as ever.

Birchfield Academy. T. S. F.

FASCINATION.

"The sympathetic power of fascination is" (says a writer in the "Curiosities of Medical Experience") "a most unaccountable phenomenon. It is well known that in regions infested with venomous snakes, there are persons endowed both by nature and by art with the power of disarming the reptile of his poisonous capacities. The ancient Cyrenaica was overrun with poisonous serpents, and the Pythli were a tribe gifted with this faculty. Bruce informs us, that all the blacks in the kingdom of Senaar are perfectly armed by nature against the bite of either scorpion or viper. They take the cerastes, or horned serpent (one of the most venomous of the viper tribe), in their hands at all times, put them in their bosoms, and throw them to one another as children do apples or balls; during which sport the serpents are seldom irritated to bite, and, when they do, no mischief ensues from the wound. It is said that this power is derived from the practice of chewing certain plants, and this is probably the fact; these substances may impregnate the body with some quality obnoxious to the reptile. The same traveller has given an account of several of these roots. In South America a similar practice prevails; and a curious memoir on the subject was drawn up by Don Pedro d'Orbics y Vargas, detailing various experiments. He informs us that the plant thus employed is the *vejuc de guaco*, hence denominated from its having been observed, that the bird of that name, also called the serpent-hawk, usually sucked the juice of this plant before his attacks upon poisonous serpents. Prepared by drinking a small portion of this juice, inoculating themselves with it, by rubbing it upon punctures in the skin, Don Pedro, himself, and all his domestics, were accustomed to venture into the fields, and fearlessly seize the most venomous of the tribe. Acrell, in the *Amanitates Academicæ*, informs us that the *Sonaga* possesses a similar power. This power of fascinating serpents is so great, that, according to Bruce, theyicken the moment they are laid hold of, and are as exhausted by this invisible power, as though they had been struck by lightning, or an electrical battery. Dr. Mead, and Smith Barton, of Phila-

delphia, endeavours to explain this power by the influence of terror. This supposition, however, is not correct, since the serpent will injure one man, and not another, if the latter is gifted with this faculty, and the former one is not. Thieves have been known to possess the power of quieting watch-dogs, and keeping them silent during their depredations. Lindcrantz informs us that the Laplanders can instantly disarm the most furious dog, and oblige him to fly from them with every expression of terror. Several horse-breakers have appeared at various periods possessing the same art, and they would make the wildest horse follow them as tamely as a dog, and lie down at their bidding. It is most probable that these charmers derive their power from some natural or artificial emanation. The most singular power of fascination is perhaps that exhibited by the jugglers of Egypt, who, by merely pressing the serpent called *kayc* on the neck, stiffen the reptile to such a degree, that they can wave it like a rod.

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S KINDRED.—One begg'd of Queen Elizabeth, and pretended kindred and alliance, but there was no such relation. "Friend," says she, "grant it be so, do'st think I am bound to keepe all my kindred? Why that's the way to make me a beggar."

THE CHILDREN OF THE POOR.—Of all qualities, a sweet temper is perhaps the one least cultivated in the lower walks of life. The peculiar disposition is not watched; care is not taken to distinguish between the passionate child, the sulky, the obstinate, and the timid. The children of the poor are allowed a latitude of speech, unknown in the higher orders; and they are free from the salutary restraint imposed by what is termed company. When in the enjoyment of full health and strength, the ungoverned temper of the poor is one of their most striking faults; while their resignation under affliction, whether mental or bodily, is the point of all others, in which the rich might with advantage study to imitate them.

WHAT PLEASURE IT IS TO PAY ONE'S DEBTS!—I remember to have heard Sir Thomas Lyttleton make this observation. It seems to flow from a combination of circumstances, each of which is productive of pleasure. In the first place it removes that uneasiness which a true spirit feels from dependence and obligation. It affords pleasure to the creditor, and therefore gratifies our social affection. It promotes that future confidence, which is so very interesting to an honest mind: it opens a prospect of being readily supplied with what we want on future occasions: it leaves a consciousness of our own virtue: and it is a measure we know to be right, both in point of justice and of sound economy. Finally, it is the main support of simple reputation.—*Spectator*.

THREE TALES BY A GERMAN TRAVELLER.

TALE THE THIRD.

THE WESER BRIDGE; OR, THE HIDDEN TREASURE.

In order to remain secret, Francis took up his abode in an obscure part of the city, and went out only in the evening.

At length the much wished for period arrived. Before the morning dawned, he arose and hastened to the Weser Bridge, where, as yet, there was no person in sight. He walked up and down, full of conjectures about who the friend would be that was to tell him how to retrieve his fortunes. By degrees the bridge became covered with people passing to and fro. Many lame and blind beggars, among the rest, made their appearance, to solicit charity from the passengers. Among them was an old disbander soldier with a wooden leg, who was the first that asked alms of Francis. In the fullness of his heart, as he was expecting that day some good luck for himself, he gave him a Bremen flunder. The veteran, unused to such a sum, thanked him warmly.

As the morning advanced, the crowd of coaches, horsemen, foot-passengers, and stage-waggons, became more and more dense. Francis looked eagerly at every one, in hopes somebody would speak to him. But not a creature troubled himself about him, or at most he received only a cold and distant salutation. It was noon, and the throng began to diminish. The beggars took their bread from their pockets and ate. They gossiped with each other, and made observations upon the singular pedestrian who had been walking on the bridge since day-break, and whom they christened, in jest, the "Bridge-Beadle."

Francis, however, determined not to leave the bridge for a single moment. He bought, therefore, some fruit, and made it serve for his dinner. But by degrees he grew thoughtful and irritable. He drew his hat upon his brow, and with folded arms paced the bridge slowly from one end to the other. The shrewd old soldier with the wooden leg, took advantage of this circumstance to beg of him again, and was successful. He hobbled after Francis and spoke to him. The former, without once looking up, or thinking what he was about, threw a six-groat piece into his hat.

In the afternoon the bridge again became a scene of busy life, and the hopes of Francis revived. But still no friend accosted him, in spite of all his efforts to make himself noticed by those who were passing backwards and forwards. Towards evening it was once more still and deserted, and the beggars, one by one, began to disappear. Francis now sunk into despair. He had placed all his hopes upon this day, and no one had spoken to him. But what could he think but that the ghost had meant kindly towards him?

He was half tempted to throw himself over the bridge, in his despair, and put an end at once to his anxieties, when the old soldier approached once more and spoke to him. The grumble of Francis attracted his notice; moreover, his two liberal donations created a sort of interest in his mind; so he felt more concern for his situation than the other beggars. He remained on the bridge, when the rest were gone; watched the young man attentively, and puzzled himself to make out what might be his intentions. At length he addressed him:—

"Excuse me, sir," said he, "if I disturb your thoughts—"

"What is it you want?" interrupted Francis, peevishly.

"We were the first on the bridge this morning, and now we are the last. I and my companions came here to beg; but what brings you?"

"Ah! you can be of no use to me!" exclaimed Francis.

"I at least wish you well, and should be glad if I could serve you," replied the soldier, "for you have twice to-day given me rich alms, for which may God reward you. But you do not look so cheerful as you did in the morning, and I am sorry for it."

This sympathy touched Francis; he became communicative, and answered, "I expected to meet a friend here, from whom I was to receive important intelligence."

"Your friend is a bad man to keep you waiting so long, and were I in your place—"

"Yes," interrupted Francis, "but I only dreamt it was to be so;" for he did not like to tell the whole story about the ghost.

"Oh, a dream! who would trust to a dream? Dreams are shadows. I have had enough of them, and never believed in one. If I were possessed of all the riches that have been promised me in dreams, I might buy the whole city of Bremen."

"Oh! but my dream was so like reality, that it could hardly have been more so had I been awake, and seen and heard all with my eyes and ears."

"Oh!" rejoined the wooden-leg, "as to that, no one can dream more like reality than myself; and I don't think I ever forgot a dream in my life. I once dreamt—I cannot remember how many years ago—my guardian angel stood at my bedside, in the shape of a youth, with golden locks, and two silver wings at his shoulders. He spoke to me:—'Berthold,' said he, 'treasure up the words I utter, that not one of them may be forgotten. A great treasure is destined to become yours, which you must dig up, and which shall make you comfortable all the rest of your life. To-morrow evening, when the sun is descending, take a spade on your shoulder, cross the river, keep on the right-hand till you pass the cloister of St. John, then take your way through the court of the cathedral, and you will come to a garden that has this remarkable token,—four stone steps leading from the street to its entrance. Stay there

till the moon rises, then press with all your strength against the slightly-fastened door, and it will give way: enter boldly, and walk on to the vine. Behind it, on the left, a tall apple-tree rises above the low bushes beneath. Go to the root of this apple-tree, with your face turned towards the moon, and you will perceive, about three yards from you, two rose-bushes. There dig, three spans deep, till you come to a stone plate: beneath it the treasure lies buried in an iron chest. You will find it heavy and unwieldy, but do not despair of getting it up, for it will reward all your labour. If you find the key which is hidden under the chest."

Francis stared with astonishment. He knew from this minute description that the garden was one which formerly belonged to himself.

"And did you not go there and dig?" asked he, while he strove to appear quite unconcerned.

"Pooh!" exclaimed the old soldier; "why should I give myself unnecessary trouble? It was nothing, but a dream. The night is no man's friend. I have no fancy for having anything to do with ghosts and treasure-digging."

"Very true," replied Francis, and drew out his only remaining piece of silver coin. "There, old man," he continued, "take this, and drink my health with it. Do not fail to be upon this bridge every day: we shall meet again, I hope."

The grey-headed cripple, who had not received such alms for many a month, invoked a thousand blessings upon the head of his benefactor, and limped away to his dwelling, where he made a public-house, with new cheeriness: while Francis, animated with new-born hopes, hurried to his lodgings.

On the following day he got every thing in readiness that was necessary for his treasure-digging, and conveyed it to the proper place shortly before sunset. With an impatient longing he then waited for the rising of the moon. As soon as she shone with sufficient brightness to distinguish objects, he began his labour cheerily. All at once his spade struck against something hard, and in about a quarter of an hour a large chest became visible. With indescribable joy he continued to labour away till he got it out of the earth—opened it with the key which he found beneath it—and who shall describe his raptures as he perceived, after dragging standing together, not one of which contained less than a thousand gold pieces?

His father, to guard against unforeseen reverses of fortune, had buried a portion of his wealth in this garden, where, in the latter part of his life, he passed much of his time. Probably it was his intention before his death to have apprised Francis of it, but he was called away so suddenly that he carried his secret with him to the grave.

Francis now began to consider how he might best convey this wealth to his lodging without being perceived. It was too much to carry all at once. He hid the greater part of it, therefore, in the hollow of an old tree that stood upon a common. As much as he could take

with him he did, and at the end of three days he had managed to remove the whole of it. He then hired a better house, clothed himself in suitable apparel, and ordered a thanksgiving to be offered up in the cathedral for a traveller returned to his native city after a prosperous arrangement of all his affairs.

He appeared again upon the Exchange, and began a traffic, which in a few weeks so enlarged itself that he took spacious premises in the Market-place, employed book-keepers and numerous agents, and attended unwearily to business. His former flatterers and parasites began to gather round him; but he had grown wise by experience—not one of them could get footing in his house.

He remembered, with heartfelt gratitude, the old soldier, to whom he was solely indebted for his good fortune; and after some months went to the Weser Bridge to find him. He too had not forgotten the generous stranger, and often were his eyes keenly directed in search of his benefactor among the passengers. At length he one day saw a richly-dressed man at a distance, who appeared to resemble the stranger; he approached him hesitatingly, but greeted him with a friendly welcome when he found he was not mistaken.

Francis returned the old man's greetings, and said, "Friend, can you walk with me as far as the New Town, upon a business that concerns you?" "Your trouble shall not go unwarded."

"Why not?" answered the soldier. "Though I have a wooden leg, I can get on with it as fast as the lame dwarf who has charge of the city cattle. But wait a moment till that man in the grey coat has passed; every day, about this time, he gives me a six-groat piece."

"Follow me now," said Francis, "you shall not miss the six-groat piece."

The old man obeyed, and hobbled after Francis, across the little Weser Bridge, and over the dyke into Sortillen Street, where the latter stopped opposite a newly-built house, and knocked at the door. It was opened. Francis conducted the soldier in.

"Friend," said he, "you formerly procured me a delightful evening by means of what you related to me; it is but just that I should make the evening of your life serene. This house, with all it contains, and the garden in which it stands, are yours. The kitchen and cellar are well stored; a servant is ready to wait upon you; and, moreover, you will find a six-groat piece, every day at noon, under your plate. The man in the grey coat was my servant, through whom I daily sent you that sum, until this place was ready for you."

The old man was so surprised with his good fortune that he could not comprehend it. A flood of grateful tears flowed down his cheeks; but he was unable to find words to thank and bless his benefactor.

Francis now made a better use of his wealth than before. He lived frugally, and carried on his affairs with equal industry and integrity.

Thus he obliterated among his fellow-citizens all memory of the dishonour which his former prodigality had drawn upon him, and died, honoured and beloved, at a good old age.

WINTER EVENING PASTIMES.

RUBBIES.

I am by nature soft as silk,
By nature, too, as white as milk;
I am a constant friend to man,
And serve him every way I can.
When dipped in wax or plunged in oil,
I make his winter evenings smile:
By India taught, I spread his bed,
Or deck his favourite Celia's head;
Her gayest garbs I oft compose,
And, ah!—sometimes—I wipe her nose.
Solution.—Cotton.

There was a man bespoke a thing,
Which when the owner home did bring,
He that made it did refuse it,
He that bought it would not use it;
And he that had it could not tell
Whether it suited ill or well.
Solution.—Coffin.

ENGLISH TOWNS ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

A bird and a liquid letter.

Solution.—Dove.

Contention, and what belongs to a lamp.

Solution.—Warwick.

CHARADES.

In the words you're to guess, it has ever been reckon'd,

My first is not only my first but my second;
And another remark too, by no means the worst.

Is, my second's not only my second but first;
Turn both well in your mind, all folks will agree
That you've hit on my whole, by catching of me;
But the best of the jest is, though odd it may seem,

That I don't afford milk, though I do afford cream.

Solution.—Tar-tar.

My first is a prop; my second is a prop;
my whole is nothing else than a prop.

Solution.—Foot-stool.

REBUS.

A consonant add to a dignified Jew,
A wild little quadruped rises to view.

Solution.—Rabbit.

VEGETABLES OR HERBS.

A small coin, and whatever belongs to a Queen.

Solution.—Penny-royal.

To be on an equality, and to cut short.

Solution.—Par-snip.

An interjection, and to rove.

Solution.—O-range.

THE RIDDLING FOREST.

In what tree would you shut up a precious gift?

Solution.—Box.

What small tree is a letter of the alphabet?

Solution.—Tee (T).

What is the dandy among trees?

Solution.—Spruce.

THE LADDER OF LOVE.

Not far from Lorrich, upon the extreme frontiers of the Rhine province, are still to be seen the ruins of an ancient castle, which was formerly inhabited by Sibo, of Lorrich, a knight of great courage, but of a character any thing rather than gentle. It happened once, in a stormy eve, that a little old man knocked at the castle gate, and besought his hospitality, a request which was not a little enforced by the shrill voice of the wind, as it whistled through his streaming locks, almost as white as the snow that fell fast about him. The knight, however, was not in one of his mildest moods, nor did the wild dwarfish figure of the stranger plead much for him with one who was by no means an admirer of poverty, whatever shape it might assume. His repulse, therefore, was not couched in the gentlest language; and, indeed, deserved praise rather for its energetic conciseness than for any other quality. The little old man was equally sparing of words on his part, and simply saying, "I will requite your kindness," passed on his way with a most provoking serenity of temper.

At the time Sibo did not take this threat very much to heart; but it soon appeared to be something more than an empty menace; for the next day he missed his daughter, a lovely child, in her tenth year, who was already celebrated for her beauty throughout the whole province. People were immediately sent out to seek her in every direction, and at last the knight, finding none of his messengers return, set out himself for the same purpose. For a long time he was no more successful in his search than the vassals: nobody had seen her, nobody could give him any information, till he met with an old shepherd, who said, "that early in the day he had seen a young girl gathering flowers at the foot of the Redrich mountain; that, in a little time after, several dwarfs had approached the child, and, having seized her in their arms, tripped up to the summit of the rock with as much facility as if they had been walking on the plain. God forbid," added the shepherd, making the sign of the cross, "God forbid that they were of those evil spirits who dwell in the hidden caves of the mountain; they are easily excited to anger, which is too often fatal to its victims."

The knight, alarmed at this recital, cast his eyes towards the summit of the Redrich, and there, indeed, was Garlinda, who seemed to stretch forth her arms for his assistance. Stung with all the impotence of passion, he instantly assembled his vassals, to see if there was not one among the number who could climb the precipice; but, though several made the effort, none succeeded. He then ordered them to provide the instruments for cutting a pathway in the rock. This attempt, however, was not a jot more successful than the first, for no sooner had the workmen begun to use their axes, than such a shower of stones was poured upon their heads from the mountain top, that

they were compelled to fly for safety. At the same time a voice was heard, which seemed to proceed from the depths of the Redrich, and which distinctly uttered these words—"It is thus that we requite the hospitality of the Knight of Lorrich."

Sibo, finding earthly arms of no avail against the gnomes, had now recourse to heaven; and as he had certain private reasons for distrusting the efficacy of his own prayers, he bribed the monks and nuns of the neighbourhood to employ their intercession. But these holy folks prospered no better with their beads than the peasants had done with their pick-axes; the gnomes continued as immovable as their own mountain, and nothing was left to console the poor Sibö, except the certainty of his daughter's living. His first looks at daybreak, and his last at nightfall, were given to the Redrich, and each time he could see Garlinda on its summit, stretching out her little arms in mournful greeting to her father.

But, to do justice to the gnomes, they took all possible care of their little foundling, and suffered her to want for nothing; they built for her a beautiful little cottage, the walls of which were covered with shells, and crystals, and stones of a thousand colours. Their wives, too, made her necklaces of pearl and emerald wreaths, and found every hour some fresh amusements for her youth, which grew up in a continued round of delight, like a snow-drop in the first gentle visitings of the spring. Indeed she seemed to be a general favourite, and more particularly so with one old gnome, the sister of him who had tempted her by the flowers on the Redrich. Often would she say to her pupil, when her young eyes were for a moment dimmed with a transient recollection of past times: "Be of good heart, my dear child; I am preparing for you a dowry, such as was never yet given to the daughter of a king."

Thus rolled away four years, and Sibö had nearly renounced all hope of again seeing his Garlinda, when Ruthelm, a young and valiant knight, returned from Hungary, where he had acquired a glorious name, by his deeds against the infidels. His castle being only half a league distant from Lorrich, he was not long in hearing of Sibö's loss, upon which he determined to recover the fair fugitive, or perish in the attempt. With this design, he sought the old knight, who was still buried in grief for his daughter's absence, and made him acquainted with his purpose. Sibö grasped the young warrior's hand, and a smile, the first he had known for many years, passed over his hard features as he replied, "Look out from this window, my gallant stranger; as far as the eye can reach, it looks upon the lands of Sibö; below, too, in the castle vaults, where others keep their prisoners, I lock up my gold, enough to purchase another such a province. Bring me back my daughter, and all this shall be yours—and a prize beyond all this—my daughter's hand. Go forth, my young knight, and heaven's blessing go with you."

Ruthelm immediately betook himself to the foot of the Redrich to explore his ground, but he soon saw that it would be impossible to climb the mountain without aid from some quarter, for the sides were absolutely perpendicular. Still he was unwilling to give up his purpose; he walked round and round the rock, exploring every cleft and cranny, wishing that he had wings, and cursing the shapes that nodded their heads most triumphantly near the summit, as if in defiance of his efforts. Almost ready to burst with vexation, he was about to desist, when the mountain-gnome stood before him on a sudden, and thus accosted him:—

"Ho! ho! my spruce knight; you have heard, it seems, of the beautiful Garlinda, whose abode is on the summit of these rocks. Is it not so, my mighty man of arms? Well, I'll be your friend in this business; she is your pupil, and I promise you she is yours, as soon as you can get her."

"Be it so," replied the knight, holding out his hand in token that the offer was accepted.

"I am but a dwarf in comparison with you," replied the little man, "but my word is as good as yours notwithstanding. If you can manage to climb the precipice, I shall give you up the maiden; and though the road is somewhat rough, the prize will more than recompense your labour. About it, therefore, and good luck attend you on your journey."

Having uttered these words, the dwarf disappeared, with loud bursts of laughter, to the great indignation of Ruthelm, whose wit was altogether in his elbows. He measured the cliff with angry eyes, and at last exclaimed, "Climb it, quotha! yes, indeed, if I had wings."

"It may happen without wings," said a voice close beside him; and the knight, looking round, perceived a little old woman, who gently tapped him on the shoulder: "I have heard all that passed just now between you and my brother. He was once offended by Sibö, but the knight has long since paid the penalty of that offence; and, besides, the maiden has none of her father's harshness; she is beautiful, good, and compassionate to the wants of others; I am certain that she would never refuse hospitality, even though it were to a beggar. For my part, I love her as if she were my own child, and have long wished that some noble knight would choose her as his bride. It seems that you have done so; and my brother has given you his word, a pledge that with us is sacred. Take, therefore this silver bell, go with it to the Whisper Valley, where you will find a mine which has long ceased to be worked, and which you will easily recognise by the beech tree and the fir that twine their boughs together at its entrance. Go in without fear, and ring the bell thrice, for within lives my younger brother, who will come to you the moment he hears its sound. At the same time the bell will be a token to him that you are sent from me."

Request him to make a ladder for you to the summit of the Redrich; he will easily accomplish this task before the break of day, and, when done, you may trust to it without the slightest fear of danger."

Ruthelm did as the old woman had directed; he set out instantly for the Whisper Valley, where he soon found the mine in question, with the two trees entwined together at its opening. Here he paused in something like terror; it was one of those still nights, when the mind has leisure for apprehension. The moon shone sadly on the wet grass, and not a star was visible. For a moment his cheek was pale, but in the next instant it was red with shame, and he rang the bell with a most defying vehemence, as if to atone for his momentary alarm. At the third sound a little man arose from the depths of the mine, habited in grey, and carrying a lamp, in which burnt a pale-blue meteor. To the gnome's question of what did he want, the knight boldly replied by a plain story of his adventure; and the friendly dwarf, bidding him be of good cheer, desired that he would visit the Redrich by the break of day: at the same time he took from his pocket a whistle, which he blew thrice, when the whole valley swarmed with little gnomes, carrying saws and axes, and other instruments of labour. A sign from their leader was enough: they set off in the direction of the Redrich, when, in a few moments only, it was evident their task had begun by the horrible din that might be heard even in the Whisper Valley. Highly delighted with this result, the knight bent his way homewards, his heart beating as fast as the hammers of the gnomes, the noise of which accompanied him in his journey, and entertained him in his castle. Nor, indeed, did Ruthelm desire better music, for besides that the knights of those warlike times were more celebrated for hard blows than for fine ears, every sound of the axe was a step in the ladder, and every step in the ladder was a step nearer to Garlinda, with whom he had contrived to be desperately in love without the superfluity of seeing her.

No sooner had the morning begun to dawn than he set out for the Redrich, where he found that the gnomes had not made all that nightly clatter to no purpose: a ladder was firmly planted against the rock, and reached to the very top of the mountain. There was a slight throb of fear at his heart, as he mounted the lower steps, but his courage increased as he advanced. In a short time he arrived happily at the summit, precisely as the light of day was breaking in the east, when the first object presented to his eye was Garlinda, who sweetly slumbered on a bank of flowers. The knight was riveted to the spot, and his heart beat high with pleasure as he gazed on the sleeping beauty; but when she opened her bright blue eyes, and turned their mild lustre upon him, he almost sank beneath the gust of ecstasy that thrilled

through every vein. In an instant, he was at her feet, and poured forth the story of his love with a vehemence that at once confounded and pleased the object of it. She blushed and wept, and smiled as she wept, her eyes sparkling through their tears like the sun-beams shooting through a spring shower.

At this moment they were interrupted by the unexpected appearance of the gnome who had carried off Garlinda; behind him was his sister, testifying by her smiles how much pleased she was by the happy meeting of the lovers. At first the dwarf frowned angrily at the sight of Ruthelm; but when he perceived the ladder he readily guessed how all had happened, and burst into a sudden fit of laughter, exclaiming, "Another trick played me by my good old sister! I have promised though, and will keep my word. Take that which you have come so far to seek, and be more hospitable than your father. That you may not, however, gain your prize too easily, you shall return by the same way that you came: for our pupil we have a more convenient road, and heaven grant it may prove the road to her happiness."

Ruthelm willingly descended the ladder, though not without some little peril to his own neck, while the gnome and his sister led the maiden by a path that traversed the interior of the mountain, and opened at its base by a secret outlet. Here they were to part, and the old woman presenting her with a box formed of petrified palm-wood, and filled with jewels, thus addressed her:—"Take this, my dear child; it is the dowry that I have so long and often promised you. Do not forget your mountain friends, for in the various evils of the world you are going to visit, a day, perhaps, may come, when you will need their power. You'll think of this, my child." Garlinda thanked the dwarf, and wept in thanking him.

And now Ruthelm conducted the fair one to her father, though not without many a lingering look cast back upon the mountain she had quitted. To describe the old man's joy would be impossible; mindful of the past, he immediately gave orders that all who sought the hospitality of his castle should be feasted there with the utmost kindness for the space of eight days; and Ruthelm received the hand of Garlinda, in recompense of his knightly service. Both lived to the evening of a long and happy life, blest in themselves, and no less blest in their posterity.

For many years the ladder still remained attached to the mountain, and was looked upon by the neighbouring peasants as the work of the lover. Hence it is that the Redrich is yet known by the name of *The Ladder of Love*.

He is rich whose income is more than his expenses; and he is poor whose expenses exceed his income.

REMARKABLE CASES OF IMPOSTURE.—NO. V.

PERHAPS the most interesting of ghost-impostures is yet to be related. It occurred at the ancient palace of Woodstock, when the Commissioners of the Long Parliament came down to dispark what had been lately a royal residence. The commissioners arrived at Woodstock, 13th October, 1649, determined to wipe away the memory of all that connected itself with the recollection of monarchy in England. But, in the course of their progress, they were encountered by obstacles which apparently came from the next world.

October 16. This day the commissioners first sat for the despatch of business. In the midst of their first debate they entered a large black dog (as they thought) which made a terrible howling, overturned two or three of their chairs, and doing some other damage, went under the bed, and there gnawed the cords. The door all the time continued constantly shut, when after some two or three hours, Giles Sharp, their secretary, looking under the bed, perceived that the creature had vanished, and that a plate of meat which one of the servants had hidden there was untouched; and showing it to the commissioners, they were all convinced there could be no real dog concerned in the case; the said Giles also deposed on oath that to his certain knowledge there was not.

October 17. As the commissioners were this day sitting at dinner in a lower room, they heard plainly the noise of persons walking over their heads, though they well knew the doors were all locked, and there could be no human being there. Presently after, they heard all the wood which had been stacked in the dining-room, brought and thrown with great violence into the presence-chamber, as also the chairs, stools, tables, and other furniture, forcibly hurled about the room. When all this had some time ceased, the secretary proposed to enter first into these rooms, and, in presence of the commissioners, of whom he received the key, he opened the door, and entering with the commissioners following him, he there found the wood strewed about the room, the chairs tossed about and broken, the papers containing the minutes of their transactions torn, and the ink-glass broken over them; and yet no footsteps appeared of any person whatever having been there, nor had the doors been opened to admit or let out any one since the commissioners had been last there. It was therefore voted *nem. con.* that the person or thing that had done this mischief could have entered no other way than at the key-hole of the door.

October 18. In the night of this day, the secretary and two other of the commissioners' servants, as they were in bed in the

same room as their "honours," had their beds' feet lifted up so much higher than their heads, that they expected to have their necks broken, and then they were let fall at once with such violence, that they were propelled from the bed a considerable distance. This was repeated several times, the commissioners being amazed spectators of the scene. In the morning the bedsteads were found cracked and broken, and the secretary and his companions complained that they were sore to the bones with the tossing and jolting of the beds.

October 19. As they were all in bed together, the candles were blown out with a sulphurous smell, and instantly many wooden trenchers were hurled about the room, and one of them putting his head above the clothes, had not less than six forcibly thrown at him, which wounded him "very grievously."

October 20. This night, the candles were put out as before, the curtains of the beds in which the commissioners lay, were drawn to and fro many times with great violence; their "honours" receiving many cruel blows, and were much bruised ~~beside~~ with eight great pewter dishes, and three dozen wooden trenchers which were thrown on the bed, and afterwards heard rolling about the room. They also heard the falling of faggots of wood by their bedside, but in the morning neither faggots, dishes, nor trenchers were to be found in the room.

October 26. The beds were shaken as they had been for the last five or six nights, and the windows seemed all broken to pieces, the glass falling in vast quantities all about the room. In the morning, the windows were found whole, but the floor was strewed with broken glass.

October 29. At midnight, candles went out as before; something walked majestically through the room, and opened and shut the window; great stones were thrown violently into the room, some of which fell on the beds, others on the floor; and at about a quarter after one, a noise was heard "as of forty cannon discharged together, and again repeated at about eight minutes distance." These noises alarmed and raised all the neighbourhood, who coming into the commissioners' room, gathered up eighty large stones. During these noises, both the commissioners and their servants gave themselves up for lost, and cried for help; Giles Sharp, the secretary, snatched up a sword, and had nearly killed one of the commissioners, taking him for the spirit as he came in his shirt into his room. Part of the tiling of the house and all the windows of an upper room were taken away.

Other and worse tricks were practised on the astonished commissioners, who, considering that all the fiends of hell were let loose upon them, retreated from Woodstock without completing an errand, which was, in

their opinion, impeded by infernal powers, though the opposition offered was rather of a playful and malicious, than of a dangerous cast.

The whole matter was, after the Restoration, discovered to be the trick of one of their own party, who had attended the commissioners as their secretary, under the name of Giles Sharp. This man, whose real name was Joseph Collins, of Oxford, called *Funny Joe*, was a concealed loyalist, and well acquainted with the old mansion of Woodstock, where he had been brought up before the civil war. He wrote a tract which he called "The Secret History of the Good Devil of Woodstock," and in which he offers the following explanation of the strange circumstances.

By the help of two friends, an unknown trap-door in the ceiling of the bedchamber, and some gunpowder, he performed most of the tricks. The candles were contrived by a common trick of gunpowder put in them, to put themselves out by a certain time. The dog that began the farce was, as he swore, no dog, but truly a bitch that had the day before whelped in that room and made all this disturbance in seeking for her puppies; and which, when she had served his purpose, he let out and then looked for. By the trap-door his friends let down stones, faggots, glass, water, &c., which they either left there, or drop up again, as best suited with him; and by this way let themselves in and but without opening the doors and going through the key-holes. All the noises he declares he made by placing quantities of *white gunpowder* over pieces of burning charcoal on plates of tin, which, as they melted, went off with that violent explosion.

One thing there was beyond all the rest he tells us, which drove the commissioners from the house in reality, though they never owned it. This was, they had formed a reserve of part of the premises to themselves, and hid their mutual agreement, which they had drawn up in writing, under the earth in a pot in a corner of the room in which they usually dined, in which an orange tree grew; when in the midst of their dinner, one day, this earth of itself took fire, and burned violently with a blue flame, filling the room with a strong sulphurous stench; and this he also professes was his own doing, by a secret mixture he had placed there the day before.

We would not have our readers disbelieve *Funny Joe's* account of these remarkable events, from his naming either *white gunpowder* going off when melted, or his making the earth about the pot take fire of its own accord; since, however improbable these accounts may appear to some, and whatever secrets they might be in *Joe's* time, they are well known now in chemistry.

What he calls *white gunpowder*, is plainly the thundering powder which commonly

goes by the name of "fulminating powder." It is made thus:—nitro, three parts; carbonate of potash, two parts; flowers of sulphur, one part; dry, and reduce them separately to fine powder, then carefully mix them. About twenty or five-and-twenty grains, slowly heated on a shovel over the fire, first fuses and becomes brown, and then explodes with a deafening report. Fulminates of a much more powerful nature are known to chemists.

As to the last trick which was played off on the commissioners, there needs only to mix an equal quantity of iron-fillings, finely powdered, and powder of pure brimstone, and make them into a paste with water. This paste, when it has lain together about twenty-six hours, will of itself take fire, and burn all the sulphur away, with a blue flame, and most disagreeable smell.

INTERVIEW WITH NAPOLEON.

EXTRACTED FROM THE UNPUBLISHED MS. OF THE MARCHIONESS DE CREQUY.

THIS lady, who witnessed the splendours of the court of Louis XIV., and survived the honours of the revolution, was one of the wittest and most charming women whom France—fertile in these characters—ever produced. The admiration of three successive courts, she attracted the attention of, even the youthful conqueror of Italy; and we think the readers of the "TRACTS" will be grateful for the following lively description, which we think will be new to them:—

"The Bishop of Evreux told me, that M. de Talleyrand advised every body to be reconciled to the republican form of government, and to beg an audience of the First Consul, if they wanted to recover their confiscated estates. I replied, that M. de Talleyrand should set the example, by restoring De Crequy's mansion in the Rue d'Anjou, where my son formerly resided; and of which this benevolent ecclesiastic got possession in a truly national manner, by virtue of the laws of the Republic, and through the emigration of my daughter-in-law—for it was in that hotel that the Bishop of Autun then lived. He afterwards re-sold it to an English gentleman of the name of Crawford. The Baron de Breteuil, my near relation and principal heir, thought I had better write to Buonaparte on the subject; to which I at last consented; but it is impossible to imagine with what reluctance I took this step! Two days afterwards the Colonel —, aide-de-camp to Napoleon, called upon me; and, behold, a tall young man entered, who made three very low bows, and who told me in a most respectful manner that the First Consul wanted to see me, and would expect me the day after the next, at two o'clock in the afternoon. I

was astonished; and replied that I was very old and infirm, but that I would do my best to attend to his wish. After this interview I hastily sent for the Baron de Breteuil, to know how I should act in this affair; and his opinion was that I should not fail to accept the invitation, seeing that the First Consul might restore my confiscated estates. He added, it was thus he acted towards Madame de Coislin, whom he had treated very well; also the Princess de Quémenee, whom he addressed 'Your Highness' and to whom he was still more kind, by restoring to her the forest of Lorient. These ladies kept the purport of their visit to Napoleon to themselves, and we determined to act with the same discretion. I confess that my curiosity was excited, and at last I resolved to attend the audience of Buonaparte; but we agreed that it should be mentioned to no one, not even to Mesdames Matignon and Montmorency.

"It was the 12th of November, when the consulship had just been installed in the Tuilleries. I went in a chair, and was set down at the door of the innermost hall, like Mascarilla in Molière's comedy, or, if you prefer it, like the Countess of St. Florentine, at the palace of Queen Maria Ieczynska. But I must tell you, that, from want of a court-dress, such as was worn in old times, or as is worn at present, I went in my everyday suit; that is to say, my petticoat, and short silk gown, with my hood and mantle to match. 'The Citoyenne Crequy' was announced, and in a moment I was tête à tête with the hero of Arcola and the ruler of the Pyramids. He eyed me attentively for two or three minutes, with a meditating air, which ended in an affected look of commiseration. Then, with an expression which I could almost call filial, he said 'I longed to see you, Madame la Marechale;' but immediately afterwards resuming a concealed and rather impertinent look, he continued, 'I wished to see you. You are an hundred years old?'

"Not quite, General, but bordering on it."

"How old are you, exactly?"

"I had a mind to laugh at such a question, and, above all, on account of his commanding and austere countenance."

"Sir," replied I, smiling, (as one smiles at my age, alas! and perhaps he perceived me), "I cannot tell you precisely—I was born in a chateau in the province of Maine."

"Ah! yes," said he, hastily interrupting me, "the registers in your time were badly kept, or even did not exist. You have seen Louis the Fourteenth," continued he, in an elevated and somewhat impassioned tone.—"Did you see Peter the Great, Madame la Marechale?"

"I had not that honour—I was in the country."

"I know you were acquainted with the Cardinal de Fleury. Is it true that he hoped

to have been able to have obtained the imperial crown of Louis the Fifteenth? Had Louis the Fifteenth any chance of being elected?"

"But, General, every one thought that he would have succeeded, were it not for the bad faith of the King of Prussia, whom the Cardinal never forgave for having broken his word with the King."

"Frederick was more skilful, but not more cunning than Fleury. That old Cardinal was as crafty as an old fox." (Here follow two lines quite illegible from the decayed state of the manuscript).

"Or perhaps in 1718."

"That was," replied Buonaparte, "the year that Aguesseau was exiled in. Did you know the Chancellor d'Aguesseau?"

"I have often seen him, General; he was the intimate of my father-in-law."

"Did you know Dubois, and Cartouche?"

"The severe look which I gave him was all the answer I returned; the recollection of that look makes me tremble even now. He himself was uneasy at having put the Dowager Marchioness de Crequy in bodily fear, by asking after Cartouche, and returned me a smile of such candour and mildness, but of such deep art, that I was quite put out by it."

"Permit me to kiss your hand," said he.

"I was about to take off my mitten with all expedition, when he said, with an air of extreme solicitude, 'Never mind it, my good mother;' and he pressed his lips with fervour to that part of my poor decrepid and aged fingers which was uncovered. He then restored to me our estates with the most perfect grace; after which he spoke of the noble conduct of the Duke de Crequy Lesdiguieres at Rome, adding, that France did wrong in destroying that noble pyramid in the Vatican, which showed the return the Court of Rome had made to him when ambassador."

"He did not know, or perhaps did not recollect, that on the very monument whose destruction he regretted, the Corsicans were stamped as 'an infamous nation, hated by the world, and unworthy of being the subjects of any king!'

"I could not make out why he called me 'Madame la Marechale;' but as I knew he had addressed poor La Gallasiniere, who had never sailed farther than from Calais to Dover, as 'Monsieur l'Amiral,' I thought he had a mind to allude to the date, origin, and nature of his consular authority."

A SMALL PRESENT.—"I will give you my head," exclaimed a person to Montesquieu, "it every word of the story I have related be not true." "I accept your offer," said the president; "presents of small value strengthen the bonds of friendship, and should never be refused."

THE CANTING BUSY-BODY.

THIS specimen is of a numerous and persevering class, nearly allied to that of genuine hypocrites. It has not been determined whether the masculine or feminine gender predominates, but it is generally supposed the latter is the most numerous.

The principal characteristics are as follow:

1st. A strong disposition to sigh and groan as if in deep tribulation, while they are in fact as happy as their neighbours.

2nd. A constant habit of professing that they are fallen wicked creatures, who cannot be saved, though they practise all the cardinal virtues, if they have not faith; and that they can and will be saved, though they are loaded with sins, if they have faith.

3rd. A determination to convince other people that they ought to feel the same conviction.

4th. An opinion, that while they own their sins, and proclaim themselves the most wicked of the sons of men, they are in reality exceedingly good people.

5th. A belief that the rest of the world, whom they pretend to admit are better than themselves, are in fact infinitely worse, and a strong disposition to convert them.

6th. An affected abhorrence of being happy on a Sunday, or seeing others so, and a condemnation of every species of recreation or relaxation from every thing but sighing and looking miserable, while they indulge themselves in their own way to their heart's content.

7th. A total banishment of all decorum in their process of converting their fellow-creatures,—evinced by obtruding themselves upon private families, especially under the mask of assisting them, and in the most shameful appeals to the sick, whom they profess to comfort, but in truth often frighten or worry to death, having a strong objection to allowing people to die quietly.

8th. A blindness to all their marvellously great and confessed sins, and an eye that can see the wickedness of others glowing in horrible colours. They despise a dealer who gives short weight or measure, while they charge things twice over themselves. They condemn card-playing, and gamble with dominoes. They abhor working on Sundays, but make their servants slave. They forswear lying in law, and deceive by shrugs and looks and evasions.

This class will not easily be confounded with any other of the tribe, their meddling is the more disagreeable, as it is with the affairs of the next world, affairs by the way, which we dislike to trifle with in print, and which we only notice to put our friends upon their guard.

They attack the infant as soon as it can creep, teach it to speak the most sacred names without knowing their import, cry up the babe as a prodigy of piety before the elect

people of their order, dress up the miracle for their magazine, and thus publish to the world the simplest occurrence as an instance of divine interference.

They attack the growing youth, and especially if in delicate health, prey upon his nerves and spirits by horrible pictures of a future world, work the little victim into a proper sort of mind as they call it, for their purpose, and then mould the conversation, the manner, and the conduct of the half-idiot, to what shape they please; that he may finish his career in the precise mode which they point out, and in fear and trembling pronounce sentences which they have crammed into his mouth, that they may hold the deluded child up to their friends as a saint.

They attack the adult under the plea of offering assistance, which they only give as the price of conformity to their will. If he be not of a right frame of mind, they point out all the objects that can make him wretched. The picture of helpless and destitute children, or aged and dependent parents, in all the states of misery which their feeble imagination can draw, will affect the stoutest heart, and when they have accomplished the first step of making him unhappy, they commence doing out the comfort, and this they call charity.

They attack the aged on his death-bed, and if they find him approaching the close of life with a placid smile of conscious rectitude, with a belief that he has fought the good fight, and is about to rest from his labours, that he has set his house in order and awaits with patience the coming of the guest, they rush to the onset with an appetite for mischief of which a fiend might feel ashamed: they break through the calm reflection of the dying man, by recalling his attention to things around him, they disturb his communion with his Maker by indecent appeals to his past actions, they ruffle the peaceful disposition of his soul by affected prayers which apply not to his state, they worry their victim on the very brink of the grave, and rob him of the most precious of all Heaven's bounties, a calm and happy close to his mortal life.

This they accomplish to a great extent among the poorer classes, the fight of plaguing whom, they purchase by some paltry apology for almsgiving—for the receipt of a sixpence from their bountiful hand, gives them free admission as the directors of the household, confess the right of lecturing its inmates at all hours, and throws into their hands the power of propagating hypocrisy in its worst form, and exalting it to its most malignant shape—such is a Canting Busy-body.

The necessities that exist are in general created by the superfluities that are enjoyed.

FACTS AND SCRAPS.

Barnet tells us, that Algernon Sidney was against all public worship, and every thing that looked like a church.

Formerly at the lecture at St. Gregorie's in Norwich the ministers had 2s. 6d. a sermon, whereupon Mr. Legate when he preached, say'd they gave them Judas his pay, which was 30 pence.

A thinking man is, doubtless, very much embarrassed in a crowd; because a multitude and a noise are great enemies to reflection: but such a man will, perhaps, derive, from the enjoyment of his thinking powers, double satisfaction when he gets out of it.

The worst precedents often originate in the best times; and the worst times are sometimes productive of the best laws.

FOOTE'S LAMENESS AND SEVERITY IN REPARTEE.—A gentleman with whom he was intimate, happening, in the course of conversation, to say something in jest about a game-leg. Foote replied, "Pray, sir, make me allusion to my weakest part; did I ever attack your head?"

Our most indifferent actions bear the impress of individuality; we may convey an impression not to be effaced for years, by an unconsidered word or gesture—nay, by our very silence, and all the time unconscious of having done or said any thing at all; it is never by our deliberate actions that we persuade others to estimate us.

Rumour is a pipe,
Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures;
And of so easy and so plain a stop,
That the blunt monster, with uncounted heads—

The still discordant wavering multitude—
Can play upon it.—*Henry IV.*

A French woman is a perfect architect in dress; she never, with Gothic ignorance, mixes the orders; she never tricks out a squabby, Doric shape with Corinthian finery: or, to speak without metaphor, she conforms to general fashion only when it happens not to be repugnant to private beauty. The English ladies, on the contrary, seem to have no other standard of grace but the run of the town; and fashion give the word, every distinction of beauty, complexion, or stature, ceases.—*Johnson.*

A certain woman came to a man, the Emperor, and, with much clamour, complained to him of her husband. The man the Emperor, mildly answered her, that of these things to him it was no business; she had also often made complaint to his Majesty. To which he then said, "What is that to thee?"

Fergus O'Donoghue recently addressed a letter in *The Star*, to the women of England, whom he styles, "My dear children." How loved the women of England must be of such a respected Irish Poet.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, No. 3, Catherine Street, Strand.

Miss C.'s "Riddle" has been sent to our "Master of the Riddle." She longs to have a finger in our pages, as well as in a "ring."

C. W. (Old Ford).—We shall peruse your contribution next week, for which please to accept our thanks.

A SPORTING SUN.—The best guide to the "Turf" is the "Ruff" (rough) one—a knock-down blow.

FIN MACCLOLO.—We must decline answering it is too much to require from what stores we draw our information.

TO NUMEROUS CORRESPONDENTS.—If we were to attend to all the advice given, TRACTS FOR THE PEOPLE should be ten times their present size. Some folks like roast beef, some boiled mutton, others Irish stew. We intend to cook our own dish after our own fashion, and not to allow ignorant people to make a "mess" of it.

MARY.—We feel obliged by your offer, but must decline the verses, having a pile of gratuitous poetic contributions.

A. B. C. (Rugby).—The last verse we do not admire, but are glad you found "it was all a dream." We shall have something better from you soon.

W. S. (South Shields).—Surely you are romancing! For heaven's sake, shun your trade, if you have one, and do not think of writing a romance.

FRANKLIN.—The MS. has been returned to the gentleman from whom we received it. Thanks for the offer, it is not quite suitable for our pages.

G. G.—The riddle about the "pig" is too old for us, notwithstanding its appearance in a Sunday paper of recent date. Send us something new, and you will oblige.

JONES.—We admire your taste. The illustration to *TRACTS*, No. 3, is as you say, "a fine specimen of wood engraving."

Mrs L. G.—We feel flattered by your promise of recommendation. Our publication is suited to the taste of rich and poor.

H. T. (Bayswater).—It is our intention to publish Quarterly Parts.

TO NUMEROUS ADMIRERS, OF *TRACTS*, No. 1, has been reprinted.

K. M. C.—Those printed by Messrs. Palmer and Clary, Crane Court, Fleet Street, for the Royal Observatory, Greenwich.—The *Irishman* (London Mail) generally arrives twice a week. It should have stated from what part of India. The time from Bombay, by the *Peninsular*, varies from 60 to 40 days. The mail from Calcutta, 15th Nov. last, reached London on the 10th inst. with nit.

HYMN.—We have no objection to your using (Mary-lebone's) hymn, but we probably know that you have used it before. We always answer those who trouble us with communications, but never intend to fill our columns with answers to correspondents (after the *Hibernian* fashion) before we have time.

J. SWINALE.—The smallest donation will be thankfully received; but let it be in English dialect. If approved it will be inserted.

R. G. has our best thanks for his contribution. We do not pay for poetry, but will insert his lines with pleasure.

R. C. G.—Declined with thanks.

THE FOUR HENRI.—The *Tales from ancient Irish History* will be continued from time to time.

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TRACTS

for the People.

A WEEKLY MISCELLANY OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE AND AMUSEMENT.



[MR. G. V. BROOKE, THE TRAGEDIAN.]

It is very long since the metropolis witnessed any thing like the interest and enthusiasm which has been created in the theatrical world within the last week or two, by the first appearance of Mr. Brooke on a London stage, at the little Olympic Theatre, in Wych Street. Rarely has it been the good fortune of a minor theatre to introduce so much genius and ability to the notice of the London play-goer. Few actors have ever met with such

immediate and triumphant success. Mr. Brooke is not a novice. He has had nearly fifteen years constant and practical experience of his agitated profession in the provinces, and through almost the whole of that period he has enjoyed great popularity. His fame long ago reached London, and not a few efforts have been made to put his tragic abilities to the ultimate test of metropolitan criticism. From various causes, this was delayed till the first

instant when Mr. Brooke made his *débüt*, in the Olympic, in the character of *Othello*. Although a stage veteran, Mr. Brooke is but a young man, not having yet completed his 30th year.

Mr. Gustavus V. Brodie was born in Hardywick Place, Dublin, on the 26th of April, 1818, and is the eldest son of a gentleman of independent property, who, dying in the year 1825, left a widow and four children. Young Brooke, at an early age, was sent to the well-known school at Edgeworth's Town, conducted by the brother of Miss Edgeworth, the novelist, where he received the rudiments of a liberal education. Some of the gifts which nature has so lavishly bestowed on this most accomplished actor, and which are the most attractive features of his histrionic talent, were conspicuously manifested while at the school. He carried off nearly all the prizes for English declamation. Mr. Brooke was designed for the law, and his relatives determined, but he should have the fullest advantages of a liberal education, to qualify him for the Irish bar. Preparatory to entrance at Trinity College, he was accordingly removed to Dublin, and placed under the classical tuition of the Rev. William Jones, of Denmark Street, Rutland Square. Mr. Brooke, however, had not been long so engaged before an event occurred which changed the current of his thoughts, and altered his professional destiny. He had not attained his 16th year when, by chance, he paid a first visit to the principal theatre in Dublin, then, as it still is, under the management of Mr. William Calcraft. The performance produced an intense effect on young Brooke's mind, and to use a common expression, he became "stage-struck." On the following day, unknown to his friends, he called on Mr. Calcraft, and requested permission to make an appearance in the leading character of Sheridan Knowles's play of *William Tell*. Mr. Calcraft received his young visitor with kindness, but at the same time pointed out the impropriety of the course. Mr. Brooke, however, was not so easily to be diverted from his histrionic ambition. He persuaded the manager to hear him recite the celebrated passage concerning, "Ye peaks and crags," which was delivered with so much force, and propriety of action and elocution, that Mr. Calcraft could not refrain from expressing his approval. Soon after a circumstance occurred which gave the future tragedian an opportunity of gratifying his ambition of an appearance on the stage. Edmund Keen had been announced to appear in Dublin, and much interest was of course excited amongst the play-goers of that gay city. Just as the time of his appearance approached, Mr. Calcraft received a letter from London, intimating that Keen was seriously ill, and could not possibly fulfil his engagement. The manager was at his wit's end, but suddenly bethought himself of his young visitor, and aware that his good townsmen are easily pleased, so long as they have novelty, he resolved to bring forward young Brooke as a "stop-gap."

Accordingly the young gentleman was announced in the bills, and on Easter Tuesday, 1833, he made his first appearance on the stage, in *William Tell*. The performance had all the blemishes which were naturally to be expected in an inexperienced boy of 15, but evinced also the possession of histrionic talent of the highest promise. His stage was so successful that he successively appeared in *Virginia, Fredericka*, in *Lover's Vows, Pongles, Kulla, &c.* Related with this success, he visited Glasgow, Edinburgh, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Manchester, Liverpool, Sheffield, Norwich, Ipswich, Colchester, Dartmouth, Cambridge, King's College, Belfast, Cork, and most of the provincial theatres in the three kingdoms, in the course of which engagements he enacted many of the leading Shakspearian parts with great applause. For several years Mr. Brooke pursued the active study of his profession, and daily evinced new capabilities for its highest walks. In eight or nine years Mr. Brooke had become a most accomplished and popular artist. He displayed much versatility of talent, appearing in all the leading parts of tragedy, occasionally in light comedy; and what was more surprising, he had great power for broad comedy in the personation of Irishmen. His *O'Callaghan in His Last Legs, Rony O'More*, and *Percy O'Hara*, in the *Irish Attorney*, were highly performances, full of rollicking gaiety and humour, with a rich *savvy brogue*. Mr. Brooke has now wisely confined his dramatic exertions to the nobler departments of his profession; but had he made Irishmen his "line of business," he would have reached the first place on the stage.

Mr. Brooke has a tall, graceful form, and a countenance full of intelligence, and of marvellous capability of expressing varied and intense passion. His whole mien is grace and dignity; to these outward perfections, there is the invaluable gift of a magnificent voice, which from the grand swelling words of regal tragedy to the softest melody of the most melodious verse is equally effective, grand, and beautiful. But he has the higher attribute still of a mind which can seize the conceptions of our great poet and give them full and original development. Mr. Brooke is no copyist beyond the mere mechanical conventionalisms of the stage. His rendering of the lofty and passionate character of *Othello* is as great and original as was the conception of the character by the poet. Comparisons will necessarily occur with the development of such a character by so great a genius as Keen; but the necessity for such a comparison only more strongly exhibits the power of the actor. It Brooke wants the intensity of Keen's subtlety and fiery passion, he gives a more agreeable and consistent portraiture of the whole, and has a more artistic power of perfection in details. He is very great in the expression of those sudden transitions in the passionate character of *Othello*, and which

so frequently occur, descending from the heights of ungovernable passion or despair to thrilling gushes of tenderness. The criticism of the press has manifested a rare unity of sentiment as to this great merit as a man of genius and an artist. Almost all the journals have united in awarding him the highest praise, and well does he merit all that has been said of him.

The leading journal says—"His bursts of jealous passion came down with terrific weight, and whether he soared on the wings of rage or sank exhausted beneath its force, all was fresh, energetic, and genuine. There was nothing in his points to suggest a reminiscence of other actors. There is no mistake about the success of Mr. Brooke. It was not only a success marked by plaudits, but by the conversation of the old theatrical loungers. He was called with enthusiasm, and has excited an interest which will not speedily subside." Another critic remarks that, "Mr. Brooke's personal appearance is graceful and elegant, and his features, as far as they could be discerned through the night-tints, plastic and expressive. His voice is weighty, sonorous, and rich, and his diction easy and dignified, whereby the declamatory passages of the tragedy (the addresses, for instance, to the senate) came out with singular majesty and force, while those of a more pathetic nature were rendered with a delicacy of feeling—with a burdened sense of misery and disappointment—which was scarcely surpassed by the elder Kean, who seldom, it may be remarked, produced a deeper, and more impressive effect." The sentiment is common to all, that Mr. Brooke possesses unmistakable signs of genuine histrionic genius.

Mr. Brooke is a gentleman and an accomplished scholar, and a man of sterling social qualities. As yet, he has only appeared in London in *Othello*, but we believe he will soon give the metropolitans a taste of his quality in the best of Edmund Kean's greatest parts. The man who can so splendidly render *Othello* as Brooke has done, need have no fear of the rest. He has achieved the most difficult triumph of the stage. It is but the re-echo of the united voice of critical opinion, to say that this young and gifted actor has a brilliant future before him.

A PROPHECIC AND PROFITABLE DREAM.

A curious story has been afloat in the gay city of Bath for some weeks past. We give it as it has reached us. A professional gentleman, residing in Bath, having been suddenly called on to administer to the effects of an elderly lady recently deceased, his wife told him she had some indistinct recollection of a communication once made to her by the now

deceased lady, respecting some money which she kept secreted about her person. The conversation was represented to have taken place in that portion of the Assembly-rooms where, on Wednesday evenings, married and elderly ladies much do congregate, to study the poem's involved in short whist, but the husband treated it as some idle gossip, and took no further notice. In "the dead waste and middle of the night," however, he was suddenly awakened by the lady—his wife, we mean, not the departed—who told him she could not sleep for dreaming of their departed friend, who had told her that she constantly kept a large sum of money sewn up in her stays. The husband pushed and pulled about the dreams and the stays and the money, but all to no purpose, no more tranquil sleep that night could the lady get, and consequently small was the portion enjoyed by her unhappy spouse. To pacify her, he at length promised to "see about it" in the morning, and in fulfilment of his promise went early to the house of the deceased, and, with a blush and a stammer, requested the *femme-de-chambre* to bring him her late mistress's stays. The woman, a blanch combed—they were not new ones—our professional daintily and awkwardly handled the mysterious piece of machinery, held it up to the light, fancied he saw a little extra wadding in some particular corner, gently disengaged the lurking contents and found in his hand, in good bank notes and true, the sum of one hundred and sixty pounds!

A COURTSHIP IN THE TIMES OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

THE slanting rays of the setting sun were trembling on the still waters of Convoe Bay, and pouring a stream of golden light through the dense foliage of the forest trees that clustered on the rocky headlands, when a huge and noble hound glided softly down the channel of a twinkling streamlet, and stood on the yellow sand at the foot of the hill, with his eyes fixed keenly across the beach. After remaining in this attitude for some minutes, as motionless as if he had been cut out of stone, without altering the direction of head or eye, he slowly crouched at the foot of the rock, and continued to keep the same watchful look across the margin of the bay. While thus lying, a long, snake-like boat, issuing, as it were, from some cavern, rowed noiselessly within the shadow of the cliffs, landed a boy in the dress of a page, and then glided away as stealthily as it had advanced. Seating himself upon a ledge of rock, the page now looked anxiously in the same direction as the hound that still continued to crouch at some distance unheeded and unobserved.

While thus engaged, a man in the dress of a hunter, but whose silver-mounted horn and chain of gold showed that he was of good

green, appeared upon the scene, and carelessly touching his beaver, accosted the boy, and observed—"Ye have chosen a lone spot, my boy, or a resting-place."

"I have often chosen the spot I liked the best," replied the page, coldly.

"Well warded, my young springald," replied the other, "but know'st thou not that these lands are not for every man's footstep, and as ye come unbidden, it may need that ye tell thine errand."

"And who be ye that ask?" demanded the page.

"He who calls them lord—Sir Edgar Roland!"

"Ha!" cried the boy, starting to his feet, with a flushed cheek and a sparkling eye. "Sir Edgar Roland! A foul traitor, he!"

"How now, ye saucy page!—what mean ye?" replied Sir Edgar, in some astonishment.

"Even that I have said," continued the angry boy. "By mine honour, the doughty Lord of Conyn must have faithless retainers, if he dares the presence of a boy upon a barren rock."

"By my faith, but I pass not on until I have known thine errand. This is no place for page, and I would stake my best steed ye come not here alone.—Page," said I," continued Sir Edgar, looking keenly at the boy. "Nay, by the mass! that swelling bosom, that soft voice, that blushing cheek—Heaven! my pretty page, what means this masquing?"

"Unhand me!" cried the other, struggling in Sir Edgar's grasp, who had rudely caught him by the arm; when, at that instant, the hound, with a single bound, seized the knight by the throat, and dashed him to the earth.

"Down, Ringwood, down!" cried a youth—also attired as a hunter—rushing down the cliff, crashing the tough boughs, and throwing down in his course a portion of the crumbling bank. "Down, Ringwood! Ah, Sir Edgar!" continued he, recognising the knight as he raised himself. "What has this youth done to offend thee?"

"Know'st thou the page, Allan?"

"Aye, marry do I. It was even to meet the boy that I came hither."

"Boy!" repeated the other. "By St. Anne! thou keepest dainty company, cousin of mine."

"My good youth," said Allan Roland, taking the page's hand, as soon as Sir Edgar had disappeared, "I grieve that ye have been molested on thy kindly errand. I have to thank thy friendly warning for my life."

"Ye visited thy false cousin, although I warned thee," replied the page.

"Even so; but there was many a noble gentleman present; for the feast was in memory of the founder of our house. But, by our Lady's grace, I drank not of his cup; for ere my hand had touched it, I bethought me of thy warning. 'Twas then, his own infant son, a merry blue-eyed boy, came into the hall. I beckoned him, and raised him to my knee. The child looked wistfully at the wine-

cup; Sir Edgar's eye was upon me; I raised the poisoned cup, and——"

"You gave it not the child! you gave it not the child!" cried the page, clasping his hands.

"Nay, I had drunk it myself rather; but my cousin's cheek turned pale; and then, kind youth, I felt thy warning to be true, and soon left the dangerous roof of my false kinsman. nor have we met since, until now, when Ringwood's fangs were in his throat."

"They say ye are about to wed the Lady Agnes Dorville," observed the page, with a slight blush upon his cheek.

"The lady is, indeed, my affianced bride, our fathers willed it so."

"She is fair," said the page musingly, "and of noble kindred. But answer me one question, for the sake of my mistress, whose warning saved ye. Do ye love the Lady Agnes?"

"Nay, nay, my boy, I may not answer questions like these."

"Thy brother Ralph loves her."

"Umph!"

"And she once loved Sir Ralph."

"Umph!"

"Allan Roland, you love her not!"

"Foolish boy, what recketh that to thee?"

"There is one who loves thee, aye, who would die for thee, Allan; but woman's heart is a bauble easily won and lightly prized: and yet I call that nameless lady mistress. And now, in return for her warning, I seek a favour at thy hands, both for herself and me."

"Name it, boy."

"The first wish that ye cherish that noble dog, who to-day has saved me from rough treatment. This I ask as my own favour."

"Granted willingly. Ringwood shall be—"

"And I crave for my mistress," continued the page, "that ye neither woo nor ask maid in wedlock for a twelvemonth and a day."

"'Tis a rare request, my boy; but for thy lady's grace—although I know her not—I care not if I grant that also."

A look of pleasure came over the features of the boy; and having thanked the youth for his courtesy, he drew a small silver call from his girdle, sounded it gently, and immediately the same boy, noiselessly but rapidly approached. The page stepped into it again, waved adieu to his companion, and was soon lost amid the shadows of approaching night.

Bright shone the lights of Greenwich Palace upon the broad bosom of the Thames, and many were the sounds of merriment that issued from its halls—for the noblest and fairest of the land were that evening around the queenly Elizabeth—and music, masquing, and gay devices, causing the hours to pass delightfully, and on rapid wing; and now the queen is led through the mazes of the dance by the princely O'Neil, whom it is both her wish and her policy to honour; and Essex looks sullen, and Raleigh is smiling, both at the queen's preference for

the Irish lord, and at his rival's moody brow; whilst peers, knights, and gallants, with fair maids and dames in the gorgeous dresses of the day, are moving about in the festive scene.

"Don't see that youth to whom the grave Cecil speaks?" inquired a beautiful dark-eyed girl of her fair companion, as they stood in a small recess, half hid by the drapery of one of the windows.

"Allan Roland, mean'st thou?"

"Ave, marry do I don't see the youth?"

"I do; but why look ye so steadfastly at me, coz?"

"You do not blush, Agnes. Methought you loved him."

"By my fav, I have small cause. Six months have gone by since the day appointed by our fathers for our union, and yet he rarely seeks my smiles or presence. 'Tis a tardy wooer, I promise you."

"Thou lovest, mayhap, his elder brother, Sir Ralph?"

"Hush, coz! here comes young Allan; by our lady's grace, his eye is upon thee!"

Allan Roland approached; but just as he was about to address his affianced bride, Sir Ralph, who was drawn, came between them, and with little ceremony or courtesy led the lady away. Allan was thus left alone with the other maiden, who by some accident dropped her fan, —the youth took it up, and, on returning it, paid a compliment to the beauty of the owner, as was then the custom of the times. The lady replied, conversation followed, and, ere long, Allan was moving about the hall, fascinated and charmed with the unknown beauty that hung upon his arm. At length, however, one of the royal attendants, saluting her as the Countess of Lorraine, informed her that the Queen desired her presence; and the fair Countess, giving a smiling adieu to the youth, glided from his side, and disappeared.

"The Countess of Lorraine!" repeated young Roland to himself—"the noblest heiress in England!—Now, the good saints speed my fortune in these Irish wars; and, if I win rank and fame, who knows but the humble wight whom she has now honoured, may one day venture to beg a return of such gentle courtesy." He sought in vain, however, to see her again that evening;—the lady had left the hall, and he soon after returned to a hostelry near the palace, a favourite resort of the gallants of the court.

As he sat in his chamber musing over the events of the day, one of his servants came to acquaint him that a youth was below who desired to see him; and on his admission being granted—to Allan's no small surprise, his old friend the page entered the apartment.

"My lady greets you, fair sir, and commends me to thee."

"Thou'rt welcome, boy; but how came ye hither?"

"Heed not that, but answer me;—how fares the noble hound, and how hast thou kept thy promise?"

"Ringwood is in good case, and I have kept my promise faithfully."

"They say ye go to the Irish wars?"

"So, in sooth, I have resolved."

"Go not thither—thy subtle kinsman is still plotting for thy heritage, and has already warned the treasurer that ye are more likely to join the turbulent Desmond than the force of the queen."

"Say'st thou so?—then, by the mass, the false knight shall rue his tampering—I will—"

"Do nothing, but seek thy hall—keep God's peace and the queen's, for thou hast a friend will serve thee. I tell thee it were a madman's act to put thy foot on Irish shores."

"Nay, but if I go not to Ireland, there is no need that I leave the court."

"The Countess of Lorraine quits it to-morrow."

"By heaven! thou'rt a wizard, boy," cried the youth, starting to his feet.

"No matter—now thou hast thy warning—farewell," and the page disappeared from the apartment.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE FAIR INCENDIARY.*

It is now about forty years since a young lady, the only daughter of an ancient and noble house in the north of Germany, from having been one of the most cheerful girls, became subject to fits of the deepest melancholy. All the entreaties of her parents were insufficient to draw from her the reason of it—to their affection she was quite cold, to their caresses rude, and though society failed to enliven her, she bore her part in it with a power and venom of sarcasm that were as strange to her former character as they were unbecoming her sex and youth. The parents contrived, during her temporary absence from home, to investigate the contents of her writing-desk, but no indications of a concealed or disappointed passion were to be found, and it was equally clear that no papers had been removed. The first news they heard of her was, that the house in which she had been visiting had been burnt to the ground; that she had been saved with difficulty, though her room was not in that part of the building where the fire had commenced; that her escape had, at first, been taken for granted, and that, when her door was burst open, she was found still dressed and seated in her usual melancholy attitude, with her eyes fixed on the ground. She returned home neither altered in manner nor changed in demeanour, and as painfully brilliant in conversation when forced into it. Within two months of her return the house was burnt to the ground, and her mother perished in the flames. She was again found in the same state as on the

* This story we have taken from a number of the "Monthly Law Magazine."

former occasion, suffered herself to be led away without ceremony or resistance, did not alter her deportment upon hearing of the fate of her mother, made no attempt to console her father, and replied to the condolence of her friends with a bitterness and scorn almost demoniacal. The father and daughter removed to a spa for change of scene. On the night of her arrival the hotel was in flames, but this time the fire began in her apartment, for, from her window were the sparks first seen to issue; and again was she found dressed, seated, and in a revenue. The hotel was the property of the sovereign of the little state in which the spa was situated. An investigation took place, she was arrested, and at once confessed that on each of the three occasions she was the culprit; that she could not tell wherefore, except that she had an irresistible longing to set houses on fire. Each time she had striven against it as long as she could, but was unable to withstand the temptation, that this longing first supervened a few weeks after she had been seized with a sudden depression of spirit, that she felt an hatred to all the world, but had strength to refrain from omens and curses against it. She is at this moment in a madhouse, where she was at first allowed some liberty, but, after an exhibition of homicidal monomania towards a child, of a ferocity most appalling, it was found necessary to apply the severest restraint. She still possesses her memory, her reasoning powers, and her petulant wit.

WEeping.

YOUNG women are full of tears. They will weep as bitterly for the loss of a new dress, as for the loss of an old lover. They will weep for any thing or for nothing. They will scold you to death for accidentally tearing a new gown, and weep for spite that they cannot be revenged on you. They will play the coquette in your presence, and weep when you are absent. They will weep because they cannot go to a ball or a tea party, or because their parents will not permit them to run away with a scamp; and they will weep because they cannot have every thing their own way. Married women weep to conquer. Tears are the most potent arms of matrimonial warfare. If a gruff husband has abused his wife, she weeps, and he relents and promises better behaviour. How many men have come to bed in wrath, and risen in the morning, quite subdued by tears and a curtain lecture! Women weep to get at their husband's secret, and they also weep when their own secrets have been revealed. They weep through pride, through vanity, through folly, through cunning, and through weakness. They will weep for a husband's misfortune, while they scold himself. A woman will weep over the dead body of her husband, while her vanity will ask her neighbour how she is fitted with her mourning, and if they think the widow's cap becomes her. She

weeps for one husband, that she may get another. The "Widow of Ephesus" bedewed the grave of her spouse with one eye, while she squinted love to a young soldier with the other. Drunkards are much given to weeping. They will shed tears of bitter repentance this moment, and sin the next. It is no uncommon thing to hear them cursing the effects of intemperance, while they are poisoning the cup of indigence, and gasping to gulp down its contents. The beggar and the tragedian weep for a livelihood; they can coin their tears, and make them pass for the current money of the realm. The one weeps you into a charitable humour, and the other makes you pay for being forced to weep along with him. Sympathy bids us help the one, and curiosity prompts us to support the other. We relieve the beggar when he proves his claim, and we pay the tragedian before hand. The one weeps whether he will or not, but the other weeps only when he is well paid for it. Poets are a weeping tribe, they are social in their tears; they would have the whole world to weep along with them. Their sensibility is so exquisite, and their imagination so fantastic, that they make even the brutal world to sympathize with the sorrowful. The dew on the lily is compared to tears on the cheek of a disconsolate maiden; when it glitters on the herbage at twilight, it is called the tears of the evening; and when the sun rises and exhales the dew drops from the flowers, it is said to wipe away the tears of the morning. Thus we have a weeping day and a weeping night. We have weeping rocks, weeping waterfalls, weeping willows, weeping grottoes, weeping skies, weeping climates (as our present winter has proved), and, if any signal calamity has befallen a great man, we have, to finish the climax, a weeping world.

When a Dutch maid-servant wishes to go to a *boy*, and has no swain of her own, she hires a cavalier for the occasion: a bean with an umbrella receives double pay.

LADIES OF CANTON.—The complexion of the ladies is exceedingly fair, their hair of the finest black, dressed up with gold and silver tordkins, adorned with flowers. Their shape is exquisitely fine, and their dress the most becoming, natural, easy, and splendid, of any you ever saw. But the opportunities of seeing them are very rare. Sometimes, indeed, they may be met at a considerable distance from their houses; and as their feet are so little that they cannot walk or run, but rather trip (being often obliged to assist themselves by laying hold of the wall as they move along), travellers have little opportunity of seeing them minutely. They look so affrighted, and walk so awkwardly, that you are fain to retire, lest you should make them fall, for which you would certainly be bamboozed.

HISTORICAL ANECDOTES.*

DEATH OF HENRY THE EIGHTH.

It was fearful, but not unsalutary, to cast a painful glance at it (the vicious body of King Henry VIII.), after its great work upon the earth was done. It lay, immovable and helpless, a mere corrupt and bloated mass of dying tyranny. No friend was near to comfort it; not even a courtier dared to warn it of the coming hour. The men whom it had gorged with the spoil of its plunder hung back in affright from its perishing agonies, in disgust from its ulcerous sores. It could not move a limb or lift a hand. The palace doors were made wider for its passage through them; and it could only then pass by means of machinery. Yet to the last it kept its ghastly state, descended daily from bedchamber into room of kingly audience through a hole in the palace ceiling, and was nightly, by the same means, lifted back again to its sleepless bed. And to the last, unhappily for the world, it had its horrible indulgences. Before stretched in that helpless state of horror, its latest victim had been a Plantagenet. Nearest to itself in blood of all its living kindred, the Countess of Salisbury was, in her eightieth year, dragged to the scaffold for no pretended crime save that of corresponding with her son, and, having refused to lay her head upon the block, (it was for traitors to do so, she said, which she was not,) but moving swiftly round, and tossing it from side to side to avoid the executioner, she was struck down by the neighbouring men-at-arms; and while her grey hairs streamed with blood, and her neck was forcibly held down, the axe discharged, at length, its dreadful office. The last victim of all followed in the graceful and gallant person of the young Lord Surrey. The dying tyranny, speechless and incapable of motion, had its hand lifted up to affix the formal seal to the death-warrant of the poet, the soldier, the statesman and scholar: and on the "day of the execution," according to Holinshed, was itself "lying in the agonies of death." Its miserable comfort then was the thought that youth was dying too; that the grave which yawned for abused health, indulged lusts, and monstrous crimes, had in the same instant, opened at the feet of manly health, of generous grace, of exquisite genius, and modest virtue. And so perished Henry VIII.

MODERATION OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Rather a singular instance of the gentleness and moderation of the virgin Queen is afforded in the reply which she made to a speech addressed to her, on the 27th of February, 1593, by the Speaker of the House of Commons. On that occasion her Grace delivered herself to the following effect, in which it would seem she bore in mind the old classical maxim, and considered that her subjects should fear, their

own sovereign, or at least fear incurring her displeasure, more than an enemy:—

"It may," saith her Majesty, "be thought simplicity in me that all this time of my reign I have not sought to advance my territories and enlarge my dominions, for opportunity hath served me to do it. I acknowledge my womanhood and weakness, in that respect. But it hath not been the hardness to obtain, or doubt how to keep the things so obtained, that only hath withheld me from these attempts. My mind was never to invade my neighbours, or to usurp over any. I am contented to reign over my own, and to rule as a just prince. Yet the King of Spain doth challenge me to be the quarreller, and the beginner of these wars. He doth me the greatest wrong that can be; for my conscience doth not accuse my thoughts wherein I have done him the least injury; so that I am persuaded in my conscience that if he knew what I know, he would be sorry himself for the wrong he hath done me. I fear not all his threatenings; his great preparations and mighty forces do not stir me: for though he come against me with a greater power than ever was his invincible navy, I doubt not but (God assisting me, upon whom I always trust) I shall be able to defeat him and overthrow him, for my cause is just. I heard say, when he first attempted his last invasion, some upon the sea-coasts forsook their towns, and fled up higher into the country, and left all naked and exposed to his entrance; but I swear unto you, by God, if I knew those persons, or may know of any that shall do so hereafter, I will make them know and feel what it is to be so fearful in so urgent a cause."

TITLES.—A Quaker, vindicating the pertinacity of his sect in refusing to give titles to men, gave this whimsical account:—"I had the honour," said he, "one day to be in company with an excellency and a highness. His excellency was the most ignorant and brutal of his species, and his highness measured just four feet eight inches without his shoes."

WATERLOO.—In a letter to Marshal Boreasford, written soon after the event, the Duke of Wellington thus described the Battle of Waterloo:—"You will have heard of our battle of the 18th. Never did I see such a pounding match. Both were what the boxers call gluttons. Napoleon did not manoeuvre at all; he just moved forward in the old style, in columns, and was driven off in the old style. The only difference was, that he mixed cavalry with his infantry, and supported both with an enormous quantity of artillery. I had the infantry for some time in squares, and we had the French cavalry walking about us as if they had been our own. I never saw the British infantry behave so well."—Colonel Gurwood's Despatches of the Duke of Wellington.

* From "Foster's Statesmen of the Commonwealth."

USEFUL ANIMALS OFTEN DESTROYED AS HURTFUL.

"MULTITUDES of animals are most unmercifully destroyed from ignorance of their uses, from an idea that they are noxious or injurious to some petty concern of a field or garden; and at the very time they are rendering important services to man, they are mowed down as if they were his sworn enemies, and had conspired against his life. Hence the rooks in some parts of England were at one time in danger of being extirpated, as we learn from the author of "A Philosophical Survey of the Animal Creation." "The rook," says he, "is a species of crow that feeds upon worms produced from the eggs of the May-bug. As these and all the winged insects in general are to be supported by the roots of plants, they deposit their eggs pretty deep in the earth, in a hole they dig for that purpose. The worms and caterpillars upon which the rooks feed, are not exposed to the mercy of this bird till the earth is thrown up. Hence it is that rooks always frequent lands recently cultivated, that the sight of the husbandman with his plough puts them in action and that they search with so much assiduity, about furrows newly formed. Wherever the banishing or extirpating of rooks has been carried into effect, the most serious injury to the corn and other crops has invariably followed, from the unchecked devastations of the grub and the caterpillar. Many birds besides rooks are destroyed, under the mistaken idea that they are injurious to the garden or orchard, at the very time they are most useful to both in feeding themselves and their nestlings on grubs and caterpillars. The common sparrow, though prescribed as a most mischievous bird, destroys a vast number of insects. Bradley has calculated that a single pair, having young to maintain, will destroy 3360 caterpillars in a week. Also the blue tit-mouse often falls a victim to ignorance, in consequence of the injury it is supposed to do to fruit-trees, though we have evidence of its being a friend rather than an enemy to the horticulturist. Quadrupeds, as well as birds, suffer much under slanderous imputations, as can be attested by the badger and the hedgehog. We ought to bless the hand that created the insect that obliges the opulent to sift, turn, and ultimately to bring the grain to public sale."

Drunkenness seems to me to be a stupid brutal vice. The understanding has a greater share in all the other vices; and there are some which may be said to have something generous in them. There are some in which there is a mixture of knowledge, diligence, valour, prudence, dexterity, or cunning; while drunkenness is altogether corporeal and testamental.

A TURKISH ANECDOTE.

IN the reign of Abd-Allah the Third, Bagdad was afflicted with a great drought. The caliph enjoined a public penance, and went himself in procession, at the head of his Mussulman subjects to perform in the neighbouring plains the prayers prescribed by his religion on such occasions. The ceremony was repeated on three succeeding days, but without effect. Heaven withheld its blessings, and rejected the petitions. The caliph then ordered the Jews and Christians to unite their supplications with those of the faithful; when, lo! to the great scandal of Islamism, the rain fell in abundance, the earth was refreshed, but the caliph was astounded. He felt the affront even more than he acknowledged the favour, and his faith staggered with resentment. The *ulama* were assembled, and the caliph proposed his doubts; when a reverend doctor, no less learned than pious, arose, and enforcing his reasoning with the seductions of eloquence, calmed his disquietude, and brought him back into the steadfastness of truth. The Mohammedan doctors attribute to inspiration the discourse which he pronounced. "What is there," said the holy man, "so extraordinary in this event, or so inimical to the religion of Mohammed. God," continued he, "so loves the Mussulmans, his chosen people, their prayers and their petitions are so grateful to his ear, that he even abstains from an immediate compliance with their request, to compel them to renew their pious discourses: but the voice of infidels is harsh and dissonant; and if he grant their petitions, it is from disgust at their numerous supplications, and to rid himself of their importunities."

THE EX-EMIR, ABD-EL-KADER.—This Arab chief, who recently surrendered to the French army in Algeria, is of the middle height; his countenance is mild; his complexion has not the perfect purity of that of the Arabs of distinction; and his face is marked by what appears to be traces of the small-pox. He has in the middle of his forehead a slight mark of tattooing. His beard is very black, and not thick; and his dress is of a simplicity which is not, perhaps, free from affectation. Since his captivity, the Emir has presented to the Duke d'Aumale, as proof of his respect, his famous black mare, which has been so often spoken of in the recital of some of the episodes of the adventurous life of this once formidable chief. When Abd-el-Kader gave up his arms to the Duke d'Aumale, the young Prince took the pistol of the Emir and said, "this is for the King, my father." He next took the sword of the Arab chief, and gave it to General de Lamoricière, saying, "this sword is for you; you have well deserved it."

Vanity is, on many occasions, a very useful spur to a man; but it should never appear in front.

REMARKABLE CASES OF
IMPOSTURE.—No. VI.

TOWARDS the close of the year 1726, one of the most extraordinary and impudent impostures on record was carried into execution at Godalming, in Surrey. Mary Tofts, the impostor, was the wife of a poor journeyman cloth-worker. She is described as having been of "a healthy, strong constitution, small size, fair complexion, a very stupid and sullen temper, and unable to write or read." Stupid as she was supposed to be, she had, however, art and tact enough to keep up the credit of her imposture.

This woman pretended to bring forth rabbits; and she accounted for this monstrous deviation from the laws of nature, by stating, that "as she was weeding in a field she saw a rabbit spring up near her, after which she ran, with another woman that was at work just by her; thus set her a longing for rabbits, being then, as she thought, in the condition that women 'like to be who love their husbands;'" the other woman perceiving she was uneasy, charged her with "longing" for the rabbit they could not catch, but she denied it. Soon after another rabbit sprung up near the same place, which she endeavoured likewise to catch. The same night she dreamt that she was in a field with those two rabbits in her lap, and awaked with a sick fit, which lasted till morning; from that time, for above three months, she had a constant and strong desire to eat rabbits, but being very poor could not procure any."

One would suppose that so gross an attempt at imposition as that adopted by Mary Tofts, must have been unanimously scouted; but this was by no means the case. So well did she manage, and so readily disposed are people to be deceived, that she actually deluded her medical attendant, Mr. Howard, a surgeon of excellent character, the result of thirty years' successful practice. No doubt can exist of his belief that, during the space of about a month, he had assisted her to bring forth nearly twenty rabbits!

The news of these marvellous births spread like wildfire through the neighbourhood, and soon found numerous believers. It even attracted the attention of the king, George I. who sent down to Godalming his house-surgeon, Mr. Ahlers, to inquire into the fact. Ahlers was duped, and he went back to London fully convinced that he had obtained positive proof of the truth of the story; so much so, indeed, that he promised to procure for the arch-impostor a pension. Mr. St. Andre, the king's surgeon and anatomist was now despatched to make a further examination. He also returned a firm believer. The rabbits, which he and Ahlers carried with them to the metropolis, as testimonies, were dissected before the king; and an elaborate report was published concerning all the circumstances relative to their production and dissection.

This report caused the public mind to be agitated in an extraordinary manner. A furious controversy arose between the credulous and the incredulous, in which the celebrated Whiston played a part, by writing a pamphlet, in which he showed that the miracle was the exact completion of a prophecy in Ezech. Hogarth, the famous painter—(copies of whose works are now being made literally public property by means of the CARICATURES issued as monthly supplements to the LONDON JOURNAL)—took the opposite side, and published an engraving called "*Cunicularii, or the Wise Men of Godalman.*"

The delusion, nevertheless, continued to spread, and even the king himself was enrolled among the believers. The fent of rabbit warrens, it is affirmed, were at a complete discount, as no one would presume to eat a rabbit.

The imposture was not doomed to last much longer; and to Queen Caroline, then Princess of Wales, is ascribed the merit of suggesting the measures which were successfully adopted to undeceive the people. Mary Tofts was brought to town, where she could be more closely watched than at Godalming, and prevented from obtaining the means for carrying on the imposture. Among those who took a conspicuous part on this occasion was Sir Richard Manningham, an eminent physician; and he at length had the satisfaction of thoroughly exposing the deception. Mary, however, held out, till her courage was shaken by a threat to perform a very painful operation upon her, which threat was backed by another from a magistrate, that she should be sent to prison. She then confessed that the imposture had been suggested to her by a woman, who told her that she could put her into a way of getting a good livelihood, without being obliged to work for it as formerly; and promised continually to supply her with rabbits, for which she was to receive part of the "wages of iniquity." The farce terminated by the Godalming miracle-monger being committed to Tothill Fields prison.

Late one evening, in the spring of 1817, the rustic inhabitants of Almondsbury, in Gloucestershire, were surprised by the entrance of a young female in strange attire. She wore leather shoes and black worsted stockings, a black stuff gown with a muslin frill at the neck, and a red and black shawl round her shoulders, and a black cotton shawl on her head. Her height was about five feet two inches, and she carried a small bundle on her arm containing a few necessaries. Her clothes were loosely and tastefully put on in the Oriental fashion. Her eyes and hair were black, her forehead was low, her nose short, her mouth wide, her teeth white, her lips large and full, her under lip projected a little, her chin small and round, her hands clean, and seemed unused to labour. She appeared about twenty-five years of age was fatigued, and walked with difficulty. When spoken to she uttered a lan-

guage which no one could comprehend, and was therefore compelled to resort to signs for the purpose of informing her questioners with her desire to sleep in the village. The cottagers were afraid to admit her, and sought the decision of a Mr. Worrall, magistrate for the county, at Knoie, whose lady caused her own attendant to accompany the stranger to a public house in the village, with a request that she should be provided with a supper, and that a comfortable bed should be prepared for her.

In the morning, Mrs. Worrall visited the strange woman, when she found her with strong traces of sorrow and distress depicted on her countenance. She was taken to Knoie, but she appeared to go with reluctance. It was Good Friday, and, at the mansion, observing a cross-burn, she cut off the cross, and placed it in her bosom.

Paper and a pen were handed to her to write her name. She shook her head, and when she appeared to comprehend what was meant, pointed to herself, and cried "Caraboo." The next day she was taken to Bristol, examined before the mayor at the council-house, and committed to St. Peter's Hospital as a vagrant, whither numerous persons of all ranks resorted, to see the incomprehensible inmate. From that place Mrs. Worrall removed her back to Knoie. A gentleman, who had made several voyages to the Indies, extracted from her signs, gestures, and articulation that she was the daughter of a person of rank, of Chinese origin, at "Javasee," and that, whilst walking in her garden, attended by three women, she had been gagged, bound, and carried off by the crew of a pirate prow, and sold to the captain of a brig, from whence she was transferred to another ship, which anchored at a port for two days, where four other females were taken in, who, after a voyage of five weeks, were landed at another port. Sailing for eleven more weeks, and being near land, she jumped overboard, in consequence of ill-usage, and swimming ashore, found herself on this coast, and had wandered for six weeks, till she found her way to Almondsbury. She described her self at her father's to have been carried on men's shoulders, in a kind of palanquin, and to have worn seven peacock's feathers on the right side of her head, with open sandals on her feet, having wooden soles, and she made herself a dress from some calico, given her by Mrs. Worrall, in the style of her own which had been embroidered.

The particulars connected with these recitals, and her general conduct, were romantic in the extreme. At the end of two months she disappeared; and, to the astonishment of the persons whose sympathies she had excited, the lady Caraboo, a native of Javasee, in the east, was discovered to have been born at Withenside, in Devonshire, where her father was a cobbler.

After her remarkable adventures, "Caraboo" found it convenient to leave this country and proceed to America. How she fared in that quarter of the world is not known, but, in the year 1824, she returned to England, and lived

apartments in New Bond Street, where she made a public exhibition of herself—"admittance one shilling each person." She seems to have excited little attention, and was soon forgotten.

MINUTE WORKS OF ART.

As Nature has her share, not only in animals but in vegetables, so Art has also her miniatures; not so much for use, as to show the dexterity of hand possessed by the maker. And although these are only made for pastime, yet the workmanship and elegance of them may justly claim some admiration.

The history of the ancient arts affords several instances of these minute master-pieces of human ingenuity. Calcestris, a stone cutter of Sparta, made ants of ivory, with all their limbs, so small that the eye could scarcely discern them. Myrmecides, of Miletus, made a chariot of ivory, with horses and charioteer, in so small a compass, that a fly could cover them with his wings. He also made a ship, with all her tackle, so small, that a bee could hide it.

A waggon and oxen, made of glass, so small as to be hidden by a fly, as mentioned by Cardan. That curious animal, John Stowe, in his annals of Queen Elizabeth, relates, that Mr. Mark Scallott, a blacksmith, of London, as a proof of his skill and delicate workmanship, made a hanging or padlock, of eleven several pieces of iron, steel, and brass, and a pipe-key, all clean wrought, which weighed altogether only a single grain. He also made, at the same time, a chain of gold, of forty-three links; to which chain the lock and key, just mentioned, being fastened, and put about a flea's neck, it drew the same with ease. The total weight of the flea, with its gold chain, padlock, and key, was only one grain and a half. Adrian Junius saw, at Mechlin, in Brabant, a cherry stone cut in the form of a basket, wherein were fourteen, pair of dice,—the spots of each of which were so distinct as to be seen by the naked eye. Schottus, in his travels into Italy, observes, that Mr. George Whitehead made a ship, with all her tackle, to move of itself on the table, the rowers plying their oars, a woman playing on the lute, and a small dog crying on the deck. Cardan also speaks of an arisan at Lyons, that made a chain of glass, so light and slender, that if it fell upon a stone pavement it would not break.

The celebrated John Muller or Molitor,—or, as he is sometimes called, Regiomontanus, is reported to have constructed an iron fly, which was put in motion by wheel-work, and which flew about and leapt upon the table. At an entertainment given by this philosopher, to some of his particular friends, the fly flew from his hand, and after performing a considerable round, it returned again to the hand of its master. M. Maillarde constructed several anatomata, representing insects and other animals.

One of these was a spider, entirely made of steel, which exhibited all the movements of the animal. It ran on the surface of a table during three minutes, and to prevent it from running off, its course always tended towards the centre of the table. He constructed, like wise, a caterpillar, a lizard, a mouse, and a serpent.

Although these knacks are of but little or no use, except as exhibitions, and their formation generally takes up more time than ought to be spent upon trifles, yet they discover a marvellous pregnancy of wit in the artificer, and an astonishing lightness of hand. And we are also to consider, that most of these miracles of art are not made during the regular hours of labour, but that they are for the most part the produce of the hours of relaxation and rest—the amusement of those who, although they are frequently not mechanics themselves, have yet a strong mechanical genius, and busy themselves in these trifles. "In whatever way," says Sir David Brewster, speaking on the same subject, "the power of genius may invent or combine, and to whatever low or even ludicrous purposes that invention or combination may be originally applied, society receives a gift which it can never lose; and, although the value of the seed may not be at once recognised, and though it may be long unproductive in the ungenial soil of human knowledge, it will, some time or other, evolve its germ, and yield to mankind its natural and abundant harvest."

A DAY WELL SPENT.

A PRISONER stood at the bar in one of the criminal courts of the Palais de Justice. His red neckcloth altogether disguised his shirt, if he had one; his paletot, buttoned up to the chin, was dotted here and there with spots of grease. The gloves he wore must formerly, in the night of ages, have belonged to a gendarme. He was charged with having robbed a country notary, who had come up to Paris to divert himself.

Listen now to the deposition of the unfortunate lawyer.

"I will tell the court how I fell in with the prisoner one day, and how I spent the day on that occasion.

"I got up at six o'clock that morning to go and see a *guillotine*; but, lo! when I reached the place Saint-Jacques, there was nobody to be guillotined at all that day. So, off I went to the Garden of Plants: the carnivorous animals were shut in, and the giraffe was not visible.

"I next resolved to visit the Assize Courts; and just at that time there was a whole band of robbers at the bar! In spite of the shudder that came over me, I was going in when one of the ushers turned me out. And yet I had told him that I was an old notary.

"Then I availed myself of the proximity to

the *Morgue*, to go and take a stroll that way; but it appears that it was written in the Book of Fate, that I was to have no pleasure at all that unlucky day; the last of the corpses had just the moment before been owned and carried away. Not one remained for my contemplation.

"I got into the omnibus and flew off to the Arc-de-Triomphe, I went on towards the Hippodrome. The sport had begun; you could see the horses prancing. I applied for a ticket. 'No more room!' I was moving off much disappointed, when a gentleman, habited like a dandy, came up to me and thus addressed me:—'Sir, did you find no room, then, at Ferdinand's?'—'Who is Ferdinand?'—'The man at the Hippodrome.'—'Alas! no, my dear sir;—I see,' said he, 'you have no luck—nor I neither; but I don't fret about it, for I have a ticket to a trial of etherisation, where I shall go and kill time. Will you come there with me, without ceremony?'

"This offer was so kind, and was made by a man who appeared to belong to the best company; I was overjoyed at it. I had heard of the dreams that ether produces, so I accepted at once.

"After a walk of half an hour, we stopped before a house. 'This is the place,' said the gentleman. 'But wait a moment.' A few minutes later he returned and informed me that the trial of etherisation had been put off till the next day, by command of the Princes, who wished to be present.

"But you shall lose nothing by it," said he to me. 'Do you know Alexis?' I answered that I had frequently heard of him as a great somnambulist in mesmerism; but that I had never seen him. 'Well! he is my intimate friend, and I will introduce you.'

"He took hold of my arm, and we walked together towards the Bastille. There he stopped opposite a gate, and whilst I waited for him, he went into the house.

"Positively," said he when he returned, 'you are not lucky to-day: Alexis is gone to call on Alexandre Dumas; if it were not for a slight misunderstanding between us, I would introduce you to that writer. But, no matter! let us go and take some refreshment. After that we'll settle what to do.'

"We then went into an ordinary—a kind of wine-shop. I dropped a few remarks upon this, but my scruples were soon raised. He protested that it was quite the thing in Paris to go to the tavern.

"After dinner, at the dessert, the gentleman, who continued to call me his friend, began to make signs which I thought highly misplaced; I even remarked upon it. But he, assuming a look of disappointment, replied, 'What a misfortune; I thought you were a *free-mason*. You looked so very like one'—'What,' said I, 'are you a freemason?' You must know, gentlemen, that to be a freemason has ever been the acme of my hopes. I testified as much to the gentleman.

"Can you be depended on," he asked.—"At all times.—Are you determined to submit to every proof which freemasons are subject to?"—"To one and all."

"Well," said he, lowering his voice, "the master of this ordinary is the keeper of the Grand Jockey Club in the East; we have been dining at the expense of that society. This room is one of the lodges for the admission of new brothers. Are you ready to undergo the tests, to witness without wondering whatever may happen, however astonishing it may seem?" I swore that I was.

"Then he proceeded to blindfold me, and after making me take off my coat and waistcoat, he set me down in a corner of the room, bidding me remain perfectly still.

"Having said this, he went out, and I continued not to move for nearly an hour. When that time had elapsed, I heard the door open. I was now resolved to undergo any thing, and I thought the tests were about to begin. And sure enough the voice of the new comer opened upon me, astonished at my posture, demanded payment, and as I did not stir, called me a thief; the test was an arduous one. Then another voice came in and joined the first, crying out, 'Where are the silver spoons! No doubt, the two knaves are leagued together!' I did not move. At length the guard was called in, and they took me away. Still I persisted to think it was but a test, nor was it until I had passed the night in the watchhouse that I understood I had been done,—duped by a rascal. I stated my case, and made my affidavit, and gave proof of all I asserted. I carried my delicacy so far as to pay the tavern-keeper his bill.

"As for me, I had been stripped of my coat and waistcoat, my gold watch, my silver-mounted cane, and a bottle of aromatic vinegar."

President. Do you recognise this man at the bar?

Plaintiff. Alas! too well, I do!

President. Is he the man who stole your watch and clothes?

Plaintiff. He is.

The prisoner was condemned to two years' imprisonment.

THE PRINCESS ROYAL.—The following little anecdote of the Princess Royal was lately current at Windsor. Mr. Brown, the apothecary to the Castle, was in the habit of visiting the royal children every morning, and the Princess persisted in addressing him as "Brown." Her governess insisted that "Mr." should be prefixed, and threatened that if her little Royal Highness did not remember this on the next occasion, she should be sent to bed as a punishment. The morning after, when Mr. Brown appeared, the Princess addressing him, said, "Good morning, Brown—and good night too, for I am just going to bed."—*Fanny Jo. Miller.*

LOVE IS A HOLY THING.

*Sweet Fanny, you were pretty once,
Your eye was very blue,
Your cheek had just enough of rose,
Your lip enough of dew,
Your form was like a fairy's, Fan,
Too beautiful for words;
And when you spoke, 'twas sweeter
The melody of birds.*

*And, Fanny, we were wedded once,
Ah! those were sunny days—
When but to make ye love me, Fan,
I had so many ways,
When to my earnest suit I'd lay
A thousand times and one,
So condescendingly you said,
At last your heart was won.*

*And, Fanny, we were wedded once,
Ay! to my arms ye came,
A wild and winsome creature, Fan,
Too beautiful to name.
And then, of all thy charms possess'd
Confidingly and free,
I, pillow'd on thy gentle breast,
Did dream of heaven and thee.*

*But, Fanny, you are ugly now,
Your cheek hath lost its hue,
And though your eye is gentle, Fan,
It dinna look so blue,
Your form no more with grace accords,
Your time to win is o'er,
And when I hear thy music words,
Their music charms no more.*

*Poor Fanny! (for I sung this lay,
Not meaning aught on earth
Than just to give my fancy play,
And give my nonsense birth)
Poor Fanny turned away at this—
I saw the words were kept,
And when I ask'd her for a kiss,
She only spt and wept.*

*I saw—(I was myself in tears,
And fast they fell and free,
And should I live a thousand years,
The truth will present be—)
I saw, an idle look can pain,
An idle word can sting,
It struck me, and I've felt since then,
Love is a holy thing.*

TRUTH.—Adhere rigidly and undeviatingly to truth; but while you express what is true, express it in a pleasing manner. Truth is the picture, the manner is the frame that displays it to advantage. If a man bleeds his angry passions with his search after truth, become his superior by suppressing yours, and attend only to the justness and force of his reasoning. Truth, conveyed in austere and acrimonious language, seldom has a salutary effect, since we reject the truth, because we are prejudiced against the mode of communication.—The heart must be won before the intellect can be informed.—A man may betray the cause of truth by his unreasonable zeal, as he destroys its salutary effect by the acrimony of his manner. Whoever would be a successful instructor, must first become a mild and affectionate friend.

USEFUL RECIPES.

TO REMOVE RUST FROM IRON OR STEEL, AND TO PREVENT THE RUSTING OF THE SAME.—First smear the rusted metal with some fatty oil, allow the latter to remain for the space of one or two hours, then rub away the grease with a piece of cloth. Next rub the part with a mixture of sixteen parts of opodeldoc and eight parts of potassa fusa, allow the mixture to remain for the space of eight minutes without touching, and dry by rubbing with a cloth. To preserve an object from rusting, mix five parts of linseed-oil varnish with three parts of rectified oil of turpentine, and with this mixture rub the object by means of a sponge in an uniform manner; lastly, dry the object in a place free from dust.—*Pharmaceutical Times.*

GLAZE TO HOLD AGAINST FIRE OR WATER.—Mix a handful of quick lime in four ounces of linseed-oil, boil them to a good thickness, then spread it on tin plates in the shade, and it will become exceedingly hard; but may be easily dissolved over the fire, as glue.

ST. PATRICK'S SOUP.—Take one pound of meat without bones, and cut into small pieces, put into a stewpan two ounces of dripping, one ounce of leeks, one ounce of celery, one ounce of carrots, two ounces of turnips, and fry for ten minutes; then add the meat, with two ounces of salt, half an ounce of sugar, and fry until a thick glaze is produced, then add one quart of cold water, and half a pound of flour; then add two ounces of dillisk, well washed and chopped fine, a little mixed spice and pepper; boil three quarters of an hour and serve.—*Soyer.*

WINE BISCUITS.—Take two pounds of flour, two pounds of butter, and four ounces of sifted loaf-sugar; rub the sugar and the butter into the flour, and make it into a stiff paste with milk, pound it in a mortar, roll it out thin, and cut into sizes or shapes to fancy: lay them on buttered paper, in a warm oven, on iron plates, having first brushed them over with a little milk. When done, you can give them a gloss by brushing them over with a brush dipped in egg. A few carraway-seeds may be added, if thought proper.

TO PREVENT THE SMOKING OF A LAMP.—Soak the wick in strong vinegar, and dry it well before you use it; it will then burn both sweetly and pleasantly, and give much satisfaction for the trifling trouble in preparing it.

TO MAKE AN INDELIBLE INK FOR MARKING LINEN, &c.—Pour a little aqua fortis into a cup, and add to it a small piece of pure silver; when the effervescence ceases filter the solution through a piece of blotting-paper, and put it in a small phial; then add to it a little gum arabic and a little of the paint called sap-green. After the whole is perfectly combined it is then fit for use.—*Mechanics' Magazine*, vol. I.

TO MAKE COTTAGE BEER.—Take a quarter of good sweet wheat bran, and put it into ten gallons of water, with three handruls of hops. Boil the whole together in a pot or copper

until the bran and the hops sink to the bottom; then strain it through a hair sieve or a thin sheet, into a cooler, and when it is about luke-warm add two quarts of molasses, or three pints of very thick treacle. As soon as the molasses (or treacle) is melted, pour the whole into a nine-gallon cask, with two table-spoonfuls of yeast. When the fermentation has subsided bung up the cask, and in four days it will be fit for use.—*Family Oracle.*

OYSTER PORRIDGE.—On many parts of the coast oysters can be had for three shillings per thousand, they can be made, without much trouble, into a nourishing and palatable food, by putting two dozen into an earthen pan, with the liquor from them, and add three spoonfuls of flour; place it on the fire, stirring them found; add a little salt and pepper, and they are done. This can be added to the porridge made of Indian corn and rice, or in the other receipts, where fish is used: a little lard is an improvement, also a bay-leaf, mint, and an onion sliced. Mussels and cockles can be used in the same way, in the proportion of two dozen to the quart.—*Soyer.*

AN EXCELLENT DISH.—Cut four pounds of fish of any kind into large pieces, put them in a pan with three ounces of salt, half an ounce of sugar, a little pepper, two bay leaves, a little thyme, and let it stew gently in one quart of water. Then mix one pound of oatmeal with seven quarts of luke-warm water, and pour it over the fish; stir it gently so as not to break it too much; let it boil twenty minutes, and it is done. A red herring, or a little salt fish, is an excellent addition, but if all salt fish be used, omit the three ounces of salt.

NOURISHING FOOD FOR LEVI.—Put two ounces of butter or oil into a two gallon and a half stew-pan, peel two ounces of onion cut thin, put them on the fire till lightly brown (stirring now and then); now add half a pound of vegetables, as turnips, leeks, celery, carrots, &c. Do not peel the vegetables, or cut away any thing, except the parts which may be decayed, but wash them well and cut them in a slanting direction, put them in the stew-pan, and fry ten minutes longer. Then put in a pound and a quarter of peas, previously soaked in soft water; fill up with two gallons of water; let it simmer for three hours, or until the peas are in a pulp. Mix half a pint of oatmeal with a pint of water, make it into a liquid paste, pour it into the stew-pan, stirring it with a spoon; add three ounces of salt, half an ounce of brown sugar; boil it ten minutes, and it is ready for use. A little mint, thyme, marjoram, and winter savory, will improve the flavour. Although this food has no animal substance, it will be found to be very agreeable and nutritive.

TO MAKE BLACKING.—To two ounces of ivory black, add one tea-spoonful of oil of vitriol, one tea-spoonful of sweet oil, and two ounces of brown sugar. Roll into a ball for paste; make it to a consistency with vinegar for liquid.

WINTER EVENING PASTIMES.

CHARADES.

I.

My first is a fruit, that is very well known
 In this bly the time of mirth and frivolity;
 My second is used with embroidery sewn,
 My ladies of every quality,
 My third is a vowel oft uttered by you,
 As expressive of very great pain.
 These found, and a mineral appears to your
 view;
 Then my whole you will see vel. plain.

II.

My first is a contraction for society; my
 second denotes a recluse; my third forms a part
 of the ear, and my whole is but a quibble.

III.

My first brave Nelson yielded, midst the jar
 Of angry battle and the din of war;
 My second, when from labour we retreat,
 Far from polite, yet offers us a seat.
 My whole is but my second more complete.

IV.

For thee, my first, what risks are run!
 How many thousands are undone!
 My next a trusty guard at night,
 To ward off harm till morning light;
 My whole oft decks a blooming bride,
 At once her ornament and pride.

RIDDLES.

I.

Why is a sermon delivered on board of ship
 Like a necklace?

II.

Why is a pawnbroker like the devil?

III.

You eat me, you drink me, deny it who can;
 I'm sometimes a woman, and sometimes a man.

IV.

Form'd half beneath and half above the earth,
 We sisters owe to art our second birth;
 The smiths' and carpenters' adopted daughters,
 Made on the earth, to travel o'er the waters
 Swifter we move, the straighter we are bound;
 Yet neither touch the sea, nor air, nor ground,
 We serve the poor for use, the rich for whim,
 Sink when it rains, and when it freezes swim.

V.

What I do—What I do not—conjoined will
 make what Chloë is.

REFRUS.

If what's noted for badness you nightly trans-
 pose.

What's famous for lightness you'll surely dis-
 close.

CONUNDRIMS.

I.

If I shoot at three birds on a tree, and kill
 one, how many will remain?

II.

Why are cowardly soldiers like butler?

III.

What is the rich, when brought to table,
 is cut but not eaten?

FORFEITS.

Repeat five times rapidly, "Villy Vite and
 his Vite vent to Vinsog and Vest Vickham ven
 Vitsun Vednesday."

Kneel to the witliest, bow to the prettiest,
 and kiss the one you love best.

PUZZLES.

I.

One third of twelve, if you divide
 By just one fifth of seven.
 The true result (it has been tried),
 Exactly is eleven.

II.

The three Graces carrying each an equal
 number of oranges, were met by the nine
 Muses, who asked for some of them; and each
 Grace having given to each Muse the same
 number, it was then found that they had all
 equal shares. How many had the Graces at
 first?

GAMING.

Go if you can.—Tell a person that you can
 clasp his hands together in such a manner,
 that he shall not be able to leave the room
 without unclasping them, although you will
 not confine his feet, bind his body, or in any
 way oppose his exit.—This trick is performed
 by clasping the person's hands round the pillar
 of a large circular table or other bulky article
 of furniture, too large to drag through the
 doorway.

ANSWERS TO CHARADES.

1. Plumbago.
2. Co-nun-drum.
3. Arm-chair.
4. Gold Watch.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES.

1. It is a deck-oration.
2. He claims the unredeemed.
3. A Toast.
4. Pair of Skates.
5. Love-ly.

ANSWER TO REFRUS.

Rock—cork.

ANSWERS TO CONUNDRIMS.

1. None will remain, they will fly away.
2. When exposed to fire they run.
3. A Pack of Cards.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

1. One third of TWELVE is IV or 55;
 one-fifth of SEVEN is V or 5; and 55, divided
 by 5, gives 11.

2. The least number that will answer this
 question is 12; for if we suppose that each
 Grace gave one to each Muse, the latter would
 each have 3, and there would remain 3 for each
 Grace.

Shakspeare's House has been secured at a
 cost which would have built and endowed a
 permanent asylum for the aged and decayed
 delineators of his sublime conceptions. A few
 apocryphal bricks have been purchased, chiefly
 by those who do not condescend to support the
 Shakspearian drama.—*Dramatic and Musical
 Review.*

FACTS AND SCRAPS.

AMERICAN ENGLISH.—We have no data by which to estimate the probable amount of the indebtedness of the state.

Lord Brougham, in one of his works, delivers it as his deliberate opinion, that "we learn more in the first six years of our life than afterwards, though we may live to a hundred."

An old lady, down East, recently slept so sound, that when she awoke in the morning she didn't know who she was.

When we are alone, we have our thoughts to watch—in our families our tempers, and in society our tongues.

A Dublin paper, speaking of Robespierre, says, "This extraordinary man left no children behind him, except his brother, who died at the same time."

SHERRY.—This, as we drink it in England, is an artificial wine; twenty vintages, differing in age, and colour are mingled, till a *new* article is made up. There is not much mischief nor mystery in the way things are managed at Xeres, where there is neither cider, Cape wine, nor Thames water.—*Quarterly Review.*

EFFECT OF WAR.—"Seven years' fighting," says Jeremy Taylor, "sets a whole kingdom back in learning and virtue to which they were creeping, it may be, a whole age."

When the Princess Helena was born, it is said that the Princess Royal on hearing that she was now blessed with another little sister, exclaimed with the most charming simplicity, "O, how delighted I am! do let me go and tell mamma!"—*Family Jo: Miller.*

"Ah, doctor, how is my wife to-day?" The doctor shook his head, and said, "You must now prepare for the worst." "What!" said the husband, "is she likely to get over it?"

A GOOD REASON.—"Bill," said Bob, "why is that tree called a weeping willow?"—"Cause one of the speaking dratted things grew near our school-house, and supplied the master with the sticks that did all the boys' licking."

SINGING AT WHOLESALE PRICE.—Pike, the oboe-player, in his "Musical Memoirs," narrates an instance of a ruling passion which is attributed, not always justly, to the children of Israel. The son of a celebrated Hebrew singer, when only five years old, had a wonderful aptitude for music, and a charming voice. A friend at a party one evening asked the child to sing, which the young gentleman declined to do without being paid. "Well, my little dear," said the gentleman, "what do you ask for a song?" "Sixpence," lisped the child. "Sixpence!" repeated the other; "can't you sing me one for less?" "No," returned the urchin, "I can't take less for one; but I'll put you in three for a shilling."—*Jo: Miller.*

A CUT-PURSE CUT.—A gentleman at a play ate by a fellow that he strongly suspected for a cut-purse, and, for the probation of him, took occasion to draw out his purse and put it up so carelessly, as it dangled down (but his

eye watched it strictly with a glance), and he bent his discourse another way; which his suspected neighbour observing, upon his first fair opportunity, exercised his craft, and having got his booty beganne to remove away, which the gentleman noting, instantly drawes his knife, and whupps off one of his ears, and you'd he would have something for his mony. The cut-purse beganne to swear and stampe, and threaten. "Nay, go to, sirrah," says the other, "be quiete; I'll offer you tare, give me my purse againe, here's your care, take it, and be gone."

HAYDN.—The poet, Calpadi once asked his friend Haydn "how it happened, that his church music was almost always of an animating, cheerful, and even gay description?" To this Haydn answered, "I cannot make it otherwise; I write according to the thoughts which I feel: when I think upon God my heart is so full of joy, that the notes dance and leap as it were from my pen, and since God has given me a cheerful heart, it will easily be forgiven me that I serve him with a cheerful spirit."

INTEGUMENT OF THE DOG.—The Almighty, who gave the dog to be the companion of our pleasures and our toils, hath invested him with a nature noble and incapable of deceit. He forgets neither friend nor enemy, remembers, and with accuracy, both benefit and injury. He hath a share of man's intelligence but no share of man's falsehood. You may bribe a soldier to slay a man with his sword, or a witness to take life by false accusation, but you cannot make a hound tear his benefactor.—*Walter Scott.*

AMUSEMENT.—People should be guarded against temptation to unlawful pleasures, by furnishing the means of innocent ones. In every community there must be pleasures, relaxations, and means of agreeable excitement; and if innocent are not furnished, resort will be had to criminal. Man was made to enjoy as well as to labour, and the state of society should be adapted to this principle of human nature. Men drink to excess very often to shake off depression, or to satisfy the restless thirst for agreeable excitement, and these motives are excluded in a cheerful community.—*Dr. Channing.*

AN AGED WIDOW.—An honest peasant-woman, named Maria Flor, is at present living in the Faubourg of Mauberge, in the north of France, and has attained her hundredth year. She lately lost one of her offspring, who had reached the age of eighty. "Ah," said the old mother, weeping for her recent loss, "I always said that I should never be able to bring up that child!"

TO BOIL RICE.—Into a gallon of water throw a pound of rice, add an ounce of salt, and let it boil twenty minutes; then pour it on a sieve; when it has drained a little, dish it by throwing it up with two forks, which will make it light. It is remarkable how many persons, who profess to cook, can boil neither rice nor potatoes well.

speckled with villas and monasteries. To the right of the city at the distance of four miles, rises the conical volcano of Vesuvius, as will be seen in our illustration. The view from the city is not less admirable. Our space will not admit of further description, as we have a tale to tell.

Two hundred years since, under the government of the Spanish Viceroy, the Duke d'Arcos, the Neapolitan people were condemned to feel, in all its force, the oppressive influence of foreign dominion;—their wealth was drained away by frequent impositions, which, notwithstanding the privileges granted by the Emperor Charles V. to his faithful people of Naples, had continually increased from his time. The government also extorted large sums, every year from this impoverished nation, to send to their master, the Spanish monarch, under the specious title of *presentes*. Nearly every necessary of life was already grievously taxed, and price of bread trebled, and there was scarcely any money in circulation. In 1646, the government, wishing to make a fresh donation, imposed a new *gabella*, or duty, on all fruits and vegetables. The patience and forbearance of the people were at length exhausted; and they were ready, to make any effort to relieve themselves from such intolerable suffering. As yet, no one had offered himself as leader; and their only efforts were prayers, and supplications, and tears, poured out to the Viceroy, whenever he appeared abroad, but which he heard, saw, and forgot.

A leader was, however, soon found. In the quarter of the City of Naples, known as the *Mercato*—the residence of the lower orders—there dwelt a young man; he was twenty-four years old, and married; full of wit and drollery; of a middling stature; and rather thin than fat; his eyes were black; he had two little brown mustachios; he wore neither shoes nor stockings; his dress was composed of short linen trousers, a thick shirt, and a sailor's red cap on his head; but his aspect was beautiful and animated, and as vivacious as possible, and *this has been shown by the effects*. His business was to catch little fish with a rod and line; and to buy fish, and carry them to sell in some parts of his quarter in town, which business is, in Naples, called *Pescevendita*. His name was TOMASO ANELLO D'AMALFI; in the Neapolitan idiom called *Mas' Aniello*.

This was just the man to lead the fishermen and lazzaroni of Naples; a philosophic patriot would never have gained their hearts; and, besides, there were certain circumstances and superstitions, connected with this person, which assured them of success. Beneath the window of a house in which he dwelt, was an old fountain, ornamented with the name and arms of the imperial benefactor of Naples, Charles V.,—and *Mas' Aniello* (perhaps he knew not why) had been accustomed to say, in his joking humours,—that

he was destined to restore and renew in his city, the favours and privileges granted to it by the benignity of that august monarch. A coincidence of names, however, had more effect on the mind of the populace. One hundred years precisely had now elapsed since a rising took place in Naples, to resist the introduction of the tribunal of the Holy Inquisition, which the bigotted Philip II. wished to establish in the year 1547; and this tumult was headed by a person of the name of *Mas' Aniello*, a native of the Sorrentine coast.

At this time when the Viceroy proposed to substitute a duty on corn and oil, in lieu of the *gabella* on fruits and vegetables, *Mas' Aniello's* fish were taken from him in the market-place, the alleged reason being, that he had not paid the duty. Full of rage, he hurried away, at the moment of this insult, to a church in the neighbourhood of his residence, where Perone, a celebrated captain of banditti, had, with one of his companions, taken refuge. When these men, observing the disturbed appearance of our fisherman, asked him what ailed him? *Mas' Aniello* answered furiously, "that he would either be hung, or set the city on fire." At this they laughed, but *Mas' Aniello* was not a man to be trifled with. "Do not laugh," said he, "had I two or three of my humour, by heaven I would show what I could do!" "What would you do?" cried they. "Will you be with me?" said *Mas' Aniello*. "And why not?" answered they. "Pledge me then your faith, and you shall soon see what you have to do." They pledged their faith, and *Mas' Aniello* departed.

Leaving the church, he went round to all the fruit-sellers in the neighbourhood, and earnestly begged them to meet in the market-place, and to declare with united voices, that they would no longer open their trade in fruit while the *gabella* continued. On the following day, they nearly all assembled, but the representatives of the city being informed of their intention, and fearing a tumult, went in person to the market, and made a verbal concession, which induced the mob to retire. *Mas' Aniello*, though disappointed this time, was not disheartened; he continued to go round the city, exclaiming "down with the *gabella*!" Numbers naturally collected around him; and from these he selected a great many children, whom he thus instructed:—"Say as I say. Let all be sold at a *bajocco* the measure; meat at six grains *il rotolo*; cheese at twenty-two grains *il rotolo*; wine at two grains the bottle, &c." (a grain is rather less than a halfpenny). When they had well learnt this lesson, he sent them to cry it all over Naples; and even in the face of the Viceroy.

Many people ridiculed *Mas' Aniello*, and sought to make him abandon his scheme; but he replied to them, "Let me alone—let me go on, and you will see the event." In a

short time he enlisted under his banner, about 2000 youths, well armed with sticks. On the 7th of July, a day of festival, the first outbreak took place; every thing in the markets were demolished, except the stalls, fruit, and the representative of the city was pelted when he made his appearance. After this exploit, Mas' Aniello addressed his followers at great length. His speech inflamed the minds of the people. They set fire to the office of the gabella, and every office of Customs in the city; and assailed the Viceroy in his palace, with cries of "Long live the King of Spain, and perish the bad government." In the house of a Genevese contractor they found 4000 muskets, and from the house of a merchant they took nine pieces of cannon, and nine more from two armed vessels.

The persons of greatest weight in this rebellion, after Mas' Aniello, were a bandit named Perrone, and an old priest, named Giulia Genovino. After one or two days of riot and confusion, the people were highly gratified on observing that fruit was sold in immense quantities in the market, without *gabella*; and that the weight of the loaf was increased from twenty-two to thirty-two ounces. The Viceroy sent a deputation to wait on Mas' Aniello, informing him that all he had asked was granted. This declaration came too late; the people had discovered their strength, and now insisted on a renewal of the privileges granted to them by the Emperor Charles V.: they even demanded that the Castle of Sant'Elmo, should be given into their hands. His Excellency sent another deputation, composed of the chief of the Neapolitan nobility, but to these the people returned a similar answer, still insisting on a renewal of their privileges; especially demanding, that in future no gabella should be levied, without the consent of the representative of the city, and the concurrence and approbation of the Church of Rome.

The Viceroy, having failed in all his measures hitherto, now had recourse to supplication for help: he gave the archbishop directions to administer the sacrament in all the churches, and to exhibit the miraculous blood, and the sacred head of the glorious protector of Naples, San Gennaro;—but this also failed of effect, for the mob immediately expressed their conviction that San Gennaro "was for them."

Soon after this, another negotiation was begun, by the archbishop, in the church del Carmine; but it was interrupted in a very tragical manner. More than five hundred banditti, who had been collected together by Perrone, Mas' Aniello's associate, entered the city by the gate del Carmine; saying they had come for the service of the people; they were well mounted and armed. The shrewd and active Mas' Aniello was not long in making important discoveries; Perrone was found to be a traitor, and in fact seven

arquebusses were fired at Mas' Aniello, while he was talking with Perrone upon the best method of disposing of the troops, although he was then standing on sacred ground, and in the midst of 10,000 people. He was not wounded; and several balls which struck on the bosom of his shirt, fell to the ground, without doing him any harm; which circumstance was considered a miracle performed in his favour by Madonna del Carmine, whose portrait hung at his breast. The people immediately attacked those traitors, and a dreadful slaughter ensued. Perrone was taken alive by Mas' Aniello; and on being put to the torture, he confessed that he, and his troop, had been employed by the Duke of Mattaloni to kill, not only the fisherman and his followers, but also, by a mine which was already dug, and charged with twenty-eight barrels of gunpowder, to blow up all that part of the city. For this massacre and destruction, he was to have received 15,000 scudi from the duke. After this confession, he and his brother were beheaded; and their heads, stuck upon poles, were exhibited in the Market Place. Among the banditti taken alive, one was found, who revealed plots of far greater magnitude. The rage and thirst for revenge occasioned by the discovery of these plots knew no bounds; the people ran throughout the streets like furies, seeking every where for the Duke of Mattaloni, who had taken refuge in the church of St. Efreimo, from which he had the good fortune to escape, before the populace forced an entrance. He escaped in the garb of a tinnar, to the barriers, where a swift steed awaited him, and then sped to a stronghold, situate on the beautiful bay. His brother was less fortunate; he fell into the hands of the people, and a young butcher severed his head from his body with a large knife. Mas' Aniello, then proclaimed the Duke a traitor to his king and country; and offered a reward of 30,000 scudi to any person who should produce him dead or alive. Another order was at the same time issued, commanding that, under pain of death, every man should lay aside his cloak, mantle, or any part of dress under which arms might be concealed. Mas' Aniello then turned his attention to fortifying the streets; and he also fixed the price at which provisions were to be sold.

The Viceroy, despairing of effecting any thing by other means, wrote to the Archbishop and gave him full authority to adjust a compromise with the people, on whatever conditions he might be able to obtain. The Archbishop acceded to every thing, and the Viceroy signed the treaty on the terms proposed by the people. The Archbishop then proceeded with his splendid suite to read the treaty in the church del Carmine. Mas' Aniello stood near the Archbishop, while it was read. He had worn until now the fisherman's dress, but to-day he appeared in

wonderful man, all the ordinary, and extraordinary resources of defensive and aggressive warfare were called into active operation. Amongst the nations who allied themselves to frustrate his bold attempts at the grasp of the sceptre of universal empire, Great Britain stood pre-eminently distinguished, and was one of the most formidable. Not content with repelling in her own safety, she could not stand an indifferent spectator and view the continental nations oppressed, and robbed of that liberty upon which she has always set a higher estimate even than life itself. Her hardy and generous sons voluntarily left their native land to meet the foe and oppressor in a strange country, and wrench the sword from the grasp of the tyrant and cut asunder the chains by which the captives were bound. It was during this period that the Inverness and Morayshire Militia were stationed in the Castle of Edinburgh, where a few days before Christmas, D Cameron D Ross J Tilly D Elder A Mackenzie and two young men of the name of Forsyth, belonging to the town of Forres and its vicinity, received a short furlough to visit their friends in the North.

At that period coaches were not common, railroads were not dreamt of consequently they had to perform the journey of 150 miles on foot. After leaving Dunkeld they struck off for Braemar with the intention of crossing the Grampian Hills to Badnoch, and thus shorten their journey by ten miles, and avoid the circuitous road which led round by Dalnocharloch. The day before Christmas they reached Braemar towards the afternoon, and being the season of festivities the Highlanders entertained them with their accustomed hospitality, and urgently pressed them to remain there over night. They were the more importunate in their invitations, as the sky began to assume an aspect which, to them, but too plainly told the coming of a fearful and gloomy night to persons exposed on the dreary wastes of the Grampians; but as they wished to see their parents and spend the merry season of Christmas with them, they could not be prevailed upon to stay.

To persons unacquainted with the manners and customs of the Highlanders in those days it might seem somewhat singular that the travellers should have been so hospitably entertained by strangers, but hospitality and sociality in the Highlands were very different at that time to what they are at the present. Then a stranger might have travelled through the Highlands, and have lived upon the bounty of the mountaineers for months together, with a penny in his pocket, and the greatest affront which could be offered to a real Caledonian would be to offer him more in return for his hospitality.

After refreshing themselves, and when the day had nearly expired, they resumed

their journey, and directed their course across the rugged Grampians, which were then covered with a considerable depth of snow. They had not gained the elevated summits of these dreary regions, when the shades of the evening descended, and the towering clouds came rolling along from the stormy north, portending the near approach of a fearful and murky night. The wind now came in all its fury, sweeping the snow from the mountains' tops and drifting it in clouds upon the heads of the weather-beaten travellers, and, as if exulting in tyrannic sport, swept over their path and left not a trace behind, and then, with a diatral howl, left them bewildered on the trackless hills. For some time they held together, and manfully struggled against the violence and fury of the storm, till at last the younger Forsyth, completely exhausted, fell. All the others, except his brother, being unable to render him any assistance, passed on and left him to his fate. Being a powerful and athletic man, and impelled with a generous love, he took him up, placed him on his back, and then followed his companions with his precious burden. The rage of the storm increased with the darkness of the night, so that the travellers were unable to hold together. J Tilly first lost his way, when he fell into a stagnant pool of water and was drowned. D Cameron fell from exhaustion, gave up the conflict, and died. D Ross held on a little longer, till he stuck in the drifted snow and was choked. The elder Forsyth, who had braved the fury of the storm with his brother on his back, could hold out no longer, and he now sunk beneath his load and expired. By this time the heat from the back of the elder Forsyth coming in contact with the chest of the younger reanimated the suspended functions of nature, so that he revived, and had sufficient strength to resume his journey, and, in company with D Elder, fortunately reached the village of Abernethy. As soon as the painful intelligence had reached Abernethy, the villagers went to search for the bodies of the unfortunate men in the great Dramoughtar (the highest of the Grampian range). All were soon found, with the exception of Mackenzie, whose body was not discovered till the expiration of two years (a circumstance which will show that the country must have been extremely dreary and solitary). The Hon Sir James Grant, of Grant, and chief of his clan, had, at his own expense, their bodies interred, with military honours, in the churchyard of Abernethy.

A man may as soon be well without health, as happy without goodness.

Some curious specimens of mammoth remains, lately found underground in Texas, prove the existence of animals larger than the mammoth or behemoth.—*New York paper.*

THE GENT. THAT WAS LOCKED-OUT GROUNDS FOR A DIVORCE.

Altered from an Anecdote.—By Wm Collier

"And Love—which on their bridal eve,
Had promised long to stay
Forgo' his promise—took French leave
And bore his lamp away —Hallett

CHARLES F—— was married a few years ago. He was a happy man. His business was a thriving one, and he snapped his fingers, and said he did not care a fig for the governors, cashiers, and directors of all the banks in Christendom, for he owed them nothing, and was not obliged to bow, and stoop, and cringe to them, as many do now a days, until it is quite impossible to stand erect in the presence of an honest man. He had a house in Piccadilly, and a box at Turnham Green, and lived more like a Nabob than a retailer of ribbons. Mrs. F——, his rib, (and, as she thought), his better half, had been a belle and a beauty, but, like most others of the gentler sex, she had a will of her own, which she did not lay aside with her bridal garments. Every body envied Charles his good fortune. Matters went on swimmingly. Charles was a high fellow—fond of his friends—fond of his horses—fond of his dogs—and fond of having his own way in every thing. He liked company—frequently gave parties at his own house, attended balls, routs, and soirees at those of his neighbours, and never missed a good night at the opera. He was, in short, a fine, gay, dashing spark, full of health and spirits, and in the very bloom of life. Yet, with all his good qualities, Charles F—— had one fault, which his wife endeavoured in vain to correct. He would occasionally stay out until midnight, and, whenever this occurred, Mrs. F—— met him either in the hall, with chidings and complaints, or else the curtain lecture never failed to harrow up his drowsy spirits. Now Mr. F—— had a trifling dash of Gloucester's condition in his composition, which "could not brook the spirit of reproof, so that the course his wife took to remedy the defect in his character, only made matters worse—and discontent and family bickerings were the result, frequent wranglings followed, and an open rupture finally ensued, consequently, in process of time, both husband and wife grew heartily tired of each other. One day a grand entertainment was given at the Thatched House, St. James's Street (a house noted for the excellence of its dinners and wines), to a brother of a certain lodge, of which F—— was a member, and to which he most certainly went. The dinner proved excellent—the speeches eloquent—the wines sparkling, and the company even more sparkling than the champagne. Charles did not go home that night at all. It was half-past three before the party separated—and by the time he saluted the knocker of his own door with a rat-tat-tat-

tat, St. James's clock kept time by striking four. The morning was drear and cold. Not a light was to be seen—not a footstep heard. The gas-lamps were turned out, and more dismal still, the door of Mr. F's dwelling was locked! What could this mean? It had never happened before. Patience, at last gave way to petulance. He pulled most lustily at the bell—he broke the wire—he dashed the handle on the pavement, but no one answered his summons. He addressed himself to the knocker—rap, rap, rap, and repeatedly, rap, rap, rap, rap, rap, rap, and again repeated, but all in vain. The inmates were all asleep, or dead—it was not certain which, but it was certain that no one came to his relief. It was striking five o'clock, and an old dunghill cock, in an adjacent stable, had thrice done salutation to the morn'. The musical time piece, on the marble mantel in the front room of his own house, was playing the popular air of "How brightly breaks the morning"—but no friendly hand withdrew the bolt that kept him from his bed. This was too bad. Rap, rap, rap, went the knocker once more, and louder than ever. It flew the windows of almost every house within hearing of the knocker, except his own—and out shot nightcaps and bandanas of all the colours in the rainbow, to inquire "what was the matter?"—where the devil the fire was? Charles endeavoured to explain, when, with a bitter reproach for disturbing people in their virtuous beds, and for waking them out of their innocent sleep at such unreasonable hours, down went the shades, and—presto!—the nightcap and band was disappeared in the twinkling of an eye! Charles was boiling over with rage. He tried the wind whistlers, the cellidor, and locked at the iron plate over the coal vault—the two first were fast—the latter, rather too small all was to no purpose. Finally a thought struck him—the walk at the rear of Jones's (his next door neighbour's house) was rather low, and he resolved to scale it. He repaired to the rear of the house with that intention. While clambering over the bricks, he was arrested by one of the guardians of the night, who had awakened from a delicious nap, just in the nick of time seized him by the leg and bear him away to the station house. Here he remained until he was conducted before the sitting magistrate, by whom he was discharged, with an admonition to keep better hours in future! How the lady explained the matter—how it happened that none of the household heard the bell and knocker—and why a night-latch was added soon after to the front door—are matters that we know nothing about; and, as we did, they are not worth recording here. I pass over these and other interesting particulars for the sake of brevity, and leave the reader to account for a very mysterious advertisement, which some time since appeared in the morning papers, wherein it set forth that a certain very useful lady claims to be divorced from her husband, on the grounds that he is given to late hours and bad company!

THE WASHERWOMAN,

A TALE OF ONE SHIRT.

WE will say, with Wright, of the Adelphi Theatre,—"all things considered, washerwomen are the most troublesome of the 'small fry' of duns." They are continually clamouring for their dues, and they are somewhat dangerous persons to offend, as the following anecdote will show.—I once was acquainted with a younger son, whose stock of linen had degenerated (from too frequent visits to "my uncle") into one solitary shirt. It is true, he had ordered a fresh supply on credit from his hostess, but, at the time I mean, they had not yet been sent home. My hero was consequently under the disagreeable necessity of lying in bed all the morning till this solitary shirt could be washed and dried for his evening's use. One evening he was engaged to a dinner party where a very pretty woman, and rich in the bargain, to whom he had long been paying his attentions—and successfully—was to be present. The hour was drawing nigh, the dinner out had made all his toilet except in the one indispensable article—a shirt. Enveloped in a "seedy" dressing-gown, he sat shivering in anxiety, waiting his washerwoman's well-known knock. It came, and she made her appearance with the wished-for shirt in her hand. "Give me the shirt, quick," cried he, extending his hand as he spoke. The washerwoman drew back, and coolly replied, "You owe me eighteenpence, sir, I am a poor woman with a large family—I must be paid."—"I—n your family," cried the diner-out. "I have not got a farthing—give me my shirt."—"I won't till I have my money" was the virago's reply. The unfortunate diner-out swore, stormed, and raved, but all was of no avail, he even descended to the most abject supplications, but it was in vain. There she stood with the coveted garment in her hand, while he like Tantalus of old, "saw, but could not grasp" it. At length, driven to despair, he exclaimed, "My good Mrs. Brown, for God's sake give me my shirt. I am going to dine at Mr. Wilkinson's, in Belgrave Square, I shall be too late—I shall be ruined!" An infernal smile lighted up for an instant the obdurate washerwoman's face, and without saying another word, she departed with her prize leaving him shirtless, and of course, dinnerless. In the middle of dinner at Mr. Wilkinson's that evening, while the guests were discussing the mysterious non-appearance of my hero, and the pretty Charlotte Singleton was pointing and looking daggers, grievously offended by the absence of her lover, a parcel was brought in by a servant and delivered to the master of the house. He opened it, and to the astonishment of all, out fell a shirt! Snatching up a little dirty scrap of paper which fell from the garment, the host read out the fol-

lowing exquisite morsel for the edification of the company:—

"Muster Wilkinson,

"Sir,—Has Muster Howard owed me eighteenpence, and has only got this one shirt, which I enclose; and as I would not let him have this one shirt till he paid me, which he said as how he couldn't, I send you the article in question, that you may not be surprised at his not coming to dinner.

"Your humble servant,

"MARY BROWN, Washerwoman.

"N.B.—Washing done on reasonable terms, and a good drying-ground."

The roar of laughter which succeeded may be guessed. In less than a month after this "untoward event," Charlotte Singleton was married to a fat merchant, and Fitz Walter Howard, Esq., was in the Queen's Bench.

It is a curious circumstance that block-headers are generally far better story-tellers than clever men. This, indeed, so often holds true that when a heap of a person being great at story-telling I am apt to place him in the catalogue of asses.—*Marnock*

NOTHING LOST.—The actor Beauchamp, who was extremely ugly, playing the part of Mithridates in Racine's play, *Monime*, said to him in character, "Ah! sure, you changed countenance." A wag in the pit exclaimed, "Let him do so, don't stop him."

It is curious that the second edition of a German work is generally much altered from the first, and admits not only of variation of statements, but often direct contradiction of its former self. Jacobi, no inconsiderable man, published a book, tarding much on a distinction, unknown in this country, between the reason and the understanding. But the second edition had appended to this important statement, for the benefit of those readers who might still wish to make use of their original copies:—

"Wherever you find *understanding*, read *reason*, and for *reason*, read *understanding*."

The system adopted in imitation of the French custom, of taking very strong coffee after dinner, though so very agreeable, is injurious, if the wines taken during the meal have been Port, Sherry, and Madeira; but not so if those of a lighter quality have been drank. Great excitement attends upon this indulgence, for coffee has a great influence upon the stomach, and likewise upon the brain. Watchfulness of long duration, with a feverish reaction, are its immediate effects. But its distant ones are more upon the extreme capillary vessels of the surface of the body, which it seems to constrict; and it affects the skin, so which it gives a peculiar harshness, and it has been said, by French writers, to give it colour; and the sallowness of the Parisians has been, by more than one medical author, ascribed to the great addiction to coffee.

REMARKABLE CASES OF
IMPOSTURE.—No. VII.

WE shall now briefly relate the outlines of one of the most stupendous mixtures of fanaticism and imposture that ever agitated the world;—we allude to the career of Mohammed, the Arabian.

Mohammed (*Illustrations*) was the son of Abd-Allah, (*Servant of God*) a noble Arab of the tribe of Koreish, which had the guardianship of the Kaaba.* His mother was Aminah, the daughter of a chief of princely rank. He was early left an orphan, with the slender patrimony of five camels and a female Ethiopian slave. His uncle, Aboo Talib, brought him up. At an early age the young Mohammed accompanied his uncle to the fair of Bozra, on the verge of Syria, and in his eighteenth year he signalized his valour in an engagement between the Koreish and a hostile tribe. At the age of twenty-five he entered the service of Khadijah, a wealthy widow, with whose merchandise he visited one of the great fairs of Syria. Mohammed, though poor, was noble, handsome, acute, and brave. Khadijah, who was fifteen years his senior, was inspired with love; her passion was returned, and the gift of her hand and wealth gave Mohammed affluence and consideration.

His original turn of mind appears to have been serious; and it is not unlikely that the great truth of the Unity of the Deity had been early impressed on his mind by his mother, or his Jewish kindred. The Koreish and the rest of his countrymen were idolaters; Christianity was now corrupted by the intermixture of many gross superstitions; the light-worship of the Persians was a worshipping of the Deity under a material form; the Mosaic religion had been debased by the dreams and absurd distinctions of the Rabbis. A simpler form than any of these seemed wanted for man. God, moreover, was believed to have, at sundry times, sent prophets into the world for its reformation, and might do so again; the Jews still looked for their promised Messiah. Many Christians held that the Paraclete was yet to come. Who can take upon him to assert that Mo-

hammed may not (at least at first), have believed himself to be set apart to the service of God, and appointed by the divine decree to be the preacher of a purer faith than any which he then saw existing? Who will say that in his annual seclusions of fifteen days in the cave of Hira, he may not have fallen into ecstatic visions; and that in one of these waking dreams the angel Gabriel may not have appeared to his distempered fancy, to descend to nominate him to the office of a prophet of God; and present to him, in a visible form, that portion of his future law, which had, probably, already passed through his mind.

A certain portion of self-delusion is always mingled with *successful religious imposture*; the impostor, as it were, makes his first experiment on himself. It is much more reasonable to conclude that Mohammed had at first no other object than the dissemination of truth by persuasion; and that he may have beguiled himself into a belief of his being the instrument selected for that purpose, than that the citizen of a town in the secluded region of Arabia, beheld in ambitious vision from his mountain-cave, his victorious banners waving on the banks of the Oxus and the Ebro, and his name saluted as that of the prophet of God, by a fourth part of the human race. It is, however, at the same time undoubtedly evident, that when he saw his enterprise crowned with the desired success, he made use of impious frauds to establish the work he had so happily begun, deluded the credulous multitude by various artifices, and even forged celestial visions to confirm his authority and remove the difficulties that frequently arose in the course of his affairs. This mixture of imposture is by no means incompatible with a spirit of enthusiasm; for the fanatic, through the unguided warmth of zeal, looks often upon the artifices that are useful to his cause as pious and acceptable to the Supreme Being; and, therefore, deceives when he can do it with impunity.

Whatever the ideas and projects of Mohammed may originally have been, he waited till he had attained his fortieth year, (the age at which Moses showed himself first to the Israelites), and then revealed his divine commission to his wife Khadijah, his slave Zaid, his cousin Ali, the son of Aboo Talib, and his friend, the virtuous and wealthy Aboo Bekr. It speaks not a little for the purity of the previous life of the new Prophet, that he could venture to claim the faith of those who were most intimately acquainted with him.

The voice of wisdom has declared to us that "a prophet has no honour in his own country and among his own kindred," and the example of Mohammed testified the truth of the assertion. "During thirteen years the new religion made but slow progress in the town of Mecca, but the people of Yathrib, a

* Kaaba, (*Square House of Mecca*), the *Hira Stone*, in which (probably an aerolite) had been for ages an object of religious veneration to the tribes of Arabia. Mohammed calls it a *ruby of Paradise*. "Verily," says he, "it shall be called upon at the last day; it shall speak, and bear witness of those who shall have touched it in truth and sincerity of heart." This stone is the pledge of that covenant which was entered into between the great Creator, and all the orders of spiritual existence. "Am not I your God?" said the Supreme Being, at the moment of the Creation, and all replied, "Yes, thou art." This act of universal faith was deposited in the centre of the stone; and at the last judgment, its testimony will confound those who have slighted, or have been perverted from, the purity of their original belief.—*Thornton's Present State of Turkey*.

town afterwards dignified with the appellation of *Medinat-en-Nabi* (the City of the Prophet) were more susceptible of faith, and when, on the death of Abou Talib, who protected his nephew, though he rejected his claims, his celebrated *Flight* brought him to Yathrib, the people of that town took arms in his defence against the Korish. It was probably now that new views opened to the mind of the Prophet. Prince of Yathrib, he might hope to extend his sway over Mecca; and those who had scoffed at his arguments and persuasions might be taught lessons of wisdom by the sword. These anticipations were realized for less than ten years after the battle of Badr (the first he fought) he saw his temporal power and his prophetic character acknowledged by the whole of the Arabian peninsula.

The Arabs of the days of Mohammed were, as we have already stated, idolaters, three hundred images are said to have claimed their adoration in the Kaaba. A gross licentiousness, too, prevailed among them, and their polygamy had no limits assigned to it. For these, the Prophet substituted the worship of one God, and placed a check on the sensual propensities of his people. His religion contained descriptions of the future state of rewards and punishments by which he allured to obedience and terrified from contumacy or opposition. The pains of hell which he menaced were such as were most offensive to the body and its organs, the joys of Paradise were verdant meads, shady trees, murmuring brooks, gentle airs, precious wines in cups of gold and silver, stately tents, and splendid sofas, the melody of the songs of angels was to ravish the souls of the blessed, the black-eyed Houris were to be the ever-blooming brides of the faithful servants of God. Yet, though sensual bliss was to be his ultimate reward, the votary was taught that its attainment demanded self-denial on earth, and it has justly been observed by Hallam (*Middle Ages*, vol. 2, p. 165), that "a devout Mussulman exhibits more of the Stoical than of the Epicurean character." As the Prophet had resolved that the sword should be unparingly employed for the diffusion of his religion, the highest degree of the future bliss was to be the portion of the martyrs, or those who fell in the way waged for the dissemination of the faith. "Paradise," says the Prophet, "is beneath the shadow of swords." As the day of judgment the wounds of the fallen warrior were to be refulgent as virgin ilion, and odoriferous as musk; and the wings of angels were to supply the loss of limbs.

The religion of Mohammed was entitled *Islam*, (*Resignation*) whence its votaries were called by the Arabs *Moslems*, and in Persian *Mussulmans*. Its articles of belief were five,—believe in God, in his angels, in his Prophet, in the last day, and in predestination. Its positive duties were also five,—purification,

prayer, fasting, alms, and the pilgrimage to Mecca. Various rites and observances which the Arabs had hitherto practised were retained by the founder of the new religion, either out of regard for the prejudices of his followers, or because he did not, or could not, divest his own mind from respect for usages in which he had been educated. The book which contains the revelations and doctrines of Mohammed is called the *Koran* (*Reading*). It was composed in detached pieces, during a long series of years, by the Prophet, and taken down from his lips by his scribes. His own account of its origin was that each *sura*, or chapter, was brought to him from heaven by the angel Gabriel. It is universally allowed to be written with the utmost elegance and purity of language, in the dialect of the tribe of Kureish, the most noble and polite of all the Arabians, but with some mixture, though very rarely, of other dialects. It is confessedly the standard of the Arabic tongue, and, as the more orthodox believe, and are taught by the book itself, inimitable by any human pen, and therefore boasted on as a permanent miracle, greater than that of raising the dead, and alone sufficient to convince the world of its divine original. And to this miracle did Mohammed himself chiefly appeal for the confirmation of his mission, publicly challenging the most eloquent men in all Arabia, which was at that time filled with many thousands, whose whole study and ambition it was to excel in elegance of style and composition, to produce even a single chapter that might be compared with it.

Before concluding this chapter, may we be allowed to say, that Christianity itself appears to have derived advantage from the imposture of Mohammed, and that the clear and open profession of the Divine Unity by their Mohammedan enemies seems to have kept the Christians of the dark ages from smothering it beneath the mass of superstition and fable by which they corrupted and deformed so much of the majestic simplicity of the Gospel. No one, certainly, would dream of comparing Mohammed, the impostor, with Jesus Christ,—of setting darkness by the side of light; but still we may confess him to have been an agent in the hands of the Almighty, and admit that his assumption of the prophetic office was productive of much good as well as of much evil.

"You have been a good scholar in your day, Ned—quite conversant with book-keeping, I presume?"—"No, sir, I can't say that I am, but what the deuce makes you ask such a question?"—"Why? Because I know of my sad experience; for you have no less than a dozen of my books, and, alas! not one of them returned, all owing to your book-keeping abilities."

A COURTSHIP IN THE TIMES OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Concluded from our last.

Once more the reader must follow us to the sea-shore. Allan Roland sat upon a mossy rock, beside was the friendly page, and at their feet the noble hound. Kind had been their greeting, and their converse was like that of long parted friends.

"I am grateful for thy warning," said the youth; "but there hardly can be such baseness as you seem to dread."

"I am but a boy," said the page, with a slight smile, "and thou'rt a bearded man; and yet, methinks, I know more of the world's ways than thee. Did not thy kinsman, disappointed at the grant of some Irish lands, and believing thee to be disgusted with the court, seek thee to join with him in his schemes of rebellion? and has not thy refusal put his life and estate in thy power;—and that secretly dreading?"

"Tell me, boy!—tell me! how comest thou by this knowledge?" cried the youth, in evident astonishment and uneasiness.

As he spoke, the hound uttered a low growl, but without changing posture, still lay drowsily, with shut eyes, basking in the sun. Two men were now stealing softly round the corner of the rock; a bright dagger was in the hand of each. Already had they selected their victims, when he who was approaching the page, making a false step on the pebbles, the hound started at the sound; and, just as the other was about to strike Allan Roland, flew with a wild yell at the assassin's throat, and threw him heavily down, stunned and bruised upon the rock. Allan and the page both started to their feet, and the youth, springing between the other intruder and the boy, laid his hand upon his sword; but ere he had time to draw it, the man dropped upon his knee before them.

"To the boat, Giles," said the page.

The supposed assassin rose to his feet, touched his bonnet respectfully, suddenly disappeared round the foot of the rock, and ere Allan had well recovered his first surprise, he saw the boat approaching.

"In three weeks," said the page, "thy term of probation will have expired. You will continue kind to Ringwood," he concluded, smiling in spite of himself at the old promise to his, perhaps, more heart-felt request; and neither woo nor wed till then. On that day come to Morden Castle, and thou shalt see—"

"The Countess of Lorcvalle?" enquired the youth, eagerly.

"Even so," said the page, smiling; "she will plead with thee for my mistress."

"By Saint George of England, thou'rt a good youth! I love thee, boy!"

"By my fay, and ye have fair cause," said the other, springing lightly into the boat, and waving his hand as it glided rapidly away.

A low growl from the hound now warned Allan of his prisoner; and approaching the prostrate man, the youth, to his horror, saw in the assassin his kinsman, Sir Edgar Roland!

"Back, Ringwood, back!" cried he, "and stain not thy tusks with a traitor's blood. Twice, Edgar, has my hound had his fangs upon thy throat; beware the third time. Twice have ye sought my life—once with the poisoned wine-cup, and now with the dagger; but—"

"Ye have planted spies in my hall," said the knight sullenly.

"Peace, traitor!" cried the other indignantly. "But for our common grandaire, whose dust lies in yonder rock, I would plant my steel in thy heart. Farewell, kinsman: we may meet no more as friends; but if ye seek not the ruin of thy house, we shall meet no more as enemies." So saying, the youth turned away, and followed by the gallant hound, with a light step ascended the cliffs.

Proudly rose turret and tower of Morden Castle amid the noble woodland scenery that environed it, and many were the sounds of "merry greenwood" that fell upon the ear of young Allan Roland, as he rode towards it on the day appointed by the friendly page. His good steed was gaily caparisoned; four mounted men-at-arms rode at his heel; and by his side was Ringwood, the faithful hound. At the sound of the horn the warder lowered the drawbridge; and ere the youth had well told his errand—which, in sooth, it might have been hard to do—he found himself in a stately chamber, to which he had been courteously led. After waiting there for some time, one of the folding doors was hastily thrown open, and the page entered the apartment. His dress was slightly disordered, and seemed as if it had been assumed in haste. Some of the points of his vest were untied; and a new and strange thought, suggested by the altered appearance of the boy, for the first time flashed across Allan's mind. The page approached with his usual confidence; but no sooner had his eye met with the youth's enquiring glance, than a deep blush overpread his features; his light and gay air deserted him; and it was with averted eyes that he said at length, "My lady greets thee, and welcomes thee to Morden."

"And I claim thy promise, fair boy," said the youth, approaching.

"I shall not fail," said the disconcerted page, timidly retreating, and then disappearing by the same way through which he had entered.

"Have I been blind?" said Allan to him-

self, as he paced about the lofty chamber. "Those dark eyes—that sweet smile—that blush—But, oh no! it cannot be—it cannot be!" And the youth smiled at the seeming extravagance of his own idea. But his mind was confused by the new thought which occupied it; and the more he deliberated, the more puzzled he became.

While thus occupied, the door in another part of the room was opened, and, to Allan's new surprise, his own brother Ralph entered, and quickly greeting him, exclaimed, "This is kind of thee Allan. In faith, 'tis kind of thee."

"By the good saints, Ralph, I comprehend thee not!"

"Nay, Allan,—I expected not thee to grace my nuptials, nor, I wot, did the lady Agnes, whom thou hast lost and I have won. But let me lead thee into the hall, where there are many noble guests; and to-morrow you will accompany me to church with my bride. In faith, 'tis kind of thee, Allan."

So saying, he led the youth into another chamber, filled with guests, to many of whom he was known, and paid hasty greeting, when he perceived the young Countess of Lorraine at the upper end of the hall, and approaching, was met with a gracious smile, and a gentle whisper of "How fares the gallant hound?"

Fortunately for Allan's embarrassment, a flourish of trumpets just at that moment proclaimed the banquet; and having led the lovely Countess into another chamber, where a magnificent repast was prepared, as he sat by her side charmed and delighted, he was at little pains to enquire why or wherefore, and he wisely delayed all thoughts of an explanation until other circumstances should better favour him.

Nor were these long denied. In the evening, as he walked in the noble grounds by the side of the lovely girl,—whose marked preference during the day had created him a small share of envy,—he boldly declared his love, and the fair Countess frankly owned it was returned. Then, and not till then, when his arm was still round the waist of the noble maid, did he venture to enquire of the mysterious page and his nameless mistress.

"The page was mine," said the young Countess, blushing a deeper blush.

"Aye, fair lady, but 'twas no boy?" continued the youth with an enquiring look.

"And thinkest thou, Allan," said the other reproachfully, "that woman would trust another on such an errand as mine?"

Once more the youth pressed her to his breast, well pleased to know that she he loved was the gentle page whose many kindly deeds had, unknown to himself, already twined themselves round his heart.

Five many weeks had gone by, the young Countess of Lorraine was led to the altar,

and many a proud family in England claims descent from Allan Roland and his noble bride.

USEFUL RECIPES.

TINCTURE OF LEMON-PEEL.—A very easy and economical way of obtaining and preserving the flavour of lemon-peel, is to fill a wide-mouthed pint bottle half full of brandy, and when you use a lemon pare the rind off very thin, and put it into the brandy; in a fortnight it will impregnate the spirit with the flavour so strongly, that a tea-spoonful will be enough to give a zest to half a pint of grog.

TO GIVE ANY CLOSE-GRAINED WOOD THE APPEARANCE OF MAHOGANY.—The surface of the wood must first be planed smooth, and then rubbed with weak aqua-fortis; after which it is to be finished with the following varnish:—To three pints of spirit of wine is to be added four ounces and a half of dragon's blood, and an ounce of soda, which have been previously ground together; after standing some time, that the dragon's blood may be dissolved, the varnish is to be strained, and laid on the wood with a soft brush. This process is to be repeated, and then the wood possesses the perfect appearance of mahogany. When the polish diminishes in brilliancy, it may be speedily restored by rubbing the article with a little linseed oil.

FOR COLDS AND COUGHS.—At this season of the year, when coughs and colds are the order of the day, and scarce a family is to be found, some of whose members are not afflicted with them, the following remedy, communicated by a Russian, as the usual mode of getting rid of these complaints in that part of Russia from whence he came, is simple; and we can, from experience, also vouch for its efficacy. It is no other than a strong tea of elder flowers, sweetened with honey, either fresh or dried, which may be bought at any herb-shop. A basin of this tea is to be drunk as hot as possible, after the person is warm in bed: it produces a strong perspiration, and a slight cold on cough yields to it immediately; but the most stubborn requires two or three repetitions.

AN ELASTIC VARNISH FOR OILED SILK.—Boil a pound of glue, with a very little water, in a very clean large earthen pipkin, over a gentle fire, until a drop thrown into the fire blazes immediately; which proper degree may be also known by the glue ceasing to crackle. Then remove the pot from the fire, and, as you stir the glue with the wooden slide, pour in a pint of oil of turpentine. As soon as it is well mixed, put the pipkin again on the fire for about ten minutes, and stir into it three plates of drying oil, made either from linseed oil, nut oil, or poppy oil. Roll gently for a quarter of an hour, and then let the varnish

cool, stand for a day and night to settle, and afterwards pour off the clear into a bottle. When this varnish is to be used, the silk is to be strained in a frame, and the varnish being warmed, it is to be laid on with a thick brush. When it is intended to apply two coats of varnish, care must be taken to stretch the silk very tight, and to apply the second coat of varnish in the contrary direction to the first coat. The silk must not be taken out of the frame until it is quite dry.

CONGER EELS.—Put a slice of about two pounds weight into a saucepan, or earthen pot, with two onions sliced thin; a small quantity of dillisk well washed and chopped fine, quarter ounce of salt, and a little pepper, add two quarts of water, and stew for one hour; ten minutes before using take out the fish and thicken with a little flour, previously mixed with some water; boil ten minutes, pour it over the fish and serve—if onions or dillisk are not to be had, use half a pound of any vegetable cut fine; *halibut and salmon fish can be cooked in the same manner.*

BURGESS' ESSENCE OF ANCHOVIES.—To make one gallon, take six pints spring water, one pound of clean bay salt: boil them in an iron or well tinued saucepan till they are reduced to two quarts one pint. When quite cold, in an earthen pan or tub, take four pounds of good anchovies, as they come from the barrel with the salt about them—bruse them in a marble mortar with a wood pestle until they become a very fine paste, putting about eleven ounces in at a time, or less according to the size of your mortar. Return them immediately into the cold salt and water as above as fast as you pound them. Squeeze the pounded paste and the salt and water well together. Cover it close and let it remain twenty-four hours—first rubbing an ounce of the best Venetian red well together with three quarters ounce of common salt, and well mixing and stirring the colour and the salt with some of the paste and liquor in a basin. Then add the colour to the whole, well stirring them together, and add more colour if wanted. After they have stood together as above, stir them well up, and strain them through a medium hair sieve into a clean pan. It is then complete. Bottle it, cork it close, keep it as cool as you can.

CHAPPED HANDS.—Dilute sulphuric acid, a fluid drachm; distilled water, two ounces; rose water, two ounces. If the irritation be too great, this preparation may be diluted with water. When not much chapped, a little honey will cure the hands; and, if used every morning, will maintain the skin in a healthy state.

MANGEL-WURZEL.—Take the middle part of the leaves or stalk of the mangel-wurzel, and peel the outside as you do for rhubarb, cut them into equal lengths, and tie them up like asparagus; boil, with some salt in the water, for twenty minutes, and serve with a

little butter or milk thickened with flour, or stew them with any kind of fish or meat.

WATERPROOF BOOTS AND SHOES.—Take one pound of drying (boiled linseed) oil, two ounces of yellow wax, two ounces of spirits of turpentine, and one of Burgundy pitch, melted carefully over a slow fire. With this composition new shoes and boots are to be rubbed in the sun, or at a distance from the fire, with a small bit of sponge, as often as they become dry, until they are fully saturated; the leather then is impervious to wet, the shoes and boots last much longer, acquire softness and pliability, and thus prepared, are the most effectual preservations against cold.

TO MAKE CHARCOAL.—As charcoal is now much used both by gardeners and farmers, and as it is not easily procured at many places, the following simple directions for making it may be useful. Cut up a quantity of wood into billets of about 18 inches long; place three or four wheel-barrowfuls upon a handful of straw and a few dry sticks, and set fire to the straw. As the wood begins to ignite, surround it with soda, previously cut from the roadsides, tolerably dry, and common road dirt, throwing on the latter in lumps, so as not completely to exclude the air. Soon the whole heap will be burning together; and as the fire makes its appearance through the dirt, or rather as the dirt becomes burnt, throw on more. At night add as much more as is likely to be burnt through by the morning, and continue it for several days. On clearing away the burnt earth, the wood will be found completely charred, but not a stick consumed. Thus charcoal is made quite as good as could be purchased, while the burnt earth and soda, dressed with liquid manure, will form an excellent compost. Black poplar, or any light wood, is good for the purpose.—*Francis Moore's Almanac for 1848.*

We've got a painter down east as paints so natural that one day he took a piece of shingle and coloured it so much like marble, that when he threw it into the water it didn't sink there aren't no snakes in Virginy.

RATIONALE OF TRAVEL-WRITING.—The whole budget of history and of fiction whether of travel-writers or romancers, and of geographers, fades into insignificance in comparison with one glance of an actual observer. Particular positions and events may be vivid to the mind, but they can tell no story of noise and presence, of rivers rushing, wheels rolling, sun shining, voices talking, and why cannot these not be all so pictured that a man might wake up in a far off land as if it were an old story? Simply because each observer has his individualities, which it is as impossible to convey to the mind of another by writing, as it would have been for me to have kept awake that night in the diligence, after reading so sleepy a paragraph as that in the *Gazetteer*.—*Dagblen's Miscellany.*

WINTER EVENING PASTIMES.

CHARADES.

1. My first when graceful Della takes,
As down the dance she moves,
The tumult of delight she wakes,
And every thought is love's.
My second in a red ruled book
May oft occasion pain;
And cause us many an anxious look,
The cross'd and cross'd again.
My whole describes, with nicest care,
Each object that it treats on;
And bids each cautious wight beware
Of sharps when he meets one.
2. My first—yet how shall I express
What language ne'er explained?
Ah! no: let Anna's eyes confess
Where its warm influence reigned.
My second in a leathern case,
Of oft journeys many a mile,
And bears to many a distant place,
Affection's anxious smile.
My whole the softest language speaks,
That fancy can impart:
It paints with blushes Anna's cheeks,
But triumphs o'er her heart.

RIDDLES.

1. I'm small of body, yet contain
The extremes of pleasure and pain;
I ne'er beginning have, nor end,
More hollow than the falsest friend.
If I entrap some heedless zany,
Or in my magic circle any
Have entered, from my sorcery
No power on earth can set them free,—
At least, all human force is vain,
Or less than many hundred men.
Though endless, yet nor short nor long;
And what though I'm so wondrous
strong,
The voriest child that's pleased to try,
Might carry fifty such as I.
2. I never in a house was born,
Nor did I ever fly;
And yet, to make the puzzle out,
I soar into the sky.
I oft contain both life and breath,
And yet I never die;
And though sometimes to remnants torn,
I never leave a sigh.
Oft, through ambition, I aspire,
And so till I can go no higher;
And then, like many men so great,
I sink into a lower state.
3. A shoemaker makes shoes without any
leather,
With all the four elements put together—
Fire, water, earth and air—
And every customer takes two pair.
4. What animal would you like to be on
very cold day?
5. Why is a good sportsman like a bad
hott?
6. What place near London resembles a
relay dog?

7. What game designates the moving of
a ship in a storm?

8. Why should the number 288, never be
mentioned to ears polite?

9. What is that, although in a square
form, may be said to be always round?

10. What tree is the best known?

11. What tree is most useful on board
ship?

12. What tree is most like the sea-shore?

13. A river, part of a ship, and the name
of a town in Yorkshire?

14. My first has an intimate connexion
with barristers; my second is a heavy weight;
my whole is a town in Lancashire.

15. A bird well known, and a substance
to be seen in every house.

16. What four letters of the alphabet ex-
press the feelings of an envious person?

17. When is a baronet's coat as good as
himself?

18. What English monosyllable has seven
meanings, six different spellings, and only
one sound?

19. What tree is expressed by a single
letter?

20. What tree is expressed by two letters?

21. Strife of nations; tie of love; and
twenty hundred weight; the whole a market-
town in England.

22. A singing bird, and a stimulus.

23. Precise, and a fragrant flower.

Wonder upon Wonders.

24. I saw a fish-pond all on fire;
I saw a house how to acquire;
I saw a parson twelve feet high;
I saw a cottage near the sky;
I saw a balloon made of lead;
I saw a coffin drop down dead;
I saw a sparrow run a race;
I saw two horses making lace
I saw a girl just like a cat;
I saw a kitten wear a hat;
I saw a man who saw these too,
And says, though strange, they all
are true.

CONUNDRUMS.

1. What is that which occurs once in a
minute, twice in a moment, and not once in
a thousand years?

2. What word is that, which, deprived of
its first letter, leaves you sick?

3. Why is a farmer surprised at the let-
ter G?

4. What makes all women like?

5. Why is one of the cardinal virtues like
water nearly frozen?

ENIGMATICAL LIST OF BIRDS.

1. A child's plaything.

2. What we all do at every meal.

3. A disorder incident to man and horse.

4. Nothing, twice yourself, and fifty.

5. Equality and decay.

The Solutions will appear in our next.

FACTS AND SCRAPS.

A SLIGHT ORTHOGRAPHICAL ERROR.—A quack, who placarded his medicines, described them as "the greatest cures of any medicine," instead of "the greatest cure of all medicines."

SARCASTIC REPLY.—"I have serious thoughts of trying my hand at a farce; how do you think I should succeed?" asked Tal-fourd of "the great tragedian." "Why, judging by the two tragedies which you have written," rejoined Macready, "there cannot be a doubt of your success in comedy."

The following may serve as a fact for the author of "The Vestiges!"—"Another 'singing mouse' has been caught in Philadelphia. Singing mice were never heard of before the nineteenth century. The inference is plain. The mouse is undergoing 'development.'"

ANTI-MALTHUSIAN.—Amongst the carriers between Bodmin and Plymouth, is Mary Woolwick, who, although 75, follows her pursuit of carrier as nimbly as if she was only 40, and has done so for the last half century. She has had seventeen children, of whom eleven are living together, with seventy-six grandchildren, and three great-grandchildren. Her husband, who is 85, is supported by her industry.

ASTRONOMICAL DISCOVERY.—It is announced that the astronomers of Pulkova have ascertained the existence of a third satellite of the planet Uranus. Herschel, the discoverer of this planet, thought to have perceived as many as six satellites revolving round the parent luminary; but astronomers had only succeeded in determining the orbit of two amongst them, and it may even be doubted whether a trace of the others had ever been discovered. The discovery of a satellite, which only occupies ninety-four hours in effecting its revolution round Uranus confirms a remarkable fact—amongst the four planets nearest the sun, the earth is the only one that possesses a satellite, whilst the most remote planets all possess several.

EVENING REFLECTION.—No sounds are in the air but the singing of a solitary lark,—who pours down his thrilling music from a height, at which his little figure is invisible,—and the small twitterings of myriad grasshoppers. Soft feelings creep upon the soul: sensations of peace, and calm, and Eden-given happiness! Longings to cast away the trammels of the world, and to return no more to the sweltering close-peopled city, or engage in the strife of ambition, the empty struggle for still emptier distinction! In the glowing stillness of that glorious evening, the soul holds mysterious communion with its Maker, and, in its ardent longings for that peace of which it is permitted to enjoy a transient foretaste, asks why it is that peace is such a stranger to its thoughts? —*Dolman's Magazine.*

The large silver star, sunk in the place at Bethlehem supposed to have been the site of the manger where Christ was born, has been stolen. The Latins and Greeks accuse each other of the robbery.

EXQUISITE DESCRIPTION OF FEMALE BEAUTY.—Mason had the true touch of poetry in his soul, though it did not often display itself in his *Caractacus*, *Elfrida*, or *Botanic Garden*. But his lines on the death of Lady Coventry, and those on the death of his own wife (a perfect gem!) are enough to establish his position. The whole range of English poetry does not contain a more fascinating delineation of female loveliness than the following stanza from his pen presents:—"When'er with soft serenity she smiled:—
Or caught the orient blush of quick surprise,

How sweetly mutal'd, how brightly wild,
The liquid lustre darted from her eyes!
Each look, each motion, marked a new-born grace

That o'er her form its transient glory cast;
Some lovelier wonder soon usurped the place
Chased by a charm still lovelier than the last."

NAPOLÉONIDEÆ.—If the letters forming the word *neto* be struck out of the words *Revolution Française*, the remaining letters will constitute a very singular coincidence; for they will form, with proper ingenuity of location, the words *Un corse la finira*. The names of the male crowned heads of the extinct Napoleon dynasty, likewise form a remarkable acrostic:

N-apoleon . . . Emperor of the French.
I-oseph . . . King of Spain.
H-ieronymus . . . King of Westphalia.
I-achin . . . King of Naples.
I-ouis . . . King of Holland.

And a dissection of the compound Greek word "Napoleon" gives the following singular result:—

Napoleon . . . The Lion of the Wood.
apoleon . . . The destroyer
poleon . . . Of cities.
oleon . . . The desolating
leon . . . Lion.

ECLIPSES IN 1848.—In this year there will be four eclipses of the sun, and two of the moon. 1. A partial eclipse of the sun, March 5th. Invisible at Greenwich. This eclipse will be apparent chiefly to the inhabitants of North America. 2. A total eclipse of the moon, March 19th, beginning at fifteen minutes past seven in the evening, and ending at eight minutes past eleven. Visible at Greenwich. 3. A partial eclipse of the sun, April 3rd. Invisible at Greenwich. The eclipse will be seen in the Southern Ocean. 4. A partial eclipse of the sun, August 23th, but also invisible at Greenwich. It will occur in the great Southern Ocean. 5. A total eclipse of the moon, September 13th, beginning at thirty-one minutes past four in the morning, and ending at six.

minutes past eight. Visible at Greenwich, where the moon will set at thirty-two minutes past five, partially eclipsed. 6. A partial eclipse of the sun, September 27th. *Invisible at Greenwich. This eclipse will rise in a high northern latitude, and extend over a considerable portion of Asia.

WANTED, A WIFE.—A gallant gentleman at Malta, whose taste in female beauty does not seem amiss, has put forth the following overture to a connubial arrangement in the *Maltese Harlequin*.—"Wanted, a Wife—who must be of a comely form, if not handsome; she must be of moderate size and regular shape, and of a rather narrow waist, she must have a complexion clear, but black eyes and dark hair; her age must not exceed 23. It is necessary that she have the best references, and that she be of a respectable family. A small fortune will also be needed—not less than 200*l.* per annum. The gentleman advertising has 300*l.* per annum; this, then, will make 500*l.* per annum. Her future residence will be fixed at Naples or Paris, as the lady pleases. Applications will be received from both *Maltese and English ladies*."

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, No. 3, Catherine Street, Strand.

Z Z.—The probate duty on wills, where the amount is between 200*l.* and 500*l.*, is 5*s.*

STURGE.—Early next month, if the weather is not frosty, you may sow radishes in a sheltered situation. They may be easily protected by a litter of clean straw.

DERBY SWEEP.—SIR,—In Number 4, of "Tracts for the People," there appeared an article denouncing these laborers, and calling for their suppression. The police have now received orders to call upon all publicans at whose houses Derby Clubs are held, and to caution them against continuing them for the future. This must be gratifying to you.—W. N. P.

JOHN.—It can be sent through the Post Office upon payment of one penny. Any bookseller in Shrewsbury will supply you.

F. T.—We do not agree in opinion with you. Our Receipts are very useful, and our Riddles highly amusing.

L. D.—The Spanish rial is equal in value to 4*d.* sterling, the Arabian piastre, 5*d.* 6*d.*; and the Spanish piastre, 3*d.* 7*d.* The gold rufes of Asia is equal to 3*s.* English; and the silver rufes worth 2*s.* 6*d.*

T. P. (Leeds).—See "Glenny's Garden Almanack" for 1848. You will there find directions for the flower and kitchen garden for each month in the year, and much other valuable information for the management of the garden.

JAMES T. (Manchester).—The Emperor Nicholas of Russia was born in 1796, his accession was in 1825. Queen Isabella of Spain is in her 84th year, and Queen Maria of Portugal in her 29th.

M. M. S.—An English mile contains 1760 yards, an Irish mile 2200, the Scotch mile is, we believe, the same length as the Irish. The Hungarian mile is 5380 yards, and is, we think, the largest European mile.

Mrs. R.—The weight is limited to sixteen ounces at the General Post Office.

M. C.—To our Correspondent, the "Master of the Riddle," returns thanks

F. CAUDRYLL.—We shall be glad to hear from our Correspondent, with the understanding that if the article is not suitable it will not appear in "Tracts for the People."

JOHN WILSON (Leeds).—The question is intricate for us.

E. S. W., K. D. J. T. and J. H. and R. C. have been received, and will be attended to. JACOBS.—Your good opinion of our work is very flattering, and we thank you for your contribution, which has been placed in the hands of the gentleman who superintends that department.

A. D.—Two letters at the same time. We have submitted them to the proper quarter.

MAZEPPE (Manchester).—Thanks—shall be attended to.

AMICUS (Bedford).—We hope you will like us as well, if not better, every number you peruse. Our "Receipts" and "Facts and Scraps," have too many admirers for us to think of discontinuing them.

GUILLA PERCHA.—Sole of this description, we think, require a sater fastening than the blue sold with them.

G. E. T. A., "DICKENS, SAM," and G. S., of Leith, shall have our earliest attention. We beg they will accept our best thanks.

R. B.—We will peruse your contribution next week.

SWANCK.—We feel highly flattered by your kind letter, and will peruse your gift in a day or two.—We have frequently heard it pronounced by Germans, Guethe, and Gath.

J. S.—We cannot out your verses; but will hand your riddles over to our "Master of the Riddle."

C. F. S.—The same objection has been replied to in our last number. The alteration will not effect the binding. Thanks for your friendly note.

A. B. C. (Rugby).—Thanks. No.

J. W.—Your notions of what is proper, and ours, do not coincide. We should like the opportunity of giving you some such.

J. K. (Newbridge Wells).—Prince Albert is not the son of the King of Hanover, but of the late Duke of Saxa Coburg and Gotha. The only son of the King of Hanover is Prince George, now the Crown Prince of Hanover.

MARY R. (Fulham).—We shall be happy to receive any "gratuitous" contribution from you, which, if approved of, will be inserted.

DRAMATICUS.—Madame Celeste is a widow. She was married to an American gentleman named Elliott. She has one child, a daughter, said to be very handsome, and recently married in America.

J. P.—Our best and safest way is to send a Post-office order, the cost will be only a few pence.

HENRY O'B. (Dublin), complains that he cannot procure our "Tracts" in that city. This shall be speedily rectified.

P. H. (Manchester).—We will make the inquiry for you.

X. Y. Z. (Brighton).—We feel highly flattered by your very polite note. With respect to "Mendicants," we agree with your remarks, as the following lines, which we have strung together in haste, will show:—

The "begging letter" system is a dodge on which some thrive well.

Tho' it very often happens that the writers get to "Bridgwell."

We have "advertising beggars" too, and "bawling Beggars" many.

Who would rather far "expose themselves," than "earn an honest penny."

W. W. (Seaham).—We will look them over, and use any we find suited to our pages. Accept our thanks.

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T R A C T S

For the People.

A WEEKLY MISCELLANY OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE AND AMUSEMENT

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[JOSEPH HUME, ESQ., M.P.]

THE HISTORY OF JOSEPH HUME, M.P., THE FISHERMAN'S BOY.

It may not be generally known that Mr. Joseph Hume, the Member of Parliament for Montrose, has "sprung from the very bosom of the people;" and, such being the case, it is much to his credit, that, even to the present day, in his lofty position in society, he identifies himself in all things with the

spirit of his former station, and endeavours to ennoble himself in elevating it. His legislative career, and his parliamentary eloquence, display a large share of every feeling which may conduce to the happiness and the interest of the "people." After these prefatory observations, we will now recall, for the delight of our readers, some portion of the early career of this popular and well-known man.

Mr. Hume has now the honour of represent-

ing in Parliament the town of Montrose, where, in the year 1777, he was born in Ferry Street. His father, who was a sober, industrious, persevering man; who, began the world with no capital, and roughed its thorny paths with few friends, at length, by dint of hard labour and economy, saved wherewithal to purchase a sloop. As master of this vessel he traded to London, where he died, whilst Mr. Hume was only five years old. Such was, indeed, the very humble origin of a man with whose name is now associated all that is great and desirable in life.

Joseph was brought up by his mother, one of the very best of women; and at the public grammar school of Montrose he distinguished himself greatly. In due time he was apprenticed to Dr. John Bale, physician and surgeon, in Montrose; and, conceiving at this early age the idea of becoming a great man, he engaged in the discharge of the duties of this apprenticeship with good-will and with a spirit of perseverance. Early and late he toiled in the attic of his mother's house,—a plain but substantial and comfortably-furnished old-fashioned edifice at the north port of Montrose; and, in a few years, he was one of the best-informed and most elevated disciples of Esculapius of which the North of Scotland could boast.

After a certain period, Joseph repaired to Edinburgh, to qualify himself for the degree of a "Surgeon." At the age of 18½, as soon as he had obtained his diploma, he came to London and made several voyages to India and China in the Company's ships, and in 1799 obtained an appointment to the Bengal Presidency as a surgeon in the Company's army.

In a few years he was employed in the various offices of surgeon, Persian interpreter to the army during the Mahratta war in Bundeloh, from 1802 to 1808, Paymaster, Postmaster, &c., discharging the duties attached to them in a way to call forth the public thanks of Lord Lake and other influential functionaries. From one thing to another, in his influence with the merchant princes of the East, he ploded upwards, and onwards, now making a trading visit to England, and anon returning to Bombay, until he gained a handsome competency, on which, at the close of the war, he retired from the active commerce of desultory life, and returned to his native country in 1804.

He spent the year 1810, and part of 1811, in travelling in Spain, Egypt, Turkey, Greece, &c., and again returned to England. Towards the close of the latter year he was returned Member for Weymouth. Seizing a favourable opportunity of presenting himself to a Scotch constituency, he was returned as the representative in Parliament of Montrose in 1818, for which borough he continued to sit till 1830, when he succeeded Mr. Whitbread in Middlesex, and represented that county till the general election in 1837, when he was returned for Kilkenny. He was not returned to Parliament at the general election in 1841, but was elected for Montrose in 1842, on Mr. Chal-

mers accepting the Chiltern Hundreds. Thus, for a period of more than thirty-six years, has this fisherman's boy enjoyed the honourable position of a seat in St. Stephen's.

As a Member of Parliament Mr. Hume has always shown an earnest desire to benefit society, and sincerely deploring the corruption which he sees prevalent in the administration of public affairs, he has brought his talents and experience to bear in furtherance of the common good.

Mr Hume's history, as a politician, is a singular one. Without political connexion, powers of oratory, or pretension to any science, except arithmetic—and those not always fully supported—he succeeded, very rapidly, after he became a Member of Parliament, in attaining a conspicuous place among his fellow legislators. From the rank of a popular declaimer, he rapidly raised himself to that of a member of great weight in the house; to be an object of respect and support to the Liberals, and of awe to the Ministerial benches. It is worthy of remark, that the popular leaders render their efforts waste, and nearly abortive, by bringing forward a set of vague, loving, sweeping, charges; by calling for a general change of all things, and by never laying their finger upon any definite and remediable abuse. They thus alarm the house. They attack in mass, and they are repelled in mass. By dint of aiming at much more than is either possible or desirable they get nothing. Mr. Hume was the first who thoroughly exempted himself from this charge; and he did so by bringing forward a series of motions the most definite and minute that had ever been submitted to the notice of Parliament. The invariable principle upon which he acts is that wrong can be found in every thing, provided one can get at it; upon this principle he began a series of tentative charges, trusting that some at least would come out more or less well founded. In this career he had to encounter many very triumphant refutations which would have dismayed an ordinary assaillant; but to all this he presented a hard, determined, and immutable front, and proceeded directly onward. The ground he took was favourable.

It was money. The times were such as to make urgent and almost feverish calls for economy; so that whenever he chanced to hit at all far, the arrow, went deep. A strong band soon mustered round him, and gave him a decided consideration in the eyes of the public. Upon the whole, he has been useful. He has compelled ministers to lay public accounts before the house more distinctly and in greater detail; he has obviated that darkness under whose care certain eagerness and slovenliness can scarcely fail to insinuate itself. His manner as a speaker is plain, dry, steady, destitute of any flow, richness, or ornament. These qualities, however, in financial discussions, to which he chiefly adheres, are not called for, and would even be out of place. There, perspicuity, accuracy, and keeping stiff

to his point, are enough; it is only when he adventures on topics of wider range, that we discover the absence of varied illustration and animated oratory.

Such is a brief outline of the rise, progress, and present position of Mr Joseph Hume.

TALES FROM IRISH HISTORY.

TALE THE SECOND.

THE BATTLE FOR BRAINS;

OR, THE LAST RELIC

A very new Irish legend, founded on the very ancient anecdote of "the death of King Connor." By WILLIAM COLLIER.

"In the days of King Connor, a long time ago,
To fight for love or lucre was then all the go;
But of all the odd battles Irish history names,
None ever came up to 'The Battle for Brains!'"

THERE are but few of my readers who have not heard of the Connors—the real old ancient Connors, who have lived and died in Ireland ever since grass grew green, and there was no bones in buttermilk. Many were the clans of this family whose names adorn the pages of Irish history, but not one of the name (no not even the mighty *Feergus* with the *O'*) could come up to that respectable man who sat upon the throne of Ulster, before St Patrick preached his first charity sermon in the Island of Saints. King Connor was a broth of a boy, who kept open house (not for want of a door), but with the door always open; for there was a right hearty Irish welcome for every body who entered it, to take pot-luck with him. There were bins of wine, and casks of spirits in his cellar, and so great were their number that it would have bothered a sober excise-man to have counted them all in one week. That Connor was a good king, is as true as Gospel, for no one that ever darkened his door could ever give him a hard word. If he had a failing (and where is the Irishman that has not) it was his love of fighting, and particular partiality for whiskey. It was one of his commendable customs to encourage the boy over whom he was lord and master, in all military arts and exercises, that they might be able to take their own parts, and a part in defending their country in time of need; and it was established in his reign, that whoever came off victor in a single combat should be distinguished with the spoils of the vanquished as a trophy and reward of his bravery. This, of course, gave rise to a great number of *scrimmages* among the "boys of the north," who were at all times partial to a bit o' fighting, if only for the sake of *diversion*. You may suppose there were a host of heroes in those days, great as Ajax, Alexander, or the Hero of Waterloo; but there were none so daring, and greatly

dreaded, as Connall-Cearnach, who insisted upon maintaining a proud pre-eminence; and to convince his countrymen of his superior and treble X courage, he challenged the mightiest warrior of those days (the stout Meisgeadhra) to fight—for what think ye, gentle reader?—for the brains of him that should be conquered.

This Meisgeadhra had the character of being the bravest man in all Ireland, and had distinguished himself upon many occasions, but was at last killed in a trial of skill with Connall Cearnach, a man of Ulster.

It is always right to give a reason for men's actions, if we can, and more particularly so when they are of so sanguinary a character as that just stated. It may be as well, therefore to inform my reader that it was in compliance with a remarkable custom of the times—perhaps "more honoured in the breach than in the observance"—that this "Battle for the Brains" was fought.

It is stated in an ancient Irish chronicle, "that whenever a champion overcame his adversary in single fight, he might—both parties being agreeable—take out his brains," (if he had any), "and after mixing them with lime, make them into a round ball, which by drying in the sun became exceedingly solid and hard, and that he was at liberty always to produce them at great public meetings—both civil and political—as a trophy of considerable valour and certain victory," as the Indian does the scalp-sock of his enemy.

The "Ball of Brains" was presented by Connall Cearnach to the great King Connor, at the first levee he held after this tremendous fight, which lasted from sun-rise to sun-down; and during which time neither of the combatants ever spoke one word. There happened to belong to the court of King Connor two personages of great import, called "natural Fools," and it's few counts, even in our own times, but what can boast of such appendages. Well, the king, who was mighty proud of having in his possession one of these noble badges, made of the brains of the great Meisgeadhra, was very careful to preserve them from the public eye. He caused this trophy to be lodged in a curious and private apartment in his palace of Ramhain, which was his principal residence, and where he generally held his court. Ooh! it was a beautiful old antique fabric, that same palace of Ramhain, into which the rats (gats) had never succeeded in gnawing an entrance; and where the illustrious champions of Ulster hung up their arms and trophies, and their hats when they were invited to dinner. This palace being the place appointed to preserve the most valuable of the crown jewels and monumental trophies, was wisely considered the best place for the "Ball of Brains" to be laid up in ordinary for security. The two fools before-mentioned, supposed, and very naturally, that this ball was of some

value, from the great care taken of it; and observing where it was kept, they came to the wise determination that they would taste neither bit nor sup until they had made themselves masters of it, which they soon accomplished, and conveyed it away unobserved. No sooner was it in their possession, than they found out their mistake: the ball was useless. So they went immediately to the beautiful green lawn in the front of the palace, and began to divert themselves by having a game at bowls with it:—

"To what base uses we may return."

While they were enjoying their game, there chanced to ride that way a very distinguished hero of those times, whose name was Ceat. This champion belonged to the province of Connaught, and was the implacable enemy of King Connor. He well knew the value of this ball, and the great store set on it by the king, and therefore made up his mind that it should change owners. He rode boldly up to the two *fools* who were *diverting* themselves, and when he had got quite close to them, said "God bless your sport, my friends."

"Thank ye kindly," said the elder fool.

"I wonder you'd be playing on a holyday," said the chieftain.

"That's our business, not yours," was the reply.

"Well, *then*, will you be civil enough to tell me, what you're bowling that hard lump of clay about for?"

"For our *diversion*," said the younger fool.

"Where did you get it?"

"Where did we get it, is it? why where it was to be found—you don't suppose we stole it?"

"No," replied Ceat, "for any fool can see it is not worth the trouble of stealing."

He however prevailed upon them to give him the ball, which he carried off in triumph into his own province.

Not long after this event, there broke out disputes and contests between the men of Ulster and the boys of Connaught, and in many of the battles between the two provinces, Ceat would in his enemies by threatening to beat them home with his "Ball of Brains," which he always wore tied to his belt, and which according to a prediction, was, some time or other, to be of fatal consequence to the province of Ulster.

The prophecy, it seems, foretold "that Meisgeadhra, of whose brains the ball was composed, should after his death be fully avenged upon the men of Ulster, for the indignation he had suffered from them."

Ceat, who was as wide awake to all this as any peep-o'-day-boy could be, was fully persuaded in his own mind, that the prediction would be accomplished by him, and the "ball of brains" was the weapon he designed to use in the combat, whenever it should

come off. Well, as luck would have it, it wasn't long before there was a most *illegant* fight got up, between the followers of Ceat and Connor; and so highly attractive and amusing was it considered, that the ladies of both parties were present in their best bib and tuckers; and uncommonly beautiful they are said to have looked. The ladies from Connaught of the Ceat faction, took up their station upon the top of a neat little hill, just out of harm's-way, for the purpose of enjoying the *diversion* in safety. Well, these cunning little devils at last came to the resolution that they would send a messenger with a polite invitation to King Connor, to request that he would honour them with his company before the scrimmaging commenced, as they had some things of great importance to communicate to his kingly ear. The Irish have always been remarkable for their devotion and attention to the fair sex; and as his majesty of Ulster, was an *illegant* specimen of the gallantry of his countrymen, it is not to be wondered at, that he accepted on the instant the pressing invitation of the ladies; particularly as no danger was to be apprehended in those times, from coming in contact with petticoats. But upon this occasion, the ladies, the *decadents* conducted themselves in a highly improper, unbecoming, and unlady-like manner.

Now this gallant prince, confiding in their honour, with great indiscretion, walks himself to the top of this hill of angels, without his guards, and entirely unintended. Having paid his compliments to the ladies, from whom he expected nothing but fair play, you may believe that he was somewhat taken aback to find that treachery was concealed beneath the petticoats, for that big thief-o'-the-world, Ceat, had found a way privately to hide himself in their company. The King, perceiving this, took to his heels with a view of making a speedy retreat back to his own forces, but Ceat pursued him, and coming up with him at "*Doire da Bhaoin*" he placed the "ball of brains" in a shing, lit fly, and was so sure of his mark, that he shot King Connor such a cursed crack on his crown, that he fractured his royal pate.

The confusion, as well as the confusion, in King Connor's head, was pronounced by his "surgeon-general" to be exceedingly dangerous, and he gave as his advice (not gratis) that all the nobles of the province should be summoned to give their opinion as to whether he should or should not perform an operation upon the royal head.

Now the nobles, like a sensible set of nobles, as they were, agreed that the operation (without the aid of chloroform) should be performed, notwithstanding the sacred person of his Majesty might be endangered in the attempt; knowing that desperate cases at all times required desperate remedies. As good luck would have it, the wound went on well, and the official bulletin an-

nounced that "King Connor was partially cured;" but its effects upon the brain was such, that it was feared whenever his majesty might think fit to indulge in a fit of passion, or to get over-heated by the fumes of whiskey, that it was in danger of breaking out again; and that a relapse might be attended with fatal consequences. He was, therefore, required to avoid all immoderate exercise,—to join the "temperance," and to keep his head cool and his feet warm. The king strictly followed the advice of his surgeon-general, for the full term of seven years, to the no small joy of his subjects, who loved him as if he had been (what report says he was to many) their father. Having served out his apprenticeship to "The Temperance" in a manner that fully entitled him to a "medal," he determined to have a jollification, the result of which we will give in the words of the old Irish chronicles. "The King having drank rather too freely, became exceedingly violent; and, in a fit of intemperance, drew his sword and rushed into a neighbouring wood, where he began to prune the trees in a very ungarden-like fashion. Owing to the violence of his anger and the ill effects of the whiskey, his blood became disordered, and fermented to such a degree that his wound burst open, through which his brains are said to have protruded, and he died upon the spot."

It is also asserted, upon the same authority, that "this Prince was so inspired as to foretell the birth and crucifixion of our Saviour." That a pagan monarch should be able to deliver such a prediction is not improbable, if we are to believe that those heathen prophets called Sibyls, foretold Christ's birth and Passion, though they knew nothing of the true God, but lived in the dark ages of ignorance and idolatry.

THE BETRAYED.

A TALE OF THE DAYS OF QUEEN MARY.

SCENE I.

It was a summer's evening in July, a bright sun was shining on the golden crop of grain, ready for the reaper, and gay groups of village maidens were rejoicing in all the light-heartedness of youth, for past sports or antiquated pleasures.

One attached couple had wandered by the side of a river; the maiden looking up to her companion's face, with all the confidence of affection, while the tall and even stately form of her companion responded to her look with a kind pressure of the hand, or affectionate glance of the eye.

"You will not forget me," said Marion Gray, for so was the maiden named, "when you are mixing with the gay world. I hope, nay, I

am sure, you will still remember her whose every thought will be devoted to you."

"Doubt it not, dear Marion," was the reply. "Walter Edwards will not forget the fair who has pledged her affection to him truly and faithfully."

"Yet, Walter, there is one thing on which I think with pain. I, who should have no secret from you—good and kind as you are, have that on my mind which I scarcely dare to tell."

"What is that?"

"You have been to me all that I could desire—you have left no wish unfulfilled, yet now, while your vows are ringing in my ears, and your hand is closed in mine, the thought creeps over me, that—that—dear Walter, you will forgive the past encumbrance—that our betrothel is not the same—that we trust to different faiths for our salvation."

She paused. He waited for her to proceed with an air of anxious expectation; but the fair one still hesitated.

"And is it this which has often made you restless? Nay, then, I wonder not; for there is a fearful penalty hangs over the creed of the heretic, and fear you not that it may fall on you?"

"I have sometimes been apprehensive that my Bible might be discovered, and that—"

"A Bible! a Bible! and were you really possessed of a Bible, and in the vulgar tongue? But where—where do you conceal it? You know that—"

"An awful penalty awaits those so off! I long. I do,—death is denounced against those who court the book of life."

And this was then the mournful truth! The spirit of bigotry and vengeance had let loose the tines of the mend. Stern priests believed that they presented a grateful offering to a God of mercy, by destroying their fellow men for differing from them in spiritual matters, and that, too, while one of the gentle sex sat upon the throne. The emissaries of the exasperated minister of religion spread themselves every where throughout the country in disguise among the people. Fires were blazing in Smith-hill!—daughters were torn from their parents—brothers from their sisters—the aged husband from her whom he had married for fifty years and given to the flames for the very deed which Marion had confessed.

Aware of this, the young man manifested a trembling eagerness to know where this all-important volume could be safely concealed. On this point he questioned Marion very closely, and it was not till she had minutely described the scene hiding-place in which it was deposited, that he seemed moderately at his ease.

"I know," said she, "that there is danger, but greater, more terrific danger still would exist for me were my soul left in darkness; and rather than this, if it must be so, I am ready, if need be, to seal the truth with my blood; and, noble as I am, the fearful struggle with death would be trifling compared to the

thought that you were left to mourn, with none to comfort."

"Speak not thus!"

"Night after night," continued Marion, "ere I retire to rest, do I ponder over the word of God, and the sacred volume placed beneath my pillow, I sleep with more confidence for the knowledge of its presence."

"The sun is sinking," said Walter Edwards, hastily. "Ere many hours are over I must be far on my journey to London."

"You will not forget me?"

"Farewell to me, Marion—farewell!"

They tenderly exchanged adieus, and parted. Walter turned repeatedly to look back on the fair one he promised soon to claim once for all.

That period, from the circumstances above described, during the reign of Queen Mary, was a fearful one for England—the blood of her best and most pious sons was poured forth like water. emissaries to discover the followers of the new creed were secretly dispatched to every county in England.

Walter Edwards had come, an unknown man, to the village of Seventons, and had been attracted to Marion by the mildness of her demeanour, and perhaps by the report which was spread about from some unknown source, that she had been converted to the religion of Luther.

That she was such we have seen by the conversation recorded, and that he had succeeded in winning the guileless affections of poor Marion is beyond all doubt.

He left for the great city. The mandate of authority soon compelled Marion to follow him.

SCENE II.

In an antique and stately room, of which but few specimens now remain, sat one, whose name had spread terror over England—Cardinal Pole. Near him was a table, strewn with papers, at which his secretary was writing. Pictures of the saints, and of their martyrdoms, hung around, excepting on one side, which was concealed by a crimson drapery.

The door opened, and Marion Gray, attended by two guards, entered, and with a firm but subdued demeanour, stood face to face with the dreadful man who was the bringer of her fate. For a space he sternly regarded her, as it surprised to see one so young.

"Know you the crime," he at length said, with a stern calmness, "for which you are this day brought here?"

"I have been told," replied Marion, "that it is for following the true faith, and that." She added, weakly but firmly, "I hold to be no crime."

"How, maiden!" that which our church forbids, and which holy men disavow, call you that no crime? Hast thou not broken our Sovereign's commands, and held in thy possession a copy of that volume which is forbidden to such as thee?"

"It is true."

"And canst thou, a child, pretend to understand it?"

"It is written there, 'a child shall not err therein,'" said the captive, simply, quoting the divine word. "But who has accused me?"

"Maiden," replied the Cardinal, "thou shalt behold thine accuser."

As he spoke he made a sign to his secretary, who rang a small silver bell which rested on the table.

At the summons the crimson drapery was moved, and slowly stepping forward, the tall form of Walter Edwards appeared.

"And art thou, too," exclaimed Marion, with a deep sigh, "in the hands of this terrible man? Now, God protect us, for our hopes on earth are few!"

"What mean you?" exclaimed the Cardinal.

"What mean I!" replied Marion, wrought almost to frenzy by the sight. "Could not cruelty be content with the destruction of one over whom scarce eighteen summers have passed? Will not my blood suffice, but must ye slay one who has only sinned by loving me. Spare him, and I will bless you."

"Woman, thou art beaute thyself. Speak, Walter Edwards, and say how thou didst track this guilty one to her home, and wring from her the secret of her false faith. Say, man," he continued, not heeding the agonizing remorse which passed over Edwards's face—"say that thou hast denounced her to the church, and given her to our chastisement. Speak, art thou dumb?"

Gasping for breath the accuser muttered, "Pardon me, my lord—a sudden faintness—it is as thou hast said."

"You do not mean it, Walter; you cannot mean it. the presence of the slayer of God's saints hath turned thy brain. Yet no," she exclaimed, suddenly; "by the eye which meets not mine; by thy bowed form, and by the quivering whiteness of thy lip, thou hast spoken truth."

"It is even so," in a low voice murmured the accuser.

"Horror! horror!" exclaimed Marion, now fully comprehending the mighty calamity which had fallen on her. "And from your hands! Walter Edwards—you, on whom I leaned in all my troubles, you, who seemed to me so kind, so gentle, you! God of my fathers, in this hour of trial, save me and sustain."

"What is thine answer?" demanded the Cardinal.

"I never read the sacred book," said, or rather muttered, Marion, utterly disregarding the question, "but his name seemed written there. I never knelt before it, but his name rose to my lips; I never placed it beneath my pillow, but his image rose, blended with peaceful thoughts and earnest prayers. Walter, Walter, 'twas a poor triumph—mine's wit against woman's love. Earth hath nothing more monstrous to tell!"

"Time presses," said the Cardinal: "thine answer, girl."

"My answer, Lord Cardinal, is this," and the speaker seemed inspired with unearthly energy as she proceeded, "that of all those whom thy cruelty has laid low, of the hundreds thou hast destroyed, and of the hearts thou hast blasted, none disregard thy punishments or laugh to scorn thy threats more than the despoiled village maiden now before thee!"

With a stern glance he pointed to the door by which she had entered, and the prisoner was led to the only lodging she was to possess on this side the grave.

SCENE III.

In a cell, to which the light of day could scarcely reach, lay Marion Gray. The fiat had gone forth, and on the morrow she was to add another to the list of those who had died for faith. It was midnight, when a noise, as of the grating of a door upon its hinges, aroused her; and, springing from her hard couch, she saw the form, once so dear, of him who had betrayed her. He entered with a slow and melancholy step; and there, in that damp cold cell, by the flickering light of a dull lamp, met, for the last time, the betrayer and his victim.

"Marion," said a low melancholy voice.

"What would you, Walter, with one who has done with the world?"

"I have come to implore your pardon," was the answer, in a voice almost choked by tears.

"Ask it of God, Walter—I am at peace with all the world!"

"Within this week, Marion," said Edwards, "I have suffered the anguish of years. Look on this furrowed cheek—on this wasted brow—and on these hollow eyes!"

"You have cause for bitterness. I am doomed by you. Is my face as fresh as when you first sought me? Is it nothing to die in the spring-time of youth? Is it nothing to feel that a terrible death awaits me?" said Marion, touchingly.

"Oh! Marion, would you but consent to live! Recant in time. You may yet be saved. For your repentant lover's sake renounce your heresy."

"Peace, Walter."

"If you could but say the word, and worship your God in a different form, happiness would await us. In a distant land you might teach me that which you have learned, and on a foreign shore might our bones rest peacefully and calmly in the same grave, with but one hope, one faith, and one God!"

"Walter! Walter! you trouble me, yet you plead in vain. Weak and frail as I am, I am content to die in the faith I have avowed; for the Deity I worship will give me comfort in the hour of my affliction. And now farewell, I would gather strength in sleep for my last trial."

He renewed his importunity, but in vain; and at length despairingly passed from her presence, and Marion Gray fell on her knees and prayed long and earnestly for divine assist-

ance; and, strengthened by that power on whom she leaned in all her troubles, felt a victim to the fierce intolerance of the times.

Of Walter Edwards little is known, save that, from that time his name is no more found among those "who went about like roaring lions seeking whom they might devour."

IDEAL AND REAL OF TRAVELLING.

I KNOW few occupations more agreeable than sitting down with a good map, and tracing one's future route through a country which is yet untravelled by us. I suppose every traveller knows this enjoyment. For my own part, I reflect with equal pleasure upon the hours I have spent in meditating a journey—in examining my maps—tracing my route—marking distances—and calculating time and expenses, as upon the events of the journey itself. With his map before him, and his pencil in his hand, sunshine always illumines the traveller's path. Neither heat nor cold interfere with the comforts of his journey; the trees afford a pleasant shade, and the mountain-breeze blows cool upon his forehead; the inns are neither dirty nor ill-provided; and no one overreaches him. 'Tis truly a charming excursion which he makes on the map; 'tis the *ideal* of travelling—the cream whipped off, and beat up; he has it all his own way; he can proportion the distance of the journey to his strength or his caprice; he can fix the temperature of the weather; he regulates his health, and even the frame of his mind; and he can dine upon fish, flesh, or fowl, and drink *vin du pays*, or *premiers qualité*, just as he pleases. But I am far from wishing to intimidate the stay-at-homes, by leading them to suppose that the ideal and the real of travelling are always diametrically opposed. I doubt whether a journey be so agreeable, which is all pleasure and no privation. If a day's journey turn out to be ten miles longer than one expected, with how much more satisfaction do we arrive at the end of it! If we have been half-frozen in crossing a mountain, how doubly sweet is the warm shelter of the valley, or the cheerful blaze of the inn fire! or, after a meagre breakfast and a worse dinner, who shall describe the delights of an ample and excellent supper, or the joys of a soft clean bed, after a night's travelling in the diligence? The pleasure of every journey that I have made has far, very far outweighed the pains; and if it be any test of the enjoyment we have reaped on a journey, that that journey often recurs to the memory, then I have the most enjoyed those which have been the most chequered with difficulties and dangers. But the pleasure of travelling depends upon the peculiar frame of every man's mind. Some can be merry under all circumstances; others are ever discontented. Let them stay at home, and keep to their easy chairs and fire-side comforts.

THE FAVORITE DOGS OF THE PRINCE OF ORANGE.

"ABOUT twenty or thirty years ago" (says Rade, 1799), "the fashionable pet for the ladies was the Dutch pug-dog; every old duchess in the kingdom kept three or four of these nigger-headed ugly little animals. They were great favourites from the time of King William the Third to the death of George the Second."

Since the reign of George the Third, the breed appears to have become extinct in this country. They were generally decorated with orange ribbons, and in high favour about the court. King William being very partial to them, his courtiers apprehended he had learned the old English proverb "Love me, love my dog." The reason of this partiality is not generally known, but may be accounted for by the following anecdote, related in a very scarce old book, entitled "Sir Roger Williams, his Actions of the Low Countries, imprinted in the year 1618":—

"The Prince of Orange, having retired into the camp, Julian Romero, with earnest persuasions, procured license of the Duke d'Alva to hazard a camisado, or night attack upon the prince. At midnight Julian sallied out of the trenches with a thousand armed men, mostly pikers, who forced all the guards that they found in their way into the place of arms before the prince's tent, and killed two of the secretaries, the prince himself escaping very narrowly, for I have often heard him say that, as he thought, but for a dog, he had either been taken or slain. The attack was made with such resolution, that the guards took no alarm until their fellows were running to the place of arms, with their enemies at their heels: when this dog, hearing a great noise, fell to scratching and crying, and awakened him before any of his men; and as the prince laid in his arms, with a lacquey always holding one of his horses ready bridled, yet, at the going out of the tent, with much ado he recovered his horse before the enemy arrived. Nevertheless, one of his equerries was slain, taking horse presently after him, as were several of his servants. The prince, to show his gratitude, until his dying day kept one of that dog's race, and so did many of his friends and followers. These animals were not remarkable for their beauty, being little white dogs, with crooked flat noses, called camuses."

MANUFACTURE OF ARTIFICIAL STONE.

The following is a description of Mr. F. Ramsome's process for making "artificial stone":—Broken pieces of silica (common flint) being subjected for a time to the action of caustic

alkali, boiling under pressure in a close vessel, form a transparent silicated solution, which evaporates to a specific gravity of 1.600 (distilled water being 1.000) and is then intimately mixed with given proportions of well-washed sand, broken granite, or other materials, of different degrees of hardness. The paste thus constituted, after being pressed into moulds, from which the most delicate impressions are readily received, is subjected to a red heat in a stove or kiln, by which operation the free or uncombined silica of the raw materials unite with the excess of alkali existing in the solution, thus forming a semi-vitreous compound, and rendering the artificial stone perfectly insoluble. This production is said to be adapted to a very comprehensive range of objects for decorative art, and for architectural purposes: busts, vases, flooring-tiles, steps, balustrades, mouldings, capitals, shafts and bases of columns, &c. Even grinding-stones, and whetstones for scythes, have been made. It is already extensively manufactured at Ipswich.

A faithful wife resembles the cable of an anchor, every single thread composing which a word might break; but, when twisted by love into one solid rope of fidelity and esteem, the ship of matrimony may ride in safety amid the direst storm, if the anchor of faith to which that cable is attached, has only found a stratum on which to ground its hold.

THE DROPPING WELL AT KNARSBOROUGH, YORKSHIRE.—The petrifying spring rises at the foot of a limestone rock, at an inconsiderable distance from the bank of the river Nidd. The spring, after running about sixty feet, divides, and spreads itself over the top of the rock, whence it trickles very fast, in from about thirty or forty places, in a channel hollowed out for the purpose; each drop producing a musical kind of tinkling, probably owing to the concavity of the rock, which, bending in a circular projection from the bottom to the top, occasions its brow to overhang about fifteen feet. This rock, which is about thirty feet in height, forty-eight in length, and from thirty to fifty in breadth, started in the year 1704, from the common bank, and left a chasm from five to nine feet wide, over which the water passes by an aqueduct formed for the purpose. It is clothed with evergreens and shrubs, which add greatly to the beauty of this very interesting scene. The water is said to abound with fine particles, of a nitrous earth, which it deposits; but when in a liquid motion only, it leaves its incrustations on the leaves, moss, &c., which it meets with in trickling slowly through the cavities of the rocks. This spring is estimated to send forth twenty gallons of water in one minute. Here are to be seen pieces of moss, birds'-nests, with the eggs, and a variety of other objects, some of them very curious, which have been incrustated by the petrifying-water.—E. J.

REMARKABLE CASES OF
IMPOSTURE.—No. VIII.

A MOST disgraceful imposition on the good people of Leeds and its neighbourhood was practised in 1806. A hen, in a village close by, laid eggs, on which were inscribed, in legible characters, the words "Christ is coming." Great numbers visited the spot, and examined these wondrous eggs, convinced that the day of judgment was near at hand. Like sailors in a storm, expecting every instant to go to the bottom, the believers suddenly became religious, prayed violently, and flattered themselves that they repented them of their evil courses. But the imposition being discovered, their religion was quenched entirely. Some gentlemen, hearing of the matter, went one fine morning, and caught the poor hen in the act of laying one of her miraculous eggs. They soon ascertained beyond doubt that the egg had been inscribed with some corrosive ink, and cruelly forced up again into the body of the hen. At this explanation, those who had prayed, now laughed, and the world wagged on as merrily as of yore.

In 1749, there appeared, about the middle of January, the following advertisement in some of the newspapers:—

"At the new theatre in the Haymarket, on Monday next, the 16th inst., is to be seen, a person who performs the several most surprising things following, viz.—First he takes a common walking-cane from any of the spectators, and thereon plays the music of every instrument now in use, and likewise sings to surprising perfection. Secondly, he presents you with a common wine-bottle, which any one present may first examine; this bottle is placed on a table, in the middle of the stage, and he (without any equivocation) goes into it, in the sight of all the spectators and sings in it; during his stay in the bottle, any person may handle it, and see plainly that it does not exceed a common tavern bottle. Those on the stage or in the boxes may come in masked habits (if agreeable to them), and the performer (if desired) will inform them who they are."

The display of these wonders was to occupy two hours and a half. The advertisement also promised that the conjuror, after the performance, would show to any lady or gentleman, for, as Trapbois phrases it, a proper "con-si-de-ration," the likeness of any deceased friend or relative, with which they might also converse; would tell their most secret thoughts; and would give them a full view of persons, whether dead or alive, who had injured them.

At the same time that the above advertisement appeared, there came forth another, which purported to be issued by Signor Capitello Jumpedo, lately arrived from Italy, "a surprising dwarf, no taller than a tobacco-pipe," who could perform many

wonderful equilibres on the tight and slack rope, transform his body into above ten thousand different shapes and postures, and who, after having diverted the spectators two hours and a half, would "open his mouth wide, and jump down his own throat." This most "wonderfullest wonder of all wonders as ever the world wondered at," expressed his willingness to join in performance with the Bottle Conjuror Musician.

On the night when these wonderful doings were to be performed, the theatre was thronged with people of all ranks. They waited long and patiently; but when they found that the conjuror was not forthcoming, then commenced cat-calls, vociferations, and beating of feet and sticks on the floor. These demonstrations of anger caused a man to come from behind the scenes, who bowed and announced that, if the performer did not appear, the money should be returned. This announcement was succeeded by a person starting up in the pit and stating that, if double prices were given the conjuror would get into a pint bottle!

This seems to have brought the people to their senses; and now that they discovered they had been imposed on, determined to take revenge on the impostor. The throwing of a lighted candle from one of the boxes into the pit was the signal for riot. All who thought that, in such cases, "the better half of valour is discretion," now became anxious to secure their retreat. A rush accordingly took place towards the doors, and numerous were the wigs, hats, swords, shoes, and canes that were lost in consequence. As the more timid and discreet part of the crowd forced their way out, the mob which surrounded the house forced their way in. Joined by these allies, the party which had remained in the theatre began, and soon completed, the work of destruction. The benches were torn up, the boxes pulled down, and the scenes broken to pieces; the fragments were then taken into the street, and a huge bonfire was made of them. It was never discovered who was the cheat.

For some time after this successful attempt of gullibility, the comic papers teemed with squibs and epigrams. Among the advertisements in ridicule of the Bottle Conjuror, was one purporting to be from "the body-surgeon of the Emperor of Monamungi." He thus terminated his catalogue of wonders:—"He opens the head of a justice of the peace, takes out his brains, and exchanges them for those of a calf; the brains of a bear for those of an ass; and the heart of a bully for that of a sheep; which operations render the persons more rational and sociable creatures than ever they were in their lives."

The subjoined letter, signed "A LICENSED VICTUALLER," and dated the 7th of September, 1825, appeared in the *Times* of the following day:—

"SIR,—I consider it necessary to inform

the public, through your paper, that there is a fellow going about the town, dressed like a painter, imposing upon the unwary, by selling them *painted birds* for foreign ones. He entered my house on Monday last, and after some simple conversation with the customers in the room, he introduced the topic of his birds, which he had in a paper bag, stating that he had been at work for a gentleman's family at the west end of the town; and the gentleman being on the point of leaving England for a foreign country, he made him a present of them; 'but,' says he, 'I'm as bad as himself, for I'm going down to Canterbury to-morrow morning, myself, to work, and they being of no use to me, I shall take them down to Whitechapel and sell them for what I can get.' Taking one out of the bag, he described it as a Virginian nightingale, which sung four distinct notes or voices; the colour certainly was most beautiful; its head and neck were a bright vermilion, the back between the wings a blue, the lower part to the tail a bright yellow, the wings red and yellow; the tail itself was a compound mixture of the above colours, the belly a clear green: he said it was well worth a sovereign to any gentleman. However, after a good deal of lying, bidding, and argument, one of the party offered five shillings, which he at last took; and, disposing of the others much in the same way, he quickly decamped. In the course of an hour after, a barber, a knowing hand in the bird way, who lives in the neighbourhood, came in, and, taking a little water, with his apron he transferred the variegated colours of the nightingale to the flag of his profession. The deception was visible, the impostor had fled, and the poor hedge-parrow had his unfortunate head severed from his body, for being forced to personate a nightingale.

"Upper Thames Street."

On the 9th of January, 1752, William Stroud was tried before the bench of justices at Westminster Hall, for personating various characters and names, and defrauding numbers of people, in order to support his extravagance. It appeared by the evidence, that he had cheated a tailor of a suit of "velvet clothes, trimmed with gold;" a jeweller of upwards of one hundred pounds, in rings and watches; a coachmaker of a chaise; a cabinetmaker of Russian goods; a bonnet, hatter, and shoemaker; and, in short, some of almost every other business, to the amount of a very large sum. He sometimes appeared like a gentleman, attended with livery servants; sometimes as a nobleman's steward; and, in the summer time, he travelled the West of England, in the character of Doctor Rock; and, at the same time, wrote to London for goods, in the names of the Rev. Laroche, and the Rev. Thomas Strickland. The evidence was full against him; notwithstanding which, he

made a long speech in his own defence. He was sentenced to six months' hard labour in bridewell, and, within that time, to be six times publicly whipped.

Such impositions are familiar to tradesmen of the present times, through many perpetrators of the like stamp; but very few of them possess so much audacity as Stroud, who, in the month following his conviction, wrote and published his life, wherein he gives an extraordinary account of his adventures, but palliates his blackest crimes. He was bred a haberdasher of small wares in Fleet Street; married his mistress's sister before his apprenticeship was ended, set up in the Poultry, became a bankrupt, in three months got his certificate signed, and again set up in Holborn, where he lived but a short time before he was put into the King's Bench for debt, and there became acquainted with one Playstowe, who gradually led him into scenes of fraud, which he afterwards imitated. Playstowe being a handsome man usually passed as a gentleman, and Stroud for his steward; at last the former, after many adventures, married a young lady with 4000*l.*, fled to France, and left Stroud in the lurch, who then retired to Yorkshire, and lived some time with his aunt, pretending that his wife was dead, and that he was on the point of marrying advantageously, when his real character was traced. He then went to Ireland, passed for a man of fashion, hired an equipage, made the most of that country, and escaped to London. His next grand expedition was to the West of England, where he still personated the man of fortune, got acquainted with a young lady, and pursued her to the metropolis, where justice overtook him; and, instead of wedlock, bound him in the fetters of bridewell.

On the 24th of June, 1752, Stroud received "his last and severest whipping from the White Bear to St. James's Church, Piccadilly."

STREET MUSIC.—For some years street music (itinerant banditti) has been undergoing evident improvement, we have now some itinerant bands which, both in their selection and performance, would not disgrace a concert room. Such performances improve and refine the general taste, and deserve encouragement.

NOTES IN THE SUN-BEAM.—It is a fine remark of La Place, that even the motions which we see dancing in the sun-beam are regulated in their apparently capricious movements by the very same laws of gravitation and momentum which determine the orbits of the planets. In like manner there can be no doubt that, if we only knew how to trace it, this beautiful analogy would be found to extend to the laws regulating the minutest of those moral influences, which we are apt so hastily to pronounce irregular and uncertain.

WHO IS THE THIEF?

A TRUE STORY.

THE following melancholy circumstances actually took place in 1811, exactly as we shall relate them. The only liberty we shall take is to make use of fictitious names.

A young man of family, the Hon. Mr. Seymour, staying at an inn in Portsmouth, previously to sailing to India, where he was going out as an aide-de-camp to General —, with a party of friends, also officers, joined company at supper one evening with Mr. Blackburn, a gentleman well-known in the theatrical circles. Mr. Blackburn was in the habit of using a very magnificent and curious snuff-box, and on this occasion it was much admired by the party, and handed round for inspection from one to the other.

Mr. Blackburn soon after left the inn, and returned to his lodgings, when he missed his box, and immediately returned to inquire for it. The gentlemen with whom he had spent the evening had all retired to bed; but he left word with the porter to mention to the officers early the next day that he had left the box, and to request them to restore it to him when found. The next morning Mr. Blackburn again hastened to the inn, anxious to recover his property, and met on his way the Hon. Mr. Seymour, and communicated his loss to him, when he was informed by that gentleman that a similar circumstance had occurred to himself, his bed-room having been robbed the night before of his gold watch, chain, seals, &c., and that he was on his way to a Jew in the town to appraise him of the robbery, in order that if such articles should be offered for sale, he might stop them, and detain the person who presented them. Another gentleman, of the over-night party, now came up, who also said that the rooms of the *whole party* had been robbed—one of bank-notes to a great amount; another of a gold watch, &c.; and a third of a silver watch, gold chains, rings, &c. All the rooms slept in by the party were upon the same floor, which circumstance doubtless gave great facility to the thief.

These discoveries, as may be imagined, created great consternation in the house, and soon became the topic of the town—all was confusion. Bills were printed and issued—rewards offered for the recovery of the property and detection of the thief or thieves. The Hon. Mr. Seymour was much infuriated by his loss; and as he was compelled to sail from Portsmouth when the ship was ready, he naturally dreaded being compelled to depart without his property. He hinted, too, that he had certain suspicions of certain people, and even whispered them to some of the persons interested; but as they were of a vague nature, they could not, of course, be acted upon.

The landlord of the inn, reasonably alarmed for the credit of his house, upon finding that Mr. Graham, a Bow Street magistrate, was in

Portsmouth, waited upon him, and solicited his advice and assistance. Mr. Graham immediately wrote up to London for one of his most intelligent officers—a man of the name of Rivett. This officer came down promptly, and was soon in full possession of every particular relating to the business. He proposed that he should search the house generally, and all the trunks. This was highly approved of, and cordially agreed to by every inmate; and, as Mr. Seymour was evidently the most eager of the party to arrive at the truth, it was proposed that his trunks, &c., should be the first examined; he assented, gave up the keys, and accompanied the officer and gentlemen to his room. The ceremony of search having been scrupulously gone through (of course, without any thing being discovered), the next and the next room were searched, and all with similar results. Nothing was found, and the affair was inexplicable to all. The losers were in despair, and the unfortunate aide-de-camp was much pained on account of his approaching voyage, which would necessarily preclude any chance of his regaining his valuables by his own exertions.

Rivett, the officer, now addressed the gentlemen, observing that there was yet a duty unperformed, and which was a painful one to him—he must search the *persons* of all present; and, as Mr. Seymour's trunk had been the first to be inspected, perhaps he would allow him to examine him at once. To this he agreed; but the next moment he was observed to look very ill. The officer was proceeding to search him, as a matter of course, when he requested that every body would leave the room, except Rivett and Mr. Blackburn, which request was immediately complied with. He then fell on his knees, entreated for mercy, and placed Mr. Blackburn's box in his hand, begging him to forgive him and spare his life! Rivett, upon this, proceeded to search him, but he resisted: the object was effected by force, and the greater part of the property found that had been stolen. The officer, conceiving that he had not got the whole of the bank-notes, inquired of the culprit where the remainder was, when he pointed to a pocket-book which was under the foot of the bed. While the officer relaxed his hold of him, and was in the act of stooping to pick up the book, Mr. Seymour caught up a razor and cut his throat. Both Mr. Blackburn and Rivett directly seized an arm each, and forced the razor from him; but he was so determined on self destruction that he twisted, his head about violently in different ways, in order to make the wound larger, and certainly fatal.

Assistance being called in, he was braced up with linen round his neck so tightly that he could not move it. A surgeon came, and gave it as his opinion that it was possible for him to recover; and, while several persons held him, the wound was dressed. His clothes were then cut off, and he was carried down stairs into another room. During this operation he coughed violently, which had the effect of

ting the wound bleeding again, and the dressing was obliged to be repeated. The next morning the depositions of the witnesses were taken before the Mayor, and Mr Seymour was committed. The trial came on at the next session; but, no evidence appearing against the prisoner, he escaped the consequences of his dishonourable act.

The most lamentable part of this distressing story has yet to be related. Mr. Blackburn was standing close to the young man when he committed the sudden attempt upon his own life. The horror of the act, and the shocking appearance of the lacerated throat, the blood from which flowed out upon Mr. Blackburn—in short, the dreadful result of the previous agitation and discovery, acted upon the sensibility of Mr. Blackburn to such an extent as to deprive him of reason! This fact was noticeable two days after the above scene, by his entering a church, and after the service was ended, going into the vestry and requesting the clergyman to pray for him, as he intended to cut his throat!

Mr. Blackburn's derangement of mind was not too great at first to admit of partial control; but it daily increased, and ultimately caused him to be placed under restraint in the gaol, as there was no mad-house at Portsmouth. In a short time he was removed hence, and carried to Hoxton, near London, where he remained to his death, occasionally raving in a most extraordinary manner.

INNOCENT GAIETY.

It should not be a cause of surprise that gaiety and liveliness of spirits are objects of universal encouragement and commendation; they are, as we may perceive from daily experience, absolutely necessary for the maintenance of good-will among men; nay, we may assert that the very existence of society would be questioned, if these incitements to mutual converse were wanting in the human race. To say nothing of their contributing to bodily health. The mind of every man is by nature inclined to cheerfulness, and swayed by a desire to indulge in pursuits which will gratify this natural propensity. Even the gloomy misanthrope will find it an arduous task to restrain this eagerness of the soul for objects which call forth pleasure, or awaken vivid sensations of delight. Could indeed must be the philosophy of him who would subdue the gladdening temperament of his nature, and substitute an austere severity and a rigid indifference to the innocent amusements of the world! It would be absurd to imagine that melancholy could be consonant with the feelings of man as a gregarious creature. Few or none of the tender sensibilities which at present unite him with his fellow-men could exist, if each individual were influenced by

a selfish thoughtfulness, and an utter distaste for what might excite animation or sprightliness: each would be a morose *Timon*, and the very links of social intercourse would be dissolved. But the mysterious sensitiveness which pervades the heart, and the vibration of the ligaments of which it is composed, manifestly denote that we were created for friendly union, and social enjoyment. We need not, then, frustrate or endeavour to stifle our inclination to vivacity; but, by a reasonable moderation, temper it so that it degenerate not into extravagant mirth. The last is to be avoided, as the former should be supported and countenanced. But though liveliness and cheerfulness are deserving of encouragement, and qualities much to be desired, it is requisite that the heart be at times open to serious reflections. It is requisite that we should at times feel sated—that we should participate in the sadness of disappointment, and be taught by dejection to ponder on the littleness and vanities of the world, the almost incredible inconsistency of man and the unaccountable varyings of the human condition.

CONDITION OF SHAKSPEARE'S WILL.

HALLIWELL, in his life of Shakspeare, thus describes the condition of the will of our immortal bard. "The three sheets of paper on which the will is written are joined together in the middle of the top margins, which are covered with a narrow slip of parchment; but, although protected with the greatest care, if it be left in its present state, I fear nothing can prevent the gradual decay of this precious relic, which has even materially suffered since Stevens made traces from it, 70 years ago. The office in which it is kept is properly guarded by the strictest regulations, for manuscripts required for legal purposes demand a verification seldom necessary in literary inquiries; and it seems these rules forbid the separation of the sheets of the will, which, singly, could safely be preserved between plates of glass, and so daily examined without the slightest injury. At present the folding and unfolding requisite on every inspection of the document, imperceptibly tend to the deterioration of the fragile substance on which it is written; and I sincerely hope the consent of the registry's will at length be given to the adoption of a course which shall permanently save this interesting record of the last wishes of the great poet, the most important memorial of him that has descended to our days.

Knowledge, perfected by practice, is as different from mere speculation, as the skill of doing a thing, is from being told how thing is to be done.

USEFUL RECIPES.

LIP-SALVE.—Oil of sweet almonds, one fluid ounce; spermaceti, three-quarters of an ounce. Melt, and when nearly cold, add any essential oil you please.

TO INCREASE THE GROWTH OF HAIR.—The following is an excellent application:—Take of mutton suet, one pound, best white wax four ounces; essences of bergamot and lemon, of each, three drachms; oil of lavender and thyme, of each, one drachm. Mix the suet and wax over a gentle fire, and then add the perfumes.

AN EXCELLENT AND VERY CHEAP SOUP.—Have a quarter of a pound of fat bacon cut into dice, peel and slice two good-sized onions, or three small ones, and put both into a stew-pan, with one ounce of dripping; fry them gently until highly brown, then add two ounces of turnips, two ounces of carrots, and one ounce of leeks, and one ounce of celery; cut them thin and slanting, fry for ten minutes, and fill up with seven quarts of water, and, when boiling, add a pound and a quarter of split peas, and let them simmer for two or three hours, until reduced to a pulp, which depends on the quality of the pea; then add two ounces of salt, half an ounce of sugar, quantity of an ounce of mint, mix one half pound of flour in twelve ounces of water to a thin batter, pour into the soup, stir it well, boil one quarter of an hour, and serve.—*Soyer.*

SOLUTION TO PRESERVE WOOD.—Mix at the rate of five pounds of chloride of zinc to twenty-five gallons of water. This is the most effectual solution to steep wood in, to prevent the dry rot, even preferable to wood that has been Kyanised.

TO POISON COCKROACHES.—Mix some arsenic with honey, and lay it on scraps of paper about the floor for them to eat. If arsenic is mixed with boiled potato, and laid about in the same way, it will answer the same purpose: if they are troublesome in pits or houses, a hedgehog may be kept in such places, and he will probably devour all those that come within his reach.

TO POISON MICE.—Arsenic, oatmeal, and dripping may be mixed together, and formed into a paste; a portion of this may be pushed into their holes, or laid about in convenient places for them to eat it; or two thirds of oatmeal may be mixed with one third of plaster of Paris, and laid in their way.—*Gardener's Receipt Book.*

PEPPERMINT LOZENGES.—Dissolve a quarter of an ounce of gum arabic, and half as much isinglass in a quarter of a pint of boiling water; let it stand till quite cold; (dissolved gum arabic may be used alone, or gum arabic and gum dragon together;) then mix into it ten or twelve drops of the oil of peppermint. Add to it one pound and three quarters of sifted loaf sugar, or more; work it all well together into a stiffish paste;

roll it out thin on a marble slab, dusting it with starch powder; cut it into lozenges about the size of a shilling, with a tin cutter; and put them on paper or trays, and dry them in a proving oven or stove.

ROSE, LEMON, GINGER, AND OTHER LOZENGES.—These lozenges are all made the same as peppermint lozenges, excepting that, instead of mixing oil of peppermint with the gum-water, you must use, to make rose lozenges, ten or twelve drops of the otto of rose, to make lemon lozenges, ten or twelve drops of essential oil of lemons; to make ginger lozenges, ten or twelve drops of essence of ginger, or a spoonful of the best ginger, ground. You may make any other lozenges in the same way, by flavouring them with the essence you intend to use, and as these essences are in general very strong, ten or twelve drops will mostly be found sufficient; if not you can add a few drops more after you have mixed the ingredients, and then well mix it over again.—*Read's Confectionary.*

TARAGON VINEGAR.—To one gallon of best vinegar add one pound of the green leaves of taragon, which you can get at the herb shops in Covent Garden Market, in the months of July and August, at about three-pence per bundle. This taragon and vinegar must not be heated, but the flavour will come to perfection cold in a short time. This is a fine flavour in mixed or dressed salads, and a fine piquante flavour for many other purposes.

BREAKFAST CAKE.—Put a tea-spoonful of good yeast into two pounds of flour; mix the yeast and a little of the flour, with half a pint of warm milk to about the consistency of batter; when your paste has risen well, take a little milk, melt three ounces of butter in it; put a tea-spoonful of salt, and the yolk of eight eggs, into the flour and yeast, and with the milk and butter mix all into dough. Be careful that neither your butter nor milk are so hot as to scald the flour or yeast, and also that your dough is not too soft. Make your paste into cakes about two inches thick, put them into buttered hoops, lay the hoops on iron plates, and when they have lightly risen, bake them in a warm oven. When done, cut them in slices half an inch thick, and butter each slice as you would a roll, cut them into pieces, and serve up for breakfast or tea.—*Shoemuth's Biscuit-Bakers' Guide.*

It is an illegal, that is an unauthenticated fiction, that Mr. John O'Connell, or any O'Connell for the time being, "dies on the floor of the house" every time that he says he will; or that Dear Merewether "would rather die on the spot than have betrayed the slightest trace or have felt the very minutest sensation of inconsistency or vacillation."—*Spectator.*

WINTER EVENING PASTIMES.

SOLUTIONS TO THE CHARADES, RIDDLES,
AND CONUNDRUMS IN OUR LAST

CHARADES.—1. Hand-bill.—2. Love-letter.

RIDDLES.—1. Wedding-ring. 2. Balloon.

3. Blacksmith. 4. A little otter. 5. Because he is the boy to keep the game alive.
6. Barking. 7. Pitch-and-toss. 8. Because it's two gross. 9. A circular. 10. The popular. 11. Elm (help). 12. Beach. 13. Mail. 14. Barton. 15. Raven-glass. 16. I N V U (I envy you). 17. When it is a surtout (sir, too). 18. U, a letter; you, yourself; yew, a tree; ewe, a sheep; hew, to cut; Hugh, a man's name; hue, a colour; and lue, a cry.
19. U. 20. I V. 21. War-ring-ton. 22. Lark-spur. 23. Prim-rose. 24. To read this aright, shift the point from the end of each line, to the noun in the same line.

CONUNDRUMS.—1. The letter M. 2 M-nic.

3. It will change *outs* into *goats*. 4. The dark.
5. It is just-ice.

ENTOMOLOGICAL LIST OF BIRDS.—1. Kite.
2. Swallow. 3. Thrush. 4. O W L. 5. Parrot.

For many of the above the editor is indebted to "T. R. D.," "Mozzappa," "Jacobus," "R. C.," "K. D.," "J. H.," and "Phonographicus;" from whom he hopes to hear again.

CHARADES.

1. My first the imprudent man would shun,
Though to himself it owes its birth.
My second is a labour done
When summer clothes the verdant earth.
To find my whole, search England round,
Two letters tell where it is found.
2. Pleasure and pain produce my first,
My second always turns to dust:
The death-watch ticking in the night,
The candle's blue and ghastly light,
Which ~~the~~ the superstitious soul,
Afford a clue to find my whole.
3. My first exists but for my second;
and my second is always gloomy and cheerless without my first; and my whole is employed in various ways by different individuals.
4. My first is supposed to have much of my second;
My second is not wise, but like wisdom is reckoned;
My whole has our ancestors terribly frightened,
But we of this age are much better enlightened.
5. My first you can never find out, although you may it, perhaps, discover;
My second is sometimes eccentric, and always a wandering rover;

My whole is the spring of each life,
when no sorrows nor cares do perplex us,

When we're free from affliction and grief,
and when nothing arises to vex us.

6. If, ladies, ye my first would know,
You'll find me, 'n a gentle blow;
All accountants claim my second—
A number—tis by them oft reckon'd:
My whole, ye fair, *ôit* lends its aid
In dirty weather to the maid.
7. My first is nothing but a name,
My second still more small;
My whole of so much smaller fame,
It has no name at all.

RIDDLE.

1. Two brothers, wisely kept apart,
Together were employed;
Though to one purpose we are bent,
Each takes a different side.
To us no head or mouth belongs,
Though plain our tongues appear;
With them we never speak a word,
Without them useless are
In blood and wounds we chiefly deal,
Yet good in temper proved;
Though passion we can never feel.
We're oft with anger moved.
Take one hint more: we prisoners are,
And oft confined, to boot;
Can with the fleetest horse keep pace,
Yet always go on foot.

CONUNDRUMS.

1. Why is coffee like an axe with a dull edge?
2. When is a man truly over head and ears in debt?
3. Why is a pious man like a wild beast?
4. Why is an umbrella like an annuity for life?
5. By what single word can you say that you encountered a medical man?
6. Why may a poor sempstress be considered one of our greatest nuisances?
7. What is that which will secure a ferocious dog, and yet is a most delicate fabric?
8. What part of a railway train is like the best of a joint of meat?
9. What ceases to be done at night, and is good only once a year?
10. Why is a fishmonger like an ambitious man?
11. What tree best resists the ocean?
12. How many insects make a landlord?
13. What Scotch stage is likely to get an entailed estate?

NAMES OF TOWNS IN ENGLAND.

1. A carpenter's tool, and a woman's name.
2. A stagnant pond.
3. A resting place, and a stream.
4. A herd of useful animals.
5. A pleasant exercise.
6. A horse's motion, and a fruit.
7. A hard stone.

8. A negation, and a ghost of the fair sex.
9. Shining, and a preposition.
10. One of the cardinal points, and the "Finis."

NAMES OF TREES.

1. Part of the body.
2. A box and a fruit.
3. The oldest tree.
4. A colour.
5. An exclamation, an article, and a consonant.
6. A substance used in building.
7. A tender tree.

NAMES OF FLOWERS.

1. A woman's name, and a metal.
2. Part of the body, and repose.
3. A girl's nickname, an article, and a conjunction.

NAMES OF AUTHORS ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

1. To quiver, and a war-like implement.
2. An engine for pulverising, and a weight.
3. The preserved flesh of an animal.
4. A fasting.
5. Arid, and a cave.
6. A valuable metal, and a workman.
7. Lively.
8. A religious dignitary.
9. A useful quadruped.
10. Severe.
11. To strike, and a fastening.
12. A common.

CURIOUS TRANSPPOSITION

Take a glass of jelly, and place its mouth downward, just under the surface of warm water in a basin: the jelly will soon be dissolved by the heat, and, being heavier than the water, it will sink, while the glass will be filled with the water in its stead.

The Solutions will be given in our next.

FACTS AND SCRAPS.

STRONG FOOD FOR THE IRISH.—Amongst the importations into the port of Galway recently, were 200 barrels of gunpowder.

CONTRADICTION.—We praise and paymen for fighting, and punish children for doing the same.

The *Boston Mail* mentions the following instance of American delicacy:—"A young lady fainted last market morning when told by one of the country chaps that he had chickens for sale, but they were *undressed*."

Why would twelve persons extracting their corns, resemble the surrender of the great Arab Chief, Abd-el-Kader? Because it would be a general *to-ple*.

Amongst the relics at the house of Mr. William Shakespeare, at Stratford-on-Avon, we have not heard that a copy has been

found of "The Tale" that the ghost of Hamlet's father said "he could unfold."

One of the latest cases of Yankee modesty is that of a young lady who discarded her lover, a sea captain, because he said he had *kugged* the shore, and scaddled under bare poles.

An auctioneer in Wigan, after lengthily expatiating upon the qualities of articles for sale, mentioned that he had "next a set of *brass fire-irons* to offer for public competition."

By a general mistake, illnatures as often passes for wit, as cunning does for wisdom; though, in truth, they are not in the least akin to each, but as far distant as virtue is from vice.

The shortest expressions, supposing equal perspicuity and elegance, are best. The rays of sense, like those of the sun, acquire force by converging, and act more vigorously in a narrow compass.

A poor coiset-maker, out of work and almost starving, thus gave vent to his lamentable complaint. "Shame that I should be without bread—I that have *stayed* the stomachs of thousands."

EXAMINATION AT BOW-STREET.—Magistrate: "Well prisoner how do you live?"—"Pretty well thank you, sir, generally a joint and vegetables; and always a pudding on Sundays."—"I mean, sir, how do you get your bread?"—"I beg your worship's pardon; sometimes at the Baker's and sometimes at the Chandler's shop, and always on tick when I'm out of tin."—"You may be as witty as you please, sir, but I mean simply to ask you, how do you do—?"—"Tolerably well, I thank your worship, and I hope you do ditto."

DOMESTIC DUTIES.—Seeing that almost the whole of the day is devoted to business abroad, and the remainder of my time to domestic duties, there is none left for myself—that is, for my studies. For on returning home, I have to talk with my wife, prattle with my children, and converse with my servants; all which things I number among the duties of life: since, if a man would not be a stranger in his own house, he must by every means in his power strive to render himself agreeable to those companions of his life whom nature hath provided, chance thrown in his way, or that he himself hath chosen.—*Sir Thomas More.*

MECHANICS' WIVES.—Speaking of the middle ranks of life, a good writer observes: "There we behold woman in all her glory—not adoll to carry silks and jewels; not a puppet to be flattered by profane adoration; revered to-day, discarded to-morrow; always jostled out of the place which nature and society would assign her, by sensuality or contempt; admired, but not esteemed; ruling by passion, not affection; imparting her weakness, not her constancy, to the sex she would exalt; the source and mirror of

vanity—we see her, with the sparkling eyes and obedient smile of a husband, dividing his toils by her domestic diligence; spreading cheerfulness around her, for his sake; sharing the decent recreations of the world, without losing vain of them; placing all her joys and her happiness in the man she loves. At a moment, we find her the affectionate, the ardent instructor of the children whom she has tended from their infancy; training them up to thought and to virtue, to piety and benevolence; addressing them as rational beings, and preparing them to become men and women in their turn. Mechanics' daughters should make the best wives in the world."

THE DEAD DEFUNCT.—A learned weaver, in stating his case before the provost of a certain western burgh, having had occasion to speak of a party who was dead, repeatedly designated him as the defunct. Irritated by the iteration of a word which he did not understand, the provost exclaimed, "What's the use o' talking sae muckle about this chield you ca' the defunct?—canna ye bring the man here and let him speak for himself?" "The defunct's dead, my lord," replied the weaver. "Oh! that alters the case," gravely observed the sagacious provost.

ANECDOTE OF SIR GEORGE ETHEREGE.—There was formerly at or near Charing Cross a famous ordinary, kept by one Locket. It is often mentioned in the plays of Cibber, Vanburgh, &c. and was much frequented by Sir George Etherege. On one occasion, Sir George and his company, provoked by something amiss in the entertainment or attendance, got into a violent passion and abused the waiters. This brought in Mrs. Locket. "We are so provoked," said Sir George, "that even I could find in my heart to pull the nosegay out of your bosom, and throw the flowers in your face." This turned all their anger into jest. Sir George discontinued his ordinary, having run up a score, which he could not conveniently discharge. Mrs. Locket sent one to dun him, and to pursue him with a prosecution. He bled the messenger ten shillings that he would kiss her if she stirred a step in it. When this answer was brought back, she smiled for good and part, and told her husband, who interposed, and said she would see if there was any fellow who had the impudence."—"Fry thee, George, do not be so rash," said her husband. "I do not know what a man may do in such a case."

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications must be addressed to the Editor, at the Office, No. 1, Pall Mall East, Strand.

Mr. T. (Manchester).—Father Mathew has received a grant from Government (£200, per annum) to support his mission. Our correspondent is wrong, when he says that a Roman Catholic clergyman, who was at the meeting in trade. We suspect that he was a man who dealt in "pledges" and was a very bad character.

L. V.—If the baths and wash-houses go on increasing, as they ought to do, the term applied to the uncleanliness of the unwashed, will soon be a by-gone term.

JOSEPH.—We do not understand so much about the business as you imagine. We are not aware that the law gives any protection in point of time. If the house was not let to you on a lease, your landlord was bound to keep it in tenable repair. You should have given him notice to that effect, and then seen him to take his remedy.

J. G. (Birmingham).—Happy to receive any donation from you in aid of our good work.
J. F. (Edgeware Road).—Your obliquity has point, but we cannot suffer insult, as a religious sect by inserting it.

W. G.—We will find space for your verses shortly, at present we have a large supply.

W. SCRUTTON.—We feel obliged, and hope to be favoured with some more such readable little "scraps."

A. W. (Waltham).—We may, perhaps, be able to answer your questions in our next. Thanks for contribution. We intend to give a few articles on the subject named.

We have to thank a host of correspondents for Riddle, Charades, &c. &c. received last week. All our kind regards shall have a turn in return for their labours.

J. SIMS.—We feel bound for the interest you take in our success, and are happy to state that our little work goes on gloriously.

JAMES M.P. (Glasgow).—With respect to the longevity of the deer, we quote the following lines, which are received with credit in many parts of Scotland. Our impression is, that the greatest age does not exceed twenty years.

Thrice the age of a dog is that of a horse;
Thrice the age of a horse is that of a man;
Thrice the age of a man is that of a deer;
Thrice the age of a deer is that of an eagle;
And thrice the age of an eagle is that of the oak tree."

T. R. S.—Our time is too valuable to be wasted on such trifles. When you next request a favour, ask it with politeness.

LONDON UNIVERSITY.—We are highly flattered by your commendation. We think not. We know the work is difficult to be met with, have often heard of it, but never seen it if we meet with it, the hint shall not be forgotten.

S. W. (Leeds).—Open to all—influenced by none. Every attention will be paid to a poor man's contribution, and if not well expressed, we will do our best to make it readable, if it contains any thing of value.

T. L. D.—We are much obliged to you for your favour. It is in the hands of the gentleman who attends to "Remarkable Cases."

VOLUNA.—Thanks. Your wishes shall be attended to.

PHIZ.—Your kind favour has been received. Our Manchester friends rally round us. Your letter of the 25th ult. only came to hand on the 2nd of January.

YOUNG CHARTWOOD.—Always happy to hear from you. Many thanks for the contents of your letter.

J. B. A. B. S. W.—We will find you an early place. Thanks for your promise and performance.

J. S. (Aberdeen).—Your hint is a valuable one. In a short time we will see what can be done; divine forget us. Thanks.

ELIZABETH JACKSON.—Will send you a valued copy of our paper, and shall be happy to hear from her again.

G. G. (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—Has been handed over to our "Master of the Mistletoe." Accept our thanks.

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TRACTS

For the People.

A WEEKLY MISCELLANY OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE AND AMUSEMENT

No 9 VOL. I.] SATURDAY FEBRUARY 12 1835 [PRICE ONE HALF PENNY



THE HORRORS OF THE REVOLUTION IN ST. DOMINGO

THE close of the last century,—an epoch
marked by the grandest operations and the

most gigantic project —presented to the world
a new and organized empire in the West Indies,
in that of St Domingo. Such an empire was
not only supposed to be impossible to exist, but

even its existence was denied when those connected with that quarter of the globe knew it to have taken place, and under the most flourishing auspices. The revolution which produced that extraordinary change may be said to have commenced in August, 1791.

Before daybreak in the morning of the 23d of that month, an alarm spread throughout the whole of the capital of that island, that the negro slave in the neighbouring provinces had revolted, were murdering the whites, and setting fire to the plantations. In the parish of Acul, fourteen of the negroes murdered the principal managers of a plantation called Noe, and, then hastening to the adjoining one, repeated the same enormities. M. Clements, the owner, received his death from a negro whom he had always regarded with much tenderness, and whom he had promoted to be his postilion. The same occurred at the largest plantation on the plain of the Cape, that of M. Caliset; and similar circumstances took place at the very time on the estate of M. Flaville, a few miles distant, from whence the negroes carried off the wife and three daughters of the Procureur after murdering him before their faces.

Daylight convinced the astonished whites that the revolt was concerted. The rising was general throughout the province. Flames quickly burst from all quarters. With every fresh appearance of terror were mingled the shrieks of women and children, as they wildly ran from door to door, inquiring their fate of each other. The men armed themselves, the women were sent on board the ships in the harbour; the domestic slaves were placed under arrest; the National Guards were called out, and the General Assembly invested the governor with their command. The seamen, the mulattoes, and the militia, formed into military order, marched to attack the most powerful body of the revolted in the neighbourhood. These were posted at the plantation of M. Latou, to the number of 4000. A large portion of them were destroyed, but their places being supplied by increased numbers, the troops were compelled to retreat. The whole of the plain of the Cape, and the district of Grande Riviere, was now in the possession of the rebels and abandoned to their ravages; and the miserable inhabitants suffered every injury that the wildest licentiousness could devise before death closed the scene for them. Various were the modes of torture which occurred to the savage insurgents; pregnant women and virgins were violated in the grossest manner in the presence of their dying husbands and parents, and every kind of atrocity was perpetrated. In two months time after the commencement of the rebellion, upwards of 2000 white men of all conditions and ages had fallen; 1200 families were reduced from opulence to a state of such extreme misery and poverty, as to be dependent altogether for their clothing and sustenance on public and private charity; 180 plantations of sugar, and 900 plantations of cotton, coffee, and indigo, had been destroyed,

and the buildings consumed by fire. On the side of the rebels, upwards of 10,000 had perished in the different accidents attendant on then horrid warfare, besides several hundreds by the execution of the law.

But great as were the cruelties practised by the blacks, they were equally great on the part of the whites. Horrible was the revenge of the French upon all the rebel prisoners who had been taken. One description of punishment at the Cape was breaking them on two pieces of timber placed crosswise. An eye witness thus describes the death of two unhappy negroes, who were executed in this barbarous manner.

"One of them," says he, "expired on receiving the third stroke on his stomach, each of his legs and arms having been first broken in two places; the three first blows he bore without a groan. The other had a harder fate. When the executioner, after breaking his legs and arms, lifted up the instrument to give the finishing stroke upon the breast, and which, (by putting the criminal out of pain), is called the *coup de grace*, the mob, with the ferociousness of cannibals, called out *arretas* (stop), and compelled him to leave his work unfinished. In that condition the miserable wretch, with his broken limbs doubled up, was put on a cart wheel, which was placed horizontally, one end of the axle tree being driven into the earth. He seemed perfectly sensible, but uttered not a groan. At the end of forty minutes some English seamen, who were spectators of the tragedy, strangled him in mercy. As to all the French spectators (many of them people of fashion, who beheld the scene from the windows of their upper apartments,) it grieves me to say, that they looked on with the most perfect composure and sang *frail*. Some of the ladies, as I was told, even ridiculed, with a great deal of unseemly mirth, the sympathy manifested by the English at the sufferings of the wretched criminals."

The mode in which the French sought to attain a superiority in warfare was also extremely reprehensible, viz:—the use of bloodhounds, introduced from Cuba, for the purpose of hunting down and killing the blacks. When once these animals got scent of their object they immediately hunted him, down and devoured him. If he was so fortunate as to get from their reach into a tree, the dogs remained about it yelping in the most dreadful manner till their keepers arrived. If the victim was to be preserved for a public exhibition of cruelty, the dogs were then bluzzed, and the prisoner loaded with chains. On his neck was placed a hoop with inverted spikes, and hooks outwards, for the purpose of entangling him in the bushes or elsewhere. Should the unhappy wretch proceed faster than his wearied pursuers, or attempt to run from them, he was given up to the dogs, who instantly devoured him. With horrid delight the chasseurs sometimes preserved the head to expose at their homes, as monuments of their barbarous prowess.

Frequently these dogs broke loose, and in-

fants were devoured in an instant from the public way. At other times they proceeded to the neighbouring woods, and surprising a harmless family of labourers at their simple meal, tore the babe from the breast of its mother, or devoured the whole party, and returned with their horrid jaws drenched in the gore of those who were acknowledged, even by the French, as innocent. The reason of this was fit in the manner in which these dogs were reared. From the time of their being taken from the dam, they were confined in a sort of kennel or cage, where they were but sparingly fed upon small quantities of the blood of different animals, and as they approached maturity, their keepers procured a figure roughly formed as a negro in wicker work, in the body of which were contained the blood and entrails of beasts. This was exhibited before an upper part of the cage, and the food occasionally exposed as a temptation, which attracted the attention of the dogs to it as a source of the food they wanted. This was repeated often, so that the animals with redoubled ferocity struggled against their confinement, while in proportion to their impatience the figure was brought nearer, though yet out of their reach, and their food decreased, till, at the last extremity of desperation, the keeper resigned the figure, well charged with the nauseous food before described, to their wishes. While they gorged themselves with the dreadful meal, he and his colleagues caressed and encouraged them. By these means the whites ingratiated themselves so much with the animals, as to produce an effect directly opposite to that perceivable in them towards the black figure, and when they were employed in the pursuit for which they were intended, afforded the protection so necessary to their employers. As soon as they were considered initiated into their business, the young dogs were taken out to be initiated in it, and trained with exactness.

When the French, to aid and fill up the measure of their enormities, thus resorted to the use of bloodhounds, the government of the blacks assumed a complexion more sanguinary and terrible than can be conceived among civilized people, and formed a new era in martial law. In attempting to disarm the black troops which had been incorporated with the French, the most barbarous measures were practised shipboards were collected and situated in the holds. In one instance, 600 being surrounded, and attempting a resistance were massacred on the spot, and such slaughters daily took place in the vicinity of the capital, Cape Francois, that the air became tainted by the putrefaction of the bodies. At the same time, the French troops being driven from the field, and obliged to fortify themselves in the chief towns, contagion spread every where, and the distress became dreadfully general, the air being avowedly mephitic.

But the French had their revenge in deeds of extraordinary horror. When, in October, 1802, a considerable number of blacks had been hunted down in the neighbourhood of

Port Republican, they were hurried on board of the ships at anchor in the bay, called the *Bay of Leogane*, and crowded into their holds. Under cover of the night the dishonoured navy put to sea, and first either burning brimstone in the hold, or extinguishing sense by suffocation, or neither, the miserable cargoes were discharged into the sea in such quantities, that, at length the tide (as if the mighty Arbiter of all meant to holla their shame before them) brought the corpses into the bay, and reeled them on the beach. Human nature recoils at the description, yet the scene is not ended—under the dark concealment of night, the tender wife the aged parent, and even the rougher comrade in arms, stealing by the watchful suspicion of their masters, were seen wandering on the sea shore, to identify each victim as the wave produced him.

When there was a pause in the war in 1803, the sullen cessation of arms was more dreadful than active war, for it gave place to secret cruelties more extensive because less glaring. After the affair of Arca in the spring of that year the French detoured to wreak their utmost vengeance upon all the blacks whom they had taken prisoners. Without the smallest consideration for their own men who were prisoners in the black camp, they immediately put to death the unhappy victims. They did not even carefully exterminate them. Many were left in a mutilated state during the whole of the night, and their names and shrieks were heard at a distance around the spot sufficiently loud to excite a sensation of horror throughout the country. *Toussaint L'Ouverture*, the black commander when it quanted with the case,—though it was his maxim not to retaliate,—could not forbear. He instantly caused a number of gibbets to be formed, selected the officers whom he had taken and supplying the deficiency with privates, had them tied up in every direction, by break of day, in sight of the French camp who dared not to interfere.

The engraving at the head of this article represents this scene. The respective camps of the two armies are seen, ~~placed~~ on two neighbouring heights, and in the valley between them the blacks are seen with astonishing vengeance retaliating, by the sanguinary measure of hanging up the French officers—though the justice of their retaliation cannot be called in question, however much its vindictiveness may be lamented.

Mercy was not to be expected from the French, and as their power at this period became weaker, an unnatural ferocity was increased, and no means, however extraneous, were left unattempted to annoy the blacks. Not content with the use of Cuban bloodhounds, which they sent in pursuit of small reconnoitring parties that occasionally ventured within their lines, they threw them, when they were taken, to those animals, to be devoured alive.

Such were the horrid circumstances that

attended the war of the revolution in St. Domingo, the bare relation of which freezes the blood; and from the task of describing which the pen shudders. All the arts which invention more than savage could devise, were employed to render the combatants mutually terrific to each other.

Having now drawn the attention of our readers to the horrors of the revolution in St. Domingo, we may as well accompany the sketch with an outline of the life of Toussaint L'Ouverture, who regenerated his native island, and held the high office of Commander-in-Chief and Governor of St. Domingo.

This distinguished man was born a slave in the year 1745, on the estate of the Comte de Noé, at a small distance from Cape François, in the northern province of St. Domingo. Born in slavery, his first duties were to tend his master's flocks; but while watching them, he turned his attention to objects of knowledge, and learnt to read, write, and use figures. Encouraged by the progress he made in these arts, he employed himself in the further cultivation of his talents. His acquirements excited the admiration of his fellow slaves, and attracted the attention of the manager of the estate, M. Bayou de Libertas. This gentleman withdrew him from the labour of the fields to his own house, and began the amelioration of his fortune by appointing him his postilion.

In the comforts of a situation possessing a degree of opulence, Toussaint found leisure to extend the advantages of his early acquisitions, and by the acquaintance of some priests, acquired the knowledge of new sources of information, and a relish for books of a superior order than first attracted his attention. The author of whom he became the most speedily enamoured was the Abbé Raynal, on whose history and speculations in philosophy and politics, he was intent for weeks together. A French translation of "Epictetus" for a time confined him to those doctrines, which he often quoted; but he soon sought higher food for his capacious mind, and found in a perusal of the ancient historians, the summit of his wishes: he was there seen studiously consulting the opinions of those who teach the conduct of empires, and the management of war.

When the revolution broke out in 1791, he first provided for the safety of his master, and then no longer resisting to join the army of his country, he attached himself to the corps under the command of a courageous black chief, named Biassou. During this early period of his military career he shone conspicuously; but when he supplied the place of Biassou, whose disposition rendered him unfit for the situation which he held, he rose superior to all around him.

By the blacks, who had raised him, he was beloved with enthusiasm. By the public characters of other nations he was regarded with respect and esteem. Every part of his conduct was marked by judgment and benevolence. His power of invention in the art of war, and domestic government was the wonder of all who surrounded or opposed him. Among those from whom he received assistance in the formation of a constitution and in the government of the country, were Citizen Pascal, (a descendant of the celebrated writer of that name,) the Abbé Morel, and an Italian ecclesiastic of considerable talents, named Marinetti. These men of letters and science were always about his person.

In his private life he supported an even temper, and lost none of the excellence of that character which was conspicuous in his public actions. To his wife, a sensible and affectionate woman, whom he had married when he was twenty-five, he behaved with the most endearing tenderness and consideration; and to his children imparted all the warmth of parental affection.

In person he was of a manly form, above the middle stature, with a bold and striking countenance, full of the most prepossessing savoir, elegant in his manners and deportment, and easy and familiar in his conversation. To his inferiors he was obliging and condescending, and when he appeared in public, he returned, by the most pleasing civilities, the respect which was shown to him.

In 1802, he was seized by the orders of Napoleon and conveyed to France, and separated from his wife and children, and imprisoned, died at Besançon in the spring of that year.

NEW LEGENDS OF THE LAKES OF KILLARNEY.

BY WILLIAM COLLIER:

Author of "Kate Kearney."

"These our actors,
As I foretold, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air
And, like the baseless fabric of a vision,
The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And like this unsubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep."

To most of my readers the name of the far-famed Lakes of Killarney must be familiar. Those so called are three in number; although there are, in their immediate vicinity, several others, all, however, of far minor dimensions, and of inferior note. In the lower lake, which is generally the most admired of the three, there are upwards of thirty

islands, varying in size and proportions, and lying about in happy irregularity and most picturesque beauty. The territory in which the lakes lie forms a small portion of that long mountain range, which, with few interruptions, stretches from near the county of Waterford to the Atlantic, where it washes the western coast of Ireland. Killarney,—Hibernice, *Oill-cúinne*, or the Church near the Sloe-trees, is, perhaps, one of the most lovely spots under the canopy of heaven. Its lake and mountain views and vistas are beyond praise; and every tourist who has visited this spot, will admit, that any scene more captivating it has never been their good fortune to behold.

In the early annals of Ireland it is recorded that there existed in Munster two distinct tribes of the O'Donoghues, quite different in descent: one of these descended from Naidraich, king of Munster, possessed the Eogannacht Caill, extending from Cashel to Glonmel; the other held the territory of Locha Lein. This last tribe, to which our present legend relates, was descended from Cas, son of Coric, son of Luig, king of Munster; and was severed into two distinct branches; the elder of which retained the title of O'Donoghue, or of the glens; the chief of the other was the O'Donoghue of Ross. According to the "Book of Rights," a work attributed to St. Benin, a worthy disciple of the renowned St. Patrick, the annual *tuoradal* or stipend, payable by the King of Munster to the King of Locha Lein, consisted of seven ships, seven horses, seven coats of mail, seven shields, and seven swords; whilst, on the other hand, O'Donoghue, as being the head of one of those tribes descended from Oilioll Olum a king of Munster A.D. 337, was exempt from the payment of any tribute. Of these O'Donoghues, the annals of Innisfallen have furnished many notices. Their lives were turbulent, and their deaths in general violent: exhibiting, in their history, a melancholy but instructive contrast to the greater security of life, property, and public liberty in old England, which, strange to say, continues even to the present time.

Among the various romantic legends and hoary traditions of the lakes of Killarney, which finely harmonise with the character of its locality, there is not one which is received with a greater plentitude of belief by the peasantry and people of Kerry than that regarding the origin of the lakes; which I will relate, after my own fashion, as well as my memory will serve, in order that the reader may be the better prepared to accompany me on my visit to "The City of the Dead."

O'DONOGHUE'S FOUNTAIN.

It happened, in that fine olden time of romantic chivalry and enchantment, of which the ancient bards of Erin have left such

glowing and fanciful pictures, that the great Prince O'Donoghue, brim-full of renown and glory, and possessing as much of the "milk of human kindness" as is to be found in a well-filled keg of real pot-stone-whisky, held beneficent sway of a wide and happy land. He reigned in the hearts of his people in the most magnificent style; was never known to ask them for more than they could conscientiously bestow; while they, in return, were most grateful for the blessings which they enjoyed under his paternal rule. He was the lord of many acres, and but few grumblers; he lived upon his fine old ancient estate, on which there was neither *the-proctor* nor *middle-man*, so that it would have been denied hard, indeed, if there was not the best understanding between master and men. Where the beautiful Lake of Killarney now heaves its fruitful billows, or reposes in calm and mirror-like tranquillity, there stood in *thum* days a rich and gorgeous city, and near it was the palace of the mighty Prince O'Donoghue; and a pattern of a palace it was, for it was as unlike that inhabited by our good and gracious Queen Victoria as "Stafford House" is to the "Milbank Penitentiary." His park was broad and pleasant, and fair to view; but its chief beauty lay in its fountain, an object of the deepest interest to this mighty chieftain and his tribe; not alone as being the only one in the district in those days, when whisky was more plentiful than water, but as being connected with "*the doom*,"—the future weal or woe of the prince and his people. The truth is, the *druid*—the spell of the sorcerer—was on it, and all about it; and an ancient tradition announced that should ever the mouth of this fountain be uncovered, even for a single night, its waters would rise and deluge the land, its fan-cy, beautiful palace, and pleasant inhabitants. For ages, therefore, they secured the continuance of the "Fatal Fountain," by keeping fast closed the big stone which covered it: but in an evil hour, *by dad!* the mischief was done past redemption, and a *note* kettle of fish there was for the "*peep o' day-boy*," who discovered it to look upon.

Now, according to my notion of the matter (and I think it will be allowed to be the best version of "*this legend*" which has yet appeared in print), it happened that the mighty Prince O'Donoghue invited a magnificent party to dinner to celebrate St. Patrick's Day; and you may take my word for it that it was altogether a most splendid and sumptuous affair,—

For there was turtle and salmon,
Red deer-venison, and gammon,
Roast ducks and fat turkeys *galore*;
Pigeon pies, and *potatoes*
Fit food for the great *eat* is,
And of prime whisky punch a great store.

The dinner being concluded, and "*Non nobis*" given in the best style by the professional

gentlemen present, the prince got inspired, having taken more than his usual quantity of an afternoon. The fact is, that upon this great and glorious occasion he had foolishly exceeded his "twentieth tumbler,"—for the punch was good, and the company pleasant, and politics were not broached during the evening; so that there was but little chance for speech-making, as only the "standing toasts" were allowed to be given. It's ~~as~~ could saving, and a true one, "That when the whisky's in the wife's out;" and so it turned out, for the great Prince O'Donoghue got fuddled, recklessly scoffed the traditional doom to scorn, and, to the horror of all the company present, announced "that he would test its truth." Away started the Punch-loving prince to make a Judy of himself, which he did, to his cost, in double-quick time. He caused the big stone cover to be taken from the mouth of the well (which it had been well for him and his descendants if he had left alone), and brought to his palace. There was no disputing the will of the great chieftain, his word was law, and all awaited the result with fear and trembling, save one, who hid to the top of the Mangerton Mountain, and hid himself in the "Devil's Punch-Bowl" until the morning.

During the night, the spring flowed over, and next morning, when the refugee returned, where he had last seen a gorgeous city, with fine places and a smiling land, he found nothing but a sheet of water. But death came not upon the prince or the inhabitants, for they are permitted, at "*certain limited periods*," to revisit the glimpses of the moon. O'Donoghue's appearance is said to be the forerunner of good luck to whoever witnesses it; at the same time that it is also the harbinger of a coming storm. Long did his deeds remain & the theme of choral song; now they are transferred to the peasant's legend. The story goes that the prince's palace and the magnificent city still exist (though somewhat out of repair) in the depths of the lake; and that glimpses of them have often been obtained by the boatmen who ply upon it for hire—

On Killarney's lake, as the boatman strays,
When the clear cold eve's declining,
He sees the towers of other days
In the wave beneath him shining.

This being the case, it has often occasioned me great surprise, that Mr. T. Crofton Croker and others who have given so many highly amusing legends of the Lakes, should not have favoured the world with a "*lanceu sketch*" of this often-mentioned *subaqueous city*. If, however, my readers will bear with me patiently, we will take a ramble together for the first time through

"THE CITY OF THE DEAD"

It was at the close of a fine autumnal evening, when feeling somewhat fatigued

from a day's ramble among the fairy scenes of the Lakes of Killarney, that I sat down to rest my weary limbs beneath the shade of a luxuriant arbutus. The place was well calculated to awaken the most vivid and picturesque recollections of times long past and gone. I sat and gazed upon the clear bright waters of the lake; when, anon, methought I was "wandering amid the stupendous ruins of the deep. I stood surrounded with what seemed the remains of another world, and the spirit of former ages came over me. Enormous masses of broken stone lay around, and innumerable columns in every stage of decay; some prostrated on the marble pavement, others still rearing their majestic heads, apparently unscathed by tide or time; but all seemed clad in the mantle of moss, which told of desolation and the lapse of centuries.

And since I quitted here, deep and unbroken, was it was that unearthly silence which appeared to speak with the whisper of unseen beings, and I remembered, that "death came not upon the prince and his people." The pale moon slept on altar, and temple, and palace, her clear light making all distinctly visible, even the long colonnades which swept away in endless succession to what appeared to be the verge of the horizon; but the extreme brightness of her beams brought out the shadows in that depth and darkness which invested them, as it were, with reality and mystery.

A feeling, strongly akin to fear, came over me. What could produce it? I felt well assured that no human being was near me, and supernatural dread I always laugh at. But I felt not alone, it seemed as if I was surrounded with beings who gazed on me with a solemn yet unceasing look; and I confess at the moment I should not have been surprised had the gallant Prince O'Donoghue with his splendid train rode past me, but I was not honoured with such an interview. As I looked up through the clear waters, at the wan and unclouded moon, I saw a lovely plant, a lonely one, waving gently in the breeze, on the calm bosom of the lake,—it was the beauteous lotus, the queen of water-flowers. Ah! thought I, is that unheeded flower the only banner which waves over the city and the palace of the once mighty prince? I wished to call up visions of the beings who once peopled this godly city, but though my mind ranged through the stories of history and tradition, yet I could not conjure up a single image in my mind's eye.

While sitting on the broken step of what appeared to have been the grand entrance to a temple, I contemplated with awe the vast expanse of pavement which, though chiefly covered with fallen stones and long grass, still indicated the vast extent of the interior area. At the extremity were a few steps ascending to an elevated stone platform. It

was, doubtless, the spot where the altar had stood; the moonbeams, straggling between the opposite columns, showed the broad and low step on which the worshippers had knelt, whilst offering up their prayers to the Great Dispenser of all good. There was a time, thought I, when this "CITY OF THE DEAD" stood in all the freshness of a new creation and in the magnificence of her prosperity, when her marble palaces and mighty temples were thronged with the multitude of her dwellers. Where are now her princes and warriors, her priests, sages, and her bards? and where the crowds of artisans and peasants, if such indeed there were in this city of palaces? Alas! my musings all resolved themselves into the sad conviction of the mutability and nothingness of all things human. Whilst thus wrapt in meditation, methought the scene became gradually changed. The walls of the temple, scarce perceptible before, now rose up in pure and dazzling whiteness; the low mouldering pillars reared their encrusted capitals as high as those which were still erect, and the entablatures appeared, surmounted with the lofty pediment, and adorned with rich and grotesque figures. All appeared distinct as in the blaze of noonday. I turned, and beheld hundreds of statues standing in niches, or adorning the sides of the walls, they seemed finished with the utmost perfection of design and execution, and I thought that among the number I recognised several old acquaintances. How could this be? Had the chisel of poor Chantry found its way here, or did my senses deceive me? for—

There were statues gracing
This noble place in
Great heathen gods
And nymphs divine,
Both Neptune, Ceres,
And Nebuchadnezzar—
The fam'd grazer
Of the olden time.
But of all the statues
This place adorning,
Alexander, Ajax,
Or Nelson true,
The most commanding
Upon this station
Was the hero of
Famed Waterloo.

A strange assemblage, thought I; but small time was left me for wonderment. The ripple of the waters was changed to the sound of distant music, which, as it neared, was deadened by the tramping of multitudes. My heart beat, the footsteps approached nearer and nearer, and I expected every moment to behold beings who had breathed thousands of years gone by. The tread passed onwards,—I could see *nothing*, but the swell of the harp came—perhaps the one of "Tara's Halls"—deep and near. I could hear the rustling as of banners, and the heavy tramp of mailed men upon the marble pavement. In a moment the city resounded with martial music,—it swelled

louder and louder, till at length it suddenly ceased, as though under the influence of the magic baton of Musard or Japhien. No sooner had the last swell died away in the distance, than again music was heard, but it was soft, plaintive, and melancholy. It first appeared to descend from above the waters,—it was a choir of female voices; I could distinguish articulations, but the language was unknown. It seemed, however, soft and melodious; and from the alternate piano of a single voice, followed by the deep melody of a chorus, it was evidently a hymn. I became as, it were, entranced; the statues, pillars, temple, and the entire city itself, faded from my sight, and I felt as though lifted from beneath the waters to the clear blue sky. Again was I brought back to a knowledge of this wondrous scene by the voice of multitudes which now joined in the chant of the chorus. It rose like the roar of the torrent, and the lofty area of all that had passed away seemed too small to contain the harmony.

There was something inexpressibly beautiful in this music. I could distinguish the full manly voice of the warrior, the low chant of the priest, the shrill voice of youth, and the silver tone of woman. Their hallding grew louder and louder,—they became the voice of giants. Still it swelled, the roar of a deity appeared to descend from the sky to join them, my ears could no longer drink in the stupendous sounds. It became one mighty peal of harmonious thunder; I struggled under what appeared to be a combination of hurried and excited sensations, when a voice assailed mine with, "Please, your honour, you can't sleep here!" I looked up, the moon glided sadly down upon me, a boatman was by my side; I awoke, and, like the celebrated Giles Scroggins, "found it was all a dream."

On my way to mine inn, I related to my companion all that I have described, and was informed that I had had the good fortune to be present at a *private rehearsal* of the music for Prince O Donoghue's avatar.

HOW TO MAKE A YOUNG WIFE OF AN OLD MAID.

The following true story might perhaps furnish matter for a little comedy, if comedies were still written in England. It is generally the case that the more beautiful and the richer a young woman is, the more difficult are both her parents and herself in the choice of a husband, and the more offers they refuse. The

"The prince and his fellows are permitted at certain periods to visit the world, he makes his visit—lastly attired and mounted on a milk white charger, careering over the waters, followed by a speeded train of courtiers. His dress is scarlet and gold, with a three cocked hat brimmed with old lace, the out of a perfect gentleman which he was, is now, and always will remain."

one is too tall, the other too short, this not wealthy, that not respectable enough. Meanwhile one spring passes after another, and year after year carries away leaf after leaf of the bloom of youth, and opportunity after opportunity. Miss Harriet Selwood was the richest heiress in her native town; but she had already completed her twenty-seventh year, and beheld almost all her young friends united to men whom she had at one time or other discarded. Harriet began to be set down for an old maid. Her parents became really uneasy, and she herself lamented in private a position which is not a natural one, and to which those to whom nature and fortune have beeniggardly of their gifts are obliged to submit; but Harriet, as we have said, was both handsome and very rich. Such was the state of things when her uncle, a wealthy merchant in the north of England, came on a visit to her parents. He was a jovial, lively, straightforward man, accustomed to attack all difficulties boldly and coolly. "You see," said her father to him one day, "Harriet continues single. The girl is handsome: what she is to have for her fortune you know even in this scandal-loving town, not a creature can breathe the slightest imputation against her; and yet she is getting to be an old maid."

"True," replied the uncle; "but look you, brother, the grand point in every affair in this world is to seize the right moment; this you have not done—it is a misfortune, but let the girl go along with me, and before the end of three months I will return her to you as the wife of a man as young and wealthy as herself." Away went the niece with the uncle. On the way home he thus addressed her: "Mind what I am going to say. You are no longer Miss Selwood, but Mrs. Lumley, my niece, a young, wealthy, childless widow, you had the misfortune to lose your husband, Colonel Lumley, after a happy union of a quarter of a year, by a fall from his horse while hunting"—"But, uncle"—"Let me manage, if you please, Mrs. Lumley. Your father has invested me with full powers. Here, look you, is the wedding ring given you by your late husband. Jewels, and whatever else you need, your aunt will supply you with, and accustom yourself to cast down your eyes." The keen-witted uncle introduced his niece every where, and the young widow excited a great sensation. The gentlemen thronged about her, and she soon had her choice out of twenty suitors. Her uncle advised her to take the one who was deepest in love with her, and a rare chance decreed that this should be precisely the most amiable and opulent. The match was soon concluded, and one day the uncle desired to say a few words to his future nephew in private. "My dear sir," he began, "we have told you an untruth"—"How so? Are Mrs. Lumley's affections"—"Nothing of the kind—My niece is sincerely attached to you."—"Then her fortune, I suppose, is not equal to what you told me?"—"On the contrary, it is larger."

"Well, what is the matter, then?"—"A joke, an innocent joke, which came into my head one day when I was in a good humour—we could not recall it afterwards. My niece is not a widow."—"What! is Colonel Lumley living?"—"No, no—she is a spinster." The lover protested that he was a happier fellow than he had conceived himself; and the old maid was forthwith metamorphosed into a young wife.

NEWSPAPERS.—Newspapers contain every thing, and are found every where. The only difficulty is to read them. The threads of newspaper correspondence enclose the whole globe in a network of espionage. Nothing can happen that is not sure to get into a newspaper while it is happening, and sometimes before it has happened. "It is no idle bluster to say that the eyes of Europe are on you. The eyes of Europe are the newspapers of Europe, and these same eyes are on every man, woman, and child, whose lives are of the slightest interest outside their own circles. It has been beautifully said of flowers, that they start up in the most unexpected places, where there is hardly a handful of soil, and even where there is none, striking their tender yet vigorous roots into the crevices of the naked rock. The same thing may be said of newspapers. They seem to be sown, like certain seeds, by the caprice of the winds. Wherever there is a settlement of a dozen people, you may look out for a newspaper. The first necessity of a new population is a newspaper. It inverts sometimes the vulgar principle of political economy, which will insist that the demand produces the supply; for it happens with newspapers, every now and then, that the supply produces the demand. The newspaper of a little colony often comes into existence before its readers; some far-sighted speculator being always in advance with an article of consumption which he knows well enough will become indispensable by-and-by. Even New Zealand, while it was yet undergoing the early stages of an excruciating experiment, had a newspaper; and Hong-Kong, where the fatality of the climate might be supposed to deter any sensible man from risking more than a month's subscription, has its *Gazette*. Indeed, we are not quite sure that a newspaper is not a sort of social instinct. People get up newspapers where there is nobody to read them but themselves. Passengers on a long voyage, who have no news to tell, except that which they get from each other, and nobody to tell it to when they get it, frequently amuse themselves by playing at newspapers. This is more remarkable than the most out-of-the-way birth of flowers. A hare-bell on a rock is not half so surprising as a newspaper on board ship.—*Fraser's Magazine*.

REMARKABLE CASES OF IMPOSTURE.—No. IX.

ABOUT a century and a half since, it was the fashion, among the would-be pretenders in matters of taste, to decry the works, and depreciate the talents, of the engravers of that time, in comparison with the earlier artists. This induced Mons. Bernard Picart, a distinguished engraver, to undertake the task of exposing the fallacious reasoning of these cognoscenti, who asserted that they could easily distinguish the works of the earlier painters, which had been engraved by themselves; and, secondly, that, as an engraver could never attain a picturesque style, they could easily distinguish whether an engraving was the work of a painter, or of merely an engraver; and, thirdly, that the modern engravers could not copy the paintings of the older masters so well as the contemporary engraver.

In opposition to these conceits, Picart asserted, that the plates engraved by Contarini, after Guido, were far superior to those actually engraved by Guido himself; and, also, that the works of Gerard Audran, an engraver by profession, were executed with as much spirit and delicacy, as could have been given to them by a painter. To put it to the test of experiment, however, Picart chose some designs of the earlier painters, which had not been engraved, engraved them in secret, worked some of them off on old paper, and dispersed them quietly; and no one doubted in the least but that they had been both engraved and printed in Italy! Having by this artifice sufficiently disproved the validity of those assertions which tended to depreciate the modern engravers, Picart collected into one volume, all the plates he had so circulated, to the number of *seventy-eight*; and they were, after his death, published at Amsterdam, under the name of "*Impostures Innocentes*."—"Innocent Impostors."

Henry Goltzius, a celebrated Dutch engraver, of an earlier period, had recourse to a somewhat similar artifice to convince the world of the malevolent detraction of certain rival artists, who asserted that his works were not to be compared with those of Albert Durer, or of Lucas Van Leyden. He, therefore, engraved the "*Circumcession*," after the manner of Albert Durer, stamped below with his own name and mark; some impressions were taken off on old and discoloured paper, and his name was effaced. This plate went thus "in masquerade" to Rome, Venice, and Amsterdam, and was received by all the connoisseurs with astonishment and pleasure, and was purchased at a very high price, by those who esteemed themselves fortunate in having an opportunity of possessing an engraving of Albert Durer. Soon after, the same plate appeared entire, and freshly stamped with the name and mark of Goltzius. Those who had been deceived were of course

very much confused and extremely angry; and the dishonourable jealousy of Goltzius's rivals was for ever silenced.

Evelyn, in his "*Sculpture, or the History and Art of Chalcography*," informs us, that Marc Antonio successfully counterfeited several engravings of Albert Durer. Durer was so indignant at the imposture, that he made a journey to Venice, expressly to complain of the trick to the senate. He succeeded in his wish, and Marc Antonio was forbidden to forge, at any future time, his mark, or *plagia*.

Innumerable instances of successful imposture are on record connected with picture-dealing, as a trade. Nicholas Laniero, an Italian painter, in the service of Charles I., seems to have been an adept in all the arts of picture-craft. Sanderson (*Graphics* p. 16) states that he was in the habit of passing copies as originals; the colours were obscured by soot, and he cracked the pictures by rolling them up face inwards. The same appearance has been produced in more modern times by using a dark varnish to new pictures, and baking them in a slow oven.

On the subject of picture-imposture, there appeared in the *Weekly Times* a few weeks since the following paragraph:—"A notorious maker of 'old masters,' who has generally a modern artist of renown for sale, was a short time ago at Norwich, where he exhibited a very beautiful 'Etty,' for which he demanded a large sum. A gentleman took the bait, offered 'pounds instead of guineas,' and the offer was declined. Next day, however, the gentleman resolved upon the purchase; but on application to the vendor, was much chagrined to find the picture upon which he had set his heart had been 'just sold.' Upon further inquiry he heard that 'perhaps' the purchaser—a connoisseur and shoemaker in the vicinity—might be induced to part with his bargain 'for a reasonable bonus.' Of course, under this arrangement, the picture was soon transferred to the custody of the 'lucky' gentleman. Not long afterwards, however, he discovered that he had been imposed upon: that the picture was a forgery—*Mr. Etty never having seen it*. Upon threatening proceedings against the dealer, the gentleman was coolly informed that his remedy was not against the dealer but against the shoemaker, from whom the picture had been bought. It is needless to add, that the shoemaker had not a sixpence in the world, beyond his share of the plunder, and that application to the law was out of the question."

A laughable species of imposture was practised by John de Mibuse, a painter, in the service of the Marquis of Veron. Being informed that Charles V. intended to honour him with a visit, the marquis, that he might receive him the more magnificently, ordered all his retainers to be dressed in white

damask—Mabuse among the rest. Instead of being measured by the tailor, as were his fellow-dependents, the painter desired to have the silk, pretending that he would make it up in a whimsical form, whereas his intention was to sell the stuff to raise money for the tavern. This he did, and aware that the emperor was to arrive at the palace by night, he fancied he could manage the matter well enough during the dusk. He sewed therefore *wigte paper* together, and painted it damask with great flowers, and then took his place in the train of his lord. Though the emperor saw the train by torch-light, he was so pleased with the *coup d'œil*, that, on the next day, he desired they might be allowed to march again before him, that he might notice them more particularly. It so happened that Charles's attention was directed to the poor painter's robe, and, being hooked to say that he never saw so fine a damask before, Mabuse was sent for, and then thence was discovered. The emperor laughed heartily, but the marquis, fearing it would be thought that he dressed his men in paper, threw Mabuse for some time into prison.

The Spanish painter, Don Diego Velasquez Di Silva (commonly known as Velasquez), had, a mulatto slave, Juan de Pareja, who was employed in mixing his colours, and who, catching some of the inspiration of his master's art, became ambitious of trying his skill. The disqualification of his condition was such, that to touch the most liberal of the arts with the hand of a slave, was extremely dangerous. The castes in India do not stand at a greater distance from each other than degrees of men in Spain, and Velasquez, of all his countrymen, was the least likely to brook so presumptuous a violation of the laws of etiquette and of society as that which Pareja contemplated. The temptation, however, was ever present, and the impulse of genius at last irresistible: in stolen moments Pareja became an accomplished painter. Ambition now caused him to adopt a plan of making his skill known to the Spanish monarch, Philip IV. Velasquez was in the constant habit of receiving the same attention from Philip, that the Emperor Charles V. had shown to Titian,—that is to say, the king kept a private key of the artist's studio, and visited it almost daily. On these occasions it was common for him, if he saw pictures that stood with their faces to the wall, to order them to be turned that he might view them. This suggested to Pareja the hint of substituting one of his own, and the experiment succeeded according to his ardent wish. The king coming, ordered the frame to be turned; Pareja gladly obeyed, and presented to the royal view a piece composed by a slave and a mulatto; and which in point of excellence would not have disgraced a free artist. It was not easy to appeal to a better judge than

the king. Pareja fell on his knees, avowing the guilt of the performance, and implored protection. "Velasquez," said the king, "you must not only overlook this transgression, but also observe that such talents ought to emancipate the possessor." This generous decree was obeyed; but the grateful freedman persisted in serving his former master; and, after the death of Velasquez, he continued his services to his daughter.

When the French troops were on their triumphant march through Italy, many Italians who dreaded being plundered, were anxious to dispose of the valuables they possessed, so that the finest productions of art were every where offered for comparatively trifling sums. To such an extent did this proceed that the Pope at last issued an edict, forbidding the exportation of any work of art, without the express sanction of a committee that had positive directions to let no works depart which might be considered a loss to the collections of the city. Lord Northwick was then at Rome, when, greatly to his surprise, an offer was made to him of the St. Gregory of Annibal Caracci; it was, however, stipulated that the transaction should be secret as the sending away of the picture would, if discovered, be prevented. What was to be done? A happy plan was hit upon. An indifferent artist was sent for, who received directions to paint, in body-colour, over the picture, a copy of the Arch-Angel Michael, of Guido. When it was finished, one of the committee was requested to see it. He came, and smiled at the taste of the purchaser: a gentle hint was given, that it was scarcely worth the cost, but Lord Northwick was in raptures. When it arrived in England, several collectors were invited to see the unpacking of it. Soon a very bumble copy of the Michael of Guido stood before them. At first they stared at the picture, then at each other, then at my lord. "Really," said the latter, after some time, "you hardly admire the picture so much as I anticipated from men of your judgment and experience. Give me a sponge, for the dust, I see, has destroyed some of the brilliancy of the colouring." A sponge was brought, and the nobleman began rubbing away at the picture. Not long had he rubbed before, to their great surprise, out peeped the head of St. Gregory; another rub, and the attendant angels appeared, again, and the whole of the magnificent picture was disclosed to their admiring view. Lord Northwick patted it with it, and it is now one of the finest in the splendid collection of the Duke of Sutherland.

GOOD COUNSEL.—"Remember," said a trading Quaker to his son, "in making thy way in the world, a spoonful of oil will go further than a quart of vinegar."

A LEGEND OF NORMANDY.

Do you see yon tree overtopping all the others on the hill above Honfleur? (One of its branches is so bent that it seems to turn back almost to the stem, while another, extended, points to the distance, and its foliage has some resemblance to a large head, with a sailor's broad-brimmed hat upon it. This is the Bonhomme de Tatouville. About a century since, the Seine changed its bed, and for several years the current kept close to the left bank, instead of running, as it now does again, along the right. The circumstance threw all the pilots and steersmen into no little perplexity, for they were obliged to study the river and its bed afresh, lest they should strike upon its many sandbanks, and precisely there where hitherto they had sailed in the greatest security. An old pilot of Tatouville, who had often risked his own life when there was a chance of saving the lives of others, resolved, when no longer able to direct the helm, not to relinquish his vocation to prevent disaster and to succour those who were in danger. And so he went every morning before dawn of day to the spot, perceptible from a great distance, on which that tree stand, and there he stayed till late at night. Watchful and unwearied, he called out to every skipper that passed, telling him how he ought to steer, and what dangerous spots he ought to avoid, and was thus a benefactor to thousands, till death at length summoned him from the humane duty which he had imposed upon himself. For a service so entirely disinterested, our times would probably have bestowed a bit of red ribbon and a cross, and perhaps a paragraph in a newspaper, commendatory of the giver and the receiver. It might be, too, not so much as that, unless chance had conveyed the name of the man to the drawing-room of some minister. The grateful Normans chose a memorial of the Bonhomme de Tatouville, as the sailors call the old pilot, and a living one, which every year bears green leaves, and bright blossoms, and fair fruit. And then the people without ceremony made a saint of the good man of Tatouville, and conferred on him the gift of performing miracles, because in his lifetime he had rendered kind offices to his fellow-creatures. They relate concerning this tree, that, when the Bonhomme de Tatouville felt that the day was approaching on which death would call him from his post, he prayed to God to send him a successor; upon which the staff that supported the hoary seaman struck root in the ground, grew up, assumed the shape of the Bonhomme, and has from that time pointed the way to vessels in his stead. The tree was called after him le Bonhomme de Tatouville, and it is venerated by the people like the shrine of a saint, and the communes of the whole country round contribute their quota for its protection and preservation, because, as we have observed, it is still the blooming and fruit-bearing guide and director of the navigator.

MARCOLINI.

A TALE OF VENICE.

It was midnight; the great clock had struck, and was still echoing through every porch and gallery in the quarter of St. Mark, when a young citizen, wrapped in his cloak, was hastening home from an interview with his mistress. His step was light, for his heart was so. Her parents had just consented to their marriage, and the very day was named. "Lovely Giulietta!" he cried, "and shall I then call thee mine at last? Who was ever so blest as thy Marcolini?" But, as he spoke, he stopped; for something was glittering on the pavement before him. It was a scabbard of rich workmanship; and the discovery, what was it but an earnest of good fortune? "Rest, thou there!" he cried, thrusting it gaily into his belt; "if another claims thee not, thou hast changed masters!" and on he went as before, humming the burden of a song which he and his Giulietta had been singing together. But how little we know what the next minute will bring forth! He turned by the church of St. Genesio, and in three steps he met the watch. A murder had just been committed. The Senator Renaldi had been found dead at his door, the dagger left in his heart, and the unfortunate Marcolini was dragged away for examination. The place, the time, every thing served to excite, to justify suspicion; and no sooner had he entered the guard-house, than an evidence appeared against him. The bravo in his flight had thrown away his scabbard, and smeared with blood, with blood not yet dry, it was now in the belt of Marcolini. Its putrid ornaments struck every eye, and when the fatal dagger was produced and compared with it, not a doubt of his guilt remained. Still there is in the innocent an energy and a composure; an energy when they speak, and a composure when they are silent, to which none can be altogether insensible; and the judge delayed for some time to pronounce the sentence, though he was a near relation of the dead. At length, however, it came; and Marcolini lost his life, Giulietta her reason. Not many years afterwards, the truth revealed itself, the criminal in his last moments confessing the crime; and hence the custom in Venice, a custom that long prevailed, for a crier to cry out in the court before a sentence was passed, "Ricordatevi del povero Marcolini!—Remember the poor Marcolini!" Great, indeed, was the lamentation throughout the city, and the judge, dying, directed that their elench and for ever a mass should be sung every night in the ducal church for his own soul and the soul of Marcolini, and the souls of all who had suffered by an unjust judgment. Some land on the Brenta was left by him for the purpose; and still is the mass sung in the chapel; still, every night, when the great square is illuminating, and the casinos are filling fast with the gay and the dissipated, a bell is rung as for a ser-

vices, and a ray of light is seen to issue from a small Gothic window that looks towards the place of execution, the place where on a scaffold Marcellin breathed his last.

WILKIE'S RENT-DAY.

IN consequence of the liberal patronage bestowed on the TRACTS FOR THE PEOPLE, we this week present the subscribers, in form of a supplement, price one halfpenny, with a beautiful Engraving, from the celebrated painting of the *Rent-Day*, by Sir David Wilkie.

This illustrious painter, the glory of Scotland, and one of the greatest artists of the 19th century, was born at the Manse of the parish of Cills, on the banks of Elenwater, in Fife, on the 18th November, 1785. His father, David Wilkie, was the Minister of Cills, and young David was his third son by a third wife. When quite a child he displayed an innate love of drawing. He has "been heard to say that he could draw before he could read, and paint before he could spell. When he was in his twelfth year he was sent to the grammar school of Kettle, of which, Dr. Strachan, since Bishop of Toronto, was master; but he felt his real talent, and paid little attention to any thing except drawing. He did not remain above eighteen months at this school. The father foresaw that young David would turn his mind to nothing but painting, and he lamented this inclination, as he did not see how a livelihood was to be obtained by pursuing such a course. But his mother encouraged him; and, as his own resolution was formed, his father yielded at length, and gave his consent. Accordingly, in 1799, he was sent, at the age of fourteen, to the Trustees' Academy of Edinburgh, for the Encouragement of Manufactures, with some specimen drawings, and a letter of introduction from the Earl of Leven, to Mr. Thompson, the Secretary. This gentleman refused at first to admit Wilkie, but he afterwards gave way, at the particular request of the Earl of Leven. The progress Wilkie made at this time was marvellous. "Every thing he attempted," says Sir William Allan, one of his schoolfellows, "indicated a knowledge far beyond his years, and he soon took up that position in art which he maintained, to the last. He was always on the look-out for character. He frequented rysses, fairs, and market-places." Mr. Barnett, mother of his schoolfellows at this period, says of him—"In that sort of drawing in which taste and knowledge are united, he was far behind others who, without a tinge of his talent, stood in the same class. Though behind in skill, he however surpassed from the first, all his companions in comprehending the character of whatever he was set to draw."

In 1803 he won the ten-guinea prize for the painting of *Calisto in the Bath of Diana*. In the same year he made the sketch of his

Village Politician. In 1804, in his nineteenth year, he left the academy and returned home. Soon after he came to London to seek his fortune.

He took a lodging at No. 8, Norton-street, and lost no time in obtaining admission as a student at the Royal Academy. His first patron was Stodart, the piano-forte maker. He sat to Wilkie for his portrait, ordered him to paint two pictures for him, introduced him to a valuable connexion, and procured him several sitters. One of these new patrons was the Earl of Mansfield, who commissioned him to paint a picture from his sketch of the *Village Politician*, and afterwards in a manner very unbecoming to an Earl, disputed about the price fixed upon it by the artist, i. e. only thirty guineas. He had been offered as much as 100 for this picture by two other parties who had seen it.

Young as he was, his genius was now admitted, and orders poured in upon him abundantly. He received commissions from Mr. Whitbread, Lord Mulgrave, and Sir George Beaumont, who, until his death, proved a most sincere and valuable friend to Wilkie.

When the *Village Politician* first came out, it excited great interest, but gave rise to very different criticisms as to its merit. "Young man," said Northcote to the painter, "that is a dangerous work. That picture will either prove the most happy or the most unfortunate work of your life." It apparently proved to be the most fortunate, for although Wilkie was only twenty-one when he painted it, as a painting he has seldom since surpassed it, though in subject, he produced several happier pictures. His next works were, the *Blind Fiddler*, for Sir George Beaumont; *Alfred in the Shepherd's Cottage*, for Mr. Davidson; the *Card-Players*, for the Duke of Gloucester; and the *Rent-Day*, for the Earl of Mulgrave; painted in 1807 and 1808. He then painted the *Sick Lady*, the *Jew's Harp*, and the *Out Finger*. After these, the sketch of the *Reading of the Will* the *Wardrobe Remarked*, and the *Alc-house Door*, afterwards called the *Village Festival*, painted for Mr. Angerstein for 800 guineas, and now in the National Gallery; all painted in 1809-10-11. In 1809 he was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy, and a Member in 1811. In this year, owing to the declining state of his father's health, Wilkie paid a visit to his native place. In October of the same year, he returned, and his own health not being at all good, he removed, for better air, to Kensington.

In 1814, he went with his friend, Mr. Haydon, to Paris, visited the Louvre, and was much struck with the pictures of the Flemish school in that famous gallery.

Of all the pictures of this great artist which we have enumerated, besides many others which he subsequently drew; and of which we shall have occasion to speak in a future and contiguous notice of Wilkie, that which chiefly comes home to the English heart is the cele-

brated picture of the *Rent-Day*. The eye never wearies in looking at that admirable picture, with its significant and affecting tale of humble life. The scene is full of poetry, and the narrative it unfolds to the moistening eye of the beholder is as simple as it is striking. The most vivid descriptions of Goldsmith do not surpass it in pathos; and one of the most eminent writers of our time has taken it for the subject of his drama, and is proud to be called the author of the *Rent-Day*.

We subjoin a descriptive notice of this famous picture.

"His next picture comes closer to our own times and our own experience, this is the *RENT DAY*, which Wilkie painted for his munificent friend, the Earl of Blugrave.

"The image which the *Rent-Day* gives of rustic life is perfect: that eventful period of reckoning is familiar, in its reality, to the mind of every husbandman. Had Wilkie been totally ignorant of grinding landlords and stern factors, he might have learned enough for his picture from the lines of Burns.—

I've noticed on our laird's court day,
And monie a time my heart's been wae,
Poor tenant bodies scant o' cash,
How they maun thole a factor's sneer;
He'll stamp and threaten, curse and swear,
He'll apprehend them, pound their gear,
While they maun stan' wi' aspect humble,
And hear it a', and fear and tremble."

"The scene of the picture is the hall of the laird's house, and the persons in the drama are the factor and the tenants; the former has no invitation in his looks to those who have not the full rent in their purses, and the latter seem to be a class who are drooping under the double pressure of "racked rents" and an exacting landlord. At one end of the hall stands a table, at which sits the steward, amid papers and leases, receiving the rents; and at the other end stands another table, at which those who have their receipts in their pockets dine at their ease. Both tables are small, which may imply that the laird offers little room for meat and wine at his expense, and wishes to supply no grumbling farmer with space to spread out his lease, and appeal to its words in the dictum of the steward. Between these tables, and right in the middle of the hall, stand or sit, singly or in pairs, the farmers whose time for pay has not yet come. Two are seated—one, old and bent, and coughing as though he would cough his last; and the other, gnawing the head of his staff, sorely perplexed how to make forty pounds do the work of fifty. Two hale old men, with shrewd and calculating looks, stand behind the other pair: one, to secure the attention of the other, holds him by the button; and their talk is evidently of falling markets, rack-rents, and hard-hearted stewards. The like sentiments seem to pass through the mind of a modest and quiet young widow, who is seated more in the foreground, with one child at her foot, and

another on her knee. Her look speaks of a desolate heart and home; the key of her uthers-door is a plaything in the hands of her youngest child, who uses it as a coral. Behind her stands an old farmer, who seems unskilful in arithmetic, whatever he may be in the rotation of crops; for he is summing up his rent on his fingers, and is evidently much puzzled.

"On the left-hand of this group of tenantry stands the dinner table, round which are seated those who have already settled their rents. Three men and a woman are cutting their way into the roast beef, diving into the bowels of a pasty, and drinking between every mouthful, with the avidity of hunger, and the desire to get as much as they can by way of luckpenny out of their avaricious landlord. A well powdered butler is drawing tanks with all his might, and marvelling, while he draws them, at the thirst of the party, while a hungry dog sits licking its lips at every mouthful.

"On the right-hand of the central group, a cheerful fire is burning in the chimney, and a fat roast fowl, for the steward's own dinner, revolves in a tin screen; while on the soft rug beside it, with bosom turned to the warmth, lies a pug dog, a well-fed favourite, its eyes nearly grown up with fat. Here the painter has placed the chief group of the picture. With the back of his chair to the fire, the steward is seated, his official papers displayed at his feet, his right hand spread over a quantity of gold, his lips agant, and his eyes flashing in contradiction to a young husbandman, who is pleading the cause of a very old man, who stands a figure of silence and of patience, and endeavours to reclaim some of his rent, as due to him both in justice and mercy. It is quite plain that the steward objects, with warmth, this intraction of a signed and sealed agreement; while the roguish farmer, in lowest anger, continues to insist. Another of the tenants, who has just paid his rent, seems to suspect that he has been overreached, and stands pondering, with a pen in his mouth, over a doubtful sum many in the back of his lease.

The whole of this magnificent picture awakens feelings of a touching nature. The farmers are all of that humble class, who themselves hold the plough, and sow, and reap, and gather in their own fields, and may be set down as unskilful in figures, and unknowing in the law language of leases. On the other hand, the steward, with some smattering of law, and some skill in arithmetic, demands it like a hawk over a brood of chickens—browbeats one, misleads another, and probably cheats the whole."

In a future number of this paper we shall give a concluding notice of this eminent artist, and a continued list of these well-known pictures which shed so much lustre on British art.

WINTER EVENING PASTIMES

SOLUTIONS TO THE CHARADES, RIDDLES
AND CONUNDRUMS IN OUR LAST

CHARADES.

- 1.—Dun-mow, in Essex
(5 X).
- 2.—O-men.
- 3.—Sun-day.
- 4.—Witch-craft.
- 5.—Infancy.
- 6.—Pat-tun.
- 7.—Nameless.

- 2.—Poole
- 3.—Beiford
- 4.—Gowes
- 5.—Lyde
- 6.—Carter-bury
- 7.—Fint
- 8.—Nor-wich
- 9.—Brighton.
- 10.—South-end

RIDDLE

- 1.—A pair of Spurs.

CONUNDRUMS

- 1.—Because it must be
ground before it is used.
- 2.—When his wig is not
paid for.
- 3.—Because he prays
(preys).
- 4.—It affords shelter on
a rainy day.
- 5.—Metaphysician (Met-
a-physician).
- 6.—She is a common sawg.
- 7.—Musslin (Muzzling).
- 8.—The tender part.
- 9.—Good-Fri-day.
- 10.—He is a self-fish
(selfish) man.
- 11.—The Beech.
- 12.—Ten-ants.
- 13.—The Ayr Mail (Heir
Male).

NAMES OF TOWNS IN
ENGLAND.

- 1.—Winch-ester

NAMES OF TREES

- 1.—Palm tree
- 2.—Chest-nut
- 3.—Ibex
- 4.—Hazel
- 5.—Oak
- 6.—Lime.
- 7.—Ash

NAMES OF FLOWERS.

- 1.—Marry-gold
- 2.—Heart's-ease
- 3.—Poly-anthus.

NAMES OF AUTHORS ENIG-
MATICALLY EXPRESSED

- 1.—Shakespeare.
- 2.—Milton.
- 3.—Bacon
- 4.—Locke
- 5.—Dryden
- 6.—Gold-smith.
- 7.—Gay
- 8.—Prior.
- 9.—Hogg.
- 10.—Sterne.
- 11.—Beattie.
- 12.—Moore.

RIDDLES.

- 1.—No body I have,
No food I'er crave,
And yet, of long legs, I have two;
Yet I never walk,
And I never talk.

Then what does my *nobody* do?

If you move me, then I
Move most pliantly,
And my feet always serve me for hands;
I gather up all,
The great and the small,
As my master or mistress commands.

If you straddle me wide,
I then cannot ride,
And this for the best of all reasons;
For nothing I've got,
On which I can trot,
In winter, or in summer seasons.

Although you may stare,
This is all, I declare;
So now tell my name if you can.
I'll further make known,
In the same honest tone,
I'm neither child, woman, nor man.

- 2.—I contain many gallons of drink,
Yet I often am held to the lip;
Scarce Goliath could lift me, you'd think;
And yet I can hold but a sip.

From the top of your house I descend,
And under the pavement I crawl
I furnish whole cities with drink,
Though seldom they see me at all.

- 3.—Enough for one; too much for two;
and nothing at all for three.

CONUNDRUMS.

- 1.—Why are the seats in the gallery of a
theatre like a Niobe?
- 2.—Why is an empty room like a room
full of married people?
- 3.—Why is a doctor's prescription a good
thing to feed pigs with?
- 4.—When is an alderman like a ghost?
- 5.—Why is a woman churning like a
caterpillar?
- 6.—Why is a gun like a jary?
- 7.—What trade never turns to the left?
- 8.—Why is a *republican* and a *deposed*
king both in a state of poverty?
- 9.—Why is a slanderer not a slanderer?
- 10.—When is a baker like a man swallow-
ing Prussic acid?
- 11.—Why is Father Neptune, on a stormy
day, like a Bond Street dandy?
- 12.—At what period should the Romans
have been witteest?
- 13.—Why is a sovereign that's lean more
wise than one that's fatter?
- 14.—Why is an industrious tailor never
at home?

REBUSES.

- 1.—Complete, a bird of plumage bright I
stand;
Curtailed, the bravest person in the land;
Another joint from off my tail, please steal,
A female, now, I quickly do reveal:
It once again curtailed, ('tis true, yet
strange),
I unto man immediately shall change.
My whole restored, and properly trans-
posed,
An European river is disclosed;
The head of this struck off, you then will
see,
An article for sharpening cutlery.
Decapitate once more, you soon will find,
A number, diminutive, left behind.
- 2.—A word, if you find, that will silence
proclaim,
Which, spelt backward or forward, will
still be the same;
And, next, you must search for a feminine
name,
That, spelt backward or forward, will still
be the same;

And then, for an act or a writing, whose name,

Spelt backward or forward, will still be the same;

A fruit that is rare,* whose botanical name,

Spelt backward or forward, is ever the same;

A note used in music, that time will proclaim,

And, backward or forward, alike is its name;

The initials, connected, a title will frame, Which is justly the due of the fair married dame,

And which, backward or forward, will still be the same.

NAMES OF WRITERS.

1—A Lucifer match.

2—A fast man.

3—A boy's nickname, and two birds beheaded.

1—The name of a member of the royal family, and a dirty trade.

FACTS AND SCRAPS.

I would not be a woman for then I could not love her.

What are Tenants' Rights in Tipperary?—The right of shooting their landlords.

NATIONAL DEFENCES.—A great national humbug! set on foot to increase the taxation of the people. Look out!

A person attempting to pick up a "joey," with a worsted glove on his hand, is really a gentleman in *difficulties*.

Curiosity is a kernel of the forbidden fruit, which still sticketh in the throat of a natural man, sometimes to the danger of his choking.

A gent. taking an apartment, said to the landlady, "I assure you, madam, I never left a lodging, but my landlady shed tears."—"I hope, sir," said she, it was not because you went away without paying."

"Bill," said a comrade to a navvie, six feet eight inches high, "why do you allow that little woman, your wife, to thrash you?" "Cause why, it pleases her and doesn't hurt me," was the reply.

On a casual view of the world, it appears as if there were a great number of souls originally made, and destined for human bodies, but that, in the distribution of them, some got three or four, and some none at all.

PULMONARY PRACTICE.—Curran's ruling passion was his *Jack*. In his last illness, his doctor observing in the morning that he seemed to cough with more difficulty, he answered, "That is rather surprising, as I have been practising all night."

HUMANITY OF A BRITISH PIRATE.—Some years ago the following notice was posted about

the estate of Lord Camden.—"Notice to sportsmen.—In consequence of the universal scarcity of game, Lord Camden does not intend to shoot himself, or any of his tenants, *until* after the 25th

COMMERCE OF ENGLAND.—There are thirty thousand commercial travellers in England, whose annual expenses amount to 11,000,000*l*. When so princely a sum is expended upon the mere making of sales, what must be the amount that is annually passed through the hands of our merchants and traders? Well might Napoleon designate us "a nation of shopkeepers."

A chap walking out, came across an old Jew, sitting in the broiling sun, fishing. "Well, Moses," said he, "what in the world are you doing there?"—"Fifin!"—"What?"—"Fifin!"—"Fishing! Well, what's the reason you can't talk? what's in your mouth?"—"Oh! mufin but wuns for bait."

ARREST OF PRINCE ALBERT, LORD JOHN RUSSELL, AND SIR ROBERT PEEL.—Three soldiers of the 34th depot, Waterford, amused themselves a few evenings ago with breaking the windows along the quay. After considerable resistance on their part, they were arrested by the police, when they gave the following names—Prince Albert, Lord John Russell, and Sir Robert Peel.

One of the greatest tortures in the world is to have to do with perverse, irrational, half-witted men, and to be worded to death by nonsense. Besides, as much brain as they have is as full of scruples as a burr is of prickles, which is a quality incipient to all those who have their heads lightly ballasted, for they are like buoys in a barred port, waving perpetually up and down.—*Howell*.

CHLOROFORM AND OYSTERS.—A writer in a Sheffield paper asserts, on the strength of large personal experience, that chloroform is an excellent substitute for the oyster-knife. "A little chloroform," says he, "applied to the shell, sends the dear little delicious creatures into a deep sleep, even though they be just out of their beds, and in the unconsciousness of their dreamhood they gradually open and let in the enemy."

BWARE.—Beware of a man who travels with a pair of duelling pistols. Beware of a young lady who calls you by your Christian name the first time she meets you. Beware of port at 80*s*. a dozen. Beware of a lodging-house where you are "treated as one of the family." Beware of every cheap substitute for silver, excepting gold. Beware of cigars that are bought of "a bold smuggler" in the street. Beware of a wife that talks about her "dear husband," and "that beautiful shawl" in her sleep. Beware of a gentleman who is "up" to all the clever tricks, and "knows a dodge or two," at cards. Beware of giving an order to a deaf man on the first night of a new piece. He is sure to laugh and applaud in the wrong places, and so cause a disturbance which may be fatal to the success of your

farce. Beware of entering a French shop which has the following inscription—"Here they spike the English," unless you can speak French very correctly, or are prepared to pay for the consequences.—*The Comic Almanac.*

Gerard, the famous French painter, when very young, was the bearer of a letter of introduction to Lanjumas, then of the Council of Napoleon. The young painter was shabbily attired, and his reception was extremely cold, but Lanjumas discovered in him such striking proofs of talent, good sense, and mutability, that on Gerard's rising to take leave, he rose too, and accompanied his visitor to the ante-chamber. The change was so striking that Gerard could not avoid an expression of surprise. "My young friend," said Lanjumas, anticipating the inquiry, "we receive an unknown person according to his dress, we take leave of him according to his merit."

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE—(Out of fifty thousand words, the number estimated to be contained in the English language, it is found, after much experience and careful investigation, that only about fifty are composed of letters which give the sound the words have when spoken!! This evil arises from a very imperfect alphabet; so imperfect, indeed, that three of the letters in it are entirely useless, and seventeen others are wanting. This being the case, many sounds of the voice cannot be expressed by the common alphabet, whose letters have so little relation to the sound or pronunciation of words, that it is absolute dudgeony—a dry, burdensome task to learners, to remember what words many combinations of these letters stand for; hence it is that all young folks experience so much difficulty in learning to read a language which they can speak with ease.—*Pitman.*

NOISY DECLAIMERS.—There never was any party, faction, sect, or cabal whatsoever, in which the most ignorant were not the most violent; for a bee is not a busier animal than a blockhead. However, such instruments are necessary to politicians, and perhaps it may be with states as with clocks, which must have some dead weights hanging at them to help and regulate the motion of the finer and more useful parts.—*Pope.*

In a respectable clothier's shop in the City are some double winter paletots, strongly recommended to the fashionable world on account of their being "much worn."

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, No. 3, Catherine Street, Strand.

P. H. (Macclesfield)—We are sorry we cannot afford the information respecting the chief seat of the silk manufacture in North America.

W. H. B. is thanked for his communication; of which we may hereafter avail ourselves.

S. J. A. (Hammer-smith)—You shall have a corner before long. At present we are up to the elbows in soda.

A. J.—You might just as well ask us to write an

"Irish tale" without "Irish character"—"by my faith" you might. We disagree with you in totum. **J. W. H.**—You had better consult a respectable lawyer. We should say, if the mother has died intestate, her property, in the case you name, will go to her child, or children—Your wife is not related by blood.

A. NERVE—Milk is made after the image of his Creator. If you are not as good looking as your neighbours, that is no fault of yours. 'Tis ministers make the man. Good looks too frequently make men great donkeys. Get a wife.

THE ADMIRER OF TRACTS—We feel obliged, but do not trouble yourself to send us the continuation of your story.

A. J.—The Pleasures of Hope, reversed, will not suit our columns—thanks.

A. LADY (Hereford) Of "two evils," we shall prefer the least. If we were to attend to the suggestions of over-industrious people, we might as well discontinue our labours. "Tracts" are for the "People," and not for children exclusively, and we are competent judges of what is strictly suitable to our pages. With regard to the contributions, we shall be most happy to receive them, although we unfortunately differ in opinion with a lady.

H. R. (Lambeth)—Your contributions have been handed to our "Master of the Riddle,"—Thanks.

W. K. (Newcastle-on-Tyne)—We are obliged. They will appear shortly.

J. P. (Southwark)—We know nothing about the matter. You will find in a penny book, sold in Holywell Street, all the information you require.

A. A. X.—Thanks. We have artists regularly employed.

T. H.—We will give you the required information, if we can.

Thomas L.—You had better send your Faree to Mrs. Warner, or Mr. Phelps, for an opinion. We have particular reasons for not wishing to peruse it.

W. R. S.—We have a large quantity of small contributions on hand, and must take our own time in selecting from them.

P. T. (Leeds)—Hogarth did attempt the style of painting you mention in your note, but was not successful. Your compliment respecting "The Cartoons for the People," is justly merited, but it should have been addressed to the Editor of "The London Journal."

A. B. C.—We have never seen the work you refer to, consequently cannot offer any opinion of its merit. Try Mr. Slinn's English Grammar, you will find it all that can be desired.

Jones—We will insert your article on "Religious duties," if well written, and in a fair and liberal spirit, provided it contains no ill-natured allusions.

T. A. B. S. W.—We have perused your contributions. The prose article is not quite up to the mark. Your line on the new and old year came too late. Thanks.

M. G. (Edinburgh)—We have perused your last contribution. Will you inform us if it is gratuitous? If so, we will endeavour to use it shortly.

R. B.—The article sent does not possess sufficient interest and novelty for us. It has been lent with our publisher.

WILLIAM PAGE—The polemical books you mention, are by the Rev. Mr. Smith. Try Mr. T. Allman, bookseller, Holborn.

P. D. C.—We are too old birds to be caught. Your printed extracts are good puff for your work, to which you will not give publicity through our columns. The proper mode of doing business is to send the work, we may then notice it.

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TRACTS

for the People.

A WEEKLY MISCELLANY OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE AND AMUSEMENT.

No. 10. VOL. I.] SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1848. [PRICE ONE HALFPENNY.



GODSTOW NUNNERY; THE BURIAL PLACE OF FAIR ROSAMOND.

GODSTOW is a small village to the north of the City of Oxford. It is a sort of an island formed by the divided streams of the Isis after being joined by the Evenlode. It is chiefly remarkable for the ruins of that nunnery, which according to some old writers, Fair Rosamond is said to have quit-
ted for the embraces of King Henry, II.

Of these ruins scarcely any thing remains at present, except ragged walls, scattered over a considerable extent of ground. An ancient gateway, and another venerable ruin, part of the tower of the conventual church, were standing until within the last twenty or thirty years. Near the altar in this church Fair Rosamond was said to have been buried. But the body was removed after the death of Henry, by order of the Bishop of Lincoln the visitor. By many, Fair Rosamond was

recorded to have been regarded as a saint; but our readers must bear in mind, that her history is in every respect very uncertain.

The history of England informs us, "that among the few vices ascribed to Henry II., unblinded gallantry was one. Queen Eleanor, whom he had married from motives of ambition, and who had been divorced from her former royal consort for her incontinence, was long become disagreeable to Henry; and he sought in others those satisfactions he could not find with her. Among the number of his mistresses, Rosamond Clifford, better known as Fair Rosamond, was the most remarkable. She is said to have been the most beautiful woman that was ever seen in England, and that Henry loved her with a long and faithful attachment."

Amongst the numerous ancient tales and poems of Fair Rosamond, we lately stumbled upon one, giving an account of the manner in which King Henry first became acquainted with this "pearl of English maidens;" it is a curiosity in its way. We will, however, place it before our readers,—but must inform them, that this part of Fair Rosamond's history, as well as the subsequent poisoning, by order of Queen Eleanor, is by no means well supported by historical documents.

There sprung from that ancient and noble house of Cliffords, a damsel named Rosamond, a daughter of the Lord Walter Clifford—her beauty was couched in her name—she was nature's master-piece, and one of the fairest roses that ever flourished on earth. Her beauty reached the ears of King Henry II., through the inadvertence of the lady's uncle, who, hearing his majesty one day highly extol the features of a lady, said, "I have a niece, though but young, who in my small judgment of beauty, as far surpasses this lady as she excels the meanest beauty of your court. Her eyes sparkle like two twin stars, with such piercing rays that dazzle those who venture to gaze on them; and her eyebrows shine like jet, and are arched like a rainbow—a sprig of roses and lilies are in her cheeks, so mixed that kind nature never before made so fair a mixture of the purest red and white. Her nose, a little rising, exceeds that which Apples painted Venus with, an chief ornament of her beauty. Her lips exceed the coral whenever so finely polished, as soft as the crimson velvet, hiding two rows of orient pearl. Her chin, which with a little dimple adds beauty to the rest, and makes her lovely face a perfect oval. Her rising breasts are like two hills of virgin snow, and her pretty hand excels in whiteness the finest alabaster. To be brief, she is the master-piece of nature; who when she made her cried, 'a lucky hit,' and threw away the moulds, that none so lovely fair and charming might come after to dazzle the eyes of men and wound their hearts."

This description raised such a flame in his majesty's breast, that he demanded to know

in what corner of the kingdom so great a beauty could be hid; so, fearing the king's displeasure, the courtier said, "there is such a lady, daughter of Walter Lord Clifford, and of my sister his lady, living at Godstow, in Oxfordshire; her name is Rosamond; and she is rightly named; for she is, if I have any skill in beauty, the peerless rose of the world; and this I affirm is the truth, on the forfeiture of my head." The entrance of Queen Eleanor, is said to have broken off all further talk about this fair maiden. So great was the desire of the king to see this peerless beauty, that he could not sleep at night for thinking of her. He soon after this made a visit to Lord Clifford and his lady; but their fair daughter not appearing, he caused his servants to inquire if the maiden was from home; finding she was not, he demanded to see her, vowing he would not dine till he had. At the first sight she appeared in his eyes like an angel; whereupon he eagerly saluted her, and caused her to be placed directly over against him, at dinner, that he might feast his eyes, and drink in long draughts of love—which in the end proved the ruin of Fair Rosamond. Lord Clifford soon after this, sent his lovely daughter for better security, to a kinsman's in Cornwall. The king hearing of this, sent for the lady's uncle, and commanded him to proceed to Cornwall, and bring the Fair Rosamond to court. Rosamond and her governess Alethea, are at last safely lodged at court; and Henry in his first interview, after their arrival, is said to have almost sucked away Fair Rosamond's breath by kissing her. The king having visited her several times, at length began to grow impatient, and importuned her very much to yield to his embraces, protesting "that the wounds he had received in battle could not be cured without that enjoyment." Here Rosamond interrupting him, said,—“Ask for my life, great sir, and you shall have it; or anything that is in my power to give; but ask not for my honour, not to give up my virgin jewel; for that is so greatly precious and valuable, I can never part with it, but to my husband. My outward form is but the casket only, 'tis virtue is the jewel; and when that is gone, what worth is in the ether? Not a poor peasant would esteem that; much less is it a present for a king. Nor would your majesty, if I should part with it, regard me afterwards but as a strumpet. She that has lost her honour, is but a faded flower, how gay soever she appeared before; and like a clouded diamond, of no value. 'Tis virtue only is the precious jewel, that ever shines with an unclouded lustre.”—And then kneeling down, said, “let me beg of you, sir, to ask no more for that which I can never grant but to a husband.”

The king was greatly surprised at these words, for he had anticipated an easy conquest; and was as much in love with her

good parts and virtue as he was with her beauty. His majesty having taken leave of Rosamond sped away to her governess, and related all that had passed. Alethea was one who was case-hardened in wickedness; she told the king to follow her advice, and that she would point out to him a short path to the happiness he desired. "May it please your majesty, the way I would take is this. Come to my bed-chamber to-morrow night a little before bed-time, and I will leave you there awhile till I have got my lady Rosamond to bed, and whereas I lie with her every night, I will delay the time of my going to bed till she is asleep, and then I will bring your majesty into the chamber, and you shall go to bed to her in my stead; and I doubt not before the morning light your majesty will so well satisfy her that her anger will be over, and for the future your admittance will be easy." When the evening for this precious plot arrived the king was true to his appointment, and went to bed with Fair Rosamond, who was fast asleep, not dreaming of the treacherous part that her governess had played. It is not easy to imagine how great was the surprise that Rosamond was in at this discovery.—We draw a veil over the rest of this part of the story. Rosamond found resistance to be in vain, and after a severe struggle, thought that since things had gone so far she had better yield with a good grace than longer deny the king that which he would take by force.

King Henry; in order to secure the Fair Rosamond from the resentment of his queen, who from having been formerly incontinent herself, now became jealous of his incontinence he concealed her in a labyrinth in Woodstock Park. This bower is said to have had many entries and passages underground into which light came through narrow stone crevices. Within this stately bower were intricate mazes and windings through long entries, rooms, and galleries, strongly secured with one hundred and fifty doors, so that to find the way into the remote apartments, the skilful artist had left a silver clew of thread, without the guidance of which it was impossible to be done. About this bower were curious gardens, fountains, a wilderness, and all means of delight for pleasant recreation—in short it was an earthly paradise, inhabited by the Queen of Beauty. The intercourse of the king and his lovely paramour, was not so closely concealed but that it came to the queen's knowledge. History tells us, that during Henry's absence in France, the queen, guided by the clew of silver, found her way to her fair rival's retreat, and obliged her, by holding a drawn dagger to her breast, to swallow poison. Whatever may be the truth of this story, certain it is, that the haughty Eleanor first sowed the seeds of dissension between the king and his children.

King Henry having wreaked his vengeance on those who aided and abetted in the murder of his beloved Rosamond, caused the queen to be confined for life in strict imprisonment, commanding if she died there her body should not be buried, but there mould to dust;—nor would he forgive her at his death—for she outlived him,—and, as the story goes, was set at liberty after his decease, by her son Richard, who succeeded his father.

King Henry caused the body of Fair Rosamond to be taken out of the obscure cave, in which the queen had commanded it to be laid, and buried her with great funeral pomp at Godstow, near Oxford. On her tomb, it is said, was the following inscription:—

"Within this tomb lies the world's chiefest rose,
She who was sweet will now offend your nose."

W. C.

CHLOROFORM.

WITHIN the last few months, a new and remarkable agent has been used for the purpose of producing insensibility to pain in surgical practice.

This new anæsthetic agent is *chloroform*, *chloroformyle*, or *pnechloride of formyle*. It can be procured by various processes; as by making milk of lime, or an aqueous solution of caustic alkali act upon chloral, by distilling alcohol, pyrolic spirit, or acetone with chloride of lime, &c. The resulting chloroform obtained by these processes, is a heavy, clear, transparent liquid, with a specific gravity as high as 1.48. It is not inflammable. It evaporates readily, and boils at 141 deg. It possesses an agreeable, fragrant, fruit-like odour, and a saccharine pleasant taste.

Those of the medical profession who have performed experiments with this new agent, state, that it possesses all the advantages of sulphuric ether, without its principal disadvantages. A greatly less quantity of it than of ether is requisite to produce the anæsthetic effect, usually from a hundred to a hundred and twenty drops of chloroform being sufficient, and with some patients much less. A strong person has been rendered completely insensible by seven inspirations of thirty drops only of the liquid. Its action is much more rapid and complete, and generally more persistent. Generally from ten to twenty inspirations are sufficient; sometimes fewer. Hence, the time of the surgeon is saved, and that preliminary stage of excitement which pertains to all narcotizing agents being curtailed, or, indeed, practically abolished, the patient has not the same degree of tendency to exhilaration and talking. The inhalation and influence of chloroform, too, are far more agreeable and pleasant than those of ether. Its odour, also, does not remain for any length of time.

attached to the clothes of the attendant; nor does it exhale in a disagreeable form from the lungs of the patient, as so generally happens with sulphuric ether.

Dr. Simpson, of Edinburgh, says, that no special kind of inhaler or instrument is necessary for its exhibition. "A little of the liquid diffused upon the interior of a hollow-shaped sponge, or a pocket handkerchief, or a piece of linen or paper, and held over the mouth and nostrils, so as to be fully inhaled, generally suffices in about a minute or two to produce the desired effect." For our own part, we consider that a small napkin is preferable, as being stiffer; it can be rolled into a conical shape, but leaving an opening at the apex; it can be held a short distance off at first, and after two or three inspirations the base can be brought so as at once to cover the nose and mouth; and, being adjusted by the fingers of the left hand, it will fit the face sufficiently for the air respired to pass through the opening at the apex.

Chloroform has already been used in numerous surgical operations; such as removal of tumours, of necrosed bone, partial amputation of the great toe, &c.; and in tooth-drawing, opening abscesses, &c. A young dentist, who has himself had two teeth extracted lately,—one under the influence of ether, and the other under the influence of chloroform,—has written the following statement of the results:—

"About six months ago I had an upper molar tooth extracted whilst under the influence of ether, by Mr. Imlach. The inhalation was continued for several minutes before I presented the usual appearance of complete etherization; the tooth was extracted, and, although I did not feel the least pain, yet I was conscious of the operation being performed, and was quite aware when the crash took place. Some days ago I required another molar extracted on account of toothache, and this operation was again performed by the same gentleman. I inhaled the vapour of chloroform, half a drachm being poured upon a handkerchief for that purpose, and held to my nose and mouth. Insensibility took place in a few seconds; but I was so completely dead this time that I was not in the very slightest degree aware of any thing that took place. The subsequent stupifying effects of chloroform went off more rapidly than those of ether, and I was perfectly well and able for my work in a few minutes."

As further illustration of the influence of this new agent, we select some operations performed with it by Professor Miller:

"A boy, four or five years old, with necrosis of one of the bones of the forearm. Could speak nothing, but Gaelic. No means, consequently, of explaining to him what he was required to do. On holding a handkerchief on which some chloroform had been

sprinkled, to his face, he became frightened, and wrestled to be away. He was held gently, however, by Dr. Simpson, and obliged to inhale. After a few inspirations he ceased to cry or move, and fell into a sound snoring sleep. A deep incision was now made down to the diseased bone; and, by the use of the forceps, nearly the whole of the radius, in the state of sequestrum, was extracted. During this operation, and the subsequent examination of the wound by the finger, not the slightest evidence of the suffering of pain was given. He still slept on soundly, and was carried back to his ward in the same state. Half an hour afterwards he was found in bed, like a child newly awakened from a refreshing sleep, with a clear merry eye and placid expression of countenance, wholly unlike what is found to obtain after ordinary etherization. On being questioned by a Gaelic interpreter who was found among the students, he stated that he had never felt any pain, and that he felt none now. On being shown his wounded arm, he looked much surprised, but neither cried nor otherwise expressed the slightest alarm.

"A young lady wished to have a tumour, (encysted) dissected out from beneath the angle of the jaw. The chloroform was used in small quantity, sprinkled upon a common operation sponge. In considerably less than a minute she was found asleep, sitting easily in a chair, with her eyes shut, and with her ordinary expression of countenance. The tumour was extirpated, and a stitch inserted, without any pain having been either shown or felt. Her sensations throughout, as she subsequently stated, had been of the most pleasing nature; and her manageableness during the operation was as perfect as if she had been a wax doll or a lay figure.

"No sickness, vomiting, headache, salivation, uneasiness of chest, in any of the cases. Once or twice a tickling cough took place in the first breathings."

And Mr. Walton has, within the last few weeks, made public the following cases:—

"The first case was that of a female, aged forty-five, with external hemorrhoids. Six ligatures were applied for their strangulation. It is useless for me to comment upon the pain with which this operation is attended; it is obvious that it was one well calculated to test the success of this agent in deadening pain. The patient was weak, hysterical, and rather emaciated. About one drachm of the chloroform poured on the handkerchief was placed over her mouth and nostrils. She inhaled it freely and easily, without experiencing any unpleasant sensation. In two minutes and ten seconds she was wholly insensible, when the handkerchief was removed. The voluntary muscles became quite relaxed, the pupils dilated, and quite insensible to light; her circulation was quickened. She remained for fifteen minutes under its influence. Just before she

recovered, her circulation became still more rapid, being one hundred and sixty in the minute, and very feeble. No stimulant was used to rouse her; she expressed entire immunity from pain, and was not aware that any thing had been done to her.

"Second case, a female, aged twenty-six, a stout, healthy woman, with polyp in the right nasal cavity. Half a drachm of the chloroform was inhaled by the mouth; she became insensible in a minute and a half. Unlike the foregoing patient, there was not any relaxation of muscle, but a rigidity, as if in spasm. She became insensible in ten minutes. Her circulation was also increased. She was quite unconscious that the polyp had been removed.

"The third case was a scrofulous child, aged five years, whose right nasal duct had been obstructed for two years, and in whom also, there was true fistula lachrymalis. Twenty drops were given. He became insensible in about one minute; his muscles were quite relaxed. He remained under the influence about six minutes, during which time a style was passed into the nasal duct. The little fellow walked away immediately after his recovery in a laughing mood, and saying we had not hurt him; of his own accord he shook hands with all the bystanders."

Some experiments with the chloroform were made for the first time in Paris by M. Velpeau, at the Hospital of the Charité, a few days ago. A woman from twenty-five to thirty years of age, suffering from a cancer of the breast, was made to inhale about a dozen drops of the chloroform on a handkerchief. At first she was merely affected with giddiness, but at the end of four or five minutes she fell off into a sleep. M. Velpeau then made some superficial incisions in the breast affected, and which is subsequently to be amputated. He next cut off a large wart from her hand with a bistoury; and the wound thus made, when bleeding abundantly, was deeply cauterized. The patient awoke in about two minutes, without having felt any thing, and without any of that agitation which characterizes the awakening from ether. The chloroform was next applied to a woman of about fifty years of age, who had to undergo the opening of an abscess in the breast, and with precisely the same effect. The following, however, is a more interesting case, although the results obtained have been partly negative:—A man of thirty years of age, who was attacked with tetanus two days before, in consequence of a wound in the finger, was made to inhale ether several times without effect. At last the chloroform was tried, and at the end of two or three minutes he became insensibly, without any previous agitation. The inhalation was continued about a quarter of an hour, and the sleep lasted about double that period. The muscles, which were previously

the seat of tetanic convulsions, soon fall into a state of complete relaxation; the mouth opened naturally; the muscles of the trunk became supple, and the breathing was easy. When he awoke his state was evidently much improved, but after a time the convulsions recommenced. Several new attempts to make him inhale were made, and each time in the same way, with this difference, that on each successive trial the contraction of the muscles yielded less completely to the stupefying influence. On Friday his state was decidedly worse; the tetanic convulsions had reached the lower extremities, and it was thought likely that death would promptly end his sufferings. It is evident from this case that chloroform exercises a manifest action on the convulsed state of the muscles; and the persons who were present at the experiments were struck with the fact that the patients took it with perfect calm.

In concluding this account of chloroform, we have to state that an interesting and successful experiment with it has just been tried on a lame horse, belonging to Mr. Reid, Drow, East Lothian:—

About two ounces of the chloroform were poured on a piece of flannel cloth, below which was a sponge, the whole being placed in a tin case, which was tied over the horse's nose, and surrounded with a flannel bag. In three minutes and a half the animal fell over, and in five minutes it was perfectly insensible. When in that condition, Mr. Cockburn, veterinary surgeon, Haddington, performed the usually painful operation of cutting the nerves of sensation in both of its fore feet. On cutting the second nerve, the poor beast made a slight movement, showing the chloroform was beginning to lose its effect, but a second application of another ounce allowed the other two remaining nerves to be cut without a quiver. In twenty-five minutes from the commencement, the animal was again on its legs, now perfectly sound. Had it not been thus reduced to insensibility, it would have been bathed in perspiration by violent struggling from intense agony; while, in this case, there was not a turned hair on it, the operation, too, being much more easily and quickly performed.

• SAINT VALENTINE'S DAY.

I LOVE to keep all festivals, to taste all feast-offerings, from puddings and pies at Christmas, to pancakes at Shrove-tide, pork at Easter, and goose at Michaelmas. I even like my hot-cross bun on a Good-Friday morning; though I know that I am doomed to fast, upon fish, for the remainder of the day. All these things always seem better on those days; as the "school-boy's bread" in the holidays," is even better than the bread

at school, though it formed part of the same batch, and came from the same oven.

Custom has decided that February 14th, shall be a day devoted to cupid, and though custom is but too often a tyrant, and spurned at, in this case he has always plenty of willing subjects.

Saint Valentine's Day is a red, letter-day, half-holy, no feast, no fast, and held free of care by a gentle charter, invested with a rich prerogative,—the power of giving pleasure to the young. If the tradition be true, that on this day each bird chooses its mate, what work hath the carrier pigeon! What rustling of leaves; what clattering and singing in the woods; what billing by the clear waters!—Methinks, on this day should Romeo have first seen the gentle Capulet. On this day should Orlando have first glanced at Rosalind; Troilus at the fickle Cressid; Slender (oh! smile not, gentles.) at Anne Page.—The jealous Moor should have told his first war-story to-day; and to-day Prospero should have broken his spell, and made his holiday in his enchanted isle, and crowned the time by giving to the son of Naples his innocent and fair Miranda. Fain would I have Valentine's Day the origin of love, or the completion—an epoch writ in bright letters in Cupid's calendar—a date whence to reckon our passion—a period to which to refer our happiness.

But whence comes the charm which makes this day so welcome? It is not because St. Valentine lost his head at Rome nearly sixteen hundred years ago—nor is it because the world on this day was rid of a great lawyer by the death of Sir William Blackstone in 1780:—nor is it because Valentine was the name of a wonderful alchemist;—nor is it because it may awaken the recollection of “the history of the two valiant brethren Valentine and Orson, sons unto the Emperor of Gali;”—nor is it because of the delight which Mrs. Opie's “Valentine's Eve” inspires; oh, no: it is

“Something more exquisite still.”

It is because the season is redolent of love—because every thing around us encourages the affection to share the dawning spring-time's joyousness; because, from immemorial time, the heart, on this day, has had the free privilege to use language for what it was intended, instead of running in the now established fashions of using it to conceal its real thoughts.

There is something of a selfishness, which partakes somewhat of Epicureanism, in the efforts which “The Lords of Creation” seem to persist in, in order to reserve to themselves the right of making the first advances in all affairs of the heart. Why this aristocratic monopoly? Why this holding of the affections in feudalism? Why do not the ladies prove they “know their rights, and knowing, dare maintain them?”

Charles Duke of Orleans, whom the fortunes of Agincourt made our captive in 1415, wrote from the Tower, the first poetical Valentines upon record. They have escaped the ravages of time, and, although in manuscript (in the Royal Library at the British Museum), they remain a monument of his genius and fidelity. Perhaps the next Valentines which have come down to us in poetry were written by the famed monk of Bury, named Lydgate, of whom it was said, “he was not only the poet of his monastery, but of the world in general.”

It is pleasing to contemplate the changes mighty in their character, though almost imperceptible in their career, which has been introduced by the reign of religion, and by the contact of enlightened minds with the prejudices of other days. Anciently on Valentine's eve, nothing was heard but strange stories of stranger ghosts. In the calendars of the time there was this entry opposite to Feb. 14:—*Manes nocte vagari creduntur*, “Ghosts are believed to walk to-night.” But no hobgoblin tales now frighten our anxious maidens from their sleep's propriety. Some even now, for mirth, but not for a divination which they credit, may, as their far remote grandams did, pin a bay-leaf to each corner of their pillow, and a fifth in the centre of it, in order to know by him of whom they dream, who is their lover? Many of these love divinations were practised on the continent during Advent, or the four weeks preceding Christmas; but there, as here, they are now little regarded, and they are regarded chiefly as matters of joke and amusement. There is another old tradition, a remnant of which is still preserved by the laughing girls of our villages,—and by which, leaving all to chance, they possess themselves of a “Valentine,” without writing one. The first youth whom the maiden espies is the Valentine for her, and *vice versa*. But if the youth, who is early faithful to his flock or his duties in the fields, is the first swain whom several waiting maidens see from their casement or the garden-gate, we are not aware of the mode, by which, if all should claim him, the claim should be determined. The determination would most probably rest with himself. In an old English ballad, girls are directed to pray *cross-legged* to St. Valentine for good luck.

Some ladies have turned Valentine's day to profitable account. Mrs. Pepys, for example, who was the wife of the Secretary to the Admiralty in the reign of Charles II., had the following presents, as we are told, in the well-known “diary” of her husband:—In 1661 for Valentine's she had from Sir Wm. Batten, “half a dozen pairs of gloves, and a pair of silk stockings and garters.” Next year she was less fortunate, as she received only “her name written upon blue paper in gold letters, and thereupon her husband gave her 5*l*. to console her; the year after her

Valentines were worth 150*l*." A Mrs. Stewart received as a Valentine from the Duke of York, a jewel worth 800*l*., and in the year following she was presented by Lord Mandeville with a ring worth 300*l*. As compared with those days, the value of Valentines are at discount. But there is still much of feeling—of genuine real condensed and sublimated feeling—hanging round them.

What a charm there is in the trisyllabic sound of "Valentine." Elia calls Bishop Valentine—"Venerable archbishops of Hy-men!" and we will style him "Cupid's outrider!" How many hearts palpitate more quickly than usual on Valentine's morn! How much more heavily are the postmen laden; how laggingly do they limp along beneath their love and lyrics,—sighing over the follies of youth, and bemoaning the facilities afforded by the polite Penny Postage Act.

But, hark!—the postman is thundering at the door—how sharp his knock, how restless his tread upon the pavement. He comes burthened with gay tidings, and he knows it. Look down your street, gentle reader,—door after door is opened before he knocks his second "rat tat" on St. Valentine's morning early. The passages are filled with listeners, and the windows thronged with anxious faces. How busy, how expectant are the gulls. Observe, the copper is parted from the silver, and ready for immediate payment—or the solitary sixpence is brought forth, with a doubt (between hope and fear) as to its being required. "The carrier of letters is pitted, "because he has such a load;" the neighbours are noted,—those who receive Valentines, and particularly those who have none. If you look from an upper window, you will see the parlour crowded. You may hear the loud laugh, and see the snatch, the retreat, the struggle to get a sight of the Valentine. In general the address is in a feigned hand; sometimes it is very neat, and written with a crow quill; but often the letters are so staring, and gaunt, that the serious postman forgets his post and almost smiles. The giver, the receiver, the messenger, are all happy for once. Can a victory by land or by sea do as much? Can a struggle (though it succeeds) on a first night's play? a dinner—a dance—a coronation? No; some of these are unequal, and all have their drawbacks. It is only on Valentine's Day that enjoyment is pure and unalloyed. Never let us permit the splenetic to rail at it without defence. Above all, never let us allow its pleasant privileges to fall into disuse or decay—that after ages may say with us:—

"Good morrow to my Valentine."

MARRIAGE.—A necessary institution for maintenance of society, which accords but little with the caprices of nature.

CHARACTERS FROM THE M.S.S. OF THE AUTHOR OF HUDIBRAS.

AN USURER.

AN Usurer is a man who keeps his money in prison, and never lets it out but upon bail and good security—as Oliver Cromwell did the cavaliers, to appear again upon warning. Lords and courtiers are apocryphal with him; aldermen and country squires canonical; but, above all, statute and mortgage—though he is often cheated—and frequently lays out his money a day after the fair, when land security proves under age, and elder mortgage goes away with all. He abhors a member of parliament as a malefactor, that takes sanctuary in the temple, and lurks in his Ram-alley privilege, against which varlets and bumbailiffs are void and of none effect. He undoes men by laying obligations upon them, and ruins them for being bound to them. He knows no virtue but that of an obligation, nor vice but that of failing to pay use. He makes the same use of men's seals as witches do of images in wax, to make the owner's waste and consume to nothing. A man had better be bound to his good behaviour than to him; for he that is bound to him is bound 'prentice to a prison, and when he is out of his time is sure to be in. He curses the bones of those that made the net against extortion, as too great an imposition upon liberty of conscience. He ventures to break it out of zeal, and though he lose his principal, is contented, like a fanatic, to "suffer persecution for righteousness." He delights, most of all, to deal with a rich prodigal, who maintains his avance as he does others' luxury. These two vices, like male and female vipers, keep together until the one has spent all, and then the other devours it, until the one bites off the other's head.

A BAILIFF.

A bailiff is a sort of journeyman sheriff, a minister of justice and injustice, right or wrong. He is a man of quick apprehension and very great judgment, for it seldom begins or ends without him. The business of this gent, is to have and to hold the bodies of all those he has in his warrant. These are his townsmen, no more in their own occupation, but his, till he delivers them over to Satan, that is, the jailer. He lays his authority, like a knighthood, on the shoulder, and it presently possesses the whole body, till bail and mainprize bring deliverance. He fears nothing like a rescue, with which he is sometimes grievously afflicted, and bawls like a setting dog that springs the game. This never falls so heavy upon him as when he does his business too near home, (like an unskilful cur that runs at sheep,) for then the lawyers that set him at work pump and abuse him.

for his pains. His greatest security is in his knavery, when he takes money of both sides, and is paid for not seeing, when he has no mind to it. His whole life is a kind of pickering, and like an Indian cannibal, he feeds on those he takes prisoners. His first business is to convey their bodies to a tavern or a spunging-house, where he eats and drinks their heads out. He is a great enemy to liberty, and would reduce all men, if he could, to necessity. He eats his bread, not with the sweat, but the blood of his brows; and keeps himself alive, like those that have issues, by having holes made in his skin; for it is part of his vocation to be beaten when it falls in his way, and sometimes killed if occasion serve."

THE JEW'S SON-IN-LAW.

"MR. ABRAHAMS," said Lord Mansfield, "this man is your son, and cannot go in the same ball bond."

"He ish not my son, my lord."

"Why, Abrahams, here are twenty in court will prove it."

"I will shwear, my lord, he ish not."

"Take care, Abrahams, or I will send you to the King's Bench."

"Now, my lord, if your lordship pleases, I will tell the truth."

"Well, I shall be glad to hear the truth."

"My lord, I was in Amsterdam two years and three-quarters, when I came home I findish this lad. Now, the law obligesh me to maintain him, and, consequently, my lord, he ish but my son-in-law."

"Well, Moses, this is the best definition of a son-in-law I ever heard."

MURMURING.—Our hearts must be more contracted than our eyes, or we should not murmur at every little cloud, which we can plainly see is but a speck in an universe of light.

A FEELING PREACHER.—A clergyman having preached during Lent, in a small town, in which he had not once been invited to dinner, said, in a sermon, exhorting his parishioners against being seduced by the prevailing vices of the age, "I have preached against every vice but luxurious living, having had no opportunity of observing to what extent it is carried in this town."

PROMPT ANSWER.—Chateaufort, keeper of the seals of Louis XIII., when a boy of only nine years old, was asked many questions by a bishop, and gave very prompt answers to them all. At length the prelate said, "I will give you an orange if you will tell me where God is?"—"My lord," replied the boy, "I will give you two oranges if you will tell me where he is not?"

TREATMENT OF FROST-BITTEN PARTS.

PERSONS, such as policemen, guards to railway-carriages, &c., exposed for a length of time to severe degrees of cold, are liable to have their fingers and hands, toes and feet, nose, ears, and lips frost-bitten, and sometimes mortified. The treatment must be that the natural heat must be restored *only very gradually*. Few persons have not experienced the excruciating pain which follows holding their fingers before the fire, after having been so numbed by cold as to be utterly without feeling, till thus suddenly brought to the fire. Plunging the part into warm water is most dangerous. Sir Astley Cooper mentions the case of a person who, having been shooting and got his feet very cold, put them into warm water, and both mortified. Dr. South knew a man who, whilst sorting wet skins in very cold weather, had his hand stiffened with the cold: on reaching home he put his hand into luke-warm water, but the agony it produced was so great that he quickly withdrew it, and could not even bear the warmth beneath the bed-clothes during the night. Next day his nails were black, but he was free from pain, and the hand was cold and numb; he tried the warm water with the same result, and also on the following day, but the pain came on as at first, and the end-joints of all the fingers and thumb had become black—in short, were mortified. The mortification spread, and, in the course of a week, the hand was mortified up to the wrist, and some little time after it was necessary to cut it off. We mention these cases to show the importance of not suddenly attempting to heat very cold or frozen parts.

The very cold or frozen part should, therefore, either be bathed with very cold water, or rubbed with a handful of snow, till the circulation in it be restored; and, even after that, cold water should be used for some time, so that the natural heat may be recovered very slowly.

THE MERCHANTS' WIVES OF BRUGES.—Jane, the wife of Philip Le Bel, of France, was so extremely disgusted at the finery which the merchants' wives of Bruges exhibited when she accompanied her husband to that place in 1299, that she exclaimed, "What! are all these *Queens*? I thought that I *alone* had a right to appear in that character." Not contented with this sarcasm, she had the weakness to make her husband treat her well-dressed rivals with a degree of severity and insult, which did much detriment to his own interest.

REMARKABLE CASES OF
IMPOSTURE.—No. X.

At the time when the excitement prevailed about Ferdinand of Spain, two travelling-carriages stopped at the most fashionable hotel at Woolwich. One of the party soon gave "mine host" to understand that he had the honour to entertain under his roof the "Spanish Ambassador." The intelligence acted like a spark of electricity, communicating its effects to the whole establishment, and setting it all in motion. In the meantime, his excellency sallied forth with his suite, in order to behold the wonders of the place. His appearance in itself was very striking, without the quick-spreading knowledge of his rank. He was dressed in a green frock coat, buttoned up to his neck; his bosom, ornamented with a profusion of orders and ribbons of every sort, dazzled the curious eye of the observer. On his head he wore a large cocked-hat with patriotic devices affixed, such as "*Viva Ferdinand*," upon a ribbon of purple ground, in golden characters, and his excellency also wore a pair of green spectacles. In the streets of Woolwich he was followed and cheered by all the little boys of the neighbourhood, to whom the condescending ambassador bowed in amiable humility. He went into shops and bought divers things, speaking volubly; and the interpreter rendered his sayings into English. At last, a communication was made by the higher powers of the place, that whatever the "Spanish Ambassador" desired to notice would be open to his excellency's inspection the rest of the day, for which purpose the workmen had received orders not to quit the spot at their customary hours of refreshment, but await his commands. The ambassador graciously accepted the proffered exhibition, and viewed all that was to be seen, with marks of surprise and commendation, interpreted to the comptrollers of the works. When the ambassador's curiosity had been satisfied, the whole party returned to take their "ease at their inn," where extraordinary preparations had, in the meantime, been made. Every bit of plate that could be got together, not only belonging to the house, but from the neighbourhood, was displayed in gorgeous array, to grace the visit of so distinguished a guest. The landlord and his family, and his servants, were tricked out in their best attire, to wait upon the great man, whom they were all drawn out to greet upon his return, curtsying and bobbing to him; all of which the illustrious foreigner acknowledged with a grace and condescension that won all hearts. He talked unceasingly, but they could only dwell upon what his interpreter was kind enough to render intelligible. Now and then, indeed, a word of English would gratify their tortured ears,—"Good! Good! papa!" "Fine house!"

"Tanks!" and such like comfits sweetened their laborious attendance.

It was averred that his excellency's habits differed very strikingly from those of the English: that, amongst other peculiarities, he required every article of use in vast quantities; hundred of napkins, spoons, forks, and plates; in fact, no man that had not lived in Spain could be aware of such inordinate demands. The first view of his bedroom presented to his excellency about twelve dozen towels, piled up upon a table by the washing-stair, for his one night's use.

The next morning the same ceremonies were performed. After a time, however, preparations were made for a removal, which at length took place amid a crowd, assembled to see his excellency depart, and which cheered him as he drove off.

A water excursion followed, and a small fishing smack was hired for the purpose of a sail. The master of it, a simple, illiterate, fresh-water tar, was duly impressed with the honour bestowed on his little craft by the noble freight it carried, and was all deference and delight. The ambassador expressed great respect and affection for the noble "British Capitaine," and directed his interpreter to inform him that he should boast of his acquaintance to Ferdinand, and predispose the whole of the Spanish nation in his favour. The old man shed tears of gratification at all this, and his excellency would not suffer the "Capitaine" to move from his side. Refreshments had been carried on board, and amongst these a can, said to contain a quantity of lamp-oil for the ambassador's exclusive drinking. His excellency, happening to drop his tooth-pick in a dusky corner of the boat, demanded a light from his interpreter, who presented him with a lighted candle, and his excellency, having searched for the tooth-pick and found it, blew out the candle, and after a minute's pause of hesitation where to place it, put it into his mouth with unconcern, and ate the whole of it! The "Capitaine" looked wonder and disgust at this, and more especially when his excellency, expressing a desire for some lamp-oil to wash it down, a glassful of yellow liquid was poured out of the can; and he swallowed it with much relish. The master's chest absolutely heaved at this finishing proof of a depraved taste. However, the time came when the ambassador and suite wished to land at their dining-place, and it was agreed that the master should wait to take them back to Woolwich, where the carriages were left, to convey them to town.

We need scarcely inform our readers that the whole of the above was but a playful imposition. The "ambassador," indeed, was Mr. Matthews, the celebrated comedian; his "interpreter," was Mr. Hill, the proprietor of *The Monthly Mirror*; the rest of the suite, amounting to some five or six, were also his intimate friends.

After the boating excursion, Mr. Mathews became tired of his dignity, he therefore resigned his honours, resumed his mother-tongue, and left his title behind him. Doffing his spectacles and medals, and exchanging his green for a blue coat; in fact, becoming himself, he re-entered the boat as a stranger, who declined to be taken to Woolwich; and, as it was understood by the master that his noble patron, the ambassador, was not to return, he asked leave of the party to admit the gentleman applying. On the voyage back, very little else was talked of on board but "the Spanish Ambassador," and as the stranger expressed an interest in the particulars of "his excellency's" trip, the master undertook the relation. This was by far the better part of the whole affair; for the vanity of the poor little man induced such exaggerations of his intimacy and favour with his noble friend, that Mathews was inwardly convulsed while he listened to the account. He described "his excellency" as a "werry personable man; not what in Hingland we should call *'ansome, but werry personable, and the happiest eritor I ever seed in my life!* Why, sir, he treated me more like a brother than any *think* else: called me *'captain*, and promised to mention me kindly in Spain; and offered to *interdoos* me to King Ferdinand! (But, Lord, I couldn't bear to live with such nasty devils!) What a happietie he had, too! I couldn't live with Spaniards, I'm sure, if they all eat like 'his excellency.' He made me quite sick, old as I am, with his dirty Spanish ways. Why, if you'll believe me, he swallowed at one draught a whole quart of lamp *ole*, and eat up a large *tally* candle at a mouthful!" I *seed* him with my own eyes, or I wouldn't have believed it. I *seed* it all go down his Spanish throat! I've since been werry much puzzled, though, to think whatever he did with the *vick*!"

When the party reached Woolwich, they found their carriages ready to receive them; and it then being dark, they escaped further notice. But the visit of the "Spanish Ambassador" was not soon forgotten there; and though there was some after-suspicion that the attention of the resident authorities was expended on an impostor, yet the name of "his excellency's" representative never transpired. A drawing was ordered to be made by the "interpreter," in commemoration of the event, a copy of which is to be seen in the second volume of Mr. Mathew's "Memoirs of Charles Mathews."†

SLANDER.—A quality without the beauty, but with all the venom of the serpent.

* A piece of an apple had been cut into the form of a candle end, and a bit of scraped almond completed the deception.

† This work is one of the best and most amusing pieces of biography extant in any language.

THE FIDELITY OF THE HIGHLANDERS.

THE fidelity of the Highlander is well known, and cases have been related almost beyond the power of conception. I could advance several instances to prove this assertion, but will here relate one or two that I have had from the most respectable authority. After the celebrated battle of Culloden, in the year 1745, the Pretender, commonly so called, after many unsuccessful attempts to effect his escape into France, was under the necessity of wandering about alone and in disguise, every moment in danger of being taken by the soldiers who overspread the country, and a very large sum of money was even offered to whoever would betray him. Though this reward was universally known to all the Highlanders, not one of them ever attempted to betray him, though he was frequently in the humble cottages of several of them, who knew his rank and person perfectly well, having served under him in the Rebellion. This circumstance well deserves our admiration. After the royal army had won the battle of Culloden, the Duke of Cumberland sent out a great number of different parties, to take up all those rebels and disaffected persons who had distinguished themselves in the Pretender's cause: amongst the latter was a Captain Stuart, who had on many occasions manifested his zeal, in an eminent degree, for the advancement of the Rebellion; a party was sent out for the express purpose of discovering the place of his concealment, and if possible, to take him prisoner. He had been dangerously wounded in battle; but he was lucky enough to escape to his father's house. His friends thought it expedient for his safety to send him to the mountains, where he would run the less chance of being found out, and accordingly he was carried to a spot where the heath was very long; he had only a girl and a shepherd-boy as his attendants, to take care of him in his dangerous and wounded situation. The soldiers arriving four days after his removal, upon searching his father's house, found a letter that was to have been despatched that morning, which informed them where Captain Stuart had been placed, and they immediately bent their course to the spot where they thought it most probable to discover him, from the account contained in the paper they had seized. The girl perceived the soldiers at a distance, and, frightened at the danger of the captain's being seen, began crying and tearing her hair in a most lamentable manner. The young shepherd, however, who was only thirteen years of age, saw the danger, and by his presence of mind and fidelity saved the man they sought after. On being asked by the soldiers, what made the young girl cry so bitterly, he quickly replied in a confidential manner, that she

had lost one of her flock that morning, which was the cause of her violent grief. The soldiers resumed their march, and passed within six yards of Captain Stuart, without perceiving where he lay: in this manner was the life of this gallant man preserved. Though this anecdote in itself is inconsiderable; yet it tends to show to what a length the Highlanders carry fidelity and secrecy in any cause they undertake.

THE GARDEN FOR FEBRUARY.

DURING the remainder of this month no time should be lost in the Kitchen-garden by those who have not yet got in their crops. Sow peas, cabbage, radish, carrots, parsnips, beet, and a full crop of parsley, also plant beans. Clean strawberry beds, preparatory to dressing them. Select grafts from fruit-trees—strong wood of last year's shoots; tie them up in bundles, each sort separate, and put the lower ends into the ground in a warm border, there to be kept till wanted. Look well to the cucumber plants in hot beds, and give them air daily, whenever the weather will permit, keep up the heat in your frames with fresh linings of hot dung. The impregnation must also be attended to, by inserting the pollen or powder from those blooms which have no fruit at the base, in those flowers which have fruit at the base. Take care to shade from the mid-day sun, the young and thriving plants, it is highly injurious to them, and will burn them up in a short time. During the latter part of this month grafting may be commenced in all its varieties. Sow cutflower seed in a light hot bed of about two feet of dung, and a frame over it; lay six inches of rich earth on the dung. Sow onions in good open ground, which has been prepared well by a good dressing of dung: divide the piece into four-foot beds, that they may be the better reached for weeding. Cover tulip beds with hoops and netting, if not previously done, and lay matting ready to cover against storms at a moment's notice; and cover at night, within a foot of the ground, unless a very severe frost is expected, when they may reach close to the ground. Prepare for potting carnations and pinks, by obtaining large twelve-sized pots, and turning over and examining all the soil in which they are to bloom. Let not a single wire-worm or grub escape. Top-dress auriculars, removing the surface of the old earth, and filling up the pots with rich compost. They may be afterwards regularly watered, but not kept too wet, and must be well covered in frosty weather.

CONSCIENCE.—An infallible judge of good and evil.

THE WASHING DAY

Dr S. I. A.

HAZE! 'Tis the important day of Washing,
Discord, clack, incessant splashing,
Soap suds all around are dashing—

Unceasing.
The rooms all tumbling inside out,
Linen in heaps is thrown about,
And all is racket, noise, and rout—
Displeasing.

See close around the fire-side
Wet garments hanging to be dried—
Hose, and a hundred things beside—
Wet dripping.

O' wretched day beyond expressing—
To me a day the most distressing,
Tho' 'tis our women's greatest blessing—
This sleeping.

In vain we seek for comfort round—
Comfort is nowhere to be found—
On these days 'tis to be hidden ground—
To any.

And when one washing day is o'er,
Our pleasure damped by dread of more,
O! joy to some, but sorrow sore—
To many.

RELIGION.—A moral code to force man to do good.

WIT.—A flame which bursts forth in brilliant jets, which the want of food extinguishes.

EDUCATION.—To educate a man is to unfold his faculties, to give him the free and full use of his powers, and especially his best powers. It is first to train the intellect, to give him a love of truth, and to instruct him in the process by which it may be acquired. It is to train him to soundness of judgment, to teach him to weigh evidence, and to guard against the common sources of error. It is to give him a thirst for knowledge, which will keep his faculties in action through life. It is to aid him in the study of the outward world, to initiate him into the physical sciences, so that he will understand the principles of his trade or business, and will be able to comprehend the phenomena which are continually passing before his eyes. It is to make him acquainted with his own nature, to give him that most important means of improvement, self-comprehension.

YANKEE INGENUITY.—A gentleman at Albany has invented a machine representing a female figure as large as life, sitting on a pedestal, holding in her hand an accordion, on which she performs several pieces of music. The figure, it is said, so nearly resembles life, that the motion of the chest in the act of respiration is distinctly visible. She moves her head, fingers the keys of the instrument with her right hand, and draws and presses the bellows with her left; she also beats time with her foot and does many other wonderful things. The owner intends to take the machine to England for exhibition.

USEFUL RECIPES.

ANTI-ATTRITION COMPOSITION.—Grease, one pound; oxide of iron, two ounces; black-lead, one ounce.

FOR A COUGH.—Mix vinegar and treacle in equal quantities, and let a tea-spoonful be taken occasionally, when the cough is troublesome. This is a recipe of Dr. James, of Carlisle.

TO DRILL GLASS OR PORCELAIN.—Employ a diamond point, set in brass, worked either by the hand in an upright drill-stock, or in a seal engraver's engine. The latter way perhaps is preferable, as the mill will be more steady. Let some thin oil be used with the diamond—say oil of birch.

TO KEEP MUSLINS OF A GOOD COLOUR.—Never wash muslins, or any kind of white cotton goods, with linen, for the latter deposits or discharges a gum and colouring matter every time it is washed, which discolours and dyes the cotton. *Wash them by themselves.*

AN EASY METHOD OF DARKENING MAHOGANY.—Nothing more is necessary than to wash the mahogany with lime-water, which may readily be made by dropping a nodule of lime into a basin of water.

HARNESS MAKER'S JET.—Take one drachm of indigo, one quarter of an ounce of isinglass, one half an ounce of soft-soap, four ounces of glue, one pennyworth of log-wood raspings, and one quart of vinegar; boil the whole together over a slow fire till reduced to one pint. A small quantity is then to be taken up on a piece of clean sponge, and thinly applied to harness, boots, &c., taking care that they are previously well cleaned. N.B.—A small quantity of sulphate of iron (green vitriol) would perhaps greatly improve this.

TO TAKE OUT INK STAINS.—Oxalic acid, if dissolved in a small quantity of water, will remove ink-stains out of all species of goods; but it is to be noted, that it removes also, or changes the colour of, many dyes, particularly those which have iron for their basis. A little fair water should be used afterwards. Oxalic acid is a deadly poison.

SEA-SICKNESS.—Dr. Thomson, in the amusing "Travels in Sweden," mentions his following remedy for sea-sickness:—"A few glasses of brisk bottled porter, taken after sea-sickness has continued a day or so, I have never seen fail to produce almost immediate relief. This may, perhaps, depend in some measure upon the briskness of the porter; but certainly not altogether—for ale, although equally brisk, has not the same effect."

TO WASH PRINTED CALICOES.—Use as little soap as possible, and not with hot water; put in a little potashes and gently swirl them, taking care not to rub the cloth too much; ring it out in cold spring-water, and dry it in the open air. By this means

many colours will be improved—all indeed but such as are mere water-colours, and of this kind good clothes are seldom printed.

MARKING INK.—The following is a better mode of making the marking ink for linen, &c., than the recipe already given:—Take of sub-nitrate of silver, two drachms; gum arabic, two drachms; distilled water, six drachms.—*Mordant.*—Sub-carbonate of soda, half an ounce; gum arabic, half an ounce; water, four ounces. The article to be marked, should first be wetted with the mordant; when dry, rub it with any smooth hard substance; you may then write with a pen without the ink running. The mark should be exposed to the light for some time to become black.

FRENCH POLISH.—To one pint of spirits of wine add half an ounce of gum shillac, half an ounce of gum lac, a quarter of an ounce of gum sandarac; place the whole in a gentle heat, frequently shaking it, till the gums are dissolved, when it is fit for use. Make a roller of lint, put a little of the polish upon it, and cover that with a piece of soft linen rag; which must be slightly touched with cold drawn linseed oil. Rub them in the wood in a circular direction, not covering too large a space at a time, till the pores of the wood are sufficiently filled up. After this, rub in the same manner spirits of wine, with a small portion of the polish added to it; and a most brilliant polish will be produced. If the article should previously have been polished with wax, it will be necessary to clean it off with fine glass paper.

ENGLISH BULLS.—In a police report, a few days since, certain fair ones of the Emerald Isle are described as "masculine Irish Ladies."

EXAMPLE FOR IRISH LADIES.—Amid the desolating scenes in Newmarket-on-Fergus, the untiring benevolence of Miss O'Brien, sister of Sir Lucius O'Brien, Bart., M.P., is truly cheering. To the suspension of all other matters, her whole time is devoted to providing with employment and food the destitute of her neighbourhood. She has engaged fifty girls at embroidery and ornamental work, each of whom is thus enabled to support their families. The aged are engaged by Miss O'Brien in manufacturing flannel and worsted fabrics, which she disposes of with her own hands amongst her acquaintances and relatives. The sick and those unable to work are supported by her private purse, out of which she expends large sums in purchasing outfitting for emigrants to America and Australia. Would that other ladies followed Miss O'Brien's example! If they did, half the misery and crime that disgrace Ireland, filling the gaols and work-houses with their victims, would not be heard of.

WINTER EVENING PASTIMES.

SOLUTIONS TO THE CHARADES, RIDDLES
AND CONUNDRUMS IN OUR LAST

RIDDLES.

- 1.—Fire-tongs.
- 2.—Pipe.
- 3.—A Secret.

CONUNDRUMS.

- 1.—Because they are in terrors (tears).
- 2.—There is not a single person in it.
- 3.—There are grains in it.
- 4.—When he is a goblin (goblin).
- 5.—She makes the Butter-fly.
- 6.—It is charged and discharged.
- 7.—Wheelwright.
- 8.—Because one is without a sovereign and the other wants a crown.
- 9.—Because he's a calumny-hater (calumniator).
- 10.—When he takes place in (poison).

- 11.—Because he's a great swell.
- 12.—During the Panic war.
- 13.—The former is more often a thin-king than the latter.
- 14.—Because he is always cutting out.

REBUSSES.

- 1.—Heron, Hero, Her, He, Rhone, Honor, Ore.
- 2.—Madam. The initial letters are from the words Mum, Anna, Deed Anna (the pine-apple), and Minim.

NAMES OF WRITERS.

- 1.—Congreve.
- 2.—Swift.
- 3.—Dickens.
- 4.—Albert Smith.

CHARADES.

- 1.—I am a word of 10 letters: my 2, 1, 3, 4, is something pleasing; my 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, is a journal; my 6, 4, 5 is a cave; my 6, 7, 8, 2, 8, is a heathen goddess; my 3, 1, 5, 6, 4, 9, is something burned; my 3, 8, 9, 9, 10, is to convey; my 10, 4, 8, 9, is a period of time; my 6, 8, 9, 2, is to mend; my 5, 1, 2, 4, is a number; my 6, 4, 9, 9, 10, is a town in Ireland; and my whole is a very dangerous man.
- 2.—My first is what most people like; my second is what a poor woman sometimes is; my whole is a small insect.
- 3.—My first is hot; my second is what labourers do; my whole is a dangerous plaything.
- 4.—My first gives light; my second gives light; my third gives light.
- 5.—My first is a blessing sent to earth, Of plants and flowers to aid the birth; My second surely was design'd To hurl destruction on mankind; My whole a pledge from pardoning heaven, Of wrath appeased and crimes forgiven.
- 6.—My first is yours; my second was made for you; my third is used by you.

RIDDLES.

- 1.—A thing that's insipid—a comical fellow, And dignity's mark in the East,— Which may be either long, short, black, white, or yellow, And is generally found in a beast; A creature portrays, which appears in the spring, And you often have seen, but never heard sing.

- 2.—Part of a tree, if right transposed, An insect then will be disclosed, Which robs me of my precious sleep, And makes me painful vigils keep.
- 3.—First I may be your servant's name; Then your desires I may proclaim; And, when your mortal life is o'er, Hold all your wealth within my power.
- 4.—A monosyllable I am—a reptile, I vow If you put me together, I'm syllables two; I'm English, I'm Latin—I'm one or the other; What's English for one half, is Latin for t'other.

CONUNDRUMS.

- 1.—Why is a man sailing up the Tigris like one putting his father into a sack?
- 2.—Why is Paris like the letter E?
- 3.—Why is a drawn tooth like something forgotten?
- 4.—Why is a well-trained horse like a benevolent man?
- 5.—What word is there of five letters that, by taking away two, leaves but one?
- 6.—What burns to keep a secret?
- 7.—Why is the letter G like the sun?
- 8.—Who was the first man that read a newspaper?

NAMES OF TOWNS ENIGMATICALLY
EXPRESSED.

- 1.—A Scotch lake, and a stream.
- 2.—A place of strength, and a flower.
- 3.—To depart, and a conveyance for light goods.
- 4.—A married woman's best companion, bad health, and a wewel.
- 5.—A nobleman's house, the name of an English admiral, and that of a French marshal.

THE TWO-FOLD MEANING.

Place a glass of water upon the table, put a hat over it, and say, "I will engage to drink the water under the hat, and yet I'll not touch the hat." Then get under the table, give three knocks, and make a noise as if you were swallowing the water; on rising from under the table, say, "Now, be pleased to look." Some one will, no doubt, be eager to see if you have drunk the water, and will raise the hat; you will then immediately seize the glass, and drink the contents, saying, "I have kept my promise. You are all witnesses that I did not touch the hat."

The Solutions in our next Number.

SINGULARITY.—Sir William Trumbull, who, in the year 1687, was appointed our ambassador to Constantinople, from a strong eccentricity of mind, performed the journey to that capital on foot.

FACTS AND SCRAPS.

Laugh on, my merry lads—you are made of good old English stuff, loyal to church and king—and while you, and such as you, last, our land will be in no danger from foreign foe.—*Aspinworth's Lancashire Witches.*

A PRODIGIOUS — The newspapers inform us that Sir R. Wilmot's bailiff has in his possession a hen's egg, which measures SEVEN INCHES LONG, and weighs four pounds and a half.

PERSONIFICATION OF THE MONTHS — January is depicted in the shape either of a man or woman, all in white robes, vests, and mantles, like snow or hoar-frost, and the sign Aquarius standing by his side. February is drawn in dark sky-coloured cloths, with the sign Pisces in his right hand.

A LITERARY GEM.—The following is a verbatim copy of a letter sent by a patient to his physician:—"Dear Sir,—I am so ill in my coffin that I cannot get out to you. I hope to morn my coffin will leave me or will let me get out for I shud not like it to linger wid me as it wud surprise you its so mortel bad.—Get humbel."

THE GAME OF LIFE.—"Life," said one who had much of it, "is like a game of backgammon; the most skilful make the best use of it. The dice do not depend upon us in the one case, nor do events depend upon us in the other; but it is the manner of applying them that occasions the difference of success."

The Great Duke of Cumberland, son of George II., on one occasion having missed his pocket-book at Newmarket, just before the horses started, he declined making any bets, observing that he had already lost money enough for that morning. At the conclusion of the races, he was presented with his pocket-book by a half-pay officer, who had found it near the stand, shortly after it had been dropped by the duke, but who had no opportunity of retaining it. "I am very glad sir," said the duke, "that it has fallen into such hands; keep it; had it not been for this accident its contents would probably have been by this time dispersed among the blacklegs."

A wag says that an infallible test to judge of bear's grease is to rub a deal box with it at night, and if you find it a hair trunk in the morning you may safely conclude the article to be genuine!—He might have added, that it would be necessary for the operator to wear a glove during the rubbing.

Let not the guilty man, who may now be enjoying the pleasant sunshine of prosperity, flatter himself that he shall escape a self-inflicted punishment for guilt. 'Tis when adversity comes, that remorse, with its poisonous fangs, begins to gnaw at the heart of its victim.

In the mansion of a lady who resides a short distance from this city, there are persons of the following names.—Duck, Veal, Buck, Salmon, and Champagne.—*Oxford Herald.*

Ray wittingly observes, that an obscure and prolix author, may not improperly be compared to a cuttle-fish, since he may be said to hide himself under his own ink.

Curious apostrophe of an old author, to Queen Elizabeth and the great Sir Francis Drake:—

O, Nature! to old England still

Continue these mistakes—

Still give us for our **KINGS** such **Queens**,

And for our **DUX** such **Drakes**!

MEDICAL PROPERTIES OF WATER CRESS.

—Water-cress act as a gentle stimulant and diuretic, for these purposes the expressed juice, which contains the peculiar taste and pungency of the herb, may be taken in doses of an ounce or two, and continued for a considerable time. It should be at the same time eaten at breakfast, also at dinner and supper, to experience benefit from the virtues of this herb. Haller says, "I have seen patients in deep declines cured by almost entirely living upon this plant."

THE WALKING DANDY.—Did the reader ever encounter one of these *things*, picking his way through our great thoroughfare? Note his mincing step, his sidling mode of eschewing the touch of all he meets. Mark his smile, his leer when suddenly accosted. Watch his ineffable condescension when bowing to a lady, and his more than ineffable shudder when meeting with what he considers vulgar. He is your Dandy—your *mere* fop, known in all countries, and whose walk is thus described by a metropolitan writer—"He is your fellow, invented solely as a showman for tailors, the creature of their craft, with an intellect not so comprehensive as a button."

AN IRISH BUL.—An Irish gentleman, having a pair of new boots sent home to him, proceeded to try them on, but, after a great deal of labour, pulling and tugging, till, from the blisters on his hands, he could no longer continue the violent exertion, he desisted, declaring that he perceived very clearly he should never get these boots on till he had worn them a day or two.

RECIPE FOR A ROUT.—*Probatum est.*—

Take all the ladies and gentlemen you can collect, and put them into a room with a slow fire. Stew them well. Have ready twelve packs of cards, a piano-forte, a handful of prints or drawings, and put them in, from time to time. As the mixture thickens, sweeten with politeness, and season with wit if you have any; if not, flattery will do, and is very cheap. When all have stewed well for an hour, add some ices, jellies, cakes, lemonade, and wines: the more of these ingredients you put in, the more substantial will your rout be. Fill your room quite full, and let the steam run off!

An Irish Member being asked the meaning of a Secret Committee, replied that it was one which discloses every thing, and conceals nothing but its own opinion.

An M.P. was boasting the other day that he had lately used his influence with the Magistrates at the Middlesex Sessions, to find a man guilty, "To find him not guilty, you mean."—"No, I don't; if he had been acquitted of the offence laid to his charge, he would have had to pay seven or eight and twenty shillings for fees; while, being cast, the chairman fined him a shilling, and discharged him."

WOMAN'S TALK.—The savages say that monkeys do not talk, for fear they should be made to work; women, on the contrary, the more they work the more they talk. There seems to be a magnetic influence in their needles, to keep their tongues in perpetual motion. I have often thought what the reason of this could be. At first I supposed their fondness for repetition was only intended for the development of truth, as Kant and Jacobi maintain that demonstration is nothing but a continued advance in identical propositions; so that women, in continually repeating the same thing, were endeavouring to demonstrate. But I soon discovered the cause lay still deeper. Naturalists affirm that the leaves of trees are constantly in motion, in order to purify the air. Now the incessant vibrations of women's tongues produce the same effect as those of leaves. Hence, it is a wise disposition of nature, that women talk most in large cities, in winter, within doors, and in large circles, because these are the very places where the air is most impure. Some petty, narrow-minded philosophers, who cannot understand the great designs of nature, but are always imagining some little supplementary object in all her operations—some such, I say, with whom I am very far from agreeing, reject the above theory, and suppose female loquacity to have been intended to express some ideas or sentiments of an intellectual being—perhaps, of the female herself. This is one of the things which Kant says can neither be proved nor disproved. I should rather be inclined to believe that talking is with them a sign that thought and internal activity have ceased, as the bell in a mill never begins to ring till all the grist is ground.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, No. 3, Catherine Street, Strand.

THE SPIAN.—We believe that the celebrated picture of the "Kemble Family," painted by Harlowe is in the possession of Mrs. Welsh, widow of the late Mr Thomas Welsh.

ALEXANDER.—You will find the Laws of Chess,

as lately revised by a Committee of the London Chess Club, in "The Whole Art of Chess and Draughts," published by Cleave, Shoe Lane, Fleet Street.

T. B.—To paint the glasses of magic lanterns proceed thus:—Draw on a paper the size of the glass the subject you mean to paint; fasten this at each end of the glass with paste, or any cement, to prevent it from slipping. Then, with some very black paint mixed with varnish, draw with a fine camel's hair pencil, very lightly, the outlines sketched on the paper, which are reflected through the glass. Some persons affirm that these outlines can be traced with japan writing ink, and a pen with a fine nib but this, even if it succeeds in making a delicate black outline, is likely to be effaced by damp or wet. It would add to the natural resemblance, if the outlines were drawn with a strong tint of each of the natural colours of the object, but in this respect the artist must please his own fancy. When the outlines are dry, colour and shade your figures, but observe to temper your colours with strong white varnish. The best colours are transparent ones. The following are in most repute—lake or carmine, prussian blue, calined veridigis, gamboge, etc.

S. G.—Thanks for your verses

Our Hammersmith admirer will find that we shall continue to deserve his praise. We thank him for his promise of introducing "Tracts for the People" to the young gentlemen committed to his care.

P. P. (Islington).—Yes. In a week or two you will be able to go. Part the First, neatly bound.

Ben shall appear shortly—thanks.

J. HANLEY.—The term is a very common one, when addressing foolish men. You should have seen them with half an eye. Don't mistake an old woman of yourself. It may be the natural tone; if so, we know not what will alter it. A gruff voice is good in a bass song. Snuff eggs.

T. W.—Thanks.—'Tisful receipts are at all times acceptable.

Mr Hat, &c.—We will peruse your contribution. If approved of, it shall appear before long.

J. N. K.—No 10, completes Part I.

REJECTED ADDRESSES must be rejected—too long for such a subject.

C. R. - n (Camden Town).—We have a large stock on hand, but will endeavour to find space for you shortly. Accept our best thanks.

MARY M. - r (Paddington).—Your lines on the marriage of your friend shall appear in a week or two. Accept our best thanks—we hope to hear from you again.

W. SALTERY (South Shields).—Your letter bears strong evidence of a disordered mind. Your vanity is excessive—not five words in your letter spelt correctly, and nearly half of them misapplied, and yet you have the impertinence to offer advice for the whole; some advice we gave you to stick to your trade, and not think of writing a romance on the Bottle.—booby!

E. FORD.—Do not waste your time in trying to write verses, before you are acquainted with English grammar. You surely can employ your time more profitably.

W. M. M. (Liverpool).—The Proprietor has several gentlemen connected with his establishment who are perfect masters of the languages you mention.

W. ——We are obliged for the receipts, and will soon find room for them.

FAIRFAX.—Your Charades are very acceptable, and shall have a place—thanks.

AN ADMIRER (Dundee).—We have handed your note to our "Riddle Master." We are not "up to snuff."

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TRACTS

for the People.

A WEEKLY MISCELLANY OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE AND AMUSEMENT

No. 11. Vol. II.] SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 26 1849 [PRICE ONE HALFPENNY.



THE LATE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY

At a quarter past two o'clock in the morning of Friday, February 11, the late excellent Primate of all England, Dr. Howley, was removed to his reward. The event was foreboded by the state of his health for the last ten days before he died. His end was

tranquil; and within a short period of his decease he was in full possession of his faculties. He was the son of the Rev. W. Howley, a beneficed clergyman, and was born in Hampshire in 1765. After a preliminary classical education he was sent to Winchester College, whence, in 1784, he was removed to New College, Oxford. He took the degree of B.A. in 1787 or 1788, and soon

afterwards succeeded to a fellowship. On the 11th July, 1791, he became M.A., and then removed to Christ Church College, where he acted as private tutor to the Prince of Orange, a trust of no ordinary importance, and one which evidently augured his advancement to the episcopal bench. It is scarcely necessary to add that he discharged this as he did every other trust most conscientiously, and that he sent his illustrious pupil forth from the university as good a scholar as could well be formed out of Royal materials. Dr. Howley was also tutor to the Marquis of Abercorn. He attained the degree of B.D. on the 29th January, 1805, and that of D.D. on the 1st of the following month. In 1809 he succeeded Dr. Hall in the Regius Professorship of Divinity, which he held till 1813, when, on the death of Dr. Randolph, he was made Dean of the Chapel Royal, Provincial Dean of Canterbury, and raised to the metropolitan see, from which his translation to that of Canterbury took place in 1828. His consecration took place at Lambeth Palace; and Queen Charlotte, who had never witnessed such a ceremony, was present, accompanied by two of the Princesses.

His elevation from London to Canterbury could be traced to the support which he gave to the Bill of Pains and Penalties against Queen Caroline. Bishop Howley, on that occasion, laid it down with much emphasis that the King could do no wrong either morally or politically. This secured him the patronage, and, under all circumstances, the support of his Majesty King George the Fourth.

In the year after he was appointed Primate he made his primary visitation. His charge was written with moderation, but with too much ability not to produce some excitement in one or two quarters, especially amongst that which is now a declining sect, the Unitarians, whom he described as "loving to question rather than learn." Their great champion, Mr. Balaam, of course, attacked the diocese of London, with as least as much zeal as power; and accused him of enforcing the starkish doctrines of Popery rather than the free and invigorating spirit of Protestantism. Bishop Howley, in reply, certainly succeeded in proving that one of the first duties of a Christian is to "approach the oracles of Divine truth with that humble docility, that prostration of the understanding and the will," which the great theologians of every age and almost every Christian church have inculcated. Upon one point, there can be no controversy, namely—that the charges and sermons which the deceased prelate has committed to the press are acknowledged by the Church of England to be perfectly orthodox, while they contain many passages written with spirit, and not without some degree of elegance. Reasonings more profound may possibly be discovered on the shelves of any

great theological library, but it would be difficult to find in any man a more amiable temper or a larger fund of common sense than the late archbishop has at all times manifested; and yet the ecclesiastical management of the diocese of London is not amongst the easiest tasks confided to episcopal hands. It contains three or four millions of the most mixed and miscellaneous population in the empire, for this diocese comprehends not only the City and Westminster, but the whole of Middlesex and Essex, with parts of Hertfordshire. The clergy appointed to minister to the spiritual necessities of this mighty multitude are pre-eminent amongst their reverend brethren for learning, ability, and zeal, as well as for some of the faults and errors closely allied to these excellent properties. To lead, superintend, and control a body so circumstanced, and so constituted, demands qualities which perhaps may not be extraordinary in their separate excellence, though in their combination they are alike valuable and rare. Fifteen years of successful administration in the see of London attested at once the prudence and piety, the mild firmness and regulated energy of Bishop Howley. Within that period many important events occurred of which he was not altogether an unconcerned spectator. The close of the war, the agitation of parliamentary reform, the Queen's trial, and the struggles for Roman Catholic relief, excited the passions of the whole community, and even inspired with unwonted vigour the spirit of this retiring and gentle-minded ecclesiastic; but it neither became his station nor accorded with his character to leave behind many prominent memorials of political strife. Whenever he addressed the House of Lords, his remarks or statements harmonised well with the general tone and tenor of his career; but it could scarcely be said that what fell from his lips ever deserved to be called a speech. For nearly forty years he was one of the lords spiritual, and though he never remained silent when it really formed any part of his duty to address the house, yet he was neither a frequent nor an effective speaker; but he uniformly brought to bear upon every debate in which he took part, a competent acquaintance with the subject under discussion, an impartial spirit, and a flow of genuine good feeling which rarely failed to make an impression on his auditory.

When the deceased prelate was raised to the Primacy of All England, the Duke of Wellington stood at the head of the Government, but no compact involving political subservieney was "concluded between the high contracting parties." The new Archbishop entered the upper house as free a lord of Parliament as if an hereditary peerage had descended to him through a line of twenty generations. Within eight months of his elevation to the chair of St. Austin

he protested against the policy of the minister from whom he had received his appointment; and when the principle of the great Government measure of that year (the Roman Catholic Relief Bill of 1829) came under discussion in the House of Lords, he moved that the bill be read a second time that day six months. Such a step may have been called personally and politically ungrateful, but our Primate said that at his consecration he had sworn to stand by the Church of England. His post as ecclesiastical leader required that he should exalt his "mitred front" in courts and parliaments," indifferent to the power of minister or monarch. Respectful towards both, but now fearless of either, he denounced the measure of the Government as irreligious and revolutionary.

But he had other difficulties with which to contend, and other painful duties to perform. He had baptised the Queen, he had solemnised her marriage, he had placed the crown upon her head; he was the first ecclesiastic in the realm; and when it appeared to him as well as to other distinguished members of the hierarchy, that, in the palace of the Sovereign, Sunday was observed in a manner rather in accordance with the gaiety of continental tastes than with the quiet reserve of English and Protestant habits, he did not hesitate to call her Majesty's attention to the subject, and it has been stated that more than once during the Melbourne ministry, he respectfully tendered to the Crown advice not quite in accordance with the wishes of those who at that time surrounded our then youthful and inexperienced Sovereign. Though a man of remarkable mild and unassuming manners, he was by no means deficient in moral courage, nor likely to be deterred by any set of courtiers from discharging a duty due to his Sovereign or to the Church, of which that Sovereign is the head.

For many years past every one within the sphere of the Archbishop's influence has been accustomed to regard him with a greater or less degree of veneration, if on no other ground, at least on that of age; for amongst the great functionaries of the state he had lived through more years of public service than any other, with the single exception of the present Commander-in-Chief. Hence the mere duration of his existence imparted no inconsiderable weight to every professional or official proceeding in which he engaged, and amidst all his apparent gentleness there might at all times be seen a certain force of character which tended to augment the deference that his *dicta* commanded, while the moral purity of his life, and the eminence of his station, gave a sort of *prestige* to his sermons, whenever it happened to be the pleasure of his Grace to occupy a pulpit. That which formed the basis of his character was his deep and unfeigned piety; and one of his chief excellences was his firm adher-

ence to the principles of the *Protestant Church of England* was among the first of these. We admit that one or two of Dr. Pusey's intimates gained access to Lambeth Palace, and sometimes used their advantage; but we are not aware that they ever succeeded in drawing the Archbishop into a single act which could bring his Protestantism into just suspicion. A main object with the Tractarian party has ever been to promote an alliance with Rome, as having "the apostolic succession,"—and to treat foreign Churches and Presbyterian Churches, as "no part of the Church of Christ." But Dr. Howley never fell into this snare. It has been often stated, and we believe on good authority, that being on a visit, many years ago, to a nobleman in Scotland, he joined in the communion service of the Church of Scotland. In like manner, when called upon, a few years back, to address the Church of Geneva, he rebuked, not their want of "apostolic succession," but their departure from "apostolic doctrine." And, still more recently, in joining with the Protestant Church of Prussia, in electing an episcopate in Jerusalem, he took a step the most gallant and hateful to the whole Tractarian body that could possibly be conceived. Every kind of engine was set to work by the party, to frustrate the plan, and nothing but the resolute perseverance of the Archbishop saved it from ruin. And again when the death of the first bishop revived the hopes of the Romanists, and they assailed the orthodoxy of the present bishop, Dr. Gobat, the firmness of the Primate once more frustrated all their endeavours.

Of his public or his private life little more remains to be related. Before he became Bishop of London he married Mary Frances, eldest daughter of John Esli, Esq., of Southampton. The issue of that marriage were two sons and three daughters. One of the Archbishop's son's was for a short time an officer in the Guards, but he died of consumption at the age of twenty. His other only lived to be twelve years of age. The Archbishop's eldest daughter married, in the year 1825, Sir George Beaumont, Bart., and died ten years after her marriage. Another of his daughters was married to a Mr. Wright, and a third to a Mr. Longmull. The latter years of the deceased prelate were not much distinguished from the general tenor of his life. The extreme quietude of his character induced some of his acquaintances to say that he had never been young, therefore, when he was really overtaken by old age, his habits underwent little change. Even within a year of his decease he appeared in public almost as frequently as usual, though, of course, he gradually ceased to preach, and very rarely during the last four or five years addressed the House of Lords. If he had lived one day longer, he would have completed his 83d year. When he died, the bell

St. Paul's Cathedral—which tolls only for the deaths of the Primate, the Bishop of London, and members of the royal family—toll for one hour, viz, from nine to ten o'clock.

THE BANKER'S CLERK.

A TRUE STORY.

THE swell mob, in this vast metropolis, have recourse to many tricks and stratagems in order to obtain possession of the property of their intended victims. Scarcely a week passes without some successful trick being recorded under the police news. The newest plan adopted of late by thieves of this class, by some plausible story or other, to induce persons left in charge of houses containing property, to quit them for a short time, whilst under skilful hands the work of plunder is dexterously and quickly performed. This plan, however, is not so new as many of my readers may imagine, and as the following tragic tale will show.

The west-end of the Irish metropolis has, in the present day, but little of the splendour and respectability of the English metropolis, known by the same designation; or even of the magnificence of which it could itself boast in better days; and which is now only traditionary, or to be guessed at from the relics which have yet escaped the ravages of time and neglect. The period is not very distant when no part of the city of Dublin exhibited more numerous specimens of wealth, public spirit, and national grandeur, than that which is now known by the name of the "Earl of Meath's Liberty." It was at once the residence of the aristocracy, and the focus of trade. In proof of the latter part of my assertion, I need only mention, that in Kevan Street, overlooking the pleasant garden of the Hon. E. Syngue Cooper, M.P., stood the celebrated coach manufactory* of a Mr. Wm. Collier, who, at the time of our story, is said to have employed upwards of two hundred workmen, and to have turned-out one new carriage every day in the year. This was some time before "the Union." This trade has undergone a great change since those days of Dublin's prosperity.

The west quarter of the city is now the abode of thankless toil—of famine, disease, misery, and sin. During the latter part of the last century, one of the most retired and perhaps gloomy streets in this quarter, contained several of the wealthiest commercial houses in the city. Since a few years after this period, when business began to fall, one of the houses in this street remained uninhabited until it became too ruinous for even the poorest of the Irish poor—and, heaven

* It was in Mr. Collier's coach factory, that Mr. Alderman Hutton, M.P., served his time as a coach-body maker. Mr. Hutton's coach factory, on Summer Hill, Dublin, is now one of the finest establishments of this description in the United Kingdom.

knows, that is poor indeed! A foolish story had gone abroad, that it was haunted by spirits—(if any at that time dwelt therein, they were the "makers of illicit whiskey"); for I am of opinion it had its foundation in an event which once happened in it, and which I am now about to narrate as I had it from an aged person who was alive when it occurred.

The house of which I speak was well known as the office of the Banking firm of Messrs. ———; it stood between two immense masses of building, exclusively appropriated to the storage of goods, with loft above loft to the height of seven or eight stories. The Banking offices were on the ground floor, and the upper portion of the house was furnished for the convenience of a trustworthy clerk who resided on the spot, and who had in charge the whole of the premises, when the business of each day was over.

The name of this clerk was Henry Macready. He had been taken into the office at an early age. His talents for business and well-tryed fidelity, by degrees raised him to the highest post under the heads of the establishment, and on his marriage with a young and amiable woman, he was installed in a suite of handsomely furnished apartments in the bank, and made sole manager of the concern.

It was about a year after his promotion to this important trust that a deposit was lodged in the Bank to a very large amount in cash, and diamonds, and plate of the value of several thousand pounds. The lodgement had been made by a nobleman who was going abroad. The transaction took place in the presence of the partners of the Banking-house, Henry Macready, and a book-keeper, named Luke Fauc. The gold and diamonds were placed along with the bank cash, in a strong fire-proof coffer, the key of which Macready always kept about his person. The plate was kept in a separate coffer.

The Bank closed at the usual hour that day; but Macready remained in the office to balance the cash, which had been very heavy. Some slight difficulty occurred in his task, which he was unable to overcome; and he was one of those genuine accountants to whom the fractional farthing was as dear as the thousand of pounds which stood before it. It was a day in the depth of winter, and the evening was far advanced before Macready had found out his error. He pushed the book from him, and threw himself back in his high chair in a musing posture, trying to recollect the various transactions of the day—at least so it may be presumed—and at length, wearied with conjecture, fell fast asleep. When he awoke it was late, and a strange glimmer was in the apartment, as if from a dark lantern. He tried to move, but to his astonishment and dismay he found himself tied to his chair with strong cords,

In such a manner that, though he felt no considerable pressure, to use his arms for any purpose was impossible. He uttered an angry exclamation, and in an instant two men were at his side. One of them held a lantern in his hand, by the light of which Macready perceived that their faces were blackened. The man who held the lantern desired him to be silent.

"What do you want here, and why am I thus pinioned?" said Macready, upon whose mind the whole meaning of the scene began to break.

"Be quiet, and you shall know."

"I will not be silent—I will alarm the house. Ho!—Thieves!—Robbers!" shouted the poor cashier, as he writhed upon his chair, in all the agony of constraint.

"Another shout, and you die," said the second burglar, advancing closer to him, and drawing a pistol from his coat pocket.

"That is the voice of Luke Fane—I know you now; I comprehend your villainy."

"If you do then, deliver your keys, and let us despatch the business."

Macready again shouted with redoubled energy.

A pause ensued. No one came to his assistance from the house, and the street outside seemed to be quite deserted.

"Since you know me," said Luke, "know also, that shouting will avail you nothing, for I have contrived to send your wife and servants out of the away."

"Monster! is it thus you repay the kindness of your employers?" said the confidential clerk.

"Listen to me," said Luke,—"tell me where the key of yonder coffer is—tell me quickly—I am playing a desperate game, and will not be trifled with?"

Macready had the key suspended from his neck within his vest; stooping suddenly over the cords which crossed the chair in front, he contrived to bring it within the grasp of his pinioned right hand. Luke observed the motion, and guessed the object.

"Give me that key," said Luke.

"Never but with my life," returned the cashier.

Another pause ensued, and then the two men fell at once upon Macready, and struggled to force the key from him; but the energy with which the faithful clerk held it rendered it impossible for the robbers to effect their purpose without undoing the cords which secured their prisoner.

"I will cut your fingers from about it if you do not yield the keys quickly," muttered Luke between his grinding teeth, as he relinquished his attempt.

Fane and Macready looked at each other sternly, when the struggle ceased. At length the latter spoke again:

"Can this be possible? Is this no dream? Is Luke Fane indeed become a housebreaker and a murderer? and are his victims the

men whose bread he has eaten for so many years, and the fellow-clerk who was once his best of friends? For shame, Luke! Give up this insane attempt; release me, and depart, and take leisure to repent of this foul crime."

"I cannot even if you promised secrecy, which I know you too well to hope for. I have gone too far—too far!" repeated Fane, striking his forehead, and adding merrily, "no more preaching, if you please, but deliver the key at once, or you are a dead man."

"Never while I have life."

"I would not willingly have your blood upon my head—I would spare you for the sake of old times. Resign the key."

"Never!"

"Think of your wife and child."

"Margaret!—wife!—dear wife! why do you not bring me aid?" shrieked the miserable man, as he twisted and struggled in his bonds like one impaled.

"Dispatch him!" said the man who held the light, "or we shall be discovered."

"Once more, the key!" said Fane, as he summoned up his worst resolution. The cashier saw the polished barrel of the pistol steadily held within an inch of his forehead. The veins swelled out upon his temples like knotted whip-cord, beaded with the cold sweat of his agony, but he grasped the key tighter than ever. "The key!" gasped Fane, in a voice hoarse and broken with the devilish rage of the murderer.

"Never! never! but with life!"

Fane advanced the pistol until it pressed against the bare forehead of his victim. He drew the trigger—a dull report resounded through the apartment, and nothing but the corpse of Henry Macready remained sitting in his office chair.

On that same evening, as it was growing dark, the wife of Macready was sitting in her drawing-room playing with her infant, when dinner was announced. On descending to the dining-room, and not finding her husband in his usual place, she desired the servant to tap at the office door, which was his usual signal. The servant did so, and receiving no answer, brought back word that his master was from home, and Margaret at once concluded that he had gone out to dine with a friend. When her solitary meal was over she returned to the drawing-room, to amuse herself until her husband should return. An hour had passed thus when a person, who said he had a message from Mr. Macready, called. This person said that Mr. Macready was dining with a family of his acquaintance at the south-side of the city, and had sent him to conduct Mrs. M. and the child to the place. Margaret at once arose, and after some slight alteration in her dress, went out with the messenger, accompanied by a female servant and her infant, leaving the house in charge of the man-

servant, not without some reluctance, as he had been but a short time in the service of the bank.

The party had been walking for more than half-an-hour through crowded streets, when all at once the messenger disappeared. Having waited a considerable time for his return, Margaret concluded that he had accidentally missed them, and not knowing the exact locality of the house to which she was going, she bent her steps homewards. Tired and disappointed, the little party arrived at their own door soon after nine o'clock, and admitted themselves by means of a latch-key.

On entering the sitting-room, Mrs. Manng for the man-servant, but no one answered. Putting her infant to sleep in the cradle, and desiring the maid to go to bed, she determined to sit up for her husband. Eleven o'clock struck—twelve—one, and neither maid nor servant returned. Poor Margaret could no longer bear up against the weariness and want of sleep which weighed her eyelids down, and, retreating to her chamber, she sought her couch, and was soon fast asleep. Troubled dreams, however, disturbed her repose, and she awoke just as the clock was striking four. The night light had gone out, but a clear frosty moon was shining through the windows at the front of the house. Throwing a cloak over her night-dress she descended to the drawing-room. All was cold and silent there. She grew terrified with the loneliness of her condition, and strange and fearful pictures of danger and calamity swam before her mental vision. In this state she went down to the office. She felt something compelling her to try the handle of the door, whether it was locked or not; to her great surprise it yielded to her hand, and she opened the door. The room was pitch dark. Dragging herself to one of the shutters, she opened it, and a beam of moonshine clove the darkness of the apartment. Margaret, to her great surprise, now discovered the figure of her husband, whom she imagined to be asleep. With a cry of delight she ran forward, and laying her arm upon the shoulder of the corpse, exclaimed—

"Wake, Henry! and come to bed—you are frozen with the cold!"

She wondered at the deepness of his slumber, as she heard no sound of breathing, and felt no motion. Passing her hands over the body, she felt the cold, and touched the icy hand which had been partly freed from the ligatures. Her flesh crept with horror.

"You are not dead, Henry! O! speak, speak to me, dearest—wake!—wake!"

The moonlight had now moved over the figure of the murdered clerk, and the ghastly and disfigured features of Henry Manng, rendered whiter and more ghastly as the light fell stronger on them, met the eyes of Margaret. One long gaze unravelled the whole mystery, and she turned from the sight a raving maniac, (

There was a witness to this scene: the man-servant, who had been corrupted by Fane, who shared the contents of the plundered coffer. Years afterwards he confessed the part he had taken in the murder of the Banker's Clerk, when upon his death-bed.

Fane escaped with his share of the booty, and was never heard of afterwards.

A SHORT CHAPTER ON BUSTLES.

"Come bustle, neighbour Spring!"—OLD SONG.

BUSTLE, indeed! What are bustles? We do not imagine that any of our fair metropolitan readers will ask that question, so few of them there are in these bustling times—who do not know the meaning of the word, and the use of the article it designates. There are, I presume, many thousands of my fair countrywomen who are as yet ignorant of both, and to whom such knowledge would be quite useless. Would that I were in equally innocent ignorance, not reader, that I am of the feminine gender, and use the article in question; but my knowledge of its mysterious uses, and the various materials of which it is composed, has been the ruin of me. I will have inscribed on my tomb—

"Here lies a man who was killed by a Bustle!"

Before I detail the circumstances of my unhappy fate, it will perhaps, be proper to give a description of the article itself, which has been the cause of my undoing.

A bustle is an article used by our modern fashionable belles to take from their form the character of the Venus of the Greeks, and impart to it that of the Venus of the Hottentots!

"That ladies should have a taste so singular may appear incredible; but there is no accounting for tastes, and I know to my cost, that the fact is indisputable.

I made the discovery a few years since, and, up to that time, I had always borne the character of a safe, sedate, and promising young man. I was even, I flatter myself, a bit of a favourite with the fair sex too, and justly so, for I was their most ardent admirer. There was one fair creature among them whom I had fondly hoped to have made my own. But, alas! how vain and visionary are our hopes of human happiness—such hopes with me have fled for ever! I am a ruined, undone, miserable sub-editor, and all in consequence of a lady's bustle!

In an unlucky hour I was in a bill-room, seated at a little distance from my fair one—my eyes watching her every air and look, my ears catching every sound of her sweet voice—when I heard her complain to a female friend, in tones of the softest whispering music, that she was oppressed with the heat of the place. "My dear," her friend replied, "it must be the effect of your bustle. What do you stuff it with?" "Hair—horse-hair," was the reply. "Hair!—mercy on us!"

says her friend, "It is no wonder you are oppressed—that's a *hot-and-hot* material truly. Why, you should do as I do—you *do* not see me fainting; and the reason is, that I stuff my bustle with hay—new hay!"

I heard no more, for the ladies, supposing from my eyes that I was a listener, changed the topic of conversation, though indeed it was not necessary, for at the time I had not the slightest notion of what they meant. Time, however, passed on most favourably to my wishes—another month, and I should have called my Catherine my own. She was on a visit to my sister, and I had every opportunity to make myself agreeable. We sat together, we talked together, and we danced together. All this would have been very well, but unfortunately we also walked together. It was on the last time we ever did so that the circumstance occurred which I have now to relate, and which gave the first death-blow to my hopes of happiness. We were crossing Pall Mall, opposite the Duke of York's column, her dear arm linked lovingly in mine, when we chanced to meet a young female friend; and wishing to have a little chat with her without uncommoding the passengers, we got to the edge of the flag-way, near which at the time there was standing an old white horse, totally blind. He was a quiet-looking animal, and none of us could have supposed from his physiognomy that he had any savage propensity in his nature. But imagine my astonishment and horror when I suddenly heard my chambermaid scream a scream that pierced me to the very heart!—and when I perceived that this atrocious old blind brute, having slowly and silently swayed his head round, caught the—how shall I describe it?—caught my Catherine. Really I can't say how—but he caught her, and before I could extricate her from his jaws, he made a reef in her garments such as lady never suffered. Silk gown, petticoat, bustle—everything, in fact, gave way, and left an opening—a chasm—that may perhaps be imagined, but which I cannot undertake to describe.

Goldstick, in the "*Road to Ruin*," says, "damn all dancing-masters and their umbrellas." "I say, "dum all blind white horses and their love of hay." As rapidly as I could, of course, I got my fair one into a cab, and hurried home, the truth gradually opening to my mind that the cause of the disaster was, that the old blind brute had mistaken my dear Catherine's bustle for a hay-rack.

Catherine was never the same to me afterwards—she took the most invincible dislike to walk with me, or rather, perhaps, to be seen in the streets with me. But matters were not yet come to the worst, and I had, however, taken a deep aversion to bustle, and even determined to wage war upon them to the best of my ability. In this spirit, a few days after, I determined to attack my

vengeance on my sister's bustle, for I found by this time that she too was emulous of being a *Hottentot* beauty. Accordingly, having to accompany her and my intended wife to a ball, I stole into my sister's room in the course of the evening before she went in to dress, and pouncing upon her hated bustle, which lay on her toilet table, I inflicted a cut on it with my penknife, and retired. But what a mistake did I make,—alas! it was not my sister's bustle, but my Catherine's! However, we went to the ball, and for a time all went smoothly on. I took out my Catherine as a partner in the dance; but imagine my horror when I perceived her gradually becoming thinner and thinner—losing her *embonpoint*—as she danced: and, worse than that, that every movement which she described in the figure—the ladies' chain, the chassée—was accurately flaked—recorded—on the chalked floor with—*bian!* Oh! dear reader, pity me! Was ever man so unfortunate? This sealed my doom. She would never speak to me, or even look at me afterwards.

But this was not all. My character with the sex—aye, with both sexes—was also destroyed. I who had been before considered as an example of prudence and discretion for a young man, was now set down as a thoughtless devil-may-care wag—a cast off, never to do well in the world. Ladies! dear ladies! had the newly invented "*HORSE-HAIR-RETICULAR*" been known and approved of in those days, you might now, perhaps, see a charming little wit, and a brood of young cherubs, bustling about the now deserted hearth of a middle-aged bachelor.

CLARA COURTNEY, OR, THE BRIDE OF DEATH.

MORNING in the country, sunshine and shade, and all the rich hues of an English summer landscape blended in their glowing beauty, and by the side of a river beautifully in keeping with that sweet scene, walked arm-in-arm two figures, who by their low and earnest tones, told their own tale of hope and love, for when did youth, if loving, cease to hope; and who could avoid reading in the downcast eye and the clinging figure of the maiden, and in the earnest look and bent form of her companion, a story of their own? Let us bring to the high-born Horacio Danvers, and the lovely Clara Courtney.

"And I know you will not forget me," said the lady, with all her sex's love and trust. "But there will be many temptations; for they say town has its high pleasures, and you will be courted by the rich and the noble, for you will be one of them."

"But still I shall think of you amidst all." "And how possible shall be to hear of your success; for I know you will be successful. But are you sure," she continued, the habit of again coming over her spirit,

"are you sure that you, who are wealthy and high-born, will still be true to the memory of home?"

His companion took her soft hand in his, and leading her closer to the stream, bent her form until it was mirrored in the water.

"Look at this stream," he said, "it is pure, and it flows softly and gently, and it mirrors a being beautiful and gentle, and pure as it is itself. You would not doubt me, dear Clara, could you behold in that sweet form, the beauties which are my very existence."

And the speaker believed what he said and his singularly aristocratic look and high intellectual forehead beamed with a beautiful and fond enthusiasm.

Plucking a flower from the margin of the streamlet, he placed it in her hand.

"Return this blossom," he said, "on the day that will make us happy, on the day, dear Clara, that makes us man and wife, and then for penalty for your doubts, I will claim a kiss from your pure lips."

And thus did these two young visionaries dream away the time which seemed so short to them that the sun was high in the heavens ere they thought of retracing their steps—the one to her humble cottage, the other to his lordly mansion.

The vow that Horace Danvers breathed to his beautiful companion proved false, for already has he forgotten them, the temptations of a gay life in town, the flatteries paid to him by his parasites, and the hidden smiles of that sex, which so well, but so unwittingly touches us to deceive, had made him totally unmindful, if not forgetful, of the fair companion of many a solitary ramble.

Morning in town—Horace Danvers is seated by the side of a fair being, whose down-cast eyes and blushing countenance tell a tale of avowed love; but she is unlike the Clara Courtney of the story, for she is rich and highborn, and our sickle hero had found his love give way before the tempting baubles.

"And you love me," he said; "love me beyond the many who seek your hand and your heart?"

"I have said it," was the maidenly reply.

"And you will be mine! How long the time will seem until then, and we shall be happy—so happy together."

"But are you sure," returned the lady, playfully, "are you quite, quite sure that I am your first—your very first love?"

Horace looked at the speaker, but made no reply.

"No fair country maiden with whom you rehearsed the vows in which you are now so apt!" and she smiled archly.

There was a dark shade passed over the listener's brow, but it was not allowed to remain there long—and assuming a smile, which, however, was scarcely natural, he said:—

"And now, dear Grace, will you accompany me to the Park, a ride will do you good?" and he abruptly turned to the window to conceal his emotion, while the lady retired to accoutre herself for her ride.

A short time after, the *Morning Post* contained an account of the marriage of Horace Danvers to Lady Grace S—, the richest heiress in England.

One more scene in our little story and our tale is told.

The bright spring time was shedding its light in the country town where we first introduced our reader, and in a room poorly furnished, yet with some attempts at neatness, and even elegance, reclined the fair, and, alas! faded form of the once beautiful Clara Courtney.

By her side sat a matronly-looking woman, who clasped her hand, and on the table lay a newspaper; it contained the marriage of Horace Danvers.

"It needed but this confirmation, dear mother, to finish my melancholy course;" and as she spoke she pointed to the paper.

"He is a villain!" replied the incensed mother.

"Do not speak thus; I would not think of him as he now is. Look, mother,—not two short years ago, he plucked this flower, and told me to give it him on my wedding-day. It is faded now—even as I am—but, this is my wedding-day."

"Speak not thus, dear Clara," said her mother, who feared her intellect had given away.

"I am the Bride of Death," she replied, solemnly, "let this flower be buried with me—it is my last request."

The prognostic of Clara Courtney was too true—from that day she never left her couch, but fell a victim to the faithless perfidy of Horace Danvers.

How her destroyer felt when he heard the fate of his victim we know not,—perhaps, though in the glare of fashion, he might have seemed happy, yet there may have been moments of bitter anguish, and, let us hope, of repentance.

EXTRAORDINARY WILL.—Some time ago a highly-respectable, but eccentric maiden lady of Hereford, lately deceased, executed a will, leaving her property, estimated at from 4000*l.* to 5000*l.*, towards paying off the National Debt. The will was attested in the regular way by two witnesses, one of whom has since died. Whether the Treasury will, upon a memorial of all the circumstances, make their claim, is not known, but we should hardly think they would do so; and in any event, the property, large as it may appear to some individuals, like a drop in the Atlantic, would be lost in the illimitable expanse of the British National Debt.

REMARKABLE CASES OF IMPOSTURE.

BOOK II.—NO. I.

A FEW years since there was, in the city of Cairo, a famous magician, who, though not supposed to be possessed of art equal to that of Pharaoh's wisemen and sorcerers, perplexed and confounded several of the most intelligent travellers by feats very nearly resembling that performed by the Witch of Endor at the request of Saul. Having inscribed a magic square upon the palm of the right hand of any boy not arrived at puberty, virgin, black female slave, or pregnant woman, and poured into the centre of it a little pool of ink, he pretended by means of the repetition of certain invocations to two spirits, and by burning some small strips of paper inscribed with similar invocations, in a chafing-dish containing live coals sprinkled with frankincense and coriander seed, or other perfume, to make the boy, &c., see in this pool of ink the image of any person, living or dead, called for by his employer.

On one occasion, an Englishman present ridiculed the performance, and said that nothing would satisfy him but a correct description of the appearance of his own father, of whom, he was sure, no one of the company had any knowledge. The boy, accordingly, having called by name for the person alluded to, described a man in a Frank dress, with his hand placed to his head, wearing spectacles, and with one foot on the ground, and the other raised behind him, as if stepping down from a seat. The description was exactly true in every respect: the peculiar position of the hand was occasioned by an almost constant head-ache; and that of the foot or leg, by a stiff knee, caused by a fall from a horse, in hunting. On another occasion, Shakspeare was described with the most minute correctness, both as to person and dress; and I might add several other cases in which the same magician has excited astonishment in the sober minds of Englishmen of my acquaintance.

Twelve or fourteen years ago, Mr. Lane, the writer of the above paragraph, was visited by this magician, who repeated his performance before him. The experiments were of such an extraordinary character, that, although they fell short of what was said to have been accomplished by him in the presence of other travellers, Mr. Lane concluded his account of them by the following sentence:—"Neither I nor others have been able to discover any clue by which to penetrate the mystery; and if the reader be alike unable to give the solution, I hope he will not allow the above account to induce in his mind any degree of scepticism with respect to other portions of this work." The clever impostor, however, has since been unmasked, as we shall now proceed to show.

In the month of March, 1844, Mr. Lane was

requested by two English travellers, Lord N. and Major G., to witness the performances of the magician, and to act as interpreter on the occasion, in order that they might feel themselves secure from any collusion. But we must give our readers his own account of the exposure which this request occasioned.

"I was unwilling," he said, "to accede to the proposal made to me, and expressed a reluctance to do so; but I am glad that I at last consented. The magician tried with two boys, and with both of them he utterly failed in every case. His excuse was that the boys were liars, and described the objects which they saw otherwise than as they appeared to them; that the feats were performed not by his own means alone, and that he was not secure from being imposed upon by others. Partly, perhaps, from feelings of mortification, and partly with the view of upholding his reputation by urging what he had done on former occasions, he remarked to me that he was successful in the days of 'Osman Efendee' (the interpreter of the British Consulate), and that since the death of that person he had been unfortunate.

"This was indeed, for him, a most unfortunate remark. The inference to be drawn from it, that the person he named was the mainspring of his machinery, was inevitable, more especially when I considered, that in all the instances of his surprising success of which I had heard, *this person served as the interpreter*; and when I further reflected that, since his death, which took place nearly nine years ago, hundreds of persons had witnessed the performances of this magician, and I had been assured that his success had been such as could not be said to be even the results of lucky guesses or mere accident, for he had almost always failed. I was at first unwilling to believe that a person whom I always regarded as an honest man, and whom I knew to be possessed of many excellent qualities, had consented to be a means of imposition; and I remembered that, in the performances which I had myself witnessed, I ascertained that he gave no direction either by word or sign; that he was generally unacquainted in these instances with the personal acquaintance of the individual called for; that I took care that he should have no previous communication with the boys; and that I had seen the experiment fail when he *could* have given directions to them or to the magician. But the inference to be derived from these circumstances in favour of the magician, are surely outweighed by the facts which I have mentioned, resting not only upon the assertions of others, but also upon his own confession. 'Osman' perhaps considered it a light matter to practise such an imposition as that which is imputed to him, and perhaps was unwilling to practise it upon me, or feared my detecting him if he attempted to do so. Besides, if

many of the performances of the magician had not been far more surprising than those which I witnessed he would have gained but little notoriety. I satisfied myself that the boy employed in a case which I have mentioned in my work on the 'Modern Egyptians,' was not prompted for the part he played, by my having chosen him from a number of others passing by the street, and I also felt satisfied that the images which he and another boy professed to have seen, were by some means produced in the ink by the magician, in consequence of their refusal to accept presents which I offered them, with the view of inducing them to confess that they did not really see what they professed to have seen. As to the former point, I was doubtless right; but as to the latter, I now feel that I was deceived. I believed that the boys saw nothing, and that, having deceived me, they feared to confess the truth. It is evident to me that the feats, generally speaking, were accomplished by means of the suggestions of the interpreter or interpreters; also, partly, by leading questions, as well as by simple guessing.

Let us consider these three means as employed in one of the most remarkable cases. A number of individuals being called for, most of them (perhaps all) are correctly described. With the personal appearance of many of these individuals the interpreter is acquainted, and he is therefore able to suggest to the boy what he should say. When he has had no previous knowledge of the peculiarities of the appearance of a person called for, it has often happened that he has acquired such knowledge during the performance. One of the company, for instance, saying that he will call for such a person, adding that he is remarkable in such and such respects. When the first means cannot be employed much may be done by the second, that is, by leading questions. When a person having but one leg, or one leg shorter than another, is called for, he is perhaps vaguely described, and the boy is in consequence asked if there be any thing peculiar in his legs: this question suggests that there is some peculiarity in his legs, and he probably ventures to say that he can only see one leg, then, if this be unsatisfactory, he may add the person has turned round, and that he sees him to be lame. The third means—*guessing*—without the others is not likely to be of much service; but with them it may be of use to supply trifling deficiencies, and when the guessing is wrong respecting a trifling matter, its error is considered trifling; but when he is right, his deception is often considered striking from its minute accuracy.

"The last performances of this magician in my presence were ridiculous from their complete want of success. A woman was described as a man, a tall person as short or middle-sized, the very old as of a middle age,

and so on. Two boys were employed; one was very stupid and appeared much frightened, the other seemed accustomed to the performance.

"A friend has just (1844) described to me the latest performance of the magician, and nothing could be more unfortunate and absurd. He had been sent for to gratify the curiosity of a party of English travellers at the French Hotel,—a frequent scene of his impositions,—where he often finds a boy ready to be employed by him, familiar with his tricks, and an interpreter disposed to aid his deceptions. A donkey-boy was sent for; and after the usual preparations, Lord Auckland was named as the first person whose image was to be presented to the boy, in the mirror of ink. He was merely described as short and thin. O'Connell was next represented as short and thin, dressed in white, young, without a beard, wearing a white hat, with a handkerchief tied around it (like a Frank endeavouring to preserve his head from the heat of an Egyptian summer sun), and having only one hand! Several other persons were called for, relations of individuals present, with various success; and much laughter was occasioned, which made the magician accuse the boy of not telling what he saw. Another boy was sent for; and he seemed to have been employed previously: some times he got on before the magician. After many ridiculous failures, the Prince of Wales was described with white hair, yellow beard, black coat, and white trousers. (Beards, the reader should be informed, are worn here by many European travellers.) The party agreed not to laugh, and the names of persons present were given as those of individuals whose images were required to appear. Sometimes the image described was right in being tall, but wrong in being fat; right as to the coat, but wrong as to the trousers: just as might be expected in cases of guessing.

"One further remark I must make on this subject. If we give to some persons that credit which they are believed to deserve, we must admit that excited imagination, in the child employed as an agent in the deception, has sometimes produced images in the mirror of ink; but these images have been always such as the child expected to see. The successful performances have been supposed, by some, to have been effected by means of mesmerism; and some have attributed them to diabolical agency. As the grandest discoveries in science are often the most simple, so what appears to us at first most unaccountable is often capable of the most simple solution."

A CONSOLATION.—A gentleman who is afflicted with temporary deafness, consoles himself by the belief that nothing is going on worth hearing.

CHARACTERS FROM THE M.S.S. OF
THE AUTHOR OF HUDIBRAS.

THE MERCHANT

Is a water-spaniel that fetches and carries from one country to another. Nature can hide nothing out of his reach, from the bottom of the deepest sea to the tops of the highest rocks, but it hunts it out and bears it away. He ransacks all seas and lands to feed his avarice, as the old Romans did their luxury; and runs to the Rainbow to find a bag of gold, as they persuade children. He calls all his ships that are laden, good ships; and all that are rich, good men. He forsakes the dry land, and betakes himself to wind and water, where he is made or marred, like a glass, either blown into a good fortune or broken in pieces. His trade being upon the sea, partakes of the nature of it; for he grows rich no way so soon as by devouring others of his own kind, as fishes use to do, and gains most by losing sometimes, to make others do so that are not able to bear it, and thereby leave the whole trade to him. He calls news advice, which he and his correspondents make by confederacy, to terrify with false alarms of ships lost or cast away that are safe and out of danger, those that have ventures upon them to ensure, at excessive rates, and pay 30 per cent. for taking a commodity of his off his hands; for he always gains more by false news, and false wares, than by true, until he is discovered, and then he must think of new ones. The more ignorant and barbarous people are, the more he gets by dealing with them. He studies nothing (besides his own books) but almanacks and weather-cocks, and takes any point of the compass into serious consideration. His hopes and fears turn perpetually with the wind, and he is as sea-sick during a storm as if he were in it. His soul is so possessed with traffic, that if all churches had not made souls a commodity, and religion a trade, he had never been of any; but if the Pope would but give him leave to farm purgatory, he would venture to give more than ever was made of it; and let no soul out, how mean soever, that did not pay double fees. One of the chiefest parts of his ability in his business consists in knowing when to break judiciously and to the greatest advantage; for by that means, when he has compounded his debts at an easy rate, he is like a broken bone well set, stronger than he was before. As for his credit, if he has cheated sufficiently and to the purpose, he rather improves than lessens it; for men are trusted in the world for what they have, not what they are.

The conduct of Cardinal Lumbruschini, in opposing the liberal measures of the Pope, shows that a man may be at once a cardinal, a muff, and a booby.—*Man in the Moon.*

ADVENTURE OF A FRENCH GIRL
AT ALGIERS.

THE following events are reported to have occurred, at Blida and will doubtless be interesting to our readers. A sutler attached to the French army, being at the rear of the column, was slain by the Arabs, together with his wife. Their young daughter, only twelve years of age, was on the same carriage with her parents. No traces of the hapless girl could be discovered by the most diligent search; and it was surmised that her tender age had excited pity in the hearts of the barbarians, and that they had conveyed her safely to the mountains. We shall find by and bye, that it was only to her courage and presence of mind that she owed her existence. She had been seized by the hair, and the fatal yatagan was uplifted for a mortal blow, when the robbers perceived the carrier endeavouring to escape among the bushes. They suddenly abandoned their prey to pursue another which would be more likely to gratify their rage, certain that when they returned they should find the little girl in the same place. The latter profited by the propitious moment, and concealed herself in the morass; and from her hiding-place she watched the Arabs plunging into the wood in search of the unfortunate fugitive. Then, rallying her spirits Lucine Burette hastened from the morass, to give her slaughtered parents a last embrace: her courage was not damped by the danger to which she exposed herself, nor were the mutilated bodies of her father and mother revolting in her sight. She covered them with kisses. A slight noise, however, soon warned her to think of her own safety: she again entered the morass, and after wandering about for several hours, till she was worn out with fatigue, she sat down to rest not far from an Arab cabin. A little boy came out to the door; and Lucine, taking courage from the sight of a child of her own age, approached him, and threw her arms round his neck. The latter returned her caresses, and seemed to take her under his protection: he called his mother, and Lucine was soon surrounded by Arab males, who compassioned her sad lot. They, with true motherly feeling, concealed her for some time; but their husbands soon returned from their expedition, and they were compelled to reveal to them the fatal secret. The pitiless barbarians reproached the women with affording hospitality to a Christian. One of them had the ferocity to hurl a bar of iron at the head of a female who had given two eggs to appease her hunger. For two days the wretched girl remained with the assassins of her parents, scarcely partaking of any nourishment, and submitting with patience and resignation to the hardships of her situation. To gain time was of the utmost importance to her. In fact, as the murders had been committed, the Arabs reflected that the French

might be expected every instant, to chastise the tribe that had been guilty of them, and therefore the preservation of the child would be a means of justification. Upon these considerations, a Moor took care of Lucine, and while the Kaboules were in the plain, he put her upon his mule, and conveyed her in safety to Algiers. Immediately upon her arrival, she was received by General Woirel, who treated her with the kindest attention. The return of the young orphan was the common topic of conversation; every one wished to hear from her mouth the story of her sufferings. Let us observe, in conclusion, that M. Lappetty, director of the Hôpital Caritativo, demanded and obtained permission to adopt Lucine Burette, who found in him a new father, whose constant care tended to soften the melancholy impression which the events she had witnessed had left upon her mind, and which had even altered her features.

Talking the other day of Salamanca having been convicted of embezzling money to the amount of 3,000,000 reals, a friend observed that he was only realising capital. "What a dollar-ous joke!" exclaimed another candidate for the new Idiots' Asylum. Both were directly turned out of the room.—*Man in the Moon.*

PROVIDENTIAL DREAM.—The following remarkable instance of a dream was related by the late Mr. Calcott, a worthy magistrate of Bristol. A gentleman, a friend of Mr. Calcott, observed to him one morning, that he had been alarmed the night before by a dream—so strong, so lively and distinct, that no length of time would efface it from his recollection. That a woman, whom he circumstantially described to Mr. Calcott, had appeared before him, and made an attempt upon his life; and that this visionary murderess was so strongly impressed upon his memory, that he still shuddered when he thought of her. Mr. C. smiled, and the subject changed. About twelve years after, as the gentleman to whom the dream occurred was travelling in Germany, what was his horror and amazement, on reaching the inn where he was to sleep, when he beheld the very woman (precisely the same in dress, person, and features,) whom he had seen in a dream in England twelve years before. He consulted with his servant, and they retired after supper to a two-bedded chamber, where they lay with cocked pistols and beating hearts, waiting the event. Accordingly, after all the family had retired to rest, the door of the apartment was pushed open, and the woman made her appearance with a weapon in her hand. The English travellers, however, soon secured her; and thus, by a providential interposition, were the lives of two innocent persons rescued from the attack of an assassin.

USEFUL RECIPES.

RED INK.—Boil an ounce of brazil wood, (in fine chips) and half a pint of water, and add three drachms of gum arabic, and half an ounce of allum.

BLUE INK.—Dissolve a small quantity of indigo in a little oil of vitriol, and add a sufficient quantity of water, in which is dissolved some gum arabic.

YELLOW INK.—Dissolve gamboge in a solution of gum.

SCARLET INK.—Dissolve vermilion in gum water.

GINGER WINE.—Take four gallons of water and seven pounds of sugar; boil them half an hour, skimming it all the time; when the liquor is cold, squeeze in the juice of two lemons; then boil the peels, with two ounces of white ginger, in three pints of water, one hour; when cold, put it altogether into the cask with one gill of fixings and three pounds of Malaga raisins; then close it up, let it stand two months, and then bottle it off. *N.B.*—A lump of unslacked lime put into your cask, will keep wine from turning sour.

TO STAIN LEATHER GLOVES.—These pleasing hues of yellow, brown, or tan colour, are readily imparted to leather gloves, by this simple process:—Steep saffron in boiling soft water for twelve hours, then having sewed up the tops of the gloves, to prevent the dye from staining the insides, wet them over with a sponge, dipped into the liquid. The quantity of saffron, as well as of water, depends on how much dye may be wanted, and their relative proportions on the depth of colour required. A common tea-cup will contain sufficient in quantity for a single pair of gloves.

TO TAKE OUT MILDEW FROM CLOTHES.—Mix some soft soap with powdered starch, half as much salt, and the juice of a lemon, lay it on the part with a brush; let it lay on the grass, day and night, till the stain comes out.—Iron-moulds may be removed by the salt of lemons. Many stains may be removed by dipping the linen in sour butter-milk, and then drying it in a hot sun; wash it in cold water, repeat this three or four times. Stains caused by acids may be removed by tying some pearl-ash up in the stained part; scrape some soap in cold soft water, and boil the linen till the stain is gone.

TO MAKE OLD WRITING LEGIBLE.—Take six bruised galls, and put them to a pint of strong white wine; stand it in the sun forty-eight hours; dip a brush into it, and wash the writing, and by the colour you will discover whether your mixture is strong enough of the galls.

LAVENDER-WATER.—Take a quart of rectified spirits of wine, essential oil of lavender two ounces, essence of ambergris five

drachms; put all into a bottle, and shake till incorporated. Or, put two pounds of lavender blossoms into half a gallon of water, and set them in a still over a slow fire, distil it off gently till the water is all exhausted, repeat the process a second time: cork it closely down in bottles.

ROSE-WATER.—When the roses are in full bloom pick the leaves carefully off, and to every quart of water put a peck of them; put them in a cold still over a slow fire, and distil gradually; then bottle the water; let it stand in the bottle three days, and then cork it close.

MILK OF ROSES.—Mix four ounces of the oil of almonds, with half a gallon of rose water, and then add forty drops of the oil of tartar.

TO WASH CHINTS, &c. AS TO PRESERVE ITS GLOSS AND BEAUTY.—Take two pounds of rice and boil it in two gallons of water, till soft; when done, pour the whole into a tub; let it stand till about the warmth you in general use for coloured linens, then put the chints in, and use the rice instead of soap; wash it in this, till the dirt appears to be out; then boil the same quantity as above, but strain the rice from the water, and mix it in warm water. Wash it in this till quite clean; afterwards rinse it in the water the rice was boiled in, and this will answer the end of starch, and no dew will affect it as it will be stiff while it is wore. If a gown, it must be taken to pieces, and when dried, hang it as smooth as possible, after dry, rub it with a sleek stone but use no iron.

ART OF MAKING THE RED SEALING WAX.—To every ounce of shell-lac, take half an ounce each of resin and vermilion, all reduced to a fine powder. Melt them over a moderate fire; and when thoroughly incorporated, and sufficiently cool, form the composition into what are called sticks, of any length or thickness, and either flat or round, as may be thought best. On account of the dearth of shell-lac, seed-lac is usually substituted, even in what is denominated the best Dutch sealing wax. Boiled Venice turpentine may be used, with good effect, instead of resin: thus may be made a fine red sealing wax. A more ordinary sort, but sufficiently good for most occasions, may be made by mixing equal parts of resin and shell-lac with two parts of red lead, and one of vermilion, instead of all vermilion, according to the proportion above directed for the best wax, and to be made up in a similar way. In a still commoner sort, the vermilion is often entirely omitted; and even a very large proportion of whitening, strange as it may seem, is also actually introduced.

There died a few days since, four females, whose united ages amounted to four hundred and twelve, viz.:—107, 103, 102, and 100.

SPRING FLOWERS.

THE PRIMROSE.

BY WILLIAM COLLIER.

Deep within a moss-grown vale,
Regardless of the falling snows,
Headless of the chilly gale,

See the lovely primrose blows.

Summer gales and sunny beams
May the gaudier flow'rets rear,
But to me the primrose seems

Sweetest gem of opening year.

Modest flower! like thee, may I
Fearless view the tempests rise;
Danger neither court nor fly—

Fortune's darkest frowns despoil.

Like thee, unsullied, I would live,
Oppressions, threats, regardless hear,
That I "a good account may give,"
Nor past, regret—nor future, fear.

CONVINCING.—Archbishop MacHale's letter to the Earl of Shrewsbury proves that if he has not descended from the Apostles, who were fishermen, he is at all events, anxious to show his piscatory origin by his command of Billingsgate.

The first thing which a woman in this mercenary age generally thinks of when she is honourably addressed, is to secure a good settlement in case of his death. *Query*, is not a good settlement apt to make a woman extremely easy about the life of her husband? Here and there, indeed, we meet with a disinterested dove—but such a wife is—a phenomenon.

ORIGIN OF CORN FACTORS.—About one hundred years ago, the farmers coastways used to attend at Bear-quays once a week, with samples of their various grain, then lying off in sloops, &c., in the river. Corn being at that time cheap, as well as abundant, it frequently happened that the farmers were obliged to return home without selling their grain; and as the Essex growers principally used the Bull Inn, in Whitechapel (which the buyers on that account also frequented), some of them who had a good opinion of the landlord, whose name was Johnson (originally the shoe-boy of this inn), began to leave their samples with him to be sold at fixed prices: but afterwards finding him very expert as a middle man, they entrusted him with a discretionary power as to market prices, which he managed so much to the satisfaction both of buyers and sellers, that in a short time he opened a little counting-house on Bear-quay, and called himself the corn-factor of the Essex farmers. This business he enjoyed solely till his death; and acquiring by it a considerable fortune, it devolved on his son, and afterwards to his grandson, whose partner, Mr. Neville, Mr. Claude Scott joined in the corn-factoring business, with the money bequeathed him by the second Johnson.

WINTER EVENING PASTIMES.

SOLUTIONS TO THE CHARADES, RIDDLES
AND CONUNDRUMS IN OUR LAST

CHARADES.

- 1.—Incumbent.
- 2.—My spinner.
- 3.—Foot-work.
- 4.—His brand.
- 5.—Rain bow.
- 6.—Foot-path.

CONUNDRUMS.

- 1.—He is going to Bagdad.
- 2.—It is the capital of France.
- 3.—It is out of your head.
- 4.—He is at the sound of w. 4.
- 5.—Stone.
- 6.—Scalping wax.

7.—It is the centre of

- light.
- 6.—Cain, when he took a
- Bill's life (Abel's life).

RIDDLES.

- 1.—Water wag-tail.
- 2.—Leat.—Flea.
- 3.—Will.
- 4.—Toad (English to Latin ad).
- 5.—Names of towns.
- 1.—Blanchet-burn.
- 2.—Port-rose.
- 3.—Go-van.
- 4.—Man-nil a.
- 5.—Castle black boy.

CHARADES.

- 1.—Did they but know how great a prize
My first, well used, would send,
Those mortal; now who most despise,
Would claim it for their friend.
But thoughtless youth too soon is pleased,
And apt to wander wrong;
And by my second's aid gets eased
Of that which seem'd so long.
And you, ye fair, who trifling spend
The fleeting hours of time,
The warning of my whole attend,
And so improve your prime.
2.—My first is a proposition; my second a
composition; my whole an acquisition.

RIDDLES.

- 1.—Which is the largest fish?
- 2.—What fish is most useful to a soldier?
- 3.—What fish is like a tree?
- 4.—What two fishes resemble parts of the human foot?
- 5.—What tree is most like a part of the human hand?
- 6.—I am a little saucy thing,
Made up of seven letters;
Within my tail I hold a sting,
And often bite my betters.
7.—A denial, fire, and congealed water.
8.—The orb of vision, a term of respect
and what you ought to hate.
9.—Mention a word in which the five
vowels, a, e, i, o, and u, are to be found; also
from which decay, valuable, something nutri-
tious, acid, thoughtful, and to get up, may
be formed.

10.—I am a thing that often brings pain
to those who possess me; and though but
small, both rich and poor detest me. I am
often found, likewise, in the forest, dwelling
upon a massive tree. Unfold to me my
name.

CONUNDRUMS.

- 1.—Why is the letter E most disliked?
- 2.—What two letters express, to surpass?
- 3.—What three letters express a resem-
blance?

4.—What letter is most like a man's name?
5.—What two letters express, to be sin-
cere?

6.—Why is the letter F notoriously wicked?
7.—What letter expresses the name of a
place?

8.—What three letters express a part of
yourself, and a mournful song?

NAMES OF TOWNS ENIGMATICALLY
EXPRESSED

- 1.—A man's name, and a place surrounded
by water.
- 2.—A commotion, and a fish.
- 3.—A blow, and an agricultural imple-
ment.
- 4.—A vehicle, a place for selling goods,
and a fowl

NAMES OF EMINENT MEN ENIGMATICALLY

EXPRESSED.

- 1.—Part of a house, and a playing-card.
- 2.—A couch, and a vowel.
- 3.—A vowel, part of the human body, a
valuable metal, and a workman

NAMES OF ANIMALS ENIGMATICALLY
EXPRESSED.

- 1.—A Jewish title of divinity, and a letter.
- 2.—A weight.
- 3.—A small insect, and what lovers some-
times do.
- 4.—Part of a bridle, and animals that grace
a park.
- 5.—To glide (inverted)
- 6.—Twice five hundred, and an English
river.
- 7.—A colour, and three-fifths of a medi-
cinal gum
- 8.—To wish for ardently, and a possessive
pronoun.
- 9.—A young woman (beheaded).

TO SPIN A SHILLING ON THE POINT OF
A NEEDLE.

Take a wine bottle, and insert in the
mouth of it a cork, with a needle stuck in
it, point upwards, in a perpendicular posi-
tion. Then cut a nick in the face of another
cork, in which fix a shilling, and into the
same cork stick two common table forks,
opposite to each other, with the handles in-
clining downwards. If the rim of the shil-
ling be then placed upon the point of the
needle, the upper cork may be spun round
without any risk of the shilling falling off.

PRIESTLY DENOUNCEMENTS.—The mo-
ment a priest of any church desecrates the
altar or the pulpit by political harrangues,
or denounces individuals for political offences,
that moment he should be held responsible
for the immoral abuse of his office and pos-
sion, and the outrages or darker crimes that
such abuse may occasion. Should the party
denounced be assailed, or should murder
follow, the priestly denouncer should be tried
as an "accessary before the fact;" and the
extreme penalty of the law put in force
against him.

FACTS AND SCRAPS.

MIND.—The mind is like the body it inhabits—exercise can strengthen as neglect and indolence can weaken it.

INDUSTRY.—The instinct of a virginal heart.

TIMIDITY.—A want of confidence in self; a drawback which often prevents the expression of one's thoughts, with the energy of one's feelings.

GRACE.—An unaccountable charm of the whole creation, which the skill of an artist can completely deplete.

REASON.—The fairest prerogative of humanity.

VERSE.—Verse is like a pair of scates, with which a man can fly lightly over the smooth, shining surface of the ideal, but stumbles horribly on an ordinary road.

RECIPE FOR KILLING CHILDREN SUDDENL.—Give them fish to eat, without carefully extracting the bones.

M. Scribo, the French dramatist, has been nominated a commander of the Legion of Honour.

EITHER WAY WILL DO.—A Mr. Day advertises the loss of his dog, whereupon an editorial wag says he hopes he will succeed in finding him; for if "every dog has his day," every Day ought to have his dog.

TEMPER.—The first and most important female quality is sweetness of temper. Heaven did not give to the female sex insinuation and persuasion in order to be employed in scolding, nor did it provide them with delicate features in order to be disfigured with anger.

SHARP ENOUGH ALREADY.—A solicitor, who was remarkable for the length and sharpness of his nose, once told a lady that, if she did not immediately settle a matter in dispute, he would file a bill against her. "Indeed, sir," said the lady, "there is no necessity for you to file your bill, for I am sure it is sharp enough already."

"If a man is disabled by any accident, the first thing he looks out for is a turnpike-gate; and that failing, the next thing is the office of village schoolmaster, which he very often gets, because he is thereby prevented from becoming chargeable to the parish."—*Mr. Seymour, M. P.*

Theodore Hook once dined with Mr. Hatchett. "Ah! my dear fellow" said his host deprecatingly, "I am sorry to say that you will not get to-day such a dinner as your friend Tom Moor gave us." "Certainly not," replied Hook, "from a Hatchett one can expect nothing but a chop."

THE VALUE OF AN ATTORNEY.—A collection was raised to bury an Irish attorney, who died in extreme poverty. Amongst them, Judge Foler, afterwards Lord Norbury, who subsequently obtained the name of "the hanging judge," was asked for his subscription: "Eh!" said he, "only a shil-

ling to bury an attorney! Here is a guinea, and bury twenty-one of the rascals at once."

A MUSICAL CONCORD.—Why is a poor decent old man like music? Because his wants are sharp, his energies are flat, his shake is natural, he is often slurr'd and obliged to rest, time bids him pause, he rises and falls, and the grave is his final.

NOBLE INSTANCE OF SELF-DEVOTION.—Major Noah, editor of the *New York Sunday Times*, in reply to a Pittsburg editor who contended that an "immense fortune" was not likely to give happiness, offers to settle the question by having it tested in his own person.

AN ECHO.—An echo is to the ear what recollection is to the mind; and brings back the past, restores lost enjoyment, augments our satisfaction, and enriches our mental store. The man of mind has memory's echo ever at command; his tongue can, after a lapse of time, recover again sweet sounds; his declamation can revive eloquence of another age, the books which he has perused with attention live fresh in his remembrance, and like echo, speak to him invisibly and present themselves again to his view.

THE DANGERS OF CLEANLINESS.—In the year 1817, Mr. Richards, a corn factor, wished to dine at an inn, in the town of St. Malzant. A very dirty plate was handed to him; he threw it against the wall. A second was given, and he repeated it. Upon this a person present observed, that the letters V. L. R. (*Vive le Roi*) were inscribed on those dishes; and no more was necessary to accuse Richard of seditious sentiments. He was arrested, delivered over to the Provoct Court, languished for several weeks in prison, and was only allowed his liberty on giving bail. His cause was decided in July, and he was acquitted; but there was no question of any indemnity for the three months imprisonment which he had endured.

Two Arabs had sat down to dinner, and were accosted by a stranger, who requested to join their party, saying, "that as he could not get provisions to buy in that part of the country, if they would admit him to eat only an equal share with themselves, he would willingly pay them for the whole." The frugal meal consisting of eight small loaves of bread, five of which belonged to one of the Arabs, and three to the other. The stranger having eaten a third part, and each of the two Arabs a third part of the eight loaves, arose and laid before them eight pieces of money, saying, "my friends, there is that which I promised to you, divide it between you according to your just rights." A dispute, of course, arose respecting the division of the money; but a reference being made to the cadi, he adjudged seven pieces of money to the owner of the five loaves, and only one piece to him who had owned the three loaves. Yet the cadi decided justly.

ANECDOTE OF WEBER.—Neither our managers nor our climate suited the Baron, when he was so loudly called for after the first performance of *Oberon*, he said to Charles Kemble, "Mr. Kemble, for why do you make the people cry so for me?" And it was with great difficulty that he was induced to make his appearance at the ride scenes; and not then till he had frequently exclaimed, "No, no—where is de Fawcett?" wishing him to go on and receive all the honours of the day. If he had continued to compose for improving the style of our singers. On one occasion, at a rehearsal, he said, "I am ver sorry you tak so much trouble." "Oh! not at all!" was the reply. "Yes," he added; "but I say yes—that is, for why you tak de trouble to sing so many notes dat are not in de book?"

ARTIFICIAL FUEL.—A patent has lately been enrolled for "improvements in the manufacture of charcoal and other fuel." The invention relates, first, to the manufacture of charcoal, to avoid waste caused by breaking it. This is effected by reducing the waste to powder, and then compressing it, by the hydraulic press or other apparatus, in blocks, until the mass is reduced to from one eighth to one eighth of its original bulk. The second invention relates to making fuel of small coal, breeze, coke, and cinders, with or without charcoal, by pulverizing the whole, and then compressing the powder into blocks. The third invention relates to making a fuel for lighting fires, by mixing charcoal powder, small coal, breeze, coke, and cinders (all or any of them), with tar, pitch, resin, or other suitable inflammable substance, and compressing the mixture in moulds; and when taken from the mould, the block is dipped in the tar, &c., and covered with saw-dust and wrapped in waste paper: a block so prepared will readily ignite on the application of a lighted match.

—*Civil Engineer and Architects' Journal.*

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, No. 3, Catherine Street, Strand.

A WELL-WISHER.—Any bookseller or newsman will supply you regularly. There will be parts nearly bound. No. 10, completed the first part. To your other question—yes.

J. B. (Montrose.)—There will be an Index with each Part. Part I. is ready.

R. C. shall meet with attention. Accept our thanks.

MAZEPPA.—We are glad to find we have such a valuable friend.

J. L.—Accept our best thanks. It shall be read, and, if approved of, shall appear in a week or two. We will answer the other portion of your note at the earliest convenience.

W. C.—We do not. You should apply to a shipowner, or captain.

INQUIRER.—No chance of war. A good plea to increase taxation. Our navy—particularly the steam-portion—the finest in the world; the army, in the finest condition.—No such day kept.—The Editor cannot say, not having a better half.

W. S. (Manchester.)—No. 10, with the Index.

P. P.—Accept our thanks. Your contribution is in the hands of our "Master of the Riddles."

A GENTLEMAN PAINTER.—Thanks for your scribble.

H. ROSENBERG.—Accept our thanks. No doubt a portion will appear in a week or two.

B. H.—We shall be glad to hear from you. Thanks.

W. K.—We cannot promise to insert your verses, but shall be happy to hear from you again.

K. D. (Scarborough.)—Your contributions shall be attended to. Accept our thanks.

ALPHA.—The Proprietor has several gentlemen employed, who are bound to complete the work, any gratuitous contribution will be accepted.

J. W. S. S. (Leeds.)—We hope you will see many volumes of the "Tracts." Accept our thanks for your good wishes and lines. We will find a corner in a week or two.

J. M. V.—If the will has been proved, go to Doctors' Commons. The charge is one shilling.

TWO SUBSCRIBERS.—The print is a good one. You never saw a better likeness of Mr. Hume.

G. A. M.—Your kind contribution shall be attended to.

HANLEY.—The amount has not been raised. The committee want about 500l. more. To your second question—"occasionally." We are binding the parts, and do not find the least inconvenience.

VOLUMA.—Accept our best thanks. They will appear in a week or two.

ETHELBERT.—Although ten numbers form our first part, you need not be at the expense of binding until you get Part II., or even III. Thanks.

U. G. W. W.—Yes; in parts, or volumes. We have nothing to do with the work, write to the publisher. Thanks for your note.

H. J. B.—If you will follow the directions given you cannot fail to make sense of it. Thanks for the riddle.

J. T.—Edmund Kean's first appearance at Drury Lane, was on the 20th of January, 1814, as "Shylock."

PHIL.—"The coat and badge," rowed for on the 1st of August, are the gift of Thomas Dogget, the actor, who died in 1724. They are given annually to be rowed for by six young watermen in honour of the accession of the House of Brunswick.

JAMES K.—"The Dynamometer," is an instrument for measuring the absolute force of men and animals. The absolute force of man in lifting a weight with both hands was found by this instrument to be on an average equivalent to 288 lbs.

J. S. (Duke Street.)—The note did not reach us. Thanks for your kind offer. We should not like to give a series of chapters on the subject you name. One chapter would be sufficient for our purpose.

T. R. V. (Hackney.)—Bleaching may be formed either by natural means, as exposure to light, air, and moisture, or by chemical agents, as chlorine, chloride of lime, sulphurous acid, &c. In many of the processes adopted for this purpose, both methods are combined.

SAM T. V. (Vauxhall.)—With two trumps you must lead ONE. You must lead the ACE of trumps if you have it. It is the only card that you are compelled to lead. Our advice is, that, before you sit down to LOO, you should have a proper understanding as to the game you are about to play. Some people think that, at three card loo, with more than two players, the person who has the lead is obliged to play his highest trump. This is not the case, unless the person leading holds the ace of trumps, he is not obliged to lead his highest. For instance, if you have knave, ten, and deuce of trumps in your hand, you may, if you think fit, lead the deuce.

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TRACTS

For the People.

A WEEKLY MISCELLANY OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE AND AMUSEMENT

No. 12 Vol. IV.]

SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 1848

[PRICE ONE HALF-PENNY.]



KALED'S WARNING.

A PERSIAN TALE.

GREAT were the rejoicings throughout the kingdom of Persia when the sultana of the mighty Solymau was safely delivered of a son and heir to the sceptre, and, as the nation hoped, to the virtues of his father. As if animated by a single soul, the capital

had become one universal scene of joy. Throughout the day, the palace, situate on the margin of a lovely lake, had been crowded with tributary princes—with high officers of the government and army, each striving to outvie the other in the splendour of his presents and the warmth of his congratulations. Bonfires, processions, and gorgeous spectacles, served to amuse the

singing and shouting multitude. The wretched found a bethel for their sorrows, and the poor lost the sense of their poverty, by gazing on the magnificence that surrounded them, while the hungry were satisfied with ample provisions spread for their accommodation.

The sun was fast sinking behind the hills on the western side of the lake, when Solymán, overcome by the long unhopéd consummation of his dearest wishes, retired to his favourite pavilion, in the private gardens of his palace, to indulge, unobserved, the joyful emotions that crowded to his heart. Reclined on a splendid ottoman, lost in a pleasing reverie—in a dream of ambition of glories and conquests which his young heir was some day hereafter to achieve; his eyes wandered o'er the cooling fountains and gay pastures, whilst inhaling the fragrance of many a rare and beautiful flower, whose varied colours rivalled the far-famed glories of Gennistan. The Sultan soon gave way to the influence of the drowsy god. Not a breath of air was stirring; and, as he slept, he fancied that a cloud of angular shape and colour was rapidly descending toward the earth. On it came, apparently self-impelled, expanding as it approached, and changing in colour from its first roseate hue to a deeper and deeper crimson, until at last it rested on the ground before the opening of the pavilion in which the mighty Solymán slept. A thousand flashes of brilliant light burst from it, followed by a sound of distant thunder; the Sultan started, and awoke, and to his astonishment discovered the venerable Káled, the Persian Dervise, seated at his feet.

With fear and trembling the monarch beheld the mighty guardian of the good, and would have prostrated himself to the dust.

"Sultan of Persia," said the dervise—and his voice sounded like the sweet music of the Soliman harp—"prostrate not thyself before me, but hearken unto me. The prophet, wearied by thy prayers, has turned at last a favourable ear to thy request. Thou hast a son, born to be the heir of thy throne. To thee is committed the moulding of his mind and the shaping of his destiny. He will become famous either for his virtues or his vices, a blessing or a curse to the nations of the earth. Woe unto thee if he prove the latter!"

"Let him become a blessing to his people, O mighty Káled!" replied the Sultan. "If my will is consulted, let him become a blessing, and not a curse."

"As thou plantest the seed, so will the flowers spring up, and as thou sowedest the rankness of the soil, so will they flourish," rejoined the dervise. "Thy lips must instil virtue, and wisdom, and justice into his soul, and thine eye must watch unceasingly to destroy the evil passions that will arise to corrupt it. Teach him even as thou wouldst

teach the child of another; and when affliction pleads for the indulgence of a vicious desire, let judgment make thee firm to deny. Blessed hereafter will be thy name, if thou prove faithful to thy trust; but if thou failest, terrible will be thy punishment. Beware, great Sultan of Persia—thou art warned! Farewell!"

The breath as of a mighty wind swept through the apartment, depriving the Sultan of the power to move, his sight for a moment became dimmed, and when he was able again to look around him, the figure of the dervise had departed. Thoughtfully he arose from the ottoman, and entered the apartments of the palace.

The following morning a decree went forth unto all the cities and provinces of the kingdom, commanding all the wise men—those who were in any way celebrated for their knowledge and virtues—to appear in the presence of the Sultan Solymán; and when they came the sovereign selected from among them teachers for his son; commanding them, when the prince was of a fit age, to bring him up in the paths of rectitude. And at the first glimmering of reason the child was taken from the women and delivered into their hands.

Time passed away, and the young prince grew up, giving signs of a powerful and precocious intellect. His masters laboured unceasingly to instil into his mind the treasures they had themselves acquired, until at last he could even dispute with them the palm of superiority. All they could teach he learned eagerly, but mostly delighted in acquiring a knowledge of every warlike sport and exercise.

"The genius of thy son is greater than our own, oh, Sultan!" said the wise men, when their task was completed. "If he passes safely through the temptations and allurements that must soon assail him, he will bring honour to thy age and happiness to thy people. Prosperity and joy will smile upon his reign."

Years rolled on, and the hand of time was pressing heavily upon the head of Solymán of Persia, and the strength of his understanding was fast yielding to the infirmities of his body. As time advanced, the warning voice of the venerable Káled came fainter and fainter to his memory, and his vigilance relaxed more and more, even when it was needed, at that period when the dark passions of our nature struggle most fiercely for the mastery of the soul. Pride, ambition, and licentiousness sprang up in the heart of the young prince, at first with a timid and uncertain growth, but increasing in strength and vigour, till they ruled him with a giant power, and his father slept, unconscious of their birth.

But at last the murmurs of the people arose. Fathers complained of their daughters' dishonour, husbands of the violation of

the harem's sanctity, maidens of broken faith and trust deceived, and their voices reached the Sultan, causing him to tremble on his throne; but he turned away his head as though he heard not, consoling himself with the fallacious hope that the follies of youth would be banished by the wisdom of manhood.

Again and again were the cries of the injured heard, till it became at last a common and unheeded thing.

One day, when the Sultan was seated on his throne, surrounded by his counsellors, distributing justice, an old man of venerable appearance prostrated himself at his feet, crying vehemently, "Justice, O Sultan, justice! In the name of the Prophet I demand justice at your hands,"—and the heart of the Sultan misgave him, as he demanded, "Upon whom?"

"Upon thy son, the Prince, O Sultan," replied the old man; "he has robbed me of my daughter, and the hen of my house and fortunes has fallen by his hand."

"Alas!" sighed the Sultan, "what justice can I give?—what would thou have me do, old man?"

"Does not the law say, 'a life for a life, whose slayer his fellow shall be put to death?' Thy son hath murdered my first-born, the staff and pride of my old age. Even as thou wouldst in such a case deal upon another, deal now upon him."

The wrath of the Sultan was kindled against the old man for his words, and he exclaimed, "Audacious slave! wouldst thou that I should put the heir of my throne to death? Begone, lest in mine anger I forget thy age, and chastise thee for thy insolent demand;" and at the waving of his hand, the ready-mutes advanced with the bow-string.

Stern and frowning were the features of the old man as he arose. "Sultan of Persia," he said, "thou hast been unfaithful to thy trust;—prepare to meet thy reward."

As the knell of doom were his words to the heart of Solymán. He started from his throne, overwhelmed with terror and dismay; for he remembered the warning he had received in the pavilion of his palace by the lake, and knew that it was the device Káled who stood before him. When he recovered his self-possession, and found that Káled was gone, he dismissed the audience, and summoning his son to his presence, rebuked him bitterly for his evil courses. But the haughty spirit of the young Prince took fire, and resented the interference of his father, and from that time there was a breach between them.

Before the expiration of another year, the good Sultan Solymán was missing from his throne and palace, and it was rumoured throughout Persia that he was dead, for his son reigned in his stead; but they who were acquainted with the secret knew that he

lingered out the remainder of his days the remainder of his days, the bitant of a dungeon. The after-fortunes of the son, as recorded in history, present a fearful catalogue of conquests, crimes, and unbridled passions recklessly indulged, which were at last terminated by the hands of an assassin; thus proving the truth of "Káled's Warning."

FLYING MEN.

'Here we go down, down, downey.'

NURSERY RHYME.

THOUGH the science of aerostation is of very modern date, yet there is every reason to believe that it was not altogether unknown to the ancients; one of their poets, in allusion to Icarus, says—

"Thus did of old the adventurous Cretan dare,
With wings, not given to man, attempt the air."
Milton, in his history of Britain, speaks of one Elmer, a monk of Malmesbury, who foretold the invasion of William of Normandy, but "who could not foresee when time was for the breaking of his own legs, for soaring too high." He in his youth, strangely aspiring, had made and fitted wings to his hands and feet; with these, on the top of a tower, spread out to gather air, he flew more than a furlong; but the wind being too high, he came fluttering down, to the maiming of his limbs; yet so concealed was he of his art, that he attributed the cause of his fall to the want of a tail, as birds have, which he forgot to make and fix behind him.

About the year 1147, during the visit of Glisasthlan, the Turkish Sultan, to Emanuel, the Greek Emperor, at Constantinople, we are told by Kneller, that "amongst the quaint devices of many for solemnizing so great a triumph, there was an active Turk, who had openly given it out, that against an appointed time he would, from the top of a high tower in the tilt-yard, fly by the space of a furlong, the report whereof had filled the city with a wonderful expectation of so strange a novelty. The time prefixed being come, and the people without number assembled, the Turk, according to his promise, upon the top of a high tower, showed himself, girt in a long and white garment, gathered into many plaits and foldings, made on purpose for the gathering of the wind; where-with he, foolish man, had vainly persuaded himself to have hovered in the air, as do birds upon their wings, or to have guided himself, as are ships with their sails. Standing thus hovering a great while, as ready to take his flight, the beholders still laughing and crying out, 'Fly, fly, fly! how long shall we expect thy flight?' The Emperor, in the meantime, still exhorting him from so desperate an attempt, and the Sultan, bewixt fear and hope, hanging in doubtful

suspense what might happen to his countryman. The Turk, after he had a great while hovered with his arms abroad (the better to have gathered the wind, as birds do with their wings) and long deluded the expectation of the beholders, at length finding the wind fit, as he thought, for his purpose, committed himself, with his vain hope, into the air; but instead of mounting aloft, this foolish Icarus came tumbling down with such violence that he broke his neck, his arms, his legs, with almost all the bones in his body."

In an old book entitled "An Account of a Voyage performed by Two Monks, in the Suite of the French Ambassador to the Kingdom of Siam," we read as follows.—"One day the people of Siam entertained the French ambassador with the display of an excellent firework; and towards the end thereof they informed him they would perform the best piece, which was to blow up the engineer of the firework, on a cask, high into the air. As the ambassador thought that the engineer would be killed, he requested they would not perform this best masterpiece, and that he was already well entertained with what he had seen, but they told him he need not be under any apprehension for the engineer's life, as he would suffer no injury; on this their assurance, the emperor gave his assent. Accordingly a cask was brought, on the head of which the engineer seated himself, having in his hand a machine, which proved afterwards to be a large umbrellia, some gunpowder was placed under the cask, and on a signal given it was set on fire, and the cask, with the engineer thereon, rose high into the air; and, when at the highest elevation, the engineer opened his umbrellia and descended without injury."

As every one knows that no such explosion of gunpowder could actually have taken place without blowing the engineer to atoms, it has been plausibly conjectured, that in the inside of the cask there must have been an air balloon, by which it was raised so high; that the firing of the gunpowder was but an artificial trick to veil the real means of ascent; and that the umbrellia was nothing else but our modern parachute. If so, what becomes of our modern inventions in aerostatics? This exhibition at Siam must have taken place a hundred and sixty years ago. The embassy to which the two monks who gave this narrative were attached, is the same as that which M. Voltaire has described in his works, and which took place in the year 1684.

The first in modern times who succeeded to a certain extent in imitating the fowls of the air, was John Baptist Daute, a mathematician of Perugia, supposed to be a relation of the poet of the same name. He fitted a pair of wings so exactly to his body as to be really able to fly with them. He

made the experiment several times over the Lake Trasmenus, and succeeded so well that he had the courage to perform before the whole people of Perugia. He took his flight from the highest part of the city, and directed his wings over the square, to the great admiration of the spectators; but, unfortunately, the machinery with which he managed one of his wings failed, and being then unable to balance the weight of his body, he fell on a church and broke his thigh.

In the year 1790 a Mr. Murray made one or two bold experiments with a parachute. By means of it he threw himself from Portsmouth Church tower, and descended to the ground in safety. He repeated the experiment from the bell tower of Chichester Cathedral, but not with the same success. When about fourteen feet from the top a sudden gust of wind laid this bold aerostic adventurer and the apparatus in a horizontal position, when on a level with the gutter of the cathedral he righted; but an eddy of wind threw him a second time horizontally, in which situation he fell to the ground with great force—the blood gushed from his ears, nose, and mouth very fluently, and he was many hours insensible. He had not, however, received any material injury, and in a few days was pronounced out of danger.

In the year 1809, Mr. Degan, a watchmaker of Vienna, was said to have at last realized the views of the numerous projectors who preceded him, regarding the flight of men in the air. This machine was constructed on philosophical principles; and like that of Filmor, the monk, was designed to operate in a manner analogous to the wings of birds; of which the effect partly resembled the closing of a parachute, stationarily on its descent. Mr. Degan is said not only to have mounted high in the air by this machine, but to have exhibited a flight resembling that of a bird, not consisting merely in ascent or descent, but in aerial navigation.

[The ascending power we beg leave to doubt.]

THE RECORD OF GUILT.

A VERY interesting drama, called *Abduction*, was acted a few years since, at one of our minor theatres, and was reproduced at the Strand Theatre with great success. The piece was said to be an adaptation from the French. The following story attracted my attention recently, and I think it is more than probable that it is from this source that the French dramatist has taken one of the chief incidents of this drama. If you think it worthy a place in your TRACTS, it is at your service. The story is as follows:—

About one hundred years since, or, if the

chronicle speaks truth, in the year 1743, there lived in the city of Rome a gentleman of good reputation named Ogilvie; he was a surgeon, and had acquired some fame in his profession in the imperial city. His residence was close to the Piazza di Spagna, and was well known to the humbler classes, from the circumstance of his giving advice gratis, at a certain hour every morning. One night, soon after the hero of our tale had retired to rest, he was aroused from his slumber by a violent knocking at his door, and a loud calling for professional assistance from some strangers from without. On his going to the door, he found two men in masks, and a coach in waiting; he was requested to enter the carriage, and accompany them immediately, as the case which brought them was one of life and death, and admitted of no delay. The surgeon was also required to bring lancets with him; he complied, and entered the carriage, which instantly drove off at a rapid pace. The party had scarcely left the street in which the doctor resided, than he was informed that he must, *volens ovens*, submit to have his eyes closely bandaged, as the person to whom he about to be conducted was a lady of rank, whose name and place of abode it was indispensable to conceal. To this requisition, after much persuasion, he reluctantly submitted; and, having been driven through several streets, apparently with a view to prevent his forming an accurate idea of the part of the city to which he was being conducted, the carriage at length stopped. The two gentlemen, his companions, then alighted, and each taking him by the arm, conducted him into a house. Ascending a narrow staircase, they entered an apartment, where the bandage was removed from his eyes. One of the gentlemen in mask then acquainted him that it was considered necessary to deprive a lady of life who had brought dishonour and disgrace upon her family, and that they had done him the honour to select him for the performance of the office, knowing his great professional skill. He was informed that the lady was in the adjoining chamber fully prepared to meet her fate. He was required to open her veins with as much expedition as possible, and that when the deed was done he should receive a most ample recompense for his execution.

Ogilvie at first peremptorily refused to commit an act so repugnant to his feelings, but the two strangers assured him, with the most solemn denunciations of vengeance, that his refusal would only prove fatal to himself, without affording the slightest assistance to the object of his compassion; her doom was irrevocable; and unless he chose to participate a similar fate, he must submit to execute the office imposed on him. Thus situated, and finding all entreaty and remonstrance vain, he entered the room, where he found a lady of a most interesting figure and appearance, apparently in the full bloom

of youth and beauty. She was habited in an elegant loose undress robe of white, her feet and legs were immersed in a large vessel filled with warm water, and by her side stood a female attendant.

Far from opposing any impediment to the act which she knew the doctor was sent to perform, the lady assured him of her perfect resignation and willingness, entreating him at the same time to put the sentence passed upon her into execution with as little delay as possible. She added, she was well aware that no pardon could be hoped for from those who had devoted her to death, which alone could expiate her fault, felicitating herself that his humanity could abbreviate her sufferings, and soon, she hoped, terminate their duration.

Possessing no means of extrication or of escape either for the lady or himself, and being moreover urged to expedite his work by the two persons without, who, impatient at his delay, threatened to exercise violence on him if he procrastinated, Ogilvie took from his case his lancet, opened several veins, and bled the lady to death in a short time.

The men in the masks, having carefully examined the body in order to ascertain that she was no more, after expressing their satisfaction, offered him a purse of sequins as a remuneration; but he declined all recompense, only requesting to be conveyed from a scene on which he could not reflect without horror. With this entreaty they complied; and having again applied a bandage to his eyes, they led him down the same staircase to his carriage, but it being narrow, in descending the steps he contrived to leave on one or both walls, unperceived by his conductors, the marks of his fingers, which were stained with blood. After observing precautions similar to those used in bringing him thither from his own house, he was conducted home, and at parting the two masks charged him, if he valued his life, never to divulge, and, if possible, never to think of the past transaction. They added, that if he should embrace any measures with a view to render it public, or to set on foot an inquiry into it, he should be infallibly immolated to their revenge. Having finally dismissed him at his own door, they drove off, leaving him to his reflection.

On the subsequent morning, after great irresolution, he determined, at whatever risk to his personal safety, not to participate by concealment in so enormous a crime. It formed, nevertheless, a delicate and difficult undertaking to substantiate the charge, as he remained altogether ignorant of the place to which he had been carried, or of the name or quality of the lady whom he had deprived of life. Without suffering himself, however, to be deterred by these considerations, he waited on the secretary of the Apostolic Chamber, and acquainted him with every

particular, adding, that if the government would extend to him protection, he did not despair of finding the house, and of bringing to light the perpetrators of the deed.

Benedict XIV. (Lambertini), who then occupied the papal chair, had no sooner received the information than he immediately commenced the most active measures for discovering the offenders. A guard of the sburi, or officers of justice, was appointed by his order to accompany Ogilvie, who, judging from circumstances that he had been conveyed out of the city of Rome, began by visiting the villas scattered without the walls of the metropolis. His search proved ultimately successful. In the villa Papa Julio, constructed by Pope Julius III. (del Monte), he there found the bloody marks left on the walls by his fingers, at the same time he recognised the apartment in which he had put to death the lady. The palace belonged to the Duke de Bracciano, the chief of which illustrious family and his brother had committed the murder on the person of their own sister.

They no sooner found "that it was discovered, than they fled to the city, where they easily eluded the pursuit of justice. After remaining there for some time, they obtained a pardon by the exertions of their powerful friends, on payment of a considerable fine to the Apostolic Chamber; and on the further condition of affixing over the chimney-piece of the room where the crime had been perpetrated a plate of copper, commemorating the transaction and their penitence. This plate, together with the inscription, continued to exist there till within these few years.

COUR.—A gentleman, groaning under the pangs of this disorder, was asked by a sympathizing friend, "Have you ever tried the *Rem. Medicinale*?" "I have tried every kind of—Oh!" he exclaimed, with the true accent of pain, "but, Oh! dear me, they don't relieve me."

A dinner in the reign of Charles the First consisted of, *imprimis*, "A soupe of enayles, a powdered goose (not a footman), a joll of salmon, and a dish of green fish buttered, with eggs." This was a first course. Then came "A Lombard pye;" "A cow's udder roasted;" "A grand boyled meat;" "A hedgehog pudding;" "A rabbit stuffed with oysters;" "Polonian sausages;" "A mal-laid with oabbedge;" and "A pair of boyled cocks." To these succeeded, as *hors d'œuvres* and *entremets*: "A spinage tart;" "A carbonaded hen;" "A pye of aloos;" "Eggs in moonshine;" "Chrystal jelly;" "Jumballs;" "Quidany;" "Bragget;" and "Walnut-suckets." Cook-ale, surfelt-water, canary, sack, and Gascony wines, served to moisten this heterogeneous repast.

THE GARDEN FOR MARCH.

EARLY this month, sow all the hardy annuals, not already in the ground, upon light hot-beds, as described last month. Give air to all productions in the frames. Sow melons, and prepare beds for planting them out. Prune a portion of the rose trees, cut them into one or two eyes at most; leave other rose trees to be cut later, that they may come into bloom in succession. About the second week, if warm showers come, auriculas should be exposed to them,—it will do them good. Stir up the surface of tulip beds, and if any have not come up, examine carefully to see if they have been removed, or are rotten, or obstructed by any stone or other substance. Weed spinach; earth up asparagus; continue sowing peas, onions, spring spinach, carrots, turnips, &c. for successive crops. All the stock of dahlias may now be set out, that cuttings may be struck, or the roots pated for planting. Camellias may now be inarched or grafted; choose healthy growing stocks. As the month advances, sow melons and cucumbers. Transplant cabbages of all kinds where they are to remain. Sow red cabbage seed; savoy seed. Plant out lettuces from the frames where they have stood all the winter. Sow all the kinds of lettuce for succession; also radishes for constant use. Spring-dress all the asparagus beds; be careful that, in forking, you do not touch the roots. Prepare beds for asparagus planting; put in the roots, a foot apart, in rows; use two year old plants, for though many prefer one year old, two are better. Sow berries where you intend to raise plants, yourself. Plant more beans, and sow peas; earth those already forward enough, and stick such as are sufficiently advanced. Make herb beds with slips or young plants. Let the gardener recollect that mint will be wanted as soon as asparagus; and a few pots take no room in the stove, and not much in a frame. Sow nasturtiums; plant garlic and shallots. Plant potatoes, particularly early frame, ash-leaf kidney, and any other early varieties. Towards the close of the month, complete the pruning of roses; those now cut back will be at least three weeks later than such as were cut at the commencement of this month. Water auriculas occasionally, and protect them from the sharp winds, by keeping the glasses close on the windy side, and giving air by tilting them opposite. Tulips should be carefully covered against frost and hail; but though the covering should be always ready to be thrown over them, they should have all the air it is possible to give them. Carnations: the potting of these into blooming pots, a pair in sixteen-sized pots, or three plants in twelve-sized pots, of rich, light, and well-dried composts, and placed on raised stages, out of the way of slugs and earwigs. Pink-beds should be stirred on the surface, and dressed with well-decomposed manure or leaf-mould.

THE BRITISH SAILOR.

OUR NATION'S BEST DEFENCE.

THE recent demonstration of our merchant sailors, on the Thames and on shore, was a very novel and imposing sight. The reason of the demonstration on the part of our Blue Jackets, was the presentation of a memorial to Her Majesty against the repeal of the Navigation Laws. A more brilliant display has not taken place upon the Thames since the opening of London Bridge by His late Majesty King William IV. The aquatic procession was divided into three bodies, of which one, headed by a steamer, came from Northfleet Hoop. This division consisted of about forty boats. The second division, called the Long-Reach division, consisted of about fifty boats, and the third division, from Shadwell and Limehouse, numbered about one hundred boats. Each boat carried the Union Jack, and contained from six to ten seamen, who wore a blue ribbon round their hats, and another on their left arms:—on the ribbon was painted in letters of gold "The Navigation Laws." When the procession reached Westminster Bridge, the masters and mates left the steamers, and the seamen their boats, and a walking procession was formed in Bridge Street, which wended its way up Parliament Street to Trafalgar Square. Each boat's crew carried the Union Jack, at the head marched a band of music, playing "Rule Britannia," "Hearts of Oak," and other national airs. On passing the Admiralty, three cheers were given for the Navy, and a similar compliment was paid to the Duke of Wellington at the Horse Guards, and three cheers for the Queen when opposite Whitehall. The number of seamen who took part in the proceedings of the day, was about four thousand. The procession returned to Westminster Bridge in the same order as before.

It is not our intention to offer any opinion on the subject of the "Navigation Laws," but we cannot help quoting the following passages from the memorial of the seamen, as we consider them highly important to the nation generally, and deserving the serious attention of the Government. Our readers must bear in mind, that it is to the merchant seamen of this country, we have been largely indebted for the able manning of our fleet in time of war.

"Your memorialists most respectfully and loyally, but firmly, as ardent friends of their country, which they sincerely love, beg to represent to your Majesty that the repeal of the Navigation Laws will bring ruin on your memorialists and the commercial marine of Britain.

"That by such a measure, admitting the cheap foreign ships, half-paid and ill-fitted foreign seamen, of which your memorialists have the most correct personal knowledge, it will reduce, by a competition the lowest in the world, the condition of your memorialists and their

families, and strike a fatal blow at their very existence.

"That thus your memorialists will be led to seek employment in another state, speaking the same language and possessing similar laws, where seamen's interests and seamen's rights are carefully attended to, and where thousands of British seamen have already found protection; so weakening your Majesty's empire, and giving additional strength to an already great maritime competitor.

Among the multiplicity of professions and trades which engage the time and attention of mankind, and seem to fill up the measure of their existence, the life of the sailor is perhaps the most hazardous and the most useful, at particular seasons, and revolving intervals of time. The soldier bears the brunt of the battle and the shock of arms; and when the gallant warfare is accomplished, the warrior falls back into comparative security, housed within the safe retreat of the comfortable barrack or cantonment, until the service of his Queen or country once again calls him forth to compete for the laurels of victory over a crafty foe. But the hardy cold-proof British sailor knows no interval of repose, save the periodic lulling of the breeze, and the unfrequent subsiding of the angry billow into calm. True it is—

"The hardy sailor braves the ocean,
Fearless of the dangers nigh."

Wherever the sailor steers his way, danger faces him, and his natural and moral courage fearlessly faces it, and bears him on triumphant; like the mighty conqueror o'er the deep, the immortal Nelson, "he never sees fear," and amid the crashing of elements, the ship holds on her course. By day and night the sailor is exposed to risk, yet blow high, blow low, Jack's home is on the deep; and as the vessel parts the breakers, or "gaily dances o'er the curling waves," the honest tar feels as contented and secure as the landsman—

"—Who sits at home at ease."

How beautiful is the gallant ship, with her white canvass spread to catch the freshening breeze! she

"Walks the waters like a thing of life,
And seems to dare the elements to strife."
But the sky is overcast—an appalling accident occurs, and lo! she becomes in a moment the sport of winds and waves. Shoals and quicksands may lurk beneath, lee shores and beetling crags present an awful aspect, hidden rocks lie below the surface; many are the mighty obstacles to check the bearing of the gallant ship, which seem as so many grim monsters, eager to seize the devoted victims—still the British sailor braces up to brave the peril. His mind, though ill at ease, is schooled to meet emergency—he sees that every thing is made right aloft, on deck, below—and, under the management of a master spirit, braves her through the impending danger; or, when all hope of safety is fled, and "whistled down the wind," he either

takes to the long boat, or, in affection for his dear prized craft—Tom Coffin like—sticks to the last plank. But, oh, what inhabitant is there of *terra firma* who has not felt, at some time or other, inward rejoicings amidst perils to which he is exposed, when his business and vocation summon him over the waters—when he remembers that a few narrow, slender timbers, put together, by the skill and ingenuity of man, alone divided him from the wide gulf, and consequent death and eternity? Does he not, or should he not at least, feel thankful! under the kind providence of God to those gallant mariners, by means of whose seamanship he has been preserved in safety? When, of a wintry night, the wind blows fresh, the landsman retires, sleek and dispirited, to his rocking berth, soon he feels the lurching of the ship, the plunging into the trough of the sea, the broasting wave, the foamy spray dashing off the sides or bursting over the bulwarks and washing the deck—he hears the sailor shouting that every thing aloft is “taut and trim,” the hatchways are fastened down, the dead-light up, all goods on deck made to the steersman is lashed to the helm, and mid the creaking of the timbers, the rattling of the cordage, the straining of the ship, the bumping of her bows, (the technical language of the seamen,) he perhaps thinks of the passage of Holy Writ—“They that go down to the sea in ships, and do business in great waters, these see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep, for he commandeth and raiseth the stormy winds, which lifteth up the waves thereof.” He has practical proof of the omnipotence of Him who once said, and can say again, to the wind and waves, “Peace, be still!” and as he lies in his cradled couch, he exercises faith in an Almighty Power, who can speak the word only, and “he maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still.” He reflects too on the noble-minded, lion-hearted seamen who are feeling the “pelting of the pitiless storm,” and he can thank his God for having made them the instruments of his care and guidance. Oh! the more we examine, the more we should revere, and the more thankful we should be to this brave class of our countrymen. Under the direction of Almighty wisdom, how much do we owe to them—how many inestimable lives are entrusted to their care!—how many men of genius and ability—statesmen, members of parliament, philosophers, historians, clergy, and a host of others are continually passing over the deep!—how much goods, in wealth, and specie, and bullion, the produce of the earth and under the earth, are confined within the narrow limits of a ship’s beams!—how many fortunes are sacrificed, how many expectations are blighted by a shipwreck, and how many affections withered and destroyed by the untimely end of a dear and loved one!—how is our revenue increased by our traffic

and commerce on the ocean!—how is the knowledge of mankind extended, and the intercourse of nation and nation, and man with man, promoted by our sailors and our ships! Let the seaman be ignorant of his calling, or neglectful of his duty, and how much riches and happiness is at stake, and left to the miraculous agency of an all-wise, merciful God to guard and deposit in safety! O “that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, for his wonderful works to the children of men,” and that our fearless seamen would put more faith in him who ruleth over all, and ever bear in mind that there is

“A sweet little cherub sits smiling aloft,
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.”

TRADE REPORT.

(From our Dundee Commercial Correspondent)

IN CHILBLAIN we have at present a most extraordinary supply on hand, in consequence of which, this article may be had on the easiest possible terms. This is mainly attributed to the late extensive importations of wind from the north-east, together with the present plentiful supply of frost in the market. Holders seem rather inclined to sell off.

SNOW has of late fallen considerably, but fresh arrivals being expected shortly—when it is thought it will be more easily attainable than at present—no demands, except from the country, have been received.

RHEUMATISM is stiff, and, as a necessary consequence, holders inactive.

There is an extraordinary inquiry after HONEY, but only two or three sterling samples were brought to light; indeed, so numerous have imitations become, that it is almost impossible, in consequence of the caution exercised, to display the real commodity.

ICE has been firm, with very little interruption, for the past eight days; indeed, it is not at all probable that this article will give way until the present stock of frost is disposed of.

RAIN—No arrival.

A PARROT’S AFFECTION.—In May last Mr. Henry Barns, of Pitts o’ Moor, Bury, had a daughter taken sick, who, for a time, remained in an upper room at her parents’ residence, and was afterwards removed down stairs. A parrot kept in the place said, in a very distinct tone, on observing her, “Alice, art poorly?” and afterwards repeated the inquiry every succeeding morning to the time of the female’s death, which happened in June. Since then the bird, which had been a particularly lively one, and very clever in articulation, has never uttered a word, but been very dull; it pined away and died last week.

REMARKABLE CASES OF
FRAUD AND IMPOSTURE.

No. I.—SECOND BOOK.

MR. MOWITT was a respectable shoemaker of New York, who kept several men employed, and amongst the rest was John Pelsing, who had ingratiated himself so much in his favour by his faithfulness, industry, and sobriety, that he took him into partnership, and had no cause to regret his kindness. They now became constant companions, and boarded in the same house. One day they were subpoenaed for a coroner's inquest, which was to be held on the body of a man that had been taken out of the Maiden Land Dock. The deceased had all the appearance of having been a regular dock-loafer, and it was the opinion of all present that he had fallen into the ship while in a state of intoxication; but the verdict, which was given in a few minutes, was merely, "*Found drowned.*" The jury being dismissed, Mr. Mowitt turned round to look for his friend and fellow-juror, who had been at his side till that moment, but he was gone; and he thought he saw him running at almost full speed up Maiden Lane. This struck him as being curious; and it also reminded him of another curious fact (at least curious as taken in connexion with his sudden flight), namely, that when Mr. Pelsing had first glanced at the face of the corpse, he started and turned deadly pale. Mr. Mowitt then proceeded to his lodging-house, and thence to his "store," to look for his partner, but he was to be found at neither; nor did he return that night, nor the next; indeed, two months passed away without bringing any intelligence of him; during which time Mr. Mowitt had fully made up his mind that there was some mysterious connexion between his friend and the man that had been found drowned, and that, in consequence thereof, Mr. Pelsing had, in all probability, made away with himself.

Matters so rested until a certain day in June, 1812, when a lady called upon Mr. Mowitt, and asked for Mr. Pelsing. She was told the particulars of his story.—"And hasn't he been here since?" she inquired.—"Not since," replied Mr. Mowitt.—"I know he has," said the lady.—"He has not, I assure you; at least to my knowledge," answered Mr. Mowitt.—"But I am positive," said the lady, *with that smartish*.—"What proof have you of it?" inquired the shoemaker—"The best in the world," returned the stranger, "for I am here, and I and Mr. Pelsing are one and the same person." And, strange as it may appear, such was the actual fact.

The question now was, whether Mr. Pelsing was a gentleman or a lady; and it turned out that she was a lady; and more than that, her name was not John Pelsing at all, but Charlotte Conroy; and furthermore, that

she was the widow of the man that had been found drowned. She then stated that her husband was a shoemaker in Philadelphia, to whom she had been married about two years, and who treated her very badly; the consequence of which was, that she picked up his trade by stealth, and when she thought she was sufficiently perfect, equipped herself in men's clothes, and ran off to New York to be the more safely out of the reach of her lord and master. Here, as we have seen, she got into the employment and remained in the confidence of Mr. Mowitt until the time of the coroner's inquest, immediately after which she proceeded to Philadelphia, where she learned that her husband (who had become a wandering loafer) had, on the hint of some friend, set out to New York about a week before, to look for her; but where, instead of an injured wife, he found a watery grave.

The end of this romantic affair may easily be conceived. Mr. Mowitt requested Mrs. Conroy to make his house her home; after a while he found that he liked her yet better as Mrs. Conroy than as Mr. Pelsing; and by virtue thereof, he proposed a renewal of their terms of *partnership*, which was accepted, and they became man and wife. The lady, by the way, is said to have been very good-looking, and on the safe side of thirty.

The next character who claims our attention is the celebrated Chevalier, generally known as Madame D'Eon. This individual was born at Tonnerre, in France, in 1728. D'Eon was a man of brilliant parts, a respectable author, an accomplished diplomatist, and a brave officer. At one period he was minister plenipotentiary to the British Court. A serious quarrel with the Comte de Guerechy, who succeeded him as ambassador, is stated as the reason for his not returning to France. D'Eon continued to reside in London for fourteen years, and was on terms of intimacy with many of the most distinguished persons of the time.

Now comes the mystery. Rumours, at first faint, but daily acquiring strength, had long been floating about that D'Eon was a woman. There were certain feminine indications in his voice and person, and it was notorious that he manifested extreme caution with respect to females. At length it was generally believed, both in England and France, that he had no title to wear the dress of a male. Wagers, to a very large amount, were laid upon this subject; and, in 1777, one of them produced a trial before Lord Mansfield. The action was brought by Mr. Hayes, a surgeon, against Jacques, a broker and under writer, for the recovery of seven hundred pounds; Jacques having, about six years before, received premiums of fifteen guineas per cent., for every one of which he stood engaged to return a hundred guineas, ~~whenever~~ it should be proved that the Chevalier D'Eon was actually a woman.

During the trial, three witnesses (two of them of the medical profession) swore that they had obtained positive proof that D'Eon was of the female sex. A verdict was consequently given for the plaintiff; but it was afterwards set aside on a point of law.

The manner in which, by this trial, he was brought before the English public, induced D'Eon to quit this country. It is a singular circumstance that M. de Vorgeunes, one of the French ministers, in a letter which he wrote to D'Eon, declared it to be the king's will that he "should resume the dress of his sex,"—meaning the dress of a woman—and that this command was repeated on the arrival of the Chevalier in France. It was obeyed, and, till the end of his long life, D'Eon dressed, and was considered, as one of the softer sex. Early in the French Revolution, he returned to England, still as a female, and remained here till his death, in 1810. An anatomical examination of the body placed the manhood of the Chevalier beyond all doubt. Why he was metamorphosed, and why he continued to acquiesce in the change, when he might have safely asserted his sex, are mysteries which are never likely now to be solved.

We shall now relate an event which is stated to have interrupted the much vaunted succession of regular bishops in the see of Rome, from the first foundation of that church to the present times. Between the pontificate of Leo IV., who died in the year 855, and that of Benedict III., a certain woman, who had the art to disguise her sex for a considerable time, is said, by learning, genius, and dexterity, to have made good her way to the papal chair, and to have governed the church with the title and dignity of Pontiff. This extraordinary person is yet known by the title of Pope Joan.

Historians write that Joan (or, as some say, Agnes) was born at Mayence, of Saxon or English parents, A.D. 826. From her earliest youth she was wonderfully addicted to literature; and finding her sex an obstacle of no small importance to her pursuit of learning, she adopted the masculine habit, as best suited to her vigorous range of mind; and following with intense eagerness the footsteps of knowledge, she became very celebrated among her contemporaries, not only by the amount of learning she had acquired, but by the originality of her talents, and her energy and boldness in the application of them. Having completed the course of study usually undertaken at that time, she travelled through Europe; on her return, she settled at Rome, and devoted her attention to an ecclesiastical life. In this vocation, her great learning and easy eloquence, combined with a most melodious voice and superb elegance of gesture—all tended to advance her rapidly in the profession she had selected. And we read that, gradually but surely, she rose in the ranks

of the Romish Church, until she was made professor of theology in the college of that city; and that, some time afterwards, she was called to fill the papal chair. Little more is said of this female, save that she occupied her high station for about two years, and that an accident happening which discovered her sex, she was deposed.*

One of the most infamous impostures on record is that perpetrated by Mary Bateman. The wife of a man named Perigo being ill, Mary Bateman was sent for to cure her. Bateman declined the task, but said that she had a friend at Scarborough, a Miss Blyth, who could "read the stars," and remove all ailments, whether of body or mind. To enable this reader of the stars to gain a knowledge of the disease, it was said to be necessary that the sick woman should send her petticoat; it was accordingly delivered to Bateman. Miss Blyth was, in truth, a similar personage to Saiah Gamp's "Mrs. Harris;" but a pretended answer from her was read to the credulous Perigos, in which they were told that they must communicate with her through the medium of Bateman. As a commencement, they were directed to give Bateman five guinea-notes, who would return an equal number in a small bag; at this same time they were threatened, that if curiosity induced them to look into the bag, the charm would be broken, and sudden death would ensue. In this manner forty guineas were at various times obtained, all of which, they were told, would be found in the bag when the propitious moment came for it to be opened. Discovering what credulous fools she had to deal with, Mary Bateman's demands were made without intermission; clothing of all kinds, bedding, a set of china, edible articles, and thirty pounds more, were among the sacrifices made to the rapacious impostor. On one occasion, the fictitious Miss Blyth ordered Perigo to buy her a live goose, to be offered up as a burnt-offering to her familiar, for the purpose of destroying the works of darkness!

The work of darkness was, indeed, about to be consummated. Beggared by the numerous calls which had been made upon his purse, Perigo became anxious to open the bags, and regain possession of the contents. Unable any longer to put him off, the wretch brought a packet, which she affirmed came from Scarborough, containing a potent charm

* During the five succeeding centuries the Pontificate of Joan was generally believed, and a vast number of writers bore testimony to its truth; nor, before the Reformation, undertaken by Luther, was it considered by any either as incredible in itself, or as ignominious to the Church. But in the eighteenth century, the elevation, and indeed the existence, of this female Pontiff became the subject of a very keen controversy. "Vaganesius has given an excellent view of the arguments of the disputers, which is to be found in the *Annuaire Littéraire*," of Scheibornius; and also in the *"Historie de l'Eglise,"* by Basnage.

The contents were to be mixed in a pudding, prepared for the purpose, express directions being given that no person was to eat thereof but Peigo and his wife. They obeyed these injunctions, and the consequences were such as might be expected. The husband ate sparingly, for he disliked the taste, and he escaped with only suffering severe tortures; the wife fell a victim.

Two or three days after the wife had ceased to exist, a letter came, purporting to be from Miss Blythe, in which the writer, instead of expressing the slightest sorrow, attributed the death of the woman to her having dared to touch the bags; adding the following threat:—"Inasmuch as your wife has done this wicked thing, she shall rise from the grave; stroke your face with the cold hand of death; and you shall lose the use of one side;" a threat which was not unlikely to send the weak-minded man to join his murdered partner.

The wretched gull still continued to yield a blind obedience to the infamous impostor, who floored him without mercy; and it was not till his creditors clamoured on all sides that he ventured to open the bags. He, of course, found them filled with trash. His neighbours, to whom he bewailed his hard fate, were possessed of more courage and sense than he was; and they accordingly carried Mary Bateman before a magistrate. She was committed for the murder of the wife, was found guilty at York assizes, and suffered on the gallows the penalty of her crime.

INCLEDON'S MADEIRA.

INCLEDON, the singer, was notoriously a vain man—an egotist in the most liberal sense of the word. He talked very much of himself; and he also boasted of what externally belonged to him. In short, vanity was poor Charles Incledon's besetting sin.

It had become a habit during a very fagging run of a new opera at Covent Garden Theatre one season, for certain performers to club together for a batch of madeira, of which they occasionally took a glass or two in their dressing rooms, in order to sustain their much exercised strength and spirits during those nights of unusual exertion. Incledon was one of the members of this club, and a very liberal partaker of the madeira, which, nevertheless, he indulged in the abundance, continually finding fault with its quality; and while he invariably swallowed two glasses, at least, to the one of any other person; he never failed to excrete its nauseous flavour.

As the close of the season drew near, his brother-performers, long wearied with Incledon's senseless and transparent folly upon this point, meditated some revenge upon his persevering discontent and continuous fault-finding of a wine which all knew to be ex-

cellent. Invariably, while under-rating the madeira in question, he boasted of his own wine, averring that what the club provided was not comparable with that he had in his cellar; that, in fact, theirs was trash, unfit for a gentleman's drinking, and not worth the rinsings of the glasses sent away from his table, &c. &c.

On the last night but one of the season, Incledon had been more than usually discontented with the madeira he partook of so largely,—still bragging of his own. While he sipped and sipped, he mingled with his sips the most violent execrations of its infamous quality; declaring, as glass after glass coursed rapidly down his throat, that he had the utmost difficulty in swallowing the poisonous composition. The next night, one of the club perceiving a large key lying upon Incledon's dressing-table, with an iron label attached, upon which the word "*cellar*" was engraved, it struck the plotters that it was the "*open Sesame*" to the so much vaunted madeira. And Incledon happening at the time to be engaged upon the stage until the close of the opera, the traitors despatched his dresser in a hackney coach to Brompton Crescent with the precious key, and a message to Mrs. Incledon from her husband, requesting that she would send forthwith by the bearer (known by her to be his theatre-attendant) *one dozen of his best madeira*. Mrs. Incledon, wholly unsuspecting of any trick—the delivery of the key being sufficient warranty for the genuineness of the order—caused the wine to be promptly delivered, and placed in the coach; and the dresser arrived at the theatre with it ere Incledon returned to his room. When there, it was formally announced to him, that in consequence of his continued distaste of the wine hitherto provided, which had been consumed to the last bottle, the club had procured a dozen of a superior quality, in order to gratify Incledon's fastidious taste; and as it was the last night of the season, they had invited two or three performers, not of the club, to partake of the treat; for the wine had been tasted by some unerring judges, and pronounced *unequalled* in its flavour. Incledon's self-conceit, it may be imagined, was somewhat *piqued* by the declared existence of any wine *not his* "*unequalled*" in quality; and he looked grave and dissatisfied. His judgment thus appealed to was tenacious and deliberate. He poured out slowly a glass of the boasted wine, and held it up to the light with most critical examination; he then passed it under his nostrils, scrupulously repeating the operation several times, with an ominous shake of the head, which reminded all present of Lord Burleigh in the *Critic*; then putting a taste of the wine upon his tongue, and moving it about for a short interval before he swallowed it, and repeating again and again this last test, with a sudden shudder of disgust

and contempt, he ultimately threw away the remaining drop from the defiled glass, protesting with a vehement oath that it was *stuff*, and not worth a shilling a bottle; in fact, "*cape*—nothing but *cape*," to which he pronounced the previous samples infinitely superior! His brethren expressed themselves "disappointed," and they were "sorry and vexed" that Mr. Incedon did not like the wine, which every other person lauded, and speedily disposed of. Incedon became sulky, having for consistency sake abstained from taking his share of the "execrable trash," and moodily prepared to return home—one of the party, who all at once affected to agree with him in opinion of that night's wine, accompanying him thither, *self invited* for the professed purpose of tasting the "particular madeira" so often vaunted by its fortunate possessor. As they entered the supper-room, the master of the house put his hand into his pocket for the key of the cellar, which not finding, he expressed his fear that he had left it behind him in his stage-clothes, but, in the instant, Mrs. Incedon smilingly produced it, observing that, "in the haste of his messenger's return to the theatre with the wine, she had omitted to send back the key." "What messenger? what wine?" asked the astonished husband. The whole matter was soon explained, and the boaster, more angry than humbled, was left by his visitor, the unpitied victim to his own vanity, justly sacrificed upon the altar he himself had erected.

HOW TO SAVE ONE'S BACON.

EARLY one fine morning, as Terence O'Keary was hard at work in his potato garden, he was accosted by his gossip, Mick Casey, (who he perceived had his Sunday clothes on).

"God's 'bud! Terry man, what would you be after doing there wid them prates, an' Phelim O'Loughlin's berrin' goin' to take place? Come along, ma bouchel! sure the prates will wait?"

"Och! no," sis Terry, "I must dig on this ridge for the childher's breakfast, an' then I'm goin' to confession to Father O'Higgins, who holds a stashin beyont there at his own house."

"Bother tak the stashin!" sis Mick, "sure that 'ud wait, too." But Terence was not to be persuaded.

Away went Mick to the "berrin'"; and Terence having finished "wid the prates," as he said, went down to Father O'Higgins, where he was shown into the kitchen to wait his turn for confession. He had not been long standing there, before the kitchen fire, when his attention was attracted, by a nice piece of bacon, which hung in the chimney corner. Terry looked at it again and again, and wished "the childher 'ad it at home wid the prates."

"Murther alive!" says he, "will I take

it? Sure the priest can spare it; an' it 'ud be a rare trate to, ^{only} an' the gorgoons at home, to say nothin' of myself, who han't tasted the likes this many's the day."

Terry looked at it again, and then turned away, saying:

"I won't take it—why 'ud I, an' it not mine, but the priests? an' I'd av the sin iv it sure! I won't take it," said he, "an' it's nothin' bud the Ould Boy himself that's timptin' me. Bud sure it's no harm to feel id, any way," said he, taking it into his hand and looking earnestly at it. "Och! it's a beauty! an' why 'ud'nt I carry id home to Judy and the childer. An' sure id won't be a sin after I confess id!"

Well, into his greatcoat pocket he thrust it. He had scarcely done so when the maid came to tell him it was his turn for confession.

"Murther alive! I'm kilt and run'd, horse an' foot! Now joy, Terry, what'll I do in this quandary, at all, at all? By gannies! I must thy an' make the best uv id, any how," says he to himself, and in he went.

He knelt to the priest, told his sins, and was about to receive absolution, when all at once he seemed to recollect himself, and cried out—

"Oh! stop—stop, Father O'Higgins, dear! for goodness sake, stop! I've one great big sin to tell yit; only, sur, I'm frightened to tell id in the regard of niver havin' done the likes uv id afore,—niver!"

"Come," said Father O'Higgins, "you must tell id to me."

"Why thin, your Riverince, I will tell id; but, sur, I'm ashamed like."

"Oh, never mind—tell it," said the priest.

"Why thin, your Riverince, I went to-day to a gentleman's house, upon a little bit o' business; an' he ben' ingaged, I was shewed into the kitchen to wait. Well, sur, there I saw a beautiful bit o' bacon hangin' in the chimney corner. I looked at id, your Riverince, an' my teeth began to wather. I don't know how id was, sur, bud I 'sposed it. Devil timpted me, for I put im in my pocket; bud, if you please, sur, I'll give id you," and he put his hand into his pocket.

"Give it to me!" said Father O'Higgins; "no, certainly not; give it buck to the owner of it."

"Why, thin, your Riverince, sur, I offered it to him, an' he would'nt take im."

"Oh! he wouldn't,—wouldn't he?" said the priest; "then take it home, and eat it yourself and yoursfamily."

"Thank your Riverince kindly!" says Terence, "an' I'll do that same immediatly, plaize God: but first add'foremost I'll have the absolushun iv you please, sur."

Terence went home, rejoicing that he had been able to save his soul and his bacon at the same time.

PHILOSOPHY.—A luxury of reason for the use of the lucky; but which can do nothing for the unlucky.

USEFUL RECIPES.

HYSTERICIS.—During the paroxysm, cold water, vinegar, or eau-de-Cologne, may be sprinkled on the face, pungent applications made to the nostrils, and warm friction applied to the extremities. If the patient can swallow, half a tea-spoonful of ether, with ten or fifteen drops of laudanum, or a tea-spoonful of the aromatic spirit of ammonia (sal volatile) in water, may be administered. *Sharr's Medical Remembrances.*

PULL PASTE.—Take one pound of flour, and one pound of good firm butter; cut your butter into slices, roll it in thin sheets on some of your flour, wet up the rest with about a quarter of a pint of water: see that it is about as stiff as your butter, roll it to a thin sheet, cover it with your sheets of butter, double it in a three double; do the same five times: then double it up, and lay it in the cold to use when you want it, keeping the air from it: you ought to make it before the sun rises, unless you have a cold place to make it in.—*Biscuit-Baker's Guide.*

PASTE FOR RAZOR-STROPS.—Flour of emery, washed so as to be free from the coarse particles, two drachms; colcothar, commonly called crocus, or crocus martis, washed in like manner, one drachm. To be mixed together, and then worked up into a stiff paste with spermaceti ointment. This paste must be rubbed upon the razor-strop so as to cover the surface of this latter with as thin a coating as possible; it should then be smoothed with a glass bottle. The strop should not be used during forty-eight hours after the paste has been applied.—*Hand-Book of the Toilette.*

VEAL MINCED.—Mince the veal as finely as possible, separating the skin, gristle, and bones, with which a gravy should be made. Put a small quantity of the gravy into a stew-pan, with a little lemon-peel grated, and a spoonful of milk or cream; thicken it with a little butter and flour, mixed gradually with the gravy; season it with salt and a little lemon-juice, and Cayenne pepper. Put in the minced veal, and let it simmer a few minutes. Serve it up with sippets of bread, and garnish with sliced lemon.—*Housekeeper's Manual.*

SALMON BOILED.—Take out the liver, put it by, and boil it in a separate saucepan. Wash and scrape the salmon well, put it into boiling water sufficient to cover it, with a little salt, take off the skum as it rises, and let it boil very gently. A piece of salmon will take nearly as long boiling as a whole one; the thickness, rather than the weight, being attended to. A quarter of an hour to a pound of fish is the time usually allowed; but a piece of ten pounds weight will be done in an hour and a quarter. Serve up with shrimp or lobster sauce.—Put any fish you

may have left into a deep dish, and cover it with equal quantities of vinegar and the liquor which drained from it on the dish, and some of the liquor it was boiled in, adding a little salt.

WASHING KID GLOVES.—Have ready a little new milk in one saucer, and a piece of brown soap in another, and a clean cloth or towel, folded three or four times. On the cloth, spread out the glove smooth and neat. Take a piece of flannel, dip it in the milk, then rub off a good quantity of soap to the wetted flannel, and commence to rub the glove downwards towards the fingers, holding it firmly with the left hand. Continue this process, until the glove, if white, looks of a dingy yellow, though clean; if coloured, till it looks dark and spoiled. May it to dry, and the fan operator will soon be gratified to see that her old gloves look nearly new. They will be soft, glossy, smooth, shapely, and elastic. We have hitherto included white and light-coloured gloves among our cheap articles, (while our dark kind, and especially black mourning gloves, should be of the very best and high-priced). But having had lately most gratifying proofs of this economical method of restoring soiled gloves to almost pristine delicacy, we abjure for ever all but the very best. N.B.—It is not indispensable to rub the gloves one way.—*Magazine of Domestic Economy.*

PARISIAN POMATUM.—Take two pounds and a half of prepared lard, and two pounds of picked lavender, orange, jasmine, or any flowers you choose, or a mixture of several of the sweet-scented kinds, and knead the lard and flowers together with the hands into as consistent a paste as can be formed of them: put the paste into a stone vessel with a narrow neck, and cork it very firmly; place the vessel in a water bath, and let it stand six hours; then strain the mixture through a linen cloth by means of a press, throw away the pressed flowers, and add two pounds more of fresh, putting them and the lard again into the same pot; repeat this process until you have used ten pounds of flowers. After having pressed the pomatum from the refuse of the flowers, set it in a cool place to congeal; pour off the juice extracted from the flowers, which will then be separate; and wash the pomatum in several waters, stirring it about with a wooden spatula until the last water is quite colourless; melt the pomatum in a vapour bath, let it stand in it an hour in a vessel well corked, then leave it to congeal; repeat this till the watery particles are entirely extracted; then add eight ounces of the best white wax, and melt the whole again in a vapour bath; fill it now into small pots, and cover them closely with wax bladder to prevent the air from penetrating. This is a most fragrant pomatum, and improves the gloss and luxuriance of the hair.—*Etiquette of the Toilette Table.*

WINTER EVENING PASTIMES.

SOLUTIONS TO THE CHARADES, RIDDLES, AND CONUNDRUMS IN OUR LAST.

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|---|---|
| <p>RIDDLES.
 1.—The Perch.
 2.—The Pike.
 3.—The Crab.
 4.—The Bel (heel) and the Sole.
 5.—The Palm.
 6.—Epigram.
 7.—Neville.
 8.—Eye service.
 9.—Precarious :— The words that can be made from it are—caries—precious—soup—sour—serious—and vice.
 10.—A corn (acorn).</p> | <p>5.—RT (heartly).
 6.—It is in famous (infamous).
 7.—Q (Kew).
 8.—L E G (leg and elegy).
 NAMES OF TOWNS.
 1.—Carlisle.
 2.—Stirling.
 3.—Raphoe.
 4.—Cardmarton.
 NAMES OF EMINENT MEN.
 1.—Wallace.
 2.—Rede.
 3.—Oliver Goldsmith.
 NAMES OF ANIMALS.
 1.—Rabbit.
 2.—Ounce.
 3.—Antelope.
 4.—Reindeer.
 5.—Flow-Wolf.
 6.—Moose.
 7.—Buffalo (os).
 8.—Panther.
 9.—(L) ass.</p> |
|---|---|

ANAGRAMS.

- 1.—To love rum.
- 2.—Great help.
- 3.—'Tis ye govern.
- 4.—The Bar.
- 5.—Old England.
- 6.—Sly Waro.
- 7.—*Honor est a Nido.*
- 8.—Comical trade.
- 9.—No more stars.

ENIGMAS.

1.—I have a bright head, though neither nose, mouth, nor eyes; I have a long body, but neither legs, feet, nor thighs.

2.—What is made into flour, and part of a house added to it?

ENIGMATICAL LIST OF BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

- 1.—A dark colour, and a covering for the head.
- 2.—To injure, and a white metal.
- 3.—A grain, and to search eagerly.
- 4.—To look pale, and the fore-part of the neck.
- 5.—A bright colour, a tree, and a small bird.
- 6.—A colour, and to move suddenly.
- 7.—Speedy.

RIDDLES.

1.—My body's taper'd fine and neat,
I've but one eye, yet am complete;
You'd judge me, by my equipage,
The greatest warrior of the age;
For when you have survey'd me round,
Nothing but steel is to be found;
Yet men I ne'er was known to kill,
Though ladies' blood I often spill.

2.—What is that which, while it lives, constantly changes its habit; that is buried before it is dead; and whose tomb is valued wherever it is found?

CHARADES.

- 1.—I am long, I am short; I differ in size:
I'm oft sent to guard what men highly prize;
I'm a place where learning and wit are displayed,
And truth to sordid pelf is as often betrayed.
I see the criminal, condemned, in his cell,
And hear his deep groans at the sound of his knell.
The thief shuns me, as his conduct betrays,
Yet a printer would hug me to the end of his days.
I'm a pin, and a rock that stands in the sea,
An inclosure where wine is oft found to be.
I stand in men's way, put my foot on their claim,
To wealth and to honour, to friendship and fame.
I'm found to exist in heraldic ranks;
The African negroes receive me with thanks;
A part of a horse, in music I'm found,
And men spend whole days for me underground.
In naval engagements I'm used with great force,
And tear all away that opposes my course;
And though I've sunk ships in facing the sea,
A child easily lifts and runs off with me.
2.—Some say my first is nothing, but I know
It has a meaning from the lips of woe;
My second you may take wide as you will,
O'er wilderness and garden, dale and hill;
The planets take it, as they roll on high,
And wand'ring comets, whirling through the sky.
No planet is my whole, although a sphere,
In shape resembling this our world, I bear.
3.—My first is a lie; my second is a lie,
My whole is the emblem of innocence.

CONUNDRUMS.

- 1.—Why are two laughing girls like the wings of a chicken?
- 2.—Why is a schoolmistress like the letter C?
- 3.—There has been but one king crowned in England since the Norman Conquest. What king was he?
- 4.—Why are a fisherman and a shepherd like beggars?
- 5.—Why does a miller wear a white hat?
- 6.—Who is that lady whose visits nobody wishes, although her mother is welcomed by all parties?

ENIGMA.—An emptiness of heart and mind.

IMAGINATION.—A propitious or fatal faculty which gilds or darkens the scenes of life, and the horizon of reality.

FACTS AND SCRAPS.

DRUNKENNESS.—Drunkenness expels reason—drowns the memory—distempers the body—diminishes strength—inflames the blood—causes internal, external, and incurable wounds—is a witch to the senses—a devil to the soul—a thud to the purse—the beggar's companion—a wife's woe—children's sorrow—the picture of a beast, and self murderer, who drinks to others' good health, and robs himself of his own.

PRIDE.—Few people have had a higher idea of their own importance than Clothaire, the son of Clovis, King of France. He had burnt his own son and his family alive, and the remorse from this harsh method of repentment brought him to his grave. When his end approached, he observed to his attendants, that "God Almighty must be very powerful to be able to destroy such a puissant monarch as himself. Some ages after, there died in England a Duchess of Buckingham, who having been informed by her chaplain, when on her death-bed, that in Heaven there were no particular allotments for Peers and Peersesses, said, "Well, well, put me in the right way to get thither, but I fancy it must be a strange place." These seem to have had kindred souls.

It is related of Derrick, the poet, that he was so fond of parade and finery that he always dressed in the extreme of fashion, keeping a footman who was dressed as superbly as himself. This footman always followed him in the streets, and he would cross a street several times at the same point, that the man might seem to follow him.

WICKEDNESS.—An ardent fire which dooms and blackens all it touches.

LIFE.—The dream of a shadow.

TRUTH.—Of all things the most worthy of the care and researches of man.

ILLUSIONS.—People talk of the fallacy of illusions, and yet are led astray by them. They are like insects, which avoid the broad clear light of day; but if they see a candle at night, are illured by it.

TRANSPORTATION A BLESSING.—An old Irishman who was convicted of one of those agrarian outrages that constantly distract the sister Isle, having been sentenced to fourteen years' transportation, bowed most profoundly to the bench, and thanked his lordship; "for, indeed," said he, "I did not think I had so long to live, till your lordship told me."

A notorious liar boasted of never having told a truth. "Thou hast told one now for the first time," observed a person who heard him, "and thus destroyed the only glory you had left."

MATRIMONY AND NATIONAL PROSPERITY.—The King of the Ashantees is allowed by law 3,333 wives, that being the precise mystical number on which it is said the prosperity of the nation depends.

THE AIR OF IRELAND.—Lady Carteret, wife of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in Swift's time, said to the Dean one day, "The air of this country is good." Swift fell on his knees and exclaimed—"For God's sake, madam, don't say so in England—they'll certainly tax it."

CHINA.—The Chinese at one time measured the irritable feelings of the English nation by the quantity of china broken in a year. A Chinese historian observes, "The merchants of Canton make the sale of their brittle ware the barometer of European passions, and as often as the sale augments they say, 'The last year has been a passionate one in England.'" China is not imported to the extent it was some years ago: our own manufactured articles and those of the Continent have superseded the demand for the brittle ware of Asia, and the wise men of the Celestial Empire now say, the English have subdued all their anger; they have no matrimonial strife, and seldom break cups and saucers.

When Edward IV was confined at Berkeley Castle, the Bishop of Hereford, in conjunction with the Queen and Mortimer, who knew that his keepers would not venture, without some authority, to proceed to the extremities they wished, sent them the following ambiguous order:—"Edwardum occidere nolite temere bonum est," which may be either construed "Fear not to kill Edward, it is a good thing," or, "Do not to kill Edward, it is good to fear it," according to the placing of the comma. Gurney and Maltravers translated it as was designed, and the murder of the unfortunate monarch ensued.

A SUBSTANTIAL YEOMAN.—At Pot Yates in Littledale (says the *Lancaster Guardian*), there is now residing a substantial yeoman, named Faithwaite, whose family have held uninterrupted possession of the same farm for nearly 600 years. Another yeoman family, the Parkinsons, residing at no great distance from the Faithwaites, are said to have owned and cultivated their land for a similar period. As a proof that the utilitarian spirit of the age is fast putting to the rout the chivalric associations of the past, it may be mentioned that the present head of the sect Parkinson is reported to have recently sold for old iron the armour in which his ancestor fought at Flodden Field.

PERSONAL APPEARANCE.—The deepest knowledge will not always command respect without some attention to personal appearance. Herman Buschius, a celebrated teacher of languages in the sixteenth century, was bitterly irritated at finding that the very persons, who had neglected to salute him when shabbily apparelled, paid him every possible respect when he had good clothes on. "Go," said he, tearing his clothes from his back, "wretched rags! must I owe to you, and not to my learning and character, the civilities which I receive?"

SINGULAR CASE OF POISONING.—The following extraordinary and ridiculous instance of poisoning was related to M. Dutens by an eye-witness:—"Lord Oxford kept a mistress, who was extremely capricious. One night, when in bed together, after quarrelling at supper, he was awakened by the cries of his mistress, who was beating her face and tearing her hair, at the same time exclaiming, that both he and herself were poisoned. This communication of course alarmed the duke, who summoned the servants, and dispatched messengers for several medical men, and, after having partaken freely of several powerful emetics, they were declared to be nearly out of danger, when they were surprised at the strange conduct of the woman, who burst into loud and immoderate fits of laughter; and after this subsided, she declared that neither her lord nor herself were poisoned, but she wished to be revenged on his lordship, and had chosen this manner, in which she had succeeded so well. Though this was a happy termination to this drama, yet his lordship, thinking it too serious a joke, and that she might think of putting it into effect afterwards, determined "never to sup with her again." K. D.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, No. 3, Catherine Street, Strand.

J. B. S.—Your favour has been received, but the majority have already appeared.

BONIFACE.—We may pick out one or two.

S. M.—Should have sent the solutions. If he will oblige us, we will insert his favour.

R. C.—Accept our best thanks for your kind contributions. They are very acceptable, and will soon appear.

P. T. O.—William Shakspeare died on the 23rd of April, 1616, aged 52.

A. D. E.—Adam—W. H. G. Manchester—Voltaire—Glasgow—W. H. K. Montreal—D. W. D. F. Forfar—W. H. L. Kegworth—J. G. Blinston—J. W. R. Leeds—T. S. N.—G. M. F. G. Putney—J. F. E. will be pleased to accept our thanks. If we find any thing to suit us, we will find a place for it.

Young Cuckertwoop.—Much too long for us. Accept our best thanks. Shall we send it to you by post?

JAMES OAK L.—Thanks for your anecdotes. In a short time it shall appear.

R. Y. (Liverpool).—We shall be at all times most happy to hear from you. Do not think that you are neglected, if you do not see yourself in print for a few weeks after we hear from you.

ALPHA.—Accept our best thanks. We are much indebted to kind friends at Leeds. Any thing sent must be gratuitous.

W. H. F.—Thanks.

G. W. K.—In reply to yours of the 6th inst., we beg to state it is our intention to go on with the "Tracts" as long as the public honour us with their patronage. Thanks.

H. FORSTER.—Not unless we can get something very good. It depends upon what the paper is sold at. The "Tracts" will be published in Parts, with an Index. Number 10 concluded Part I.

J. R. C.—The papers will be continued occasionally. At any of the book-shops you will obtain the various you require, with directions for its use, The Long Acre, near James Street.

D. W. D. F. and W. W.—Thanks.

NUMERA.—In No. 2, there is a difference. We were obliged to reprint, and not making the style in which the A was executed, it was omitted. Your writing is good enough for any purpose.

A. II.—AND ONE OF THE PEOPLE.—We are much obliged for your contributions.

H. J. LEPLASTRIER.—Thanks for your Riddles. We cannot insert your name, as required. We hope they will continue for ever. Ten numbers complete the First Part.

JACOBUS (Dublin).—Any gratuitous contribution will be thankfully received, and, if approved, inserted. Thanks for what you have sent.

J. R.—We do not intend to discontinue them. To your second question we cannot reply. You can calculate the price according to the numbers. Any bookbinder will tell you the cost of binding to your own taste.

R. H. C. J. II. W. AND W. R. accept our thanks.

W. R. W.—We cannot give you any information on the subject. You should write to the publisher of the work. We have never seen the publication you mention.

TILLY SLOWART.—Gratuitous contributions only. If approved of it shall appear No. 10, completed Part I. There is an Index, and an elegant paper wrapper.

OTICUS (Lynn).—All the London Reporters for the Houses of Parliament, Law Courts, and Police Offices, are short-hand writers. The former receive about five guineas per week during the sitting of Parliament, the others are paid a weekly salary, or so much per line—3d. a line is, we believe, the usual price. Accept our thanks.

EMIGRANTHUS (Glasgow).—We have given a receipt in a former number. Read Mr. Rowcroft's "Tales of the Colonies," published about four years since.

S. T. ALLNEY.—Accept our best thanks.

G. EMERSON.—We are much obliged by your communication.

H. II. W.—We have no interest with merchants. You should advertise for a situation.

J. W. R. (Manchester).—Thanks. Our Manchester friends are determined not to forget us.

MASKERA.—We hope our readers will amuse themselves by trying to find out the solutions to our Riddles, &c. We do not wish them to forward answers to them; if they did, we should have to employ a few hands to open all the letters we should receive, which already amount to 500 per week. Surely a week is long enough for the purpose—if not, some people would never "give it up." Accept our best thanks for your favours.

T. P. J. (Greenock).—We have no doubt but our "Master of the Riddles" will use your contributions—thanks.

C. H. T. (Liverpool).—We cannot increase our price. The circulation, a month since, was upwards of 50,000 weekly, and is going a-head at a marvellous rate. Mohammed, we will inquire for you.

K. D.—Thanks for your contributions. We do not take in letters unless pre-paid. We receive about 500 letters weekly.

C. W.—We have again to repeat, that we do not answer legal questions, having no wish to place our correspondents in difficulties. Apply to a respectable solicitor.

J. THORPE.—We cannot give the required information.

O'CARROLL (Dublin).—We thank you, and are glad to find we have admirers in old Ireland.

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TRACTS

For the People.

A WEEKLY MISCELLANY OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE AND AMUSEMENT.

No. 13 Vol. 11.]

SATURDAY, MARCH 11, 1848.

[PRICE ONE HALFPENNY.



LEICESTER ABBEY.

THE BURIAL-PLACE OF CARDINAL WOLSEY.

(Collected for the Tracts, by William Collier.)

THE Abbey of St. Mary de Prp, or de Pratis, was founded by Robert Fitz-Robert, or Robert de Bossu, Earl of Leicester, in the year 1143, in honour of the assumption of the blessed Virgin Mary, for canons regular

of the order of St. Austin. Its first endowment was in some degree from the estates which had been settled upon the Oostgate Church, originally founded within the castle of Leicester, to which other lands and rents were added, as will be seen in Dugdale's extracts from the nunnery register. King Stephen, King Henry II., and King John each gave to Leicester Abbey charters of

confirmation. Of the original abbey, or of its church, but little is known. Nichols' "History and Antiquities of Leicester" informs us that several kings have been entertained and lodged here in their journeys to and from the north; particularly a great entertainment and lodging was once given to King Richard II. and his queen, with their retinue, amongst which was the Duke of Ireland, Earl of Suffolk, Archbishop of Canterbury, Bishop of Chichester, &c. The principal chapel, dedicated to the Virgin Mary, was ornamented with paintings, the gift of William Grey, some time treasurer, who built a new ceiling to the choir and body of the church, and had the whole painted and ornamented.

Mr. Carte says: "Upon my inquiries about the place where Cardinal Wolsey was buried, he having died at Leicester Abbey, the most probable is that it was in the church which stood part of it in what is now a little garden, and the east end of it in the orchard, (which was formerly called the New Garden). No stone or memorial marks the spot where the remains of this once-powerful prelate rest. In a poem published by Storer in 1599, a curious prophecy is made, that one day the site of a chapel and the site of the grave would be an equal mystery. This prophecy, it will be seen, has been fulfilled."

The obscurity of Wolsey's burial place is thus alluded to by Bishop Corbet:—

"And though from his own store, Wolsey might have
A palace, or a college, for his grave,
Yet here he lies interr'd, as if that all
Of him to be remember'd were his fall
Nothing but earth to earth, nor pompous weight
Upon him, but a pebble or a quoit."

Within the last thirty years but little of the remains of this famous abbey have been left. The boundary-wall of the abbey, with a small portion of the gateway, were the chief remains existing of this ancient structure during the nineteenth century, and of these scarcely a vestige now remains.

WOLSEY'S FALL AND DEATH.

Thomas Wolsey, afterwards Cardinal Wolsey, is described by some writers as "an honest poor man's son of Ipswich;" and this poor man's son was generally supposed to have been a butcher. Shakespeare calls Wolsey "the butcher's cur;" and a painting of a dog gnawing the bone, or as it was properly called, the *spare-bone* of a shoulder of mutton, was placed in a window at Oxford, for the purpose of annoying the future Cardinal, who was at that time a member of the university in that city, where he was then known as the "boy bachelor," from the circumstance of his having been sent to Oxford at so early an age that he became a bachelor when only fourteen years old.

Fiddes, in his "Life of Wolsey," says: "The stories of Wolsey having been a butcher may

be fairly doubted." We believe the truth is, that Wolsey was the son of a private gentleman of Ipswich, where he was born in the year 1471. Be this as it may, the talents of this extraordinary man soon set all the disadvantages of his birth at defiance; and he proved this truth—that birth was by no means necessary to qualify a man for the highest distinction and honour, even at that period, in the world.

The fall of the mighty Cardinal was partly owing to his ambition, and his great and paramount desire to be made Pope, as well as to the envy excited by his enormous wealth, and, perhaps, above all, to the hatred of a woman—Anna Bullen. Whatever faults the Cardinal may have had, it is impossible not to feel for him in his reverse of fortune, especially as that reverse was brought upon him by his conscientious refusal to sanction King Henry VIIIth's divorce from his royal consort, Katherine of Arragon. In this respect he certainly showed inflexible virtue and constancy, and sacrificed his great fortune, his power, and his ambition, to a faithful discharge of what he considered to be his duty, thus proving himself to have been a man of honour and probity. It is certain, also, that during the Cardinal's power, he kept his royal master from committing those enormities which afterwards so much disgraced his character as a man and a king.

Amongst the earliest, and certainly far exceeding most memoirs in interest and importance, is "The Life of Wolsey, by George Cavendish, his gentleman usher." It was long a question who wrote this remarkable book; but the doubt was cleared up by Mr. Hunter, who found that it was written by the brother of Sir William Cavendish, a faithful follower of the great Lord Cardinal. There are ten MSS. in existence of this ancient work, but it has been very carefully edited by Mr. Singer. A few extracts of the most striking passages which relate to the great Cardinal's fall from power, and death at Leicester Abbey, will not be uninteresting to the readers of "Tracts for the People."

"The courtiers of Henry VIII. had procured the Cardinal's dismissal from London to the archbishopric of York, and Wolsey commenced his journey to the north in the beginning of the Passion-week of the year 1530. He travelled on horseback with his attendants, performing the offices of the church at Peterborough, and other places on the road. During his route he was sumptuously entertained by the nobles and gentry; and on his way from Scrooby to Cawood Castle, which is about seven miles from York, the Cardinal confirmed many hundred children, and performed various acts of charity. After Wolsey had resided for some time at the palace of Cawood, he settled to be installed in the Cathedral Church, according to the custom of his predecessors. Great preparations were made for the installation of the Cardinal, which

never took place. He was arrested some days before that which was fixed for the ceremony. The narrator of Cavendish says:—"Or ever I wade any further in this matter, I do intend to declare unto you what chanced him before this his last trouble at Cawood, as a sign or token given by God what should follow of his end, or of trouble which did shortly ensue, the sequel whereof was of no man then present either premeditated or imagined. Therefore, for as much as it is a notable thing to be considered, I will (God willing) declare it as truly as it chanced, according to my simple remembrance, at the which I myself was present. My lord sitting at dinner upon Allhallow day, in Cawood Castle, having at his board's end divers of his most worshipful chaplains, sitting at dinner to keep him company for lack of strangers, ye shall understand that my lord's great cross of silver accustomedly stood in the corner, at the table's end, leaning against the tappet or hanging of the chamber. And when the table's end was taken up, and a convenient time for them to arise; in arising from the table, one Doctor Augustine, physician, being a Venetian born, having a bounteous gown of black velvet upon him, as he would have come out at the table's end, his gown overthrew the cross that stood there in the corner, and the cross trailing down along the tappet, it chanced to fall upon Doctor Bonner's head, who stood among others by the tappet, making of courtesy to my lord, and with one of the points of the cross razed his head a little, that the blood ran down. The company standing there were greatly astonished with the chance. My lord, sitting in his chair, looking upon them, perceiving the chance, demanded of me, being next him, what the matter meant of their sudden abashment. I showed him how the cross fell upon Doctor Bonner's head. 'Hath it,' quoth he, 'drawn any blood?' 'Yea, forsooth,' my lord, quoth I, 'as it seemeth me.' With that he cast down his head, looking very soberly upon me a good while without any word speaking; at the last, quoth he (shaking of his head), 'Malum omen,' and therewith said grace, and rose from the table, and went into his bed-chamber, there lamenting, making his prayers. Now mark the signification, how my lord expounded this matter unto me afterward at Pomfret Abbey. First, ye shall understand, that the cross which belonged to the dignity of York, he understood to be himself; and Augustine, that overthrew the cross, he understood to be he that should accuse him, by means whereof he should be overthrown. The falling upon Master Bonner's head, who was master of my lord's faculties and spiritual jurisdictions, who was dammed by the overthrowing of the cross by the physician, and the drawing of blood, betokened death, which shortly after came to pass; about the very same time of the day of this mischance, Master Walshe took his horse at the court gate, as nigh as it could be judged. And thus my lord took it for a very sign or token of that which

after ensued, if the circumstance be equally considered and noted, although no man was there present at that time that had any knowledge of Master Walshe's coming down, or what should follow. Wherefore, as it was supposed, that God showed him more secret knowledge of his latter days and end of his trouble than all men supposed; which appeared right well by divers talk that he had with me at divers times of his last end."

The narrative thus proceeds:—"The time drawing nigh for his stallation, sitting at dinner, upon the Friday next before Monday on which he intended to be stalled at York, the Earl of Northumberland and Master Walshe, with a great company of gentlemen, as well as the earl's servants, came into the hall at Cawood. The earl having retired with Wolsey into his bedchamber, he laid his hand upon the Cardinal's arm, and said, in a trembling and faint voice, 'My lord, I arrest thee of high treason.'

"On the following Sunday the Lord Cardinal prepared himself to ride when he should be commanded." His parting from his faithful domestics is most affectingly described. Having shaken each of them by the hand, the cavalcade departed just as the night was drawing upon them. That he was kind to his poor neighbours cannot be doubted, for we are told that, when he was ready to set forward on his journey to London, the porter had no sooner opened the gates of his palace but there were seen assembled before it a multitude of people, in number about 3,000, crying out with a loud voice, 'God save your grace! evil be to them that have taken you from us!'—and then they ran after him through the town of Cawood, for he was there well beloved both by rich and poor. They rode on, in tribulation, till they arrived at Pomfret Castle, where they that night lodged. The next day they removed with my lord towards Doncaster, desiring that he might come thither by night, because the people followed him weeping and lamenting, and so they did nevertheless although he came in by torchlight, crying, 'God save your grace, my good lord Cardinal.' . . . And the next day we removed to Sheffield Park, where the Earl of Shrewsbury lay with the lodge, and all the way thitherward the people cried and lamented, as they did in all places as we rode before. . . . And my lord being there, continued there eighteen days after. Here the Cardinal fell ill; and it is evident, from the cautions observed, that those about him suspected that he intended to poison himself. Ill as he was, the Earl of Shrewsbury put the fallen man under the charge of Sir William Kingston, the lieutenant of the Tower, when the king had sent for the Cardinal, with twenty-four of his guard; and with this escort he departed on his last journey. And the next day he took his journey with Master Kingston and the guard. And as soon as they espied their old master in such a lamentable estate, they lamented him with weeping eyes.

Whom my lord took by the hands, and divers times, by the way, as he rode, he would talk with them, sometime with one, and sometime with another; at night he was lodged at a house of the Earl of Shrewsbury's, called Hardwicke Hall, in Nottinghamshire, very evil at ease. The next day he rode to Nottingham, and there lodged that night, more sicker, and the next day we rode to Leicester Abbey; and by the way he waxed so sick that he was divers times likely to have fallen from his mule; and being night before we came to the abbey of Leicester, where at his coming in at the gates the abbot of the place with all his convent met him with the light of many torches; whom they right honourably received with great reverence. To whom my lord said,

Father Abbot, I am come hither to leave my bones among you; whom they brought on his mule to the stairs foot of his chamber, and there alighted, and Master Kingston then took him by the arm, and led him up the stairs; who told me afterwards that he never carried so heavy a burden in all his life. And as soon as he was in his chamber, he went uncontinently to his bed, very sick. This was upon Saturday at night, and there he continued sicker and sicker.

"Upon Monday in the morning, as I stood by his bedside, about eight of the clock, the windows being close shut, having wax lights burning upon the cupboard, I beheld him, as me seemed, drawing fast to his end. He perceiving my shadow upon the wall by his bedside, asked who was there. 'Sir, I am here,' quoth I. 'How do you?' quoth he to me. 'Very well, sir,' quoth I, 'if I might see your grace well.' 'What is it of the clock?' said he to me. 'Forsooth, sir,' said I, 'it is past eight of the clock in the morning.' 'Eight of the clock?' quoth he; 'that cannot be,' rehearsing divers times, 'eight of the clock, eight of the clock.' 'Nay, nay,' quoth he at last, 'it cannot be eight of the clock, for by eight of the clock ye shall lose your master, for my time draweth near that I must depart out of this world.'

"Howbeit my lord waxed very sick, and often swooned, and, as me thought, drew fast toward his end, until it was four of the clock in the morning, at which time I asked him how he did: 'Well,' quoth he, 'if I had any meat; I pray you give me some.' 'Sir, there is none ready,' said I. 'I will,' quoth he, 'ye be the more to blame, for you should have always some meat for me in a readiness, to eat when my stomach serveth me; therefore I pray you get me some; for I intend this day, God willing, to make me strong, to the intent I may occupy myself in confession, and make me ready to God.' 'The dying man ate a spoonful or two. "Then was he in confession the space of an hour. And when he had ended his confession, Master Kingston bade him good-morrow (for it was seven of the clock in the morning), and asked him how he did. 'Sir,' quoth he, 'I tarry but the will and plea-

sure of God, to render unto him my simple soul into his divine hands.' 'Not yet so, sir,' quoth Master Kingston; 'with the grace of God ye shall live, and do very well, if ye will be of good cheer.' 'Master Kingston, my disease is such that I cannot live; I have had some experience in my disease, and thus it is: I have a flux, with a continual fever; the nature whereof is this, that if there be no alteration with me of the same within eight days, then must either ensue excoriation of the entrails, or frenzy, or else present death; and the best thereof is death. And as I suppose, this is the eighth day; and if ye see in me no alteration, then is there no remedy (although I may live a day or twain) but death, which is the best remedy of the three.' 'Nay, sir, in good faith,' quoth Master Kingston, 'you be in such dolor and pensiveness, doubting that thing that indeed ye need not to fear, which maketh you much worse than ye should be.' 'Well, well, Master Kingston,' quoth he, 'I see the matter against me how it is framed; but it I had served God as diligently as I have done the king, he would not have given me over in my grey hairs. Howbeit this is the just reward that I must receive for my worldly diligence and pains that I have had to do him service; only to satisfy his vain pleasure, not regarding my godly duty. Wherefore I pray you, with all my heart, to have me most humbly commended unto his royal majesty; beseeching him in my behalf to call to his most gracious remembrance all matters proceeding between him and me, from the beginning of the world unto this day, and the progress of the same; and most chiefly in the weighty matter yet depending (meaning the matter newly began between him and the good queen Katherine), then shall his conscience declare whether I have offended him or no. He is sure a prince of royal courage, and hath a princely heart; and rather than he will either miss or want any part of his will or appetite, he will put the loss of one-half of his realm in danger. For I assure you I have often kneeled before him in his privy chamber on my knees, the space of an hour or two, to persuade him from his will and appetite; but I could never bring to pass to dissuade him therefrom. Therefore, Master Kingston, if it chance hereafter you to be one of his privy council, as for your wisdom and other qualities ye are meet to be, I warn you to be well-advised and assured what matter ye put in his head, for ye shall never put it out again."

The narrative then goes on to exhibit a long speech of the Cardinal's against "this new pernicious sect of Lutherans." At last Wolsey said: "Master Kingston, farewell; I can no more, but wish all things to have good success. My time draweth on fast. I may not tarry with you. And forget not, I pray you, what I have said and charged you withal for when I am dead, ye shall peradventure remember my words much better." And even with these words he began to draw his speech

at length, and his tongue to fail; his eyes being set in his head, whose sight failed him. Then we began to put him in remembrance of Christ's passion; and sent for the abbot of the place to anoint him, who came with all speed, and ministered unto him all the service to the same belonging; and caused also the guard to stand by, both to hear him talk before his death, and also to witness of the same, and incontinent the clock strack eight, at which time he gave up the ghost, and thus departed he this present life. And calling to our remembrance his words the day before, how he said that at eight of the clock we should lose our master, one of us looking upon another, supposing that he prophesied of his departure."

The day after the Cardinal's death, his funeral was solemnized at Leicester Abbey. The body was taken out of the bed where it lay, having upon it next the body a hair shirt; besides this, a shirt which was of fine holland. The body lay in state all day, that every man that would might see him there dead; and at night he was interred by torch-light. According to some accounts, Cardinal Wolsey is said to have been poisoned shortly before his arrival at Leicester, while staying with the Earl of Shrewsbury.

"Here," says the narrative, "is the end and fall of pride and arrogance of such men exalted by fortune to honours and high dignities, for I assure you, in his time of authority and glory, he was then the haughtiest man in all his proceedings that then lived, having more respect to the worldly honour of his person than he had to his spiritual profession; wherein should be all meekness, humility, and charity, the process whereof I leave to them that be learned and seen in divine laws."

CHARACTERS FROM THE MSS. OF THE AUTHOR OF HUDIBRAS.

THE ACTOR

Is a representative by his calling, a person of all qualities: and though his profession be to counterfeit, and he never means what he says, yet he endeavours to make his words and actions always agree. It is his labour to play, and his business to turn passion into action. The more he dissembles, the more he is in earnest, and the less he appears himself, the truer he is to his profession. The more he deceives men, the greater right he does them; and the plainer his dealing is, the less credit he deserves. He assumes a body like an apparition, and can turn himself into as many shapes as a witch. His business is to be somebody else, and he is never himself but when he has nothing to do. He gets all he speaks by heart, and yet never means what he says. He is said to enter when he comes out, and to go out when he goes in. When he is off the stage he acts a gentleman, and in that only makes

his own part himself. When he plays love and honour in effigy, the ladies take him at his word, and fall in love with him in earnest; and, indeed, they may be truly said to fall in love, considering how much he is below them. Thus blows him up with so much vanity, that he forgets what he is; and as he deludes them, so they do him. He is like a motion made by a clock-work, the poor winds him up, and he walks and moves all his part is run down, and then he is quiet. He is but a puppet in great, which the poet squeaks to and puts in what posture he pleases, and though he is calling he but ministerial to his author, yet he assumes a mastery over him, because he sets him on work, and he becomes subordinate accordingly. He represents many excellent virtues as the light in his part, but knows no more of them than a picture does whom it resembles, his profession is a kind of metamorphosis, to transform himself out of one shape into another, like a tailor's sheet of paper which he folds into.

It is not strange that the world is so delighted with figures, and so adverse to truth, since the mere imitation of a thing is more pleasant than the thing itself, as a good picture of a bad face is a little better object than the face itself. All ornament and dress is but disguise, which plain and naked truth does never put on. W — and outpurses flock to him to ply for employment, and he is as useful to them as a mount bank is to an apple-woman. He is an operator of wit and dramatic poetry, and Jan Fricp [?] to the Muses. His prime qualifications are the same with those of a hair-confidante and a good memory, as for wit, he has it at second-hand, like his clothes. The ladies take his counterfeit passions in earnest, and accompany him with their devotions, as holy sisters do a gifted hypocrite at his holding forth; and when he gives the false alarm of a fright, they are as much concerned as if he were in real danger, or the worst were not past already. They are more taken with his mock love and honour than if it were real, and like ignorant dealers, part with right love and honour for it. His applause and commendation is but a kind of manufacture formed by clapping of hands; and though it be no more than men set dogs together by the ears with, yet he takes it as a testimony of his merit, and sets a value on himself accordingly. His harvest is the spring and winter, when he gets that which maintains him in the summer and autumn. A great plague is terrible to him, but a thorough reformation much more; in the one he is but suspended, but by the other abolished, root and branch.

An Irishman, possessed of a very treacherous memory, setting out on a journey, wrote in his memorandum-book: "Passing through Dublin, to remember not to forget to marry Miss —."

HUON, THE SERP.

A TALE OF OTHER TIMES.

HUON — The peasant, though of humble stock,
High Nature did ennoble.

COUNTRESS — Why art thou not a serf? What
right hast thou
To set thy person off with such a bearing,
And move with such a can? To give thy brow
The set of noble's, and thy tongue his posture?
KOWLER'S LOVE

PHILIP AUGUSTUS had laid siege to the Chateau Gaillard. Of all the fortresses of Normandy this alone held out, and the French monarch had sworn to carry into execution the sentence of forfeiture pronounced on his brother of England, King John, by his peers. This prince, who was at once an unnatural son, an ungrateful brother, and a murderous uncle, richly deserved the imitated vengeance of his liege lord and sovereign the King of France. The Chateau Gaillard, seated on the banks of the Seine, at a day's journey from Rouen, rose perpendicularly on a precipitous rock, three hundred feet above the level of the river. Richard Cœur-de-Lion had endeavoured to render the fortress impregnable. The rock on which it was built was inaccessible except on its eastern side, and on this works on so vast a scale, that they might well be termed two distinct fortresses, defended the donjon keep, which frowned defiance from the highest peak of the rugged cliff. To gain the castle, it was necessary first to force a triangular outwork surrounded by ditches, hewn out of the solid rock, of immense depth and width. This first outwork was flanked by five towers. Supposing this to be won, another enclosure, of a circular form, presented a formidable breast work to the assailants, on forcing which there yet remained the keep, composed of two enormous towers, one within the other, which would require at the least two separate assaults. Richard, after having employed eight thousand men on these fortifications, might well proudly exclaim, "How beautiful is my twelvemonth's child!" This lasting monument to the courage of its conquerors still rears its gigantic ruins, as if in mockery of the ravages of time, and the efforts of man.

For six months had Philip lain before it, and blockaded it with such stern prosecution that a number of the old and infirm, driven from the garrison on account of the scarcity of provisions, had been suffered to perish through want and exposure in the moat of the castle. Nevertheless his camp was the abode of plenty and of joy. Surrounded by minstrels and by troubadours, the gay monarch beguiled the tiresome monotony of a blockade with revelry and carousal. It was here that Lambert the Short, and Alexander of Paris, first sang to the King their lay of Alex under the Great, which they had so ingeniously composed in his honour, that they gave in marriage to the king of Macedon, Isabella, the consort of Philip. In the midst of a banquet, set off with

all the delicacies of the time—since neither the boar-head, nor the peacock, nor the cygnet had been spared—a man was suddenly brought into the King's tent, "surprised," so the sentinels reported, "lurking in the outskirts of the camp—without doubt a spy of John Lackland's."

"So," exclaimed Philip, "at length our vassal the King of England thinks fit to attend to the jeopardy of this castle, which he calls his. It is, however, somewhat late. Then, he checked himself, in order to examine the features of the prisoner. The latter was of mean stature, spare, straight, and compactly formed. His eyes were dark and fiery, and on his pallid countenance sat a mingled expression of scorn and of command.

"King of the French," he calmly said, after returning Philip's scrutiny with gaze as searching as his own, "I give myself to thee. The guests looked at each other in astonishment.

"In good time," said the king, "seeing that thou art already taken! And what art thou, to offer thyself as so precious a gift? What illustrious personage is concealed under that servile garb of thine?"

These words appeared to agitate him violently. It was strange to see the majesty which appeared to dilate his low and slender form, as if animated by a soul too vast for its frail tenement. The lofty stature and lordly brow of Philip, which spoke his regal dignity, ere he was known, were not more commanding than the puny frame of the exiled serf.

"What am I?" he retorted, in a tone of concentrated emotion—"I am a man!—a man! and as such I feel; understandest thou me, King of the French! But now," continued he, before his surprise suffered Philip to reply, "now will I tell thee all. Ten years have I served under the banners of the kings of England, and I am now but five-and-twenty. Short as has been my career in arms, it has been sufficient for me to strike to the heart many of thy proudest barons—for me, who am but a serf. My blow is as sure as theirs. Duty would bind me for ever to John, as it did to his lion-hearted brother, but he is a coward, and no coward will I serve. He abandons the defence of his finest fortress to a man who vainly relies on his assistance; and I came here with the intent of introducing myself into the castle, despite of thee, when I heard the crimes of King John, and the sentence of forfeiture pronounced by his peers. This sentence authorised me to lay down my arms, but not to turn them against my liege lord. I needed a more powerful motive to induce me to renounce my fealty to him. His satellite, who lords it in yon fortress, has furnished me with this motive—he has slain my father."

No one thought of interrupting this recital; even Philip seemed for the moment to forget that he was king. "Who, or what, then, is your father?" at last demanded the monarch.

a glance, rapid as lightning, spoke to the heart of Philip.

"A serf, a villain," was the reply, the tone of which, though low, was emphatic and sarcastic. "If but thy concubine, or the paramour of one of these noble barons, had brought him into the world, thousands would have bowed their heads before him. But he was the son of a serf, a thrall,—a something apparently less than man."

"But where is he, then?"

"Dead!—dead in those very moats which he had dug, perchance to engulf there you, and all your glory. For it was he reared this castle, the fame of which was of course to be ascribed to a king. True, Richard threw him gold as a recompense; and my father knew a vassal's duty—silence. Old as he was, he thought when the leaguer commenced he could aid in thy discomfiture; but, enfeebled by his numerous labours, he was thrust out of the fortress along with other useless mouths, and left to perish of famine, without even the comfort of his son's presence to cheer his dying moment. Can't tell not my business in thy camp?"

"But who will be guarantee for thy fidelity?"

The serf smiled. "My fidelity! dost thou doubt—but thou hast had no father to avenge, and honour is thine alone by king's right. But listen—it is reported that a grand assault will take place to-morrow against the first outwork. That my project may succeed, the wall must be carried, and I rely on thy success. If thou wishest proof of my fidelity, look at the lead of thy assailing columns—there shall I be."

The king gave way to the stern confidence of the thrall. He was pleased with his noble bearing; for princes, surrounded by nobles crouching at their feet, are unaccustomed to witness a will as free and daring as their own, and yield the more readily to the mastery of an elevated soul.

Philip ordered the dishes, as they were removed from his table, to be set before the stranger; and the honour was envied by the proudest present.

On the evening of the next day, everything was ready for a night assault. The soldiers marched, each laden with fascines cut from the neighbouring wood; and in a moment the fosse was filled, and cleared. But, arrived at the opposite side, the rock, which rose many many feet above them, stopped their progress, and it was found impossible to sap the tower, whose base was yet beyond their reach. Then our hero advances, draws his dagger, and, striking it in the rock, uses this and a spear-head alternately as a ladder by which to mount. The miners instantly second him, and, mangle the efforts of the besieged, ten men are quickly occupied in sapping the tower. In less than two hours their work was so far advanced as to permit them to set fire to the wooden support of the excavated part, and the tower fell in amidst the various cries of joy

and of distress which were raised by the besiegers and the besieged. The ruins served to fill up the fosse to a level with the rock; the French mounted the breach, and the soldiers of John fled to the second breastwork. Our hero was the first to mount to the assault, and when he saw the king vainly endeavouring to keep pace with him—"Well, Philip," did he say, "dost thou believe me now?"

The well-pleased monarch threw him a heavy chain of gold, which the serf instantly trampled under his feet. "These kings are all alike! Gold for blood, and blood for gold, is their only motto! Philip, had I not seen thee on the breach, sword in hand, I should despise thee even as I do John." Philip hesitatingly promised him rank and honour, yet blushed as he spoke, since he well knew such promises could not be kept. His confusion did him honour—Philip Augustus was something better than a king.

The besieged had not yet recovered from their surprise, when the warrior came to report to the king that, God and St. Denis to aid, he trusted on this very night to throw open to him the gates of the second fortification. He ordered two large fires to be lighted on the summit of the hill which commanded the castle, about four bowshots from the first outwork, as well to afford light to his own soldiers as to divert the attention of the enemy. The troubadours, jugglers, and dancing women who had followed the camp, were assembled round these fires, and every demonstration given of a night to be spent in unbridled license and festivity, in order to divert the besieged from any suspicion of further attack. Meanwhile there glided along the fosse, crouching and winding like serpents, three men, determined to do or die. Facing the river, between the eastern and the southern side, our hero had perceived, about eight feet above the rock, an opening, narrow as a loop-hole, but which he concluded must necessarily become wider on entrance. It was protected by an enormous bar of iron. Eight feet higher was another opening, made the preceding year, to admit the light into a magazine constructed by order of King John. "That be our mark," cried the serf. His two followers answered by their looks, and bound themselves to the task in silence.

It was necessary to scale the rock from the fosse for upwards of thirty feet, and with their daggers they hollowed steps by which to ascend. On reaching the top of the rock, they found themselves on a platform scarcely two feet wide, on which it would have been impossible to have fixed ladders, even could they have brought them. Not a word was breathed; but they could already see the reflection of the fires, whose light struck the donjon keep, sixty feet above their heads. They paused a few moments to recruit their strength, and contented some short space for the labour of mounting first. Our hero, who was the shortest in stature, was constrained to give way; and the taller of his two comrades, mounting on the

shoulders of the other, reached the first opening. Long was he before he could remove the ponderous bar, and this being effected, the aperture was too narrow for him to pass: it opened, too, into a drain. "Impracticable!" exclaimed the man. "Impracticable!" murmured his companion, in a low and querulous tone. Suddenly the looks of our hero became animated. "'Tis my turn; cling you to the bar, and prepare to support my weight;" then, using the brawny shoulders of the two as a ladder, he endeavoured to reach the second embrasure. "Impossible!" he was on the point of crying, for he found himself two feet from the loop-hole, when he beheld him of the cord he carried fastened to his girdle.

It was a fearful sight to behold these three men poised in the air, whom one false step would have precipitated countless fathoms into the abyss below. This was no time for hesitation. The serf whirled the cord with practised hand, so as to entwine it in the grating; then raising himself up by it, began to ply the file. But human strength could not endure this position long. He had but one hand to support the entire weight of his body, whilst with the other he vainly strove to saw through the massy bars. "Quick," did he cry, "quick, give me the bar you forced from the drain below." Inserting this within the grating, it served him as a seat, and the work sped rapidly on. Bar after bar was removed, and at length the three have gained the magazine.

Despite the fires and the clamour which arose from the crowds collected around them, the accidental falling of the last bar into the river beneath attracted the attention of the sentinels; and, ignorant of the force which might have entered, the besieged took the resolution of setting fire to the door of the magazine, and thus burning all within. But it was too late. The door was quickly dashed to pieces, and, fighting their way to the gate, the valiant three gave possession of the second enclosure to the expecting Philip.

Two days afterwards, a general assault, directed and headed by the serf, made the King of the French master of the keep, and with it, of the Chateau Gaillard. Our hero traced on the wall with the point of his sword, dripping with English blood, the name of Huon.

What was his fate? History has scarcely preserved his name. Huon was born six hundred years too soon!

THE ORIGIN OF GLASS.—It is wonderful how much we are indebted to chance for many very valuable discoveries. The art of making glass was discovered in this way. As some merchants were carrying a quantity of nitre they halted near a river issuing from Mount Carmel. Not readily finding stones to rest their kettles on, they used some pieces of nitre for that purpose. The fire gradually dissolving the nitre, it mixed with the sand, and a transparent matter flowed, which, in fact, was no other than glass.

REAL THOUGH ROMANTIC.

Two families well known in the aristocratic world of Paris, and bearing the names S—y and M—al, were separated not only by political hatred, but also by private interests, a lawsuit of great moment pending between them. They detested one another cordially, in a style, indeed, worthy of the Montagues and Capulets. M. de S—y, jun., a young Master of Requests in the Council of State, chanced to meet Mme. de M—al in a drawing-room, without knowing her. He thought her a charming young widow, paid her assiduous attention, and followed her every where. Mme. de M—al, who had observed his assiduity, responded to it in such a manner as not to deprive him of all hope. A very witty woman, well aware of the enmity existing between the families, had amused herself by protracting the mutual error of two foes who adored one another. She had contrived to give the youth a fictitious name with the *Jehet*, and the young widow had also been introduced under a false one to the *Romeo* of the Council of State. All was proceeding in the most prosperous manner: the lovers met, adored one another, swore eternal attachment, always at the house of the lady who enjoyed her intrigue. One day, however, the truth came out, when M. de S—y and Madame de M—al discovered that they were bitter enemies. What was to be done? The young gentleman would willingly have made the first advances towards a reconciliation, but he dreaded a repulse. The handsome widow, on the other hand, felt much more affection than hostility in her heart, but could only wait for the overtures of a beloved foe. "Neither being willing to make the first advances the intercourse was suspended, and ennui and melancholy prevailed on both sides. In a short time, however, the youth's love seemed to have vanished, and made room for the old hereditary hatred. M. de S—y gave his whole attention to the lawsuit pending between the families. After most desperate efforts he won it, and thereby ruined Mme. de M—al. The handsome widow, still less concerned about the loss of her fortune than hurt at the conduct of her late worshipper, was preparing to quit Paris and retire into the family of her husband, when M. de S—y waited on her, to her great astonishment, and, demanding her hand, assured her that he had gained possession of her property only that he might be able to restore it to her. The marriage took place soon afterwards, at the church of St. Thomas d'Aquin. This story may seem improbable, but we can vouch for its truth. Had it not been a fact, we should have given it a less common-place denomination. Surely, after this, the age of chivalry cannot have quite gone by!

A single odour awakens a whole host of old associations; it has more influence than even the eye upon the imagination.

REMARKABLE CASES OF
FRAUD AND IMPOSTURE.

No. 3.—SECOND BOOK.

Soon after the accession of Louis the Sixteenth to the throne of France, Boemer, the court Jeweller, offered to his sovereign for sale a diamond necklace, valued at seventy thousand pounds sterling. The king conferred with his wife, the celebrated Marie Antoinette, and the royal pair declined the purchase, saying that they had more need of ships than diamonds. Notwithstanding this refusal, Boemer kept the necklace by him for some years, displaying all the time an almost frantic anxiety to find a buyer. The knowledge of these circumstances suggested to the mind of an unprincipled adventurer, named Madame de Lamotte, the scheme of an imposture, which, for consummate audacity and reckless villany, has seldom been equalled in the annals of crime. This woman was a descendant of the House of Valois, though her immediate ancestors had fallen into the lowest depths of poverty. The court, in compassion to her royal descent, allowed her a small pension. She became acquainted with the Cardinal de Rohan, who, struck by her air and address, and the circumstances of her birth, took much notice of her. The cardinal, who had given offence some time previously to the queen, was at this period excluded from all court favour, and often lamented the fact in conversation. Madame de Lamotte had the address to make him believe that she was an intimate friend of the queen, and often enjoyed the honour of private interviews with her. The cardinal entreated her to mention him favourably to her royal mistress. De Lamotte, flinging him such an easy dupe, began to attempt a still grosser imposition. She assured him that Marie Antoinette secretly wished to buy the necklace, and had only forborne to do so out of deference to her husband's economical inclinations.

Lamotte now proposed to the cardinal, as a means of gaining the queen's favour, that he should negotiate the purchase of the necklace with Boemer on her account. The cardinal expressed his delight at the scheme, provided he was assured of the queen's acquiescence in the affair. The infamous woman produced forged notes and letters in abundance, together with a specific order, purporting to be signed by the queen, empowering him to purchase the necklace off her account. Armed with these documents, he repaired to Boemer. The Jeweller proved a greater gull than the cardinal.

The ardent hopes and wishes of the two men—the one to regain the queen's favour, the other to dispose of his jewels—seem to have deprived them of all ordinary prudence, and to have inspired them with the most boundless credulity. Boemer transferred the necklace to the cardinal, who delivered it, as he imagined, into the queen's own hands. Madame de Lamotte had observed in the Palais Royale a young female, Mademoiselle d'Oliva by name,

who strikingly resembled the queen in external appearance. For a small reward, she was easily induced to personate the character of Marie Antoinette. She does not appear to have been admitted into the secret of the plot; but to have believed that she was acting a part, at the queen's desire, in a hoax played on the cardinal. The locality chosen for this scene was a retired summer-house in the park of Versailles—the time dusk. Trembling with hope and eagerness, the cardinal sunk at the feet of the fictitious Marie Antoinette, and presented her with the necklace. The queen, in a low and stifled voice, muttered her gratitude, and hoped that circumstances would soon allow her publicly to show him that favour which his obliging behaviour had already excited in her breast. Steps were heard approaching. The false queen started; and exclaiming that her brother-in-law, the Comte d'Artois, was coming to see her, ran off with the casket containing the necklace, leaving the cardinal overwhelmed with joy at his gracious reception.

Boemer, receiving no money, grew uneasy, and applied in an indirect manner to the queen, who, not understanding his hints, demanded explanation. An *éclaircissement* ensued. Boemer declared that the Cardinal de Rohan had purchased his necklace on behalf of the queen. The cardinal, when summoned to explain, gave up Madame de Lamotte as his authority. The latter brazened the matter out, and averred that she had given the necklace to a valet of the queen, but the man, when examined, flatly denied the fact. All the parties concerned were sent to the Bastille, and ultimately tried before the parliament of Paris, who, to the indignation of the court, acquitted the cardinal, Saghostro,* and Mademoiselle d'Oliva; and sentenced Madame de Lamotte to be whipped, branded, and imprisoned.

It is said that when George the Fourth was in the "high and palmy" days of early dissipation, he possessed a very small quantity of remarkably choice and scarce wine. The gentils men of his suite, whose taste was hardly second to their master's, finding it had not been demanded, thought it was forgotten, and, relishing its virtue, exhausted it almost to the last bottle, when they were surprised by the unexpected command that the wine should be forthcoming at an entertainment on the following day. Consternation was visible on their faces; a hope of escaping discovery hardly existed, when one of them, as a last resource, went off in haste to a noted wine-brewer in the city, numbered among his acquaintance, and related his dilemma. "Have you any of the wine left for a specimen?" said the adept. "O yes, there are a couple of bottles." "Well, then, send me one, and I will forward the necessary quantity in time; only tell me the latest moment it can be received, for it must be drunk immediately."

* To this celebrated impostor, we intend to devote a separate chapter.

The wine was sent, the deception answered; the princely hilarity was disturbed by no discovery of the fictitious potation, and the manufacturer was thought a very clever fellow by his friends.

The inventor of artificial pearls (made from the pearl-essence produced from the *bleak*.) was a head-maker at Paris of the name of Jaquin; the time, however, seems to be uncertain. These pearls could not have been very common in 1686, for we are told that, in that year, a marquis possessed of very little property, who was enamoured of a lady, gained her affections and carried his point by presenting her with a string of them, which cost only three *louis*; and which she, considering them as real ones, valued at 3,000 francs. The servant who advised the nobleman to practise this imposture declared that the fictitious pearls withstood heat and the moisture occasioned by perspiration, that they were not easily scratched, had almost the same weight as real ones, and that the person who sold them warranted their durability in writing.

The last time that Marie Antoinette visited the theatre in Paris, the wife of a financier, whose sole merit consisted in a heavy purse, and in an ostentatious display of Eastern magnificence, sat alone in a box opposite to that of the queen. On this occasion, *bourgeoise* paraded a costly pair of bracelets, which, as her majesty now and then cast her eyes upon her, she supposed attracted the admiration of the queen. She was hugging herself in thoughts that exceedingly flattered her vanity, when a person, dressed in the royal livery, entered the box. "Madam," said the stranger, "you may have perceived how attentively the queen has surveyed those magnificent bracelets, which, though so precious and costly, receive a far greater lustre from the dazzling beauty of the arm that bears them. I am commissioned by her to request you will lend me one of them, that her majesty may have a nearer view of the unparalleled jewel." Melted by the flattering compliment, and as it happened that the queen kept her eyes in a straight direction to her box, she did not hesitate, and delivered one of the bracelets. Alas! she soon lamented her blind confidence, and heard nothing more of her bracelet till the next morning, when an exempt from the police requested to be admitted, who clad her politely for trusting so valuable a trinket in the hands of a person whose name was unknown to her. "But, madam," added he, "make yourself easy—the rogue is taken up; and here is a letter from the lieutenant of police, which will explain the whole." The letter was signed *De Crow*, and contained a request that the lady would repair, at twelve o'clock, to the office, and, in the meantime, deliver, to the exempt he sent, the other bracelet, that it might be compared with the first, then in his hand, that he might have sufficient proof to commit the impostor. So much attention from the chief magistrate called up in her gratitude, which she expressed in the liveliest terms, bestowing the greatest praise

on the watchfulness of the police, which was in no country administered so effectively as in Paris. In fine, after ordering refreshment for the exempt, she put the other bracelet in his hand, and they parted; but it was for ever, the exempt proving neither more nor less than the worthy associate of the queen's polite messenger.

THE CZAR IVAN,

ON HOSPITALITY REWARDED.

THE CZAR IVAN, who reigned over Russia about the middle of the sixteenth century, frequently went out disguised, in order to discover the opinion which the people entertained of his administration. One day, during a solitary walk near Moscow, he entered a small village, and pretending to be overcome by fatigue, implored relief from several of the inhabitants. His dress was ragged, his appearance mean, and what ought to have excited compassion of the villagers, and ensured his reception, was productive of refusal. Full of indignation at such treatment, he was just going to leave the place, when he perceived another habitation to which he had not applied for assistance. It was the poorest cottage in the village. The emperor hastened to this, and knocked at the door; a peasant opened it, and asked him what he wanted. "I am almost dying with fatigue and hunger," answered the czar, "can you give me food and lodging for one night?" "Alas!" said the peasant, taking him by the hand, "you will have but poor fare here; you are come at an unlucky time; my wife is very ill, her cries will not let you sleep;—but come in, come in; you will at least be sheltered from the cold, and such as we have you shall be welcome to." The peasant then made the czar enter a little room, full of children; in a cradle were two infants sleeping soundly; a little girl, three years old, was sleeping on a rug near the cradle, while her two sisters, the one five years old, the other seven, were on their knees crying and praying to God for their mother, who was in a room adjoining, and whose piteous plants and groans were distinctly heard. "Stay here," said the peasant to the emperor; "I will go and get something for your supper." He went out, and soon returned with some black bread, eggs, and honey. "You see all I can give you," said the peasant; "partake of it with my children, I must go and assist my wife." "Your charity, your hospitality," said the czar, "must bring down blessings upon your house. I am sure God will reward your goodness." "Pray to God, my good friend," replied the peasant; "pray to God Almighty that she may have a safe delivery from all her sufferings; that is all I wish for." "And is that all you wish to make you happy?" "Happy! judge for yourself. I have five children, a dear wife who loves me, a father and mother, both in health; and my labour is sufficient to sup-

port them all." "Do your father and mother live with you?" "Certainly; they are in the next room with my wife." "But your cottage here is so very small."

The peasant then went to his wife, who an hour after happily presented him with a son. Her husband, in a transport of joy, brought the child to the czar. "Look," said he, "see what a fine, hearty child he is! May God preserve him as he has done my others!" The czar, sensibly affected by this scene, took the infant in his arms. "I know," said he, "from the physiognomy of this child, that he will arrive, I am certain, at a great preferment." The peasant smiled at this prediction, and at that instant the two eldest girls came, with their grandmother, to take him back. The little ones followed her; and the peasant kneeling down upon his straw, invited the stranger to do the same. In a few moments the peasant was in a sound and peaceful sleep; but the Czar, sitting up, looked around and contemplated everything with an eye of tenderness and emotion—the sleeping children and the sleeping father. An undisturbed silence reigned in the cottage: "What a calm! What delightful tranquillity!" said the emperor. "Avarice and ambition, suspicion and remorse, never enter here. How sweet is the sleep of innocence!" In such reflections, and on such a bed, did the mighty Emperor of the Russians spend the night!—The peasant awoke at the break of day, and his guest, taking leave of him, said, "I must return to Moscow, my friend; I am acquainted there with a very benevolent man, to whom I shall take care to mention your humane treatment to me. I can prevail upon him to stand godfather to your child. Promise me, therefore, that you will wait for me, that I may be present at the christening; I will be back in three hours at farthest." The peasant did not think much of this mighty promise, but in good nature of heart he consented, however, to the stranger's request.

The czar immediately took his leave; the three hours were soon gone, and nobody appeared. The peasant, therefore, followed by his family, was preparing to carry his child to the church; but as he was leaving his cottage he heard on a sudden the trampling of horses, and a rattling of many coaches. He looked out, and presently saw a multitude of horses, and a train of splendid carriages. He knew the Imperial guards, and instantly called his family to see the emperor go by. They all ran out in a hurry and stood before the door. The horsemen and carriages soon formed a circular line; and at last the state coach halted directly opposite the good peasant's door. Guards kept back the crowd, which the hopes of seeing their sovereign had collected together. The coach-door was opened; the czar alighted, and, advancing towards his host, thus addressed him: "I promised you a godfather; I am come to fulfil my promise; give me your child, and follow me to

the church." The peasant stood like a statue; now looked at the emperor with the mingled emotions of astonishment and joy, now observing his magnificent robes, and the costly jewels with which they were adorned, and now turned to the crowd of nobles that surrounded him. In this profusion of pomp he could not discover the poor stranger who had lain all night with him upon the straw. The emperor for some moments silently enjoyed his perplexity, and then addressed him thus: "Yesterday you performed the duties of humanity; to-day I have come to discharge the most delightful duty of a sovereign, of recompensing virtue. I shall not remove you from a situation to which you do so much honour, and the innocence and tranquillity of which I envy. But I will bestow upon you such things as may be useful to you. You shall have numerous flocks, rich pastures, and a house to enable you to exercise the duties of hospitality with pleasure. Your new-born son shall be my ward; for you may remember," continued the emperor, smiling, "that I promised he would be fortunate." The good peasant could not speak, but with tears of grateful sensibility in his eyes, he ran instantly to fetch his child, brought him to the emperor, and laid him respectfully at his feet. This excellent sovereign was quite affected, he took the child in his arms, and carried him to church; and after the ceremony was over, unwilling to deprive him of his mother's nourishment, he took him to the cottage and ordered that he should be sent to him as soon as he should be weaned. The czar faithfully observed his engagement, caused the boy to be educated in his palace, provided amply for his future settlement in life, and continued ever after to heap favours upon the virtuous peasant and his family.

CITY LOCALITIES.

THE STANDARD, in Cheapside, stood nearly opposite to Honey-lane, and was a place of execution. From this Standard, in 1439, Eleanor Cobham, wife to Humphrey, the good Duke of Gloucester, being charged with sorcery and other things, walked barefoot, with a lighted taper in her hand, to Saint Paul's. Here too Queen Anne Boleyn, in her passage to her coronation, was received by pageants representing Pallas, Juno, and Venus, and was presented with a golden ball, divided into three parts, signifying wisdom, riches, and felicity.

MOORGATE was, in the time of Edward the Second, of so little value, that the whole was let at the rent of four marks a year. It could only be passed over by causeways, raised for the benefit of travellers.

LITTLE BRITAIN, or Bretagne-street, was so called on account of its being the residence of the Lords and Dukes of Bretagne in ancient

times. In 1664 there were no less than 460 pamphlets published in Little Britain.

JEWIN STREET was anciently called the Jews Garden, and was the only burial-place allowed them in England. But in the year 1177, Henry II. permitted them to have such a ground in any part where they dwelt.

WESTCHEAP CONDUIT stood between Bucklersbury and the Poultry, and brought the first supply of sweet water from Paddington.

MILK STREET is supposed to have been a milk-market. It is interesting as being the birthplace of Sir Thomas More, lord chancellor of England.

GRUB STREET was formerly called Grape Street: here John Fox compiled most of his *Martyrology*.

LOTHURBY derives its name from a court anciently kept there.

BILLET LANE was originally called Belzeter Lane, after its founder.

BARBICAN was originally a Roman *specula* or watch, and held by Edward the First, as one of his castles. The Earls of Bridgewater had a house in Barbican, with an extensive garden. Pennant says "Bridgewater House was burnt down in 1675, and Lord Brackley, eldest son of the then earl, and a younger brother, with their tutor, unfortunately perished in the flames." The family name is partly preserved in Brackley Street, running from Bridgewater Gardens to Golden Lane.

BUCKLESBURY was so called from a manor and tenement belonging to a person called Buckle, who lived there. This was a manor, and supposed by Stowe to have been a large stone building, a part of which remaining in his time, on the south side of the street, was called Old Barge, from a sign hanging near the gate; for when Wallbrook was open, it is supposed that barges were towed up here. On the north side of the street, opposite to Bucklesbury, stood a strong stone tower called "Cornat's Toure." Edward the Third, in the eighteenth year of his reign, made this place his money-exchange, &c.

ALDERMANBURY, is said to have been the place where the first bury or hall for the meetings of the aldermen was situated.

TOKEN HOUSE YARD is named from an old house which was an office for the delivery of tradesmen's farthings of token.

RED CROSS STREET was so called from a cross which stood near the end towards Golden Lane. In this street the retired Abbot of Ramsey had his town-house. It was afterwards called Drurie House, from its having been in after-times the residence of Sir Drevil Drurie.

GUOCEN'S ALLEY was formerly called Coney Hope Lane, from a rabbit-market. At the corner of this lane was the chapel St. Mary Coney Hope. In the Poultry near this spot stood Scalding Alley, formerly a large house in which fowls were scalded preparatory to their being exposed for sale.

THE MIDDLE AGED MAN.

SHOULD we trouble our heads when the first tinge of grey

Gently hints that full half is expired of our span?

We have had, and enjoyed (while it lasted) our day,

Nor is all the mirth spent of the *Middle-aged Man*.

Lively feats, the bold jump, the brisk dance, are not ours,

Our pleasures are formed on a quieter plan;

In the mind's calm enjoyment, the frame's waning powers

Are more than made up to the *Middle-aged Man*.

Whilst we haunt, less and less grand assemblies and feasts,

In snug social meetings we mix when we can;

Not Commis's cup that transforms men to beasts,

But the temperate glass cheers the *Middle-aged Man*.

Fair usurpers of hearts, we are not (let me say), estranged from your empire, nor under its ban,

Ye prefer younger subjects, and rightfully may,

Though the faintest oft smiles on the *Middle-aged Man*.

We still have our passions, but, reason our guide—

The harsh we keep under, the gentle we fan,

Kind affections are cherished, re-entiments subside,

And the charities grow in the *Middle-aged Man*.

For wisdom and goodness, in mortals to seek,

We forbear, who have learnt on our nature to lean:

Since young men are headstrong and old men are weak,

They are found, if at all, in the *Middle-aged Man*.
ÆLÆT. 46.

POPULAR SIMILIES.

As flat as a flounder, as round as a ball;
As blunt as a hammer, as sharp as an awl,
As red as a terlet, as safe as the stocks,
As bold as a thief, as sly as a fox,
As grey as a badger, as green as a parrot;
As long as my arm, as short as a carrow;
As tame as a rabbit, as wild as a hare;
As round as an acorn, decay'd as a pear;
As fresh as a daisy, as sweet as a nut;
As bright as a ruby, as bitter as soot;
As strait as an arrow, as crook'd as a bow;
As yellow as saffron, as black as a sloe;
As brittle as glass, as tough as a gristle;
As neat as my nail, as clean as a whistle;
As wide as a river, as deep as a well;
As still as a mouse, as loud as a bell;
As sure as a gun, as true as a clock;
As frail as a promise, as firm as a rock;
As brisk as a bee, as dull as an ass;
As snail as a tick, as solid as brass;
As lean as a greyhound, as rich as a Jew;
And ten thousand similes, equally new.

Mad-houses, or houses for the reception and cure of insane persons, seem to have been first established in the east. Zimmerman, in his work on solitude, says that as early as the year 491 there was a house of this kind at Jerusalem, the chief object of which was to take care of such monks as became insane in the monasteries, or such hermits as were visited by the same affliction in the deserts.

USEFUL RECIPES.

TO MAKE TRACING-PAPER.—Take two ounces of the true Canada balsam, and dissolve them in about four ounces of spirits of turpentine, in a basin or sauc-like vessel; take a quire of the best silver (not tissue) paper; spread it out smooth, and with a clean brush (what painters call a *ground-tool*) pass over every part of the upper sheet of paper with the varnish, and, with the same brush, (made as dry as it can be scraped against the sides of the basin,) rub every part of the varnish well into the paper; then turn the sheet over, and with the dry brush rub over the other side also. Enough of the varnish will have pierced through from the upper side to wet the under side also, and, indeed, the second and third sheets, which is the reason why I spread out the whole quire of paper at once; by that means a great part of the varnish will be saved. When the upper sheet is done on both sides, hang it on a pack-thread line to dry (which will be in about twelve hours); proceed with the others in the same manner.—*R. Ebbels.*

TO TAKE OUT GREASE FROM THE LEAVES OF BOOKS.—After having warmed the paper stained with grease, wax, oil, or any fat body whatever, take as much of it out as possible by means of blotting-paper. Then dip a small brush in the essential oil of well rectified spirits of turpentine, heated almost to ebullition, (for when cold, it acts but weakly,) and draw it gently over both sides of the paper, which must be kept warm. This operation must be repeated as many times as the quantity of the fat body imbedded by the paper, or the thickness of the paper, may render necessary. When the greasy substance is entirely removed, recourse may be had to the following method to restore the paper to its former whiteness, which is not completely restored by the first process.—Dip another brush in highly rectified spirits of wine, and draw it in like manner over the place which was stained, and particularly round the edges, to remove the border, that would still present a stain. By employing these means with proper caution, the spot will totally disappear, the paper will assume its original whiteness, and, if the process has been employed on a part written on with common ink, or printed with printer's ink, it will experience no alteration.

SPRATS AS ANCHOVIES.—Take a peck of fine fresh sprats, pick out the small ones and refuse carefully, and, without either washing or wiping, put them into a wide jar without a neck—having previously taken the heads off and drawn the gut—and scatter between each layer the following mixture:—Common coarse salt, one pound; saltpetre, two ounces; bay salt, one pound; sal-prunella, two ounces; cochineal, powdered finely, two ounces. Let them be founded separately, and mixed with great care, and thoroughly. Fill the jar up to

the top after you have repeatedly pressed down the contents, and cover them with bay salt, and then tie the bladder or leather over all. In three months you must take distilled water, one quart, in which you will dissolve a pennyworth of bright red bole armeniac, and grind it until no sediment remain; you may then, but not till then, pour it over the sprats; and when it has saturated the fish and reached the bottom, turn the jar upside down, having secured the mouth, and so on every day, for a week; after this they will be fit for use, but always keep the fish covered with the damp salt.—*Robinson's Whole Art of Curing, Pickling, and Smoking Meat and Fish.*

METHOD OF CLEANING OLD BRASS-WORK, AND PREPARING IT FOR RE-LACKERING.—Boil first a strong lye of wood ashes, in which you may strengthen by a small quantity of soap-lies. Put in your old brass-work, and the lacker will immediately come off. Have ready at the same time a pickle of aqua fortis and water, strong enough to take off the dirt; wash the brass immediately after in clean water, and then dry it well, and lacker it.

A WINTER COMFORT.—Take a quart long stone bottle, let it be filled with boiling hot water, with a good cork, wrap it up in two or three folds of flannel or woollen cloth; this done, about half an hour before bed-time introduce it between the sheets of the foot of the bed. This mode of warming the interior of beds about the feet is far more pleasant and healthy than by coals in warming-pans, the effluvia of which has long been considered very unhealthy. The water thus bottled (in a clean bottle) will be found to retain its heat till the next morning, sufficient for any purpose required, whether for shaving, washing, or drinking, &c. the flannel acting on the outside of the bottle as a non-conductor to heat, which renders it a most comfortable and desirable winter bed-companion, and, to many persons who have cold feet, a valuable acquisition.

CURE FOR A COUGH.—A patient, who, for nearly two months, could not pass a night in quiet without large doses of laudanum, has been cured of a most harassing cough by suet boiled in milk,—a domestic remedy, the efficacy of which I have often had occasion to notice, and which, from its simplicity and harmlessness, well deserves a place in every family book of recipes. Were more attention paid to these seemingly trivial facts, the art of healing would attain a greater degree of certainty and perfection than it can boast.

TO MAKE IMITATION ROSEWOOD.—Brush the wood over with a strong decoction of logwood, while hot; repeat this process three or four times; put a quantity of iron filings amongst vinegar; then with a flat open brush, made with a piece of cane, bruised at the end, or split with a knife, apply the solution of iron filings and vinegar to the wood in such a manner as to produce the fibres of the wood required. After it is dry, the wood must be polished with turpentine and bees'-wax.

WINTER EVENING PASTIMES.

SOLUTIONS TO THE CHARADES, RIDDLES, AND CONUNDRUMS IN OUR LAST.

ENIGMAS.

- 1.—A Canoe.
- 2.—Cornwall.

NAMES OF BIRDS & FISHES.

- 1.—Black-caps.
- 2.—Marlin.
- 3.—Corn-rake.
- 4.—White throat.
- 5.—Yellow-willow wren.
- 6.—Red-start.
- 7.—Swift.

RIDDLES.

- 1.—A Needle.
- 2.—Silk-worm.

CHARADES.

- 1.—A Bar.

2.—Orange.

3.—Lily.

CONUNDRUMS.

- 1.—They have a merry-thought between them.
- 2.—The forms classes into classes.
- 3.—James the First He was king of Scotland before he became King of England.
- 4.—They live by hook and by crook.
- 5.—To cover his head.
- 6.—Miss Fortune's misfortune.

RIDDLES.

Emblem of youth and innocence,
With thorns encloved, for my defence,
And with no care oppress'd;
I boldly spread my charms around,
Till some rude lover breaks the mound,
And takes me to his breast
Here soon I sicken and decay,
My beauty's lost, I'm turned away,
And thrown upon the street;
Where I despised and rolling lie.
Am trampled on by passers-by,
And num'rous insults meet.

Ladies, contemplate well my fate,
Reflect upon my wretched state,
Implore th' Almighty's aid,
Lest you (which Heaven forbid!) like me,
Come to contempt and nursery,
Be ruin'd and betrayed.

Three feet I have, but ne'er attempt to go,
And many nails thereon, but not one toe.
Take me entire, my salutary juice
In medicine will prove of sovereign use.
Divide me,—that does such a change create,
I'm found pure water in a double state.

I counterfeit all bodies, yet have none;
Bodies have shadows, shadows give me one;
Loved for another's sake, that person yet
Is my chief enemy, where'er we meet;
Thinks me too old, though blest with endless youth;

And, like a monarch, hates my voice,
Lies, in this sweet tale, in speaking truth.

CONUNDRUMS.

- 1.—Why is Lord John Russell like a lemon?
- 2.—Why are there three objections to taking a glass of brandy?
- 3.—Why is the letter S like a dinner?
- 4.—What people can never live long, nor wear great-coats?
- 5.—Why is a poet like a toy?
- 6.—When are soldiers not soldiers?
- 7.—What trade should be recommended to a short person?
- 8.—Why is a tailor who does all sorts of work for all sorts of customers, like a chief drain?

THE MAGIC CIRCLE.

Say you can place a person in the centre of a room, and draw a circle of chalk round him, not exceeding three feet in diameter, yet out of which he shall not be able to leap, though his limbs shall be perfectly free. If the party endeavour in vain to guess how you can do it, and gives permission for you to try, then desire him to button his coat and close his eyes; endeavour to divert his attention, while with a piece of chalk you draw a circle round his waist, and then tell him to jump out of it!

TRANSPOSITIONS.

- 1.—Hard case.
- 2.—Made in pint pots.
- 3.—The war.
- 4.—The Law.
- 5.—I mean to rend it.
- 6.—Truly he'll see war.
- 7.—Nay! I repeat it.
- 8.—O! sour hope.

CHARADES.

My first is a place where no promises bind;
My second is toss'd by each wavering wind;
My whole is unstable as friendship or weather;
And those who trust to it rely on a feather.
My first is a substance that's light;
My second makes many things tight;
My whole is the key to delight.

REBUS.

The tail of a cat,
The head of a rat
With part of a candle.
One end of a cable,
The top of a table,
The heel of a sandal.
The head of a fox,
One-half of an ox,
The mouth of a river
The point of a dart,
One-fifth of a chart,
A piece from a quiver.
The commencement of pleasure,
The support of a measure,
The beard of an oyster,
Part of a wizard's spell,
The bottom of a well,
The part of a cloister.

SHERIDAN'S MODE OF BORROWING AND REPAYING.—Sheridan's manners were so engaging that, do what he would, he could not offend. In fact, he could not make enemies. If any one came to request repayment of a loan, he borrowed more. A cordial shake of his hand was a receipt in full for all demands. He could "cancel his smiles for drachmas," cancelled bonds with *bon mots*, and gave jokes in discharge of a bill. A friend of his said, "If I pull off my hat to him in the street, it costs me fifty pounds; and if he speaks to me in the street, it's a hundred!" "Pa, do storms make malt liquors?" "No, child, why do you ask?" "Because I heard Ma tell Jane to bring in the clothes, for a storm was brewing."

FACTS AND SCRAPS.

WAR AN EVIL AND A BLESSING.—In *Le Corsaire* of Wednesday the following remarkable sentiment appears:—“War kills men and all men deplore the loss; but war also crushes bad principles and tyrants,” and so saves societies.

THE RAVEN.—Buffon states the raven's life as two hundred years. The other day a gentleman captured one; round its neck was a silver plate with an inscription in English:—“This raven, caught by Captain Duncan, of the Scotch Guards, in garrison at Rheims, was set at liberty Jan 7, 1618.”

Lord Campbell, in his “Lives of the Chancellors,” says that Lord Tenterden, the celebrated judge, expired with these words on his lips:—“Gentlemen of the jury, you will now consider your verdict.”

“Guilty or not guilty?” asked a Dutch justice. “Not guilty.” “Den vat duyvel you do here? Go about your pizness.”

We sympathize more readily with excess of sorrow than with exuberance of joy. Sympathy increases with the former, not with the latter.

“Bill, what brought you to prison,—had liquor anything to do with it?” “Yes, sir, Eliza teased me, so I had to lick her.”

GOVERNMENT OF TEMPER.—Every human creature is sensible of the propensities to some infirmity of temper, which it should be his care to correct and subdue, particularly in the early period of life; else, when arrived at a state of maturity, he may relapse into those faults which were originally in his nature, and which will require to be diligently watched and kept under, through the whole course of life; since nothing leads more directly to the breach of charity, and to the injury and molestation of our fellow-creatures, than the indulgence of an ill-temper.—*Dr. Blair.*

The force of the explosion of gunpowder is owing to the sudden disengagement of gaseous products; these consist of nitrogen, carbonic oxide, carbonic acid, and sulphurous acid gases; and their volume has been calculated to amount to 2000 times the bulk of the powder.

A boatman once plunged into the water to swim with another man for a wager. His Newfoundland dog, mistaking the purpose, and supposing that his master was in danger, plunged after him, and dragged him to the shore by his hair, to the great diversion of the spectators.

Every man is not a proper champion for the truth, nor fit to take up the gauntlet in the cause of verity. Many, from an inconsiderate zeal unto the truth, have too rashly charged the troops of error, and remain as trophies to the enemies of truth.—*Sir Thomas Brown.*

A young lady, who missed her footing in stepping on board a Greenwich steamer the other day, and fell into the river, instead of sinking like a stone, floated like a water-fowl. She owed her safety to an inflated Mackintosh bustle.

A ROYAL STOMACH.—Louis XIV. would eat at one meal four plates of different soups, a whole pheasant, a partridge, a large plate full of salad, mutton gravy and garlick, two good slices of bacon, a plate of pastry, besides fruits and sweetmeats. What is an alderman's stomach compared with such a royal man?

We have a certain complacency in witnessing an air of defiance in a criminal before his judges, because he thereby lessens our consciousness of subjection to authority.

A FATAL MASQUERADE.—Charles VI of France gave a masquerade, in which himself and five courtiers played the part of satyrs, to resemble which they were clothed in close linen habits besmeared with rosin and then stuck with brown hair all over. One of the company in a frolic, touched one of these satyrs with a lighted torch as they were dancing in a ring; the consequence was that all the six masks of satyrs were instantly enveloped in flames, four of the six were burned to death on the spot, and the King never recovered the fright and disorder occasioned by the unfortunate circumstance.

LONDON MUD.—London mud is unlike the mud of any other city or town in the empire. The paving stones of the metropolis, for perhaps nearly half a century, have been imported in little blocks from the granite quarries of Aberdeenshire; this is ground down by the everlasting roll of waggon and other carriages, and the abraded particles of the metal, when moistened by a shower, assume all the adhesiveness of Roman cement. To remove it rapidly would require a brush with bristles of the strength of “heckle teeth;” and we have the authority of a commercial traveller for stating, that the London mud is well-known and cordially hated by the *Boots* of all the inns within 200 miles of St. Paul's. An article which is comparatively worthless elsewhere, is of much value here; and the sweepings of the streets are farmed out to contractors by the parish authorities, often at a high premium. The mud is sold for many purposes, but principally to be used as an ingredient in the process of brick-making, and thus a large sum of money is turned over by means of the very dust which we tread beneath our feet.

HAPPINESS.—Every man is happy, no matter what his circumstances, who is contented. Happiness does not depend so much on the art of getting much, as upon the art of being contented with what we have.

THE DANGLE OF TAPPING.—A physician having informed a dropsical patient that tapping was indispensable, and that he would perform the operation on a certain day, the man's son, a boy about nine years old, exclaimed: “Oh, father, father, do not let them tap you.” “Why, my dear it will do me good, and I shall live long in health to make you happy,” said the afflicted parent. “No, father, no, you will not,” rejoined the child, “for there never was anything tapped in our house that lasted longer than a week.”

THE REBUS.—The rebus, or representation of names by familiar images, was invented in Picardy, and imported to us by the English residing at Calais. This symbolical mode of describing proper names was in great use with the monks of those days, who sometimes made the analogy so remote as to require interpretation. Thomas Compton, abbot of Cirencester in 1480, in a window of stained glass which he contributed to our lady's chapel at St. Peter's in Gloucester, has his rebus (a comb and a tun) very frequently repeated. John Naileheart, abbot of St. Augustine's, near Bristol, in 1510, bore upon the escutcheon in his seal a human heart proper, pierced with five nails. Peacham's account of the rebuses invented during the reign of Charles the First is highly amusing. He tells us that, "Master Juggie the painter took to express his name a nightingale sitting in a bush with a scrowle in her mouth, wherein was written 'Juggie! Juggie! Juggie!'" "One *Foss-craffe* caused to be painted in his hall and parlour a foxe, counterfeiting himselfe dead upon the ice, among a company of ducks and goslings." "One Master Gutteridge drew for himselfe a giant standing in a gutter, and looking over the ridge of a house, which could not chuse but make *Gutteridge*." The same author says, "A churchwarden of St. Martin's in the Fields, I remember when I was in that parish, to express *Saint Martin's* in the Fields, caused to be engraved a martin (a bird like a swallow) sitting upon a molehill between two trees, which was St. Martin's in the Fields. It is there yet to be seen upon the communion cup."

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, No. 3, Catherine Street, Strand.

B. D. W. C.—If the interruptions you mention in your note interfere with business, give them up. One of your philosophic turns can make the hot bull and put something into it,—hang up philosophy. To your second question, certainly, if they please, you being under age.

W. D. S.—Accept our thanks for your character, and your good opinion of our work. We do not wish to adopt the plan of the paper you mention. Any thing you please to favour us with will meet with attention, and find a place, if suitable.

W. N. H. L.—Liverpool and London—captain and cabin-boy. Nothing but good conduct and the use of his limbs.

A. BRIGHTONIAN.—Cold water, ask a medical man.

J. JENKINS.—Ask Mr. Smith of the Strand; he deals largely in maps.

G. MARTIN.—Certainly you are, upon payment of one halfpenny.

THOMAS CHURCHWOOD.—Accept our best thanks for your very valuable contribution of the 19th February.

JOHN ST. NOTS.—Thanks. A little practice under a good master will make you a good penman; your style is good. It would be difficult to send the *lowest rate*, but for £50 a year well.

T. G. W.—Thanks.

A. B. C. (Rochdale).—State your case to Mr. Mahony of the Post-office; he is the only person who can give you redress.

J. M.—Thanks for riddles; rising rapidly, upwards of 60,000.

G. C. S. MILLS.—Accept our thanks. In this number; you have hit our taste.

A. LOVES OF INFORMATION.—We cannot give you the information you require.

E. W. D.—Thanks for your lines. We will find you a corner in the course of a few weeks.

A. B. (Edinburgh).—Thanks.

A. B. C.—Certainly, not. Seven at once; followed up in quick succession.

J. T. BRUCE.—We differ with you in *toto*, and are the best judges of what suits our readers.

C. C. M. (Dundee).—We will peruse your favour, and insert it, if approved of. Accept our best thanks.

J. C. (Chester).—Thanks.

R. W.—The smallest donation is always thankfully received.

J. T. L.—If you will take our advice, do not try any cosmetics. We never knew one that was good for anything—many of them change the colour of the hair to dark crimson and purple. Many thanks for your contribution.

MAZEPPE.—See answers to correspondents. No 6. In a month or two we shall double that. Accept our best thanks for Rebus, &c.

W. L. K. (Oxford).

"Blow, blow, thou wintry wind,
Thou art not so unkind, &c."

JAMES, J. S.—Our space is too limited for the subject you mention. To your second question, Algebra, by all means, ground yourself well in it, it will be of great utility to you.

WOODFORD.—Part the 1st is now ready, in an elegant wrapper, price 6d. We hope they will last as long as we live.

H. MORALIITY.—No obligation; it is, however, best to do so to secure the copyright. See Act of Parliament, "Copyright," at the Office, Lincoln's Inn-fields, price 6d.

HANER L. (Macclesfield).—Many thanks—all you send must be gratuitous.

J. R. G. B. (Dundee).—Please to address your letters to the Editor. Thanks for Canada.

W. CARPENTER.—Thanks, quite right. H. H. is also right on the same subject. We always give the solutions in the following week.

OLD NICK.—Bentley, New Burlington st., the price £1 11s 6d.

H. M. S. (Liverpool). We cannot afford room for your "bailor's Chest." Thanks.

W. B. T. K.—It shall be read, and, if approved of, inserted in a week or two. Thanks—take as many liberties of the same sort as you like.

W. H. GOGUE.—Thanks—they shall be read.

GEORGIUS.—Thanks—in the hands of our "Master of the Riddles." We shall be happy to read your MS. (if not too long); and if approved of, it shall be inserted. Please address your letters to the Editor.

A. YOUNKER.—If the sale increases at the rate it is going on, we don't know where it will stop, and "The Tracts" will be too good a speculation to give up. Our motto is, "Never say die." You can get the back numbers you require by writing to the publisher of the "London Standard."

F. E. V. Y.—Thanks.

R. G. I. J. H. HUTTON.—Glad to hear of W. T. W. S. S. "THE LIFT YEAR" are decorated with thanks.

ADRIAN.—"ST. PETER'S EYE." We believe that St. Peter's Eye failed neither before nor after Christmas.

X. X.—Yes,—at "Blind All-Fours" you cannot beg.

MOHAMMED. was born in the year of our Lord 571. We have no book by which gives the date of his death.

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TRACTS

for the People.

A WEEKLY MISCELLANY OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE AND AMUSEMENT.

No 14 Vol. II]

SATURDAY, MARCH 18, 1849

[PRICE ONE HALFPENNY



JARROW CHURCH.

VENERABLE BEDE.

BEDE was born A.D. 678, in that part of the Saxon Kingdom of Northumberland which now forms the county of Durham, and, according to tradition, in the neighbourhood of Monkton, a village about two miles to the south-westward of Jarrow, in the monastery of which he died,

A.D. 735. The illustration which appears here gives the reader a correct view of Jarrow Church. This church, which originally belonged to the monastery of Jarrow, is one of the oldest in the kingdom; it was founded in 681 by Benedict Biscop, who had founded another monastery at Wearmouth, dedicated

to St. Peter, about seven years before, according to an inscription of the period, now placed within Jarrow Church, over the arch of the tower, it was dedicated "to St. Paul on the 9th of the Kalends of May, in the fifteenth year of King Egfrid, and in the fourth of Ceolfred, abbot of the said church,"—that is, on the 22nd of April, 685.

Bede, when he was only seven years of age, was entered as an *alumnus*, or pupil, at the monastery at Wearmouth. At the age of nineteen he was ordained a deacon by John Beverley, then Bishop of Hexham; and at the age of thirty he was ordained a priest by the same prelate. Shortly after his admission to the priesthood, he appears to have removed to the brother monastery of Jarrow, where he continued to reside till the time of his decease, diligently employing himself in compiling glosses and expositions of the Scriptures, and in composing works for the edification both of himself and his brethren. At that time there were six hundred monks belonging to the monasteries of Wearmouth and Jarrow, and in most of the other monasteries of the kingdom, their number appears to have been proportionately great. Most of those monks were not priests, but a kind of intermediate class between the clergy and the laity, bound by a vow to yield obedience to their abbot, and to live a chaste and holy life. It may be remarked, that at the time of Bede most of the monks were accustomed to labour with their hands in the fields of the monastery, as well as to pray with their heart and voice in the church or the cell;—they mowed the hay, reaped and thrashed the corn, and also milked the cows and fed the calves. Under his instruction, Bede acquired such a knowledge of the Latin language as to be able to write it with clearness and ease; and it has also been said that he had a knowledge of Greek: if he had, it was very small, and certainly not beyond a mere knowledge of words as synonymous with others of Latin. By one writer he is represented as "trimming the lamp of learning, and irradiating the Saxon realm of Northumberland with a clear and steady light;" while another, who has recently edited a translation of a portion of Bede's works, professing to amend the language of the text, and in his own slipshod introduction supplying proof of his incompetence to perform the task, says, in his own peculiar style, that it "seems not a little surprising that one who had been so far removed from the place of his nativity, could so accurately describe those at a distance."

The writer who described Bede as "trimming the lamp of learning," might have represented him more truly and graphically, as a good-natured, garrulous old monk, of great but not accurate memory, beguiling the long winter nights by reading to the other monks in the common hall, with the aid of a rushlight, a huge volume of extracts, compiled by himself, from the works of the fathers;

varying his course of lectures with a chapter of his own Ecclesiastical History of the English Nation, "studied here and there with thumping miracles, for which he must be pardoned," as Bishop Nicholson charitably observes; and occasionally rounding them, when he perceived that they were becoming dry, with a narrative from the life of St. Cuthbert, which, as he has represented it, was nothing but a series of miracles from beginning to end. To speak without figure, he is, in his purely theological works, the mere transcriber of earlier authorised opinions, without ever venturing to inquire into the reasons on which they might be based. His Ecclesiastical History is, in many places, where opportunity is afforded of testing it by other authorities, extremely inaccurate; while it abounds in passages which, at first sight, are perceived to be purely fabulous. "That he did not invent them," says a writer in the *Illuminated Magazine*, "may be a salvo for his honesty; but then the fact of his recording them, as he has done, must be admitted a proof of his being no less blindly credulous than the most illiterate of his countrymen."

Bede's life of St. Cuthbert is a perfect specimen of that kind of biography which, when served up by writers of a later period, is usually classed under the head of "pious frauds." From what circumstance he first acquired the title of "Venerable," has not been determined. According to one account, he obtained it from the following circumstance:—"When he was old and blind, he was led about by a young monk, who once took him to a heap of stones, telling him that they were country people waiting in reverent silence to hear him preach. He forthwith began, and at the end of his discourse the stones saluted him with, 'Amen, Venerable Bede.' The other is, that one of his scholars, when engaged in writing his epitaph, could not complete it for want of an appropriate word; but leaving it at night thus,

"*Heo autem deus Bede*"

he found, next morning, the blank filled up with the word "Venerable." It is equally credible that both these accounts are true.

As we have already stated, Bede was interred at Jarrow; but, about the year 1022, his remains were "conveyed" to Durham, and placed beside those of St. Cuthbert, by Eilred, a brother of that monastery, who was an enthusiastic collector of reliques, more eager to secure possession than scrupulous about the means. "It seems," says the late Mr. Hartree, in his *History of Durham*, "that a propensity to 'conveying,' as the wise it call, was no less inherent in those ancient collectors of rarities than in their modern representatives." An old chair, said to have been Bede's, is still preserved at Jarrow. The seat, which is of oak, of great solidity, and rudely hewn out, is unquestionably antique; the back and sides are more modern, the originals having been several times carried off in small pieces, by visitors, as portions of Bede's chair.

About the year 1570, ~~the bones~~ which were enclosed in a shrine of gold and silver, appear to have been removed from the treasury of St. Guthbert, and placed on a marble table in that part of the church called the Galilee. This shrine was defaced at the Reformation. His bones were buried beneath the spot where it stood, and over them was erected a plain table monument. In 1831, the tomb was examined, when several bones, reputed to be Bede's, were discovered; that they really were his is uncertain, seeing that several monasteries, both in England and on the Continent, could boast of having some of them.

THE HALL OF BRIGANDS.

I was unwilling to quit Palermo without visiting the ancient Chateau of Nicosa, which has been the theme of many a conversation. The day on which I rode to this aged pile was dull and lowering; my restive mule was only urged by incessant blows to traverse the dreary heath, and the heaviness of the air cast a corresponding gloom upon my spirits. Far in the horizon I could perceive a few arid rocks, scattered here and there with straggling pines; but no living creature met my gaze; all was silent as the grave.

I feared that I had missed my road, thinking it improbable that there should be a dwelling in such a desert, when I fortunately observed a goatherd crossing the plain. I called to him, and when he approached, in answer to my inquiries, he assured me that the path would lead me directly to the ancient residence of Lannoci, Duke of Nicosa; and I rode forward with increased haste, as the darkening clouds threatened an immediate storm.

At length through the murky air arose a greyish mass, in which, as I drew near, I could distinguish turrets and parapets. This was the chateau, a time-worn mansion, into which the light entered through small loop-holes, few and far between; a feeble and flickering light alone admonished me that a human being was not far distant. I advanced to the door, and knocked; the only answer was the echo to the blow; again I knocked, and still there was no answer. The light, however, disappeared; then gleaming through the other casements, appeared to pass through the corridors, till it paused ~~an instant~~ opposite to the spot where I stood. I heard a window cautiously opened, and through the gloom I fancied I discerned the outline of the head of an old woman. It examined me for some time, then withdrew, and shortly appeared again, a gruff voice at the same time demanding my name and business, and whether I had any companions. I mentioned my name, and my being a traveller, and concluded by requesting a lodging for the night. I was then admitted.

The long ~~house~~ ^{corridor} lay extended in sombre grandeur before me. The iron gates were closed with a clang, and my mule was led to the stable, and I myself was conducted to a

large hall, the capacious grate of which was piled high with a cheerful fire. I examined my host attentively, and his appearance bespoke him honest. He led me with great civility to a seat, and laid supper before me, of which I stood in much need. The sparkling wine he pressed me to partake of revived my spirits, and awakened my curiosity.

Wine unlocked the heart. We soon became as merry as if we were old friends, little regarding the beating of the rain and the howling of contending winds without. My host and hostess informed me that they were guardians of the mansion, and that a few field-labourers only dwelt with them.

"And do you fear nothing," said I, "friend Giacomo, living as you do in such an isolated situation? There have been many reports abroad."

"Sir stranger, by the grace of the Virgin, and the protection of our patron saint, we have no apprehensions. Habit is everything. To confess the truth, when I first came to live here, some vague fears would take possession of me about nightfall. But let us no longer talk of such trifles. 'The wine is capital—is it not? Ah, sir, the duke took a pride in his cellar; it was stocked from the best vine-presses in Sicily.'"

"The Duke! and pray, why does he not live here?"

"He has been dead some time."

"But the actual proprietor?"

"His nephew, the Count Astolpho? I suspect he little cares to visit this secluded place; for it has been hateful to him ever since the tragic fate of his uncle and aunt, whose souls may Heaven bless." And Giacomo crossed himself; then, as if wishing to dismiss some disagreeable reminiscence—"You have let us run short of wine, Marguerita," said he, turning suddenly towards his wife; "go, fill the flask."

"The tragic fate of his uncle, say you; and pray how came that to pass?"

"As to that, sir, it is a tale of wickedness; we do not like to mention it, especially in the evening. It was at this hour—in this—your health, sir. Is there any news stirring at Palermo?"

"None at all; but cannot you, my good host, conduct me over the chateau this evening? for I must leave you to-morrow at dawn."

"Holy Virgin! merciful Heaven! this evening!—What are you dreaming of?" said the old woman, shuddering.

"Silence, Marguerita, you are a great coward," said Giacomo; then in a lower tone to me, "In good truth, you can see everything much better in the broad daylight; by torch-light the apartments will excite sensations of horror. Let it be to-morrow, I entreat you."

"To-morrow! Now I am absolutely compelled to depart at break of day, and we have nothing better to do at this present moment. Come, Giacomo, let me persuade you." So saying, I slipped a ducat into his hand.

"Ah! sir, why did you not tell me this before? I am entirely at your service. Come, wife, light your lamp, and follow us; call Paolo."

The labourer soon entered. When he saw the torch that was put into his hands, and understood whither he was to go, he became restless and timid. The old woman, muttering, took her station by the side of Giacomo. As to myself, I looked upon these three beings unnerved by their superstitious fears, and blushed for the weakness of humanity.

So spacious were the rooms through which we passed, that the torches scarcely afforded us sufficient light to distinguish objects. My companions conducted me through long galleries filled with family portraits, and covered with antique hangings, and through halls, for the purposes of festivity and the administration of justice, faded remnants of former pomp and glory, which now excited terror rather than admiration. As we proceeded, I again said, "You have mentioned, Giacomo, the tragic fate of the possessor of this property; I would thank you to relate to me the particulars of his death."

"If you absolutely wish it, sir."

We then entered a grand hall, furnished with greater elegance than any of the preceding, and whose walls, hung with tapestry, were still covered with the massy armour of the knights of Nicosia.

"Behold these cuirasses," said Giacomo to me; "these casques, gauntlets, and swords. This was the hall of audience; in this hall was the duke assassinated. Marguerita, what ails you?"

"Nothing, Giacomo; and you—you tremble!"

"Did you hear nothing?"

"No."

"No? Ah, sir, Marguerita will tell you the story of our unhappy masters."

The old woman, sitting down between Giacomo and myself, spoke as follows:—

"Duke Lanucci of Nicosia fell deeply in love with a young Italian at Naples. He obtained her hand, and soon afterwards brought her to this chateau. The Duchess Elvira, whose attendant I had the honour to be, was handsome, light-hearted, and gay. She quitted Naples, her court and its amusements—she left parents, friends, all, to follow her much-loved Lanucci. The duchess was strangely surprised, it is true, on coming so suddenly from the luxurious palaces of Naples to this gloomy mansion. Her spirits, however, were in no wise damped—she was so young and lively, and loved her husband so dearly.

"A month after their marriage, the young couple went to Palermo. It was late when they returned to the chateau. The duchess wished to write to a friend, and she came to this apartment, where she was in the habit of sitting, on account of its coolness; for it was the height of summer. My lord the duke was busy below preparing for a hunt the next day. The

duchess approached the small table which you see there, before that mirror with the gilded frame; she there seated herself to write to a friend of her childhood. She told her all her joys, her love, her happiness; and sometimes threw a wandering look at the glass; but suddenly she thought, she perceived a keen and piercing eye flashing from one of the suits of armour which were reflected in it. A cold shudder ran through her whole frame. She dared not stir; and she experienced still more intense horror when she observed the same terrible and mysterious glances from all the suits of armour. Her breath almost failed her. Surrounded by brigands, by assassins, what would become of her? Should she fly—should she call for help? They are numerous; she is in their power; in a moment they could destroy her; the duke would come—would defend her—himself, alone, against so many—he would perish.

"Such thoughts rushed rapidly through her bewildered brain, and it was by a strong effort that she constrained herself to silence. One method alone remained for her to pursue; it was to persuade them that she had not discovered them. And thus the giddy and laughing Elvira, when real danger was apprehended, acted with as much coolness and prudence as could be expected from the most courageous. Leaning upon the table, she appeared absorbed in the contents of her letter, speaking at first with a low voice, then gradually raising her tone, as if carried away by the subject. She related to her friend all the events of her voyage, the innumerable nothings that happened during her journey. She endeavoured to bury herself in her reminiscences of former times, to hear herself speaking, in order as much as possible to avert the dizziness and shuddering which threatened to overpower her. But she often cast an involuntary look at the glass. She observed with increasing terror, that a lance which had been placed to the right of one of the suits of armour had been passed to the other, and, a moment after, the slow and fearful motion of an arm, which was directed towards her and then draw back—intended to assure those who were concealed that they had not been observed by her. Although trembling lest the duke should enter, and a prey to the most harassing reflections, she contrived to preserve her presence of mind, till she suddenly burst out with 'Holy Virgin! it is too late! Giacomo ought to have gone, and my letter will not arrive in time at Palermo. I must send some one to overtake him.' Folding the paper hastily she rushed out of the room. Nothing stirred. Hardly was she out of danger, when she met the duke. The terrible mental struggle she had sustained overcame her bodily strength; covered with a cold sweat, she fell heavily at his feet. My lord, affrighted, called for assistance. His people hurriedly entered the hall. The brigands, believing themselves discovered and pursued, dashed upon the crowd of retainers, and un-

devoured in order to pass for their retreat. Some of them had already effected their escape through the windows, when the duke, carried away by his valour, pursued and attacked them, and fell dead in the struggle from the stroke of a lance.

"Thus died Lanucci, Duke of Nicotia, at the age of eight and twenty. His unfortunate bride soon followed him to the grave. About a year and a half after these events took place, the police having discovered the assassins, they were hanged. Before their execution they confessed that they had been attracted by the immense wealth laid up in the château, and they had contrived to introduce and conceal themselves during the duke's absence."

Marguerita ceased. During the recital she had cast many timid glances at the suits of armour around, which had been placed in their original situation. As she perceived no cause of alarm, she recovered her spirits, when suddenly rising, she exclaimed, "The Lord have mercy upon their souls!—let us go hence." The next day I returned to Palermo, deeply meditating upon the story I had heard.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE

CAPITAL PUNISHMENTS

ONE of the most powerful arguments against the infliction of capital punishments derives its force from the imperfection and errors inseparable from all human tribunals. It would require the eye of Omniscience itself always to distinguish the evil from the good, to punish the guilty and acquit the innocent. If we could establish any court which should have the attribute of infallibility annexed to it, we might perhaps wish for the continuance of the system; but so long as man is liable to err, we adopt the general principle of the law, that it were better for one hundred criminals to escape than one innocent person to suffer, and would therefore wish for the abolition of all capital punishments. The history of our country already presents numberless examples of innocent persons suffering death for crimes which they never committed, and without doubt many more whose secrets are hidden in eternity. It is indeed an appalling thought that hundreds of our fellow-creatures have been hurried unprepared into eternity upon unfounded charges, many of whom have afterwards been proved to be innocent; and the feeling that, upon strong circumstantial evidence, any of us might have been thus convicted, is sufficient to make the heart grow cold at the sight of such a picture. It is, however, not our intention to discuss the abstract merits of the punishment of death, nor to inquire into its expediency, but to tell a tale of woe, which has its origin in truth; to add one more name to the thousands which have preceded it, in which loss of life was the fatal result of a cruel sentence, and the undue pre-eminence of the execution.

In the village of Thorpe, in Lincolnshire, there lived, some twenty years since, a family of respectability, consisting only of the master of the house and his wife. The gentleman was a large farmer and grazier, and was reputed to be both wealthy and highly honourable in his business transactions, while his strict morality was the admiration and example of his friends. They lived in a style befitting their property, and at the time of which we speak they had in their service many domestics and household-servants. The master and mistress were apparently upon the best terms, always appeared happy in each other's society, and, so far as could be judged, they enjoyed the utmost amount of conjugal bliss. The latter was extremely delicate, and had for years been confined almost wholly to her bed, by an affection of the spine. Among the domestics was one whom we shall designate Maria, the daughter of a small farmer of a neighbouring village, whose duty it was to attend entirely to her mistress. She was considered by her fellow servants as amiable and obliging. Although not decidedly handsome, she was not without some pretensions to beauty. There was likewise in the service of the farmer a young man who acted in the double capacity of head gamekeeper and general over-looker of the men. Between these two parties an intimacy had arisen of the most tender nature, they were already betrothed, and on the arrival of the next May day they were both to quit the service of their master, and after being married, to enter upon a little farm which had already been taken, and which was in course of being stocked with the produce of their mutual savings. It was on a day early in September, after the master had started from home early in the morning to attend a fair at Grantham, that the lady complained to Maria, after drinking a considerable quantity of her tea, of its nauseous taste, and requested her to take it away. After pressing her mistress to finish it, the girl removed it to the kitchen, and was tasting it, and remarking to the other servants that although her mistress had found fault with it, she could not perceive anything disagreeable about it, when her lover entered, and hearing her observations, he suddenly took it from her, and commenced drinking, saying that if his mistress could not drink it, he could. Maria, however, flew to him, and after some persuasion, induced him to relinquish it, and throwing it away, she said that it was of no use for him to take it, and that if he were thirsty she would pour him out a fresh cup. In the course of the day the lady was taken violently ill, and before medical aid could be procured or her husband returned, she died. The husband, upon his arrival, was of course deeply afflicted at the intelligence of his wife's sudden decease, and upon being informed by the parson that the body bore evident marks of poison, he caused the strictest inquiries to be made, and a post-mortem examination to be performed.

The coroner's jury was called, and the consequence of a variety of suspicious circumstances which transpired, Maria was committed to Lincoln Castle to take her trial for the murder of her mistress. At the trial the evidence was extremely strong against her, and there was not one link to the circumstantial chain which connected her with the crime wanting. The master swore to leaving his wife in the enjoyment of her usual health in the morning, and finding her dead when he returned at night. It was established by the evidence of the servant that Maria had that morning filled the teakettle of her mistress, which was unusual for her, and that she had made her mistress's tea, and taken it to her. It was proved that she herself had acknowledged that her mistress had complained of it, but she had pressed her to finish it, and that she had been with her mistress all day. Even her disconsolate lover, who refused to believe her guilty, was obliged to admit that she had prevented him from taking the tea, and had afterwards thrown it away. The medical man deposed to finding a considerable portion of arsenic in the body of the deceased, to discovering some remains of it in the cup which had been used, as likewise more of it in a paper concealed in the pocket of the accused. Such strong presumptive evidence could not be doubted; the jury found her guilty, and the judge sentenced her to death. In consequence of the influence of her friends, and of some humane persons, who had doubts as to the certainty of her guilt, a memorial was sent from the inhabitants of the county town to government, praying for a commutation of the sentence; but as mercy was no characteristic of the governments of that day, the only reply the petitioners received was that the Secretary of State saw nothing peculiar in the case which should make him recommend it to the clemency of his majesty, and that therefore the law must take its usual course. At length the dreadful period for execution arrived; the girl, who had been frantic since the trial, rent the air with her cries and screams as she was conveyed to her doom. Although continually exhorted by the chaplain to confess the crime, she resolutely persisted in declaring her complete innocence, and her belief that, when too late, the world would be convinced of the truth of her assertions, and would make reparation to her memory for the suffering she had endured. The execution was proceeded with, and this young creature, only just entering into womanhood, with a prospect of happiness and comfort opening to her view, was given forth, as too vile to exist, into the presence of her Maker and her Judge. Her father, after bearing the disgrace of seeing his daughter perish on the scaffold, died of a broken heart; while her lover, adoring her more in death than life, was deprived of reason, and became the inmate of a madhouse. About three months after the execution, the farmer on his death-bed, stung with remorse for his depravity and fearful of a coming judgment, sent

for the clergyman, and confessed himself the murderer of his wife, and consequently of his servant. On the morning upon which his wife died, he deposited, previously to leaving his house, a quantity of arsenic in the teakettle, and the rest in a paper he put into the pocket of her girl. She had used the kettle and taken up her pocket without examining their contents, and had thus furnished, by her want of caution, material evidence against herself. The motives which led him to the formation of his diabolical plan, was a dispute with his wife about certain property which he would enjoy after her death, and fearing the disclosure which Maria might make if he killed his wife, since she enjoyed her full confidence, he cared not to sacrifice her life too. Such, then, was the fate of the unhappy victim to the cruel laws of her country.

Is there no mode of promoting public justice, but by the exhibition of an execution? Cannot the laws of the country be vindicated without the destruction of human life? Is the law so unparing that it cannot be avenged without immolating its victims upon an altar so sanguinary—that it must shed the blood of the innocent along with the guilty? What compensation could be made to the poor girl for the loss of her life? What compensation could government make the departed spirit of her father, for “bringing his grey hairs with sorrow to the grave?” What equivalent could it award to the indignant lover for the aberrations of his intellect? Ought not the Executive, then, to be very careful how they sacrifice human life, knowing that it is the highest gift of God—that, once taken, it never can be restored? Had the punishment been any thing but capital, had even a reprieve been granted, the girl might have lived, and, exonerated from the crime laid to her charge, she might have enjoyed all the endearments of the domestic circle, might have been united with the man she loved, become again the pride of her fond father, and some reparation might have been made her for the wrongs inflicted. Let us hope that a wiser economy is beginning to pervade the laws of the world, that politicians and statesmen are beginning to rely upon milder and more efficacious punishments for the suppression of crime, and that before long our legislature will follow the noble example recently set them by the French Republic.

A. B.

THE ROYAL ARMS.—A country fellow, anxious to see the Queen, left his native village, and came to London to gratify his curiosity. Upon his return, his wife asked him, “What the Queen was like?” “Like” cried Hodge, “why, I never was cheated so in my life. What doo’t think, Margaret, her arms are loik thoino and moine; although I have heard our exciseman say a score of times her arms were a lion and a unicorn.”

THE BORE.

THE bore never dies; that is, he never has the common decency to know when he ought to die. He ever lives to the latest moment, and most enjoy his faculties up to his latest breath. Sometimes he may become deaf, but that is of little consequence to himself, and is no relief to others. Unhappily he is never dumb until confined.

In fact, his health is, for the most part, absolutely odiously good. Were he to fall ill, and give his friends a respite, he would conceive his vocation, like Othello's—gone. Nay, he prolongs his life and your torments by rising early and going to bed late. He is a great traveller, too, for go where you will you are sure to meet him.

Should you take a journey to the North Pole to be out of his way, he would be certain to be the first person you would meet there.

Not being over-nice, the bore fastens himself upon you, as an oyster to a rock. He is your only leech, your true blood-sucker; but with this woful difference, that you cannot make him let go his hold by sprinkling salt upon him. Do you hope to check him by the coldness of your manner? He mistakes it for resignation, and sticks to you the more pitilessly. Do you get into a passion? He smiles at your mistake. Tread on his corns even; he'll shift his place, but renew his story. Bolt him out at the door, he'll return by the window to tell you something which he had forgot.

The bore is a great reader, otherwise how could he weary you out by talking on every conceivable subject; for the same reason, there is no language that he has not a smattering of. And whenever he begins his attack by assuring you that he is about to tell a most laughable story, you must prepare for a fit of suicidal melancholy as the result.

No lynx has a surer sight than the bore; no race-horse is swifter, no hunter surer of foot. He never forgets persons or names. Be you a mile off, you are a ruined man; and, by the time you have jumped a hedge, in order to effect your escape, he will be at the other side to receive you. Should he be owner of a country-house and garden, and catch you near, you are a lost mutton. He won't spare you a visit to each part of his domain, together with its history, down to the pig sty.

On the other hand, if, like *Dogberry*, he has had "losses," the bore is the most intolerable of his species. Each time you meet him you have to hear the history of his misfortunes, not bating a single day. He takes your groans of impatience for sighs of pity, and thanks you for your commiseration by a shake of the hand at each. And he redoubles his attention to particulars to reward your sympathy; never dreaming that you consider his wife's elopement from him, the desertion of his children, and the cutting

of him by all his friends, as the most natural events in the world.

The bore will tell you that he never knows what it is to be at a loss for employment; you know it to your cost.

Never flatter yourself that you can escape the bore when he has marked you down as his victim, or that you can shake him off. He is ubiquitous as T—, and persevering as fate. In vain you turn away your head; he holds the poisoned cup, and you must drink it.

You have only one privilege of which he cannot deprive you—you may pray for his death!

THE LATE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY IN PRIVATE LIFE.

THE following description of the social routine observed by the late Dr. Howley, at Addington Park, from the pen of a frequent visitor there, may not prove uninteresting to our readers.—The social routine, from day to day, at Addington Park, during the lifetime of the late Archbishop, was as simple and unpretending as good taste and genuine hospitality could suggest. Punctual to the stroke of nine, one of his Grace's chaplains took his morning place in the reading-desk of the chapel, and round him gathered the primates and his family, and domestics, with such of the guests as knew how to value aright the privilege of family prayers. From the chapel the company passed through the dining-room to the Archbishop's study, where their kind and venerable host used to greet each, as he or she might approach, with a cordial yet gentle greeting; and then if you failed to make a sufficient meal at the breakfast-table, the feast was entirely your own. Breakfast over, each sojourner under the Archbishop's roof felt that till dinner-time he was his own master. Meantime, Dr. Howley and his amiable lady pursued their own plans—the ladies driving on some mission, not unfrequently of charity; the good Archbishop, after having despatched the business that followed him everywhere, put on his thick shoes, and walked abroad. Never was man more venerated than Dr. Howley, into whatever circle of the complicated machinery of society he might enter—but the circle in which the country people in and around Addington greeted him, as he walked modestly and unostentatiously about his grounds, was quite striking.

Very different this from the pomp of prelacy in the olden time, but even the most inveterate *laudatores temporis acti* cannot but admit that the change is for the better.

Is it not strange that Canterbury, the See of the Primate of all England, should be without an archiepiscopal residence? Yet so it is. It so happens that the Archbishop of Canterbury is the only prelate of the Anglican Church who has no residence in his diocese. A few

remains of the palace exist, and a street also attests by its name—*Palace-street*—that the archbishops of Canterbury once had a fitting abode there. But both it and Crowdon Palace have long since disappeared. Wolsay, with his habitual magnificence, had designed to make Hampton Court the archiepiscopal country residence; but the design was not carried into accomplishment; and, till the elevation of the late Dr. Manners Sutton to the primacy, the archbishops were confined to Lambeth, and when desirous of change of air, were obliged to resort to the sea side, or to some watering-place. Dr. Manners Sutton, however, with the proceeds of the sale of a portion of the archiepiscopal property, bought Addington-house and park—the former of which has been almost entirely rebuilt, and the latter greatly improved and beautified by the late venerable and venerated Archbishop at his own expense.

W. C.

THE TUILERIES.

THIS edifice derives its name from its being erected on a piece of ground appropriated to the manufacture of tiles. It was founded by Catherine de Medicis, when Charles IX. destroyed her former residence, the Palace Tourneiles. The land and neighbouring houses were purchased by her at a very considerable expense, and the building rapidly proceeded, when, superstitiously addicted to the study of astrology, she formed the ridiculous idea that the name of St. Germain would be fatal to her, and the completion of the sumptuous fabric was suddenly relinquished, because the ground on which it stood was in the parish of Saint Germain l'Auxerrois. She built the great pavilion, which formed the centre of the palace, together with some adjoining suites of rooms. It was afterwards much enlarged by Henry IV., who, in 1660, began the noble gallery which connected the Tuileries with the Louvre. This improvement being completed, the front of the palace consisted of five pavilions, comprising that in the centre, with four ranges of buildings connecting them together, and forming one grand façade. Every order of architecture was rendered subservient to the embellishment of this once magnificent edifice.

In 1664 Louis XIV. completed the embellishment of this palace. Previous to this the large pavilion in the centre consisted of the Ionic and Corinthian orders. The whole façade was adorned with Ionic pillars, placed on pedestals. Above these, on the three centre pavilions, and the piles of building which connected them, appeared the Corinthian order, over which was the attic story of the palace surmounted by a balustrade supporting elegant stone vases. The two other ranges of building, with the pavilions, were adorned with fluted columns of the composite order. These pillars were all of superb brown and red marble.

The gardens of the Tuileries formed a delightful promenade in summer; some fine spe-

cimens of ancient sculpture were placed in different parts. The apartments of the palace, for extent, light, and magnificence, were well worthy of observation.

THE ESCAPE FROM THE BASTILLE.

THE only prisoners who ever effected their escape from the Bastille were two persons of the name of De la Tude and D'Aligre. They were confined together in one of the apartments constructed in the walls of the Bastille. By unravelling their linen, stockings, and other parts of their clothes, and by saving from time to time the billets of wood allowed for their firing, they contrived to make two ladders, one a rope-ladder near 180 feet long, with rounds of wood covered with flannel to prevent any rattling noise against the walls; the other a wooden ladder about thirty feet long, consisting of a centre piece, in joints, to be fastened by tenons and mortices, and through which passed wooden pegs to hold it together. The first was to enable them to descend from the platform, or the top of the Bastille, into the fosse; the second, to ascend the rampart into the garden of the governor. The ladders, as well as the tools they had formed for making them, were concealed, when the turnkeys visited them, under the floor of their apartment. They cut through the iron gratings in the chimney, which they ascended, and taking advantage of a dark night, got upon the platform. Having first lowered their wooden ladder, they fastened that of rope to one of the cannons of the fortress, and descended into the fosse. Finding a patrol with a light in the governor's garden, they altered their plan, and with a handspike, formed of one of the iron bars of the chimney grating, made a hole in the wall next the Rue St. Antoine, through which they effected their escape on the 26th of February, 1796. After the Revolution of 1789, La Tude claimed and received these ladders, and they were publicly exhibited at Paris in the autumn of that year.

"When we were off Cape Horn, we sprung a leak, and during the confusion which ensued, Jem O'Leary, the carpenter's lad, was not noticed till he was perceived going down the main hatchway with his master's largest gimlet in his hand, and being asked by the second mate what he was about, he replied, 'Oh! an' sure, yer honour, ain't I going to make a hole to let the water out!'"

As a clergyman was burying a corpse, a woman came and pulled him by the sleeve in the middle of the service.—"Sir, sir, I want to speak to you." "Prithce wait, waman, till I have done." "No, sir, I must speak to you immediately." "Well, then, what is the matter?" "Why, sir, you are going to bury a man who died of the small box near my poor husband, who never had it."

REMARKABLE CASES OF FRAUD AND IMPOSTURE

No. IV.—BOOK SECOND.

HISTORIANS inform us that it was on the night of Wednesday, the sixth of the month Rejeb, in the 483rd year of Hegra, that Hassan Sabah made himself master of Alamoot, one of the strong hill-fortresses which covered the mountainous region that divides Persian Irak and the northerly provinces of Dilem and Taberistan. The above year answers to the year 1090 of the Christian era: thus showing that the dominion of the Eastern Ismailites was founded only nine years before the Christians of the West established their empire in the Holy Land.

Assassination was an obligation of the Fedavee, one of the divisions of the sect that followed Hassan Sabah; any one of whom, ordered by a superior to assassinate a stranger, was compelled to obey; and, in performance of the order, the wretched Fedavee firmly believed he was promoting the cause of his faith. The celebrated Venetian, Marco Polo, who traversed the most remote parts of the East in the thirteenth century, gives the following narrative of the mode employed by Hassan to infuse the principle of implicit obedience into the minds of the Fedavee:

"In a beautiful valley," says he, "enclosed between two lofty mountains, he had formed a luxurious garden, stored with every delicious fruit and every fragrant shrub that could be procured. Palaces of various sizes and forms were erected in different parts of the grounds, ornamented with works of gold, with paint-ings, and with furniture of rich silks. By means of small conduits contained in these buildings, streams of wine, milk, honey, and some of pure water, were seen to flow in every direction. The inhabitants of these palaces were elegant and beautiful damsels, accomplished in the arts of singing, plying upon all sorts of musical instruments, dancing, and especially those of dalliance and amorous allure-ment. Clothed in rich dresses, they were seen continually sporting and amusing themselves in the garden and pavilions, their female guard-ians being confined within doors, and never suffered to appear. The object which the chief had in view in forming a garden of this fasci-nating kind was this: that Mohammed having promised to those who should obey his will the enjoyments of paradise, where every spe-cies of sensual gratification should be found in the society of beautiful nymphs, he was desirous of its being understood by his followers that he also was a prophet, and a compeer of Mohammed, and had the power of admitting to paradise such as he should choose to favour. In order that none without his license should find their way into this delicious valley, he caused a strong and inexpugnable castle to be erected at the opening of it, through which

the entry was by a secret passage. At his court, likewise, this chief entertained a number of youths, from the age of twelve to twenty years, selected from the inhabitants of the sur-rounding mountains, who showed a disposi-tion for martial exercises, and appeared to possess the quality of daring courage. To them he was in the daily practice of dis-coursing on the subject of the paradise an-nounced by the prophet, and of his own of granting admission; and at certain times he caused draughts of a soporific nature to be administered to ten or 12 dozen of the youths, and when half dead with sleep, he had them conveyed to the several apartments of the palaces in the garden. Upon awakening from this state of lethargy, their senses were struck with all the delightful objects that have been described, and each perceived himself sur-rounded by lovely damsels, singing, playing, and attracting his regards by the most fasci-nating caresses, serving him also with delicious viands and exquisite wines, until, intoxicated with excess of enjoyment, amidst actual rivers of milk and wine, he believed himself assuredly in paradise, and felt an unwillingness to relin-quish its delights. When four or five days had thus been passed, they were thrown once more into a state of somnolency, and carried out of the garden. Upon their being intro-duced to his presence, and questioned by him as to where they had been, their answer was, "In paradise, through the favour of your high-ness," and then, before the whole court, who listened to them with eager curiosity and astonishment, they gave a circumstantial ac-count of the scenes to which they had been witnesses. The chief thereupon addressing them, said, "We have the assurance of our prophet that he who defends his lord shall in-herit paradise, and if you show yourselves de-voted to the obedience of my orders, that happy lot awaits you!"

The effects of this imposture display most strikingly the lengths to which credulity and superstition will conduct mortals. The follow-ing anecdote powerfully elucidates this remark. An ambassador from the Sultan Malek Shah having come to Alamoot to demand the sub-mission and obedience of the sheikh, Hassan received him in a hall in which he had assem-bled several of his followers. Making a sign to one youth, he said, "Kill thyself!" In-stantly the young man's dagger was plunged into his own bosom, and he lay a corpse upon the ground. To another he said, "Fling thy-self down from the wall." In an instant his shattered limbs were lying in the castle ditch. Then turning to the terrified envoy, "I have seventy thousand followers who obey me after this fashion. This be my answer to thy master." These victims died in the full con-viction that they were immediately to pass

* This draught was compounded from *Nosodes*, a species of hemp. The term *Nosodes* was corrupted by the Crusaders into *assodes*.

into that artificial paradise of which they had received a foretaste in the gardens of the sheikh.

To this account of the paradise of the assassins we must add another of a still more juggling character, furnished by Sheikh Abd-ur-Rahman Ben Ebubek Al-Jeriri of Damascus, in the 24th chapter of his work entitled "A Choice Book for Discovering the Secrets of the Art of Imposture."

After giving some account of Sinan, the chief of the Syrian assassins, the sheikh proceeds to narrate the artifice which he employed to deceive his followers:—

"There was near the sofa on which he sat a hole in the ground sufficiently deep for a man to sit down in it. This he covered with a thin piece of wood, leaving only so much of it open as would contain the neck of a man. He placed on this cover of wood a disk of bronze, with a hole in the middle of it, and put in it two doors. Then taking one of his disciples, to whom he had given a considerable sum of money to obtain his consent, he placed the perforated disk round his neck, and kept it down by weights, so that nothing appeared but the neck of the man; and he put warm blood upon it, so that it looked as if he had just cut off his head. He then called in his companions, and showed them the plate, on which they beheld the head of their comrade. 'Tell thy comrades,' said the master to the head, 'what thou hast seen, and what has been said unto thee.' The man then answered as he had been previously instructed. 'Which wouldst thou prefer,' said the master, 'to return to the world and thy friends, or to dwell in paradise?' 'What need have I,' replied the head, 'to return to the world after having seen my pavilion in paradise, and the boursis, and all that God has prepared for me? Command, salute my family, and take care not to disobey this prophet, who is the lord of the prophets in the state of time, as God as said unto me. Farewell.' These words strengthened the faith of the others; but when they were gone, the master took the man up out of the hole, and cut off his head in right earnest. It was at such means as this that he made himself feared by his people."

The late communication made to the Royal Asiatic Society, by Sir Claude Wude, on the geography of the Punjab, we are informed that in a small but deep lake seven *coss* from Lahore, named Rawalsir, are seen floating islands, which are objects of worship to Hindu pilgrims. These votaries proceed to the shores of the lake, address the islands, and present their offerings; upon which, it is stated, the islands approach the shore, receive the offerings upon their surface, and then retire. "As this tale," adds Sir Claude, "is invariably accredited among the natives, it is not improbable that artificial means are taken to cause the islands to traverse the yielding surface." What the nature of this cause is, however, remains a secret.

A GLANCE AT RECENT EVENTS.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION OF 1848.

THE month of February has indeed been an eventful one for France. The spectacle that has been witnessed in Paris, in the course of one short week, is another verification of the adage, "That truth is sometimes more strange and incredible than fiction." The scenes that have passed in the Parisian capital more resemble an optical illusion than the reality of things. The 22d, 23d, and 24th of the last month must have been a series of dissolving views. On Monday the 21st, the manifesto of the committee for conducting the Reform Banquet, and the letter of the Opposition Deputies promising to attend it, appeared on the walls of Paris. On the same evening appeared the proclamations of the French Government prohibiting it. On the following morning thousands of peaceful and well-conducted citizens were to be seen collected in the principal thoroughfares of Paris, to witness the processions of the students and workmen. In the afternoon thirty thousand troops were employed in dispersing them, and the Chamber was inclosed in a ring of forty thousand armed men, receiving the impeachment of the French Ministers from the members of the Opposition. On Wednesday the 23d a change of Ministers took place, M. Mole succeeding M. Guizot; and on the following day MM. Thiers and Barrot replaced M. Mole. On Thursday, at noon, Louis Philippe abdicated in favour of his grandson, the Count de Paris, whom the Parisians refused to accept, and declared in favour of a Republic. The same afternoon Louis Philippe and several members of his family took to flight. On Friday the proclamation of the Provisional Government and a Republic was issued; and on Saturday perfect tranquillity was restored, the barricades were levelled, the shops were opened for the transacting of business, and Paris restored to its normal state. Early in the following week business of all sorts was carried on as usual, and nothing in the external aspect of Paris indicated to an ordinary observer that things had undergone so marvellous a change. The markets and the streets, the boulevards and the passages, the gardens, the theatres, and the promenades, presented severally their customary appearances. *Citoyens* and *Citoyennes* interchanged salutes, uttering their new appellation with a tone more of pleasantry than of seriousness. Certainly the unanimity in adopting the new order of things, as well as the unmistakable satisfaction diffused by it, are most remarkable. It is gratifying to add, that all apprehensions of even temporary scarcity in Paris have been dispelled by the official announcements of the abundant stock of provisions actually accumulated in the capital, independently of the daily arrivals. There is more flour in Paris than is sufficient for thirty days' consumption.

SOME NOTES BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

THE BUILDERS OF THE BARRICADES.—The men looked pale—but resolute and fearless.

Some uttered not a word, but silently and rapidly worked at getting up the paving stones. Some mounted on the lamp-posts waving their hats and exciting the mob. Some laughed, and seemed to act under the effect of an excitement more or less pleasurable, and some appeared with visages the most howling and sinister I ever beheld. Some were well armed, and had abundance of ammunition; the majority were, however, scantily supplied on the average. I had but a few minutes for observation—for a troop of horsemen galloped down the street, sweeping every thing before them. In the Rue Grénot and St. Martin, murderous conflicts took place across the barricades. The soldiers were marched up to them to destroy them, and received the fire of the mob at the very mouth of the guns—returning it in the same way.

THE BOYS OF PARIS.—Amidst all this bloodshed, the scene is not without its humours. On the Boulevards the *gamin de Paris* is in great force, and distinguishes himself by his usual antics. There is one perched in every tree—pitched among the branches, with outstretched arms in the most grotesque attitudes, grinning and hooting, surveying and dominating the tumult—swaying and balancing their little impish bodies and heads in a state of indescribable excitement. Their piercing voices echo shrilly the gruff roar of the raging tumult below; and they dare, by insult and look, the municipal guards, even while they pass with their bayonets almost grazing, the young rascals.

DEPARTURE OF LOUIS PHILIPPE AND THE QUEEN.—The King, his right arm passed under the left arm of the Queen, on whom he appeared to lean for support, was seen to approach from the gate of the Tuileries, in the midst of horsemen, and followed by about thirty persons in different uniforms. The Queen walked with a firm step, and cast around looks of assurance and anger intermingled. The King wore a black coat, with a common round hat, and wore no orders. The Queen was in full mourning. A report was circulated that they were going to the Chamber of Deputies to depose the act of abdication. Cries of "Vive la Reforme!" "Vive la France!" and even, by two or three persons, "Vive la Roi!" were heard. The procession had scarcely passed the Pont Tournant, and arrived at the pavement surrounding the Obelisk, when the King, the Queen, and the whole party, made a sudden halt, apparently without any necessity. In a moment they were surrounded by a crowd on foot and horseback. Louis Philippe turned quickly round, let go the Queen's arm, took off his hat, raised it in the air, and cried out something which the noise prevented my hearing. The Queen became alarmed at no longer feeling the King's arm, and turned round with extreme haste. At this moment I said, "Madame, ne craignez rien, continuez, le range vont s'ouvrir devant vous." Whether her anxiety gave a false interpretation to my

intention or not I am ignorant; but, pushing back my hand, she exclaimed, "Laissez-moi!" with a most irritated accent; she seized hold of the King's arm, and they both turned their steps towards two small black carriages with one horse each. In the first were two young children. The King took the left and the Queen the right, and the coachman whipped his horse violently; in fact, with so much rapidity did it take place, that the coach appeared rather carried than driven away. The second carriage, in which were two females, followed the other at the same pace, and the escort, which amounted to about two hundred men, set off at a full gallop, taking the water-side towards St. Cloud. The surrounding crowds vociferated that they were taking flight.

The ex-King and Queen of the French are now residents at Claremont, in Sarre.

AN AMAZON.—During the march of the people to the Tuileries, a woman, well dressed and very pretty, was seen brandishing a long horse pistol, to excite the people on their march. She rode *à la cavalière* on a small grey horse, at the head of a band composed partly of national guards and partly of citizens, who loudly chanted the "Marseillaise," in which she most energetically joined.

"LEND ME YOUR CART."—Some workmen, while looking about for vehicles to form barricades, espied a couple of women driving a milk-cart, the horses of which they stopped. The females entreated the men to let them go, for their customers were waiting for their breakfasts. "Where are you going?" said the men, with mock gruffness. "Oh, good gentlemen," one of the women replied, trembling all the while, "we are going to serve our customers." "That will do," interrupted the assailant, jumping into the cart; "let us be off; and when we have served your milk I'll borrow your cart. Come here to-morrow, and you will easily pick it out again from the rest."

OMNIBUSES AND COACHES.—In the Rue St. Honore the pavement was torn up in several places. omnibuses seized and upset—one in such haste that the passengers had not time to get out, but were all tumbled over along with the vehicle—"comme du lest" (ballast), as one of the operators, a jolly-looking fellow in a blouse, and a bushy black beard, remarked. Similar troubles, but of less gravity, took place in the Rue Rivoli and the Rue Richelieu. In the latter street, a gun-shop, strongly fortified with iron shutters, was broken into by means of an omnibus, which was used as a battering-ram; drawn back and urged violently forward, so that the end of the pole struck against the door. The hackney coachmen, though very well disposed for a revolution, evince individually a great distaste to having their coaches taken for the construction of barricades; and the most amusing chases, disputes, and captures take place. Jarvey lashes on his horses, pursued by a shouting rabble, who soon catch him up, seize the horses' reins, and turn them round amidst the most vehement

and despairing gesticulations of the unfortunate proprietor. Sometimes the troops come up during the chase, and the unhappy chariot-
 teer finds his vehicle and himself the centre of a fierce struggle, in which all his national sympathies are on one side, and his private and pecuniary interests on the other.

PROMOTION.—The Sergeant Onslow was one day changing horses at the White Hart, Regate, when the landlady persisted in addressing the learned counsel as "captain." The learned gentleman's servant corrected her on each occasion in a side whisper. "Be quiet," said she, with a confidential wink, "I know he's only a sergeant, but then sergeants like to be called captains."

A prudent master advised his servant to lay up something for a "rainy day," and a few weeks after he asked his servant how much he'd saved during three weeks; to which the servant replied, "Nothing at all, sir, it all went yesterday, it rained very hard, so I did as you advised me, and a fine drop of ale I had, I know!"

Louis Philippe, king of the French, abdicated in favour of his grand-on, the Comte de Paris, on Thursday, the 24th of February, 1848. The Parisians refused to receive the young Count. A Republic has been proclaimed, and a Provisional Government formed. Louis Philippe and his family fled from Paris on the day on which he signed his abdication.

The idea that religion is a kind of slavery, to which none can submit without sacrificing the natural enjoyments of life, has ever been the greatest hindrance to its advancement among mankind. How much wiser and better should we be if we could carry along with us, from infancy to old age, the full conviction that happiness springs from the substantial cultivation and exercise of the Christian virtues!

THE SEA.—The sea lay before me like a mirror, not a wave rippled the broad surface. It is faithful to sail between sea and sky, whilst the heart sings its yearning sense of pleasure, and the spirit sees the significant, changing, resistent figures that arise from these tuneful waves. The heart and the sea are, however, strangely allied! The sea is the world's great heart: therefore it throbs so deeply in the stormy night; therefore it fills our breast with sadness or enthusiasm, when the clear, starry firmaments—that great image of eternity—shows itself on its quiet surface. Heaven and earth are reflected in the sea as in our hear's; but the heart of man never becomes so quiet as ocean, after life's storm has shaken it to the centre. Yet, our lifetime here—how insignificant compared with the duration of that great world's bodies! In a moment we forget our pain, even the deepest; in a moment the great sea also forgets its storms, for to a world's body weeks and days are but moments.—*Rambles in the Harz Mountains,* by H. C. Andersen.

REGRET.

BY MARY HAZEN CLARE.

Regrets they are useless, regrets they are vain,
 For they can not restore our enjoyments again,
 'Tis useless to murmur and grieve without measure,
 Sighs will not recall a lamented lost treasure.

But, oh! it is madness when fond hopes depart,
 The hopes that we cherish deep, deep in the heart.

To learn by experience and keen-hearted sorrow,
 That the hopes of to-day will oft fade with the morrow.

But yet, what is life in this cold world of ours,
 Deprived of its budding and rich blooming flowers?

For though they may flourish and fade in a day,
 Yet their fragrance is sweet as they thus pass away.

Stern winter appears with its pitiless snow,
 Which chills the lone heart in its throbbings of woe.

Oh! cold and severe is fortune's rude weather,
 When peace and bright sunshine depart both together.

But tempests like these will not always endure,
 And as old age advances, may they become fewer,
 May sweet faith arise, mid hope's cheering ray,
 To seek for a crown which will fade not away.

MR TIMOTHY HARD-TO-PLEASE.

I REALLY do not like a woman small,
 Nor do I like a woman that is tall;
 A quiet, gentle woman I detest,
 A noisy, clamorous woman is a pest,
 A woman stout and plump is quite a bore;
 A meagre woman I cannot endure;
 A woman old, I never could make my wife,
 A woman young would tease me all my life;
 Of women I reckon I do not approve,
 A woman fair and clear, I could not love,
 I do not like a woman that is sensible,
 A foolish woman is incomprehensible.
 Sincerely I detect the above,
 And yet the marriage state I love!

SIR THOMAS MORE.—His country house was at Chelsea, in Middlesex. Where the gate is now, adorned with two noble pyramids, there stood anciently a gate-house, which was flat on the top, leaded, from whence is a most pleasant prospect of the Thames and field beyond. On this place the Lord Chancellor More was wont to recreate himself and contemplate. It happened at one time that a "Tom of Bedlam" came up to him, and had a mind to have thrown him from the battlements, saying, "Leap, Tom, leap!" The chancellor was in his gown, and besides ancient, and not able to struggle with such a strong fellow. My lord had a little dog with him. Said he, "Let us first throw the dog down, and see what sport that will be." So the dog was thrown over. "This is very fine sport," said my lord; "fetch him up, and try once more;" and while the madmen was going down to fetch it, my lord fastened the door, and called for help; but ever after kept the door shut.

USEFUL RECIPES.

PATENT YEAST.—Put six ounces of hops into eight gallons of water, and boil until reduced to two-thirds or nearly one-half, then strain off the hops, and let the decoction remain for a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes, or until the scalding heat is gone, when you mix in half a peck of ground or crushed malt, cover it to keep in the warmth, and let it remain until about the heat of new milk, when you again strain it to take out the grains; add about three quarts of patent yeast and a handful of flour; let it remain covered to ferment. The next day it will be fit for use. Some persons object to the use of flour, which, they affirm, causes it to get sour.—A half pound of hops may be used to half a peck of malt, and the hops boiled in half the water at first, add the malt as before, and strain off the second boiling to the infusion of malt.—*Read's Practical Bread-Baker.*

TO CLEAN AND RESTORE THE ELASTICITY OF CANE CHAIR BOTTOMS, CUSHIONS, &c.—Turn up the chair bottom, &c., and with hot water and a sponge wash the cane-work well, so that it may be well soaked; should it be dirty you must add soap; let it dry in the air, and you will find it as tight and firm as when new, providing the cane is not broken.

TO MAKE FURNITURE PASTE.—Srape four ounces of bees-wax into a pot or basin, then add as much spirits of turpentine as will moisten it through; at the same time powder one quarter of an ounce of rosin, and add to it when it is dissolved to the consistence of paste, add as much Indian red as will bring it to a deep mahogany colour, stir it up, and it is fit for use.

FRENCH POLISH FOR BOOTS AND SHOES.—Logwood chips, half a pound, glue, quarter of a pound; indigo pounded very fine, quarter of an ounce; soft soap, quarter of an ounce; isinglass, quarter of an ounce; boil these ingredients in two pints of vinegar and one of water during ten minutes after ebullition, then strain the liquid. When cold it is fit for use. To apply the French polish, the dirt must be washed from the boots or shoes; when these are quite dry the liquid polish is put on with a bit of sponge.—*Handbook of the Toilette.*

SHAVING LIQUIDS.—1. Rub up in a marble mortar an ounce of any fine soap with two drachms of carbonate of potassa.* When these two substances are incorporated, continue rubbing, and add gradually a pint of lavender-water, or any other odorous water made by dissolving essential oils in alcohol sixty degrees above proof. When the whole is well combined, filter the liquid, and bottle it for use. To make a lather, put a few drops into a wineglassful of tepid water; dip your brush in the mixture, and, when rubbed on the face, a

fine lather will appear. 2. Dissolve any quantity of fine soap in alcohol, either with or without perfume. Use it according to the preceding directions.

TO DESTROY BUGS.—Mix half a pint of spirits of turpentine, and half a pint of best rectified spirits of wine, in a strong bottle, and add in small pieces about half an ounce of camphire, which will dissolve in a few minutes. Shake the mixture well together; and, with a sponge or brush dipped in it, well wet the bed and furniture where the vermin breed. This will infallibly destroy both them and their nits, though they swarm. The dust, however, should be well brushed from the bedstead and furniture, to prevent, from such carelessness, any stain. If that precaution is attended to, there will be no danger of soiling the richest silk or damask. On touching a live bug with only the tip of a pin put into the mixture, the insect will be instantly deprived of existence, and should any bugs happen to appear, after using the mixture, it will only be from not wetting the linen, &c. of the bed; the foldings and linings of the curtains near the rings or the joints, or holes in and about the bed or head-board, in which places the vermin nestle and breed, so that those parts being well wetted with more of the mixture, which dries as fast as it is used, and pouring it into the joints and holes, where the sponge and brush cannot reach, it will never fail totally to destroy them. The smell of this mixture, though powerful, is extremely wholesome, and to many persons very agreeable. It exhales, however, in two or three days. Only one caution is necessary; but that is important. The mixture must be well shaken when used. But never applied by candlelight, lest the spirits, being attracted by the flare of the candle, might cause a conflagration.

ESSENCE OF SHRIMPS, FOR FRIED OR BOILED FISH.—Take three quarts of live shrimps, boil them in two quarts of spring water, with one pound and a quarter of bay salt, twenty-five minutes. Strain them off to get cold, pick them over, breaking them in half, only using the tail part, then boil two quarts spring water and one pound bay salt slowly twenty minutes, and turn into a pan until quite cold. Pound the shrimps in a marble mortar to a fine paste, and throw the first water away. Mix the paste well with the last water, and let it stand close covered twelve hours, adding lake or Venetian red to colour to your own fancy. A little essence of anchovie, fine powdered mace, and cayenne, boiled in the last water, will improve it. Strain it through a sieve, and you will find it complete for bottling. It must be well corked, and kept in a cold place. Prawn and lobster sauce may be made in the same manner.

TOOTH-POWDER.—Burn common household in the fire till the flame is gone, and they are red hot; take them out, throw away the shell, and crush the kernel, which will then form an exceedingly fine charcoal tooth-powder.

* Improperly termed "subcarbonate of potash," and, more improperly still, "salt of tartar."

WINTER EVENING PASTIMES.

SOLUTIONS TO THE RIDDLES, CHARADES,
AND CONUNDRUMS IN OUR LAST.

RIDDLES.

- 1.—A rose.
- 2.—A yard measure.
- 3.—Liquorice — liquorice.
- 4.—A looking glass.

ANSWERS TO CONUNDRUMS.

- 1.—Because he is often out in "Punch."
- 2.—Because there are three scruples to a dram.
- 3.—It comes before T (tea.)
- 4.—Dwarf.
- 5.—He is invited to a muse (amuse), and delights in fancy (infancy.)

- 6.—When they are married (master'd.)
- 7.—A grocer (grow-air)
- 8.—Because he is a common-sower.

ANSWERS TO TRANSPPOSITIONS.

- 1.—Charades.
- 2.—Disappointment.
- 3.—Wraith.
- 4.—Wealth.
- 5.—Determination.
- 6.—Arthur Wollsey.
- 7.—Penitentiary.
- 8.—Poor-house.

ANSWERS TO CHARADES.

- 1.—Courtship.
- 2.—Cork-screw.

ANSWERS TO REBUS TRACTS FOR THE PEOPLE.

CONUNDRUMS.

- 1.—Why should the Ghost in *Hamlet* have been liable to the Window Tax?
- 2.—When does the early closing movement become very objectionable?
- 3.—What if that which gives a cold, cures a cold, and pays the doctor?
- 4.—Where did Noah strike the first nail in the ark?
- 5.—If you throw a stone into the Adriatic what does it become?
- 6.—Why is a tallow-chandler the most anxious and unfortunate of men?
- 7.—What is that which God never sees, the Queen seldom sees, but we see every day?
- 8.—When is a cask of ale like the number 20?
- 9.—Why is a carpenter like a barber?
- 10.—Why is a man that wears a wig like a deceitful person?
- 11.—What place near Blackwall resembles a tall tree?
- 12.—When is a pump like a mother bereaved of her infant?

CHARADES.

- 1.—My first is a part of the dress;
My next, a boy's nickname will be;
My whole (if rightly you guess!)—
You'll find to be made from a tree.
- 2.—As an emblem of sweetness my first is esteemed;
At the toilet my next of great service is deemed;
When united, so well put together am I,
The builder on earth can thy fabric outvie.
- 3.—I am a word of thirteen letters: my 1, 2, 11, 8, 11, 12 is a well-known root; my 8, 3, 5, 11 means a servant; my 12, 1, 3 is a bird; my 7, 5, 9, 10 is a plant; my 13, 2, 1, 5, is a sound in music; my 9, 12, 2, 5, 10, means to fasten; and my whole is the name of a town in England.
- When aeronauts ascend the lofty skies,
My first most buoyantly is seen to rise;

But far below the surface of the earth
My next is found, where riches have
their birth;

My whole's a beautiful and costly red,
By artist used to immortalise the dead.

- 5.—A fair lady stands at a castle gate,
With a youthful knight by her side,
Who vows by the glorious light of my
first,
He'll ever prove true to his bride.

And now in deep anguish she clings to
his breast,
And tapers down her pallid cheeks flow,
As the tongue of my seconds proclaiming
aloud—

'Tis time the crusader should go.

For he has been roused by tales of the
deeds
Of sacrilege done to the shrine,
By the infidel host of the proud Saracens,
In the fair land of famed Palestine.

My whole often stands in a village church-
yard,
And teaches a lesson sublime,
To the young and the old, the grave and
the gay,
Of the march of the conqueror Time.

- 6.—My first is by everybody well known;
On sea or on land, abroad or at home;
Old and young, rich and poor, all, even
the recluse,
Well know my nature, my properties,
and use;
I've a colour, no smell, make it a point
to look sharp,
And the good things of this life I very
oft part,
I generally preside at gala, feast, or ball;
In fact, I'm essential to the comfort of
all.
My second, may I tell you, needs little
describing,
When a certain trade earns their bread
by me dividing;
My name tells I'm flat, but my parent
was round—
I live in the air and I live in the ground.
Unite me together, and own it you
must,
That my whole is made merely to polish
my first.

LIST OF ANIMALS ENIGMATICALLY RE-
PRESENTED.

- 1.—The cricketer's assistant.
- 2.—A title (curtailed), and one half of a widow.
- 3.—Half eleven, and five-sevenths of a spectre.
- 4.—A canton of Switzerland (transposed).
- 5.—Five-eighths of a beautiful flower.
- 6.—A city of Galilee and two-thirds of a corn plant.

FACTS AND SCRAPS.

THE GALLIC COCK.—Victor Hugo, addressing a revolutionary band the other day, near the statue of Louis the Thirteenth, said: "Citizens, love Liberty, but respect the Gallic cock, a cock that has always crowed at the dawning of a happy era."—*Le Corsaire*.

CONFINEMENT.—A gentleman advertised for a clerk who could bear confinement, and who had been some years in his last place. He was answered by a person who had been a number of years in Newgate.

A farmer who occasionally accommodated a neighbour with a fitch of bacon at a killing season, being applied to as usual, replied, "I hanna yet made up my mind whether I shall kill myself this year, or take a side of my fether."

The *Cologne Gazette* states that there is a lady living in Moscow who is in her 168th year, and who in her 122nd year married her fifth husband!

SINGULAR RETURN.—The following curious return was made to the commissioners of the income-tax in the year 1801, at Shrewsbury—

I, A. B., do declare
I have but little money to spare.

I have
1 little house,
1 little mud,
2 little boys,
2 little trade,
2 little land,
2 do. money at command.
By this you see
I have children three,
Depend on me, A. B.

Civil institutions rest on a solid basis only as they are accordant with the maxims of truth and reason.

TOUCHING HIM "ON THE RAW."—A stranger, on taking his seat lately in the pit of a theatre, accosted a gentleman who sat near him with, "Pray, sir, have you a bill?" when, to the stranger's amazement, the gentleman, starting from a reverie in which he had been plunged, exclaimed, "No, sir, but I have two next week, and both unprovided for."

MIXED PIES.—Stew three pounds of lean beef till it is tender; chop it fine with one pound and a half of beef suet, one dozen of apples, and one pound of stoned raisins; mix all together, with three pounds of currants washed and picked clean, half a pound of candied peel, half an ounce, together, of cloves, cinnamon, and mace, pounded fine, a little allspice, a bottle of British mountain, and one pound and a half of good moist sugar; squeeze it down close in a glazed pan; tie it down about ten days, and it will be fit for use; then roll your puff-paste in sheets, about the thickness of a penny-piece, cut out the tops to the size of your patties; put your cuttings for bottoms; fill them to your fancy, cover and close them, and bake them in a steady oven.

BLIND OF AN EYE.—Two boys, one of them blind of an eye, were discoursing on the merits of their respective masters. "How many hours do you have for sleep?" said one. "Eight," replied the other. "Eight! why I only get four." "Ah," said the first, "but recollect you have only one eye to close, and I have two."

The Emperor Commodus, in a fit of passion, caused the keeper of his bath to be thrown into a burning furnace, for no other reason but that, entering into the bath, he found it somewhat too warm.

The *New York Mirror* states that the sum of 75,000 dollars has been recently offered for the patent right of an artificial leg, lately invented by a Yankee in New Hampshire. It is estimated that one leg per day is wanted in New England alone, while the Mexican war is creating a good market in the south.

A country woman visiting Manchester, called at the Victoria station to inquire at what time the train started, which formerly went to Liverpool at 35 minutes past 7. The clerk, who was a bit of a wag, replied 25 minutes to 8. "Bless me!" exclaimed Betty, in wonder and perplexity, "how they do alter the time!"

A New York paper gives the following as the argument of a simple-minded African at a meeting of the Anti-slavery Convention: "My grandfather war a King in Africa! a King! You see before you some ob de royal blood! But de Americans cum and stole away de son ob a King, to make a slave ob him. Wat d'ye tink ob dat? Perhaps you don't tink much ob it; but what would de Americans say, if de Algernes war to cum and carry off young Bob Tyler?"

A PIECE OF FAMILY HISTORY WITHOUT A PARALLEL.—On the 27th day of January, 1848, and in this our goodly thriving city of Norwich (America), is living an aged gentleman, the progenitor of five generations, all now living. He was born on Sunday, his wife was born on Sunday, and his eldest child on Sunday; and he had a child born on every day to the week, commencing on Sunday morning and ending on Saturday night. All the first-born of the five successive generations were born on Sunday—all are males, all bear the same name, and all are now living. Of these, the last-born is the son of the fourth or fifth (we do not know which) child of her parents. The oldest of the five generations is ninety-six years of age—the youngest is between two and three months old, so that the difference which separates the two extremes is but little less than a century.

It happened that one of Dean Swift's servants was going to ball: the day came, and the servant was dressed and ready. So away she went to the ball. The dean determined to play a trick on her, waited till she was in the ball, and then he sent a messenger to bring her back, for he had something of importance to communicate to her. So out comes the servant, and away up to the dean's apartment, and asked what he wanted. "Oh," says he, "it was nothing particular, but to shut the door."

A *Mareschal* of France having been detained for some time in his carriage at one of the gates of Paris, it was at last opened by an excise-officer, who, seeing the hero, shut it again, saying, "Pardon me, your Excellency, laurels pay no excise."

The love and the practice of virtue are essential elements of true nobility of character. However rich, or learned, or talented a man may be, if he lacks virtue, he is wanting in that which is most praiseworthy. Nothing is more degrading to a rational being than viciousness of principle and of action.

If there be any character more than ordinarily detested in society, it is perhaps the habitual liar. The liar militates against both his own interests and the interests of those around him. Nobody believes the liar to be a man of good principle, or of good intentions; and while the indulgence of the habit fatally injures his own reputation, it not unfrequently produces mischief to others. When such a man comes to be fully known, confidence in his word is at an end—he is then sure of being estimated at his proper value, which is simply that of a worthless and contemptible character—to be shunned as a moral pestilence.

The most abject, cowardly superstition was the only curb on the sanguinary despotism of Louis XI. of France. He entertained astrologers at his court, but irritated against one of these imposters, who had foretold the death of his mistress, he sent for him, resolved without doubt not to spare him. "Thou who dost into futurity," said the king, "tell me when thou shalt die." The cunning astrologer saved himself by this reply. "I shall die three days before your majesty." From that time great care was taken of the astrologer's person.

BISHOPS IN OLDEN TIMES COMPARED WITH THE PRESENT.—In 1022, Bonchard, Bishop of Worms, one of the most learned prelates, died. The inventory of his lordship's goods comprised a shirt, an iron chain, which served him as a belt, and three deniers of money. Now-a-days, our prelates are deemed miserably poor unless they die worth 50,000*l.*, 100,000*l.*, or 150,000*l.* personal property, exclusive of large landed estates. *Eheu, quæ tempora mutantur!*

Bishop Grosteste, of Lincoln, told his brother, who asked him to make him a great man, "Brother," said he, "if your plough is broken, I'll pay the mending of it; or if an ox is dead, I'll buy you another; but a ploughman I found you, and a ploughman I'll leave you."

Louis XVIII. asked the Duke of Wellington familiarly, how old he was; the latter replied, "Sir, I was born in the year 1768." "And so was Buonaparte," rejoined the King; "Providence owed us this compensation."

Perhaps there is nothing more surely indicative of a weak and ignorant mind, than blind credulity; yet the other extreme, that of general scepticism is equally reprehensible, and dangerous, if, indeed, it be not more so.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, No. 3, Catherine Street, Strand.

J. G.—Thanks for your lines; they shall be read, and inserted if approved of.

Domina.—We fear you will have some difficulty, the parts are scarce. Apply to Mr. Vickers, Highwell-street, he may be able to procure it for you.

D. D.—The quantity used will not have any injurious effect. Without so small quantity it will not retain its lustre.

J. D. H.—Nothing more uncertain than law; if what you state is correct, apply to some solicitor of eminence and respectability. We are doing the same.

R. SUBSCRIBER, (Lincoln's-Inn).—There is no difficulty. Get a letter to Sir Henry Ellis, from any respectable banker, bookseller, barrister, or person well known, and a card will be given to you for life. You will also meet with every attention from the officers of the British Museum.

E. S. N.—We are obliged for your riddles. We do not understand the meaning of your question.

Miss P. (Hereford).—The editor feels obliged by the article sent, which is very well told, but not of sufficient interest for publication.

POPE.—It is very likely we shall, occasionally MARY M. C. (Paddington).—Our fair correspondent is thanked for her clever contributions, received on the 27th ult. Her former contributions would have appeared before this, had it not been taken from our printing-office.

J. A. H.—We have not perused any work on the subject, consequently cannot answer your question.

T. P.—You should apply to "Bell's Life," or the "Era." We know nothing about pagliasts or their doings.

T. ROWE.—The title of "King of the French" was given to Louis Philippe to denote that he held the crown from the people.

Y. Y.—Your own sense ought to tell you they can, why not?

"TRACTS."—In answer to numerous correspondents, we have to state that Vol. I. of "TRACTS FOR THE PEOPLE" is now ready. The Tracts have an elegant wrapper, title-page, and index. Price of Vol. I., Sixpence.

P. P.—The answer given by the "Era" newspaper is wrong. The game is "Vingt-un," at which "tens" pay the dealer, and not "loo."

JOHN SCOTT.—Thanks. C. A.—No.

A REGULAR SUBSCRIBER.—If you apply at Scotts, near Exeter Hall, you will obtain the price. Thanks for Riddles.

ALONZA.—The property taken can be retained by the police until after the trial.

JACOBUS.—Our "Master of the Riddles" returns thanks for your favours.

PENZA.—Thanks.

EDWARD R.—We cannot always obtain the names of the writers. We shall feel obliged for the anecdotes. In answer to your question.—We think the only chance at present is through interest.

W. T. BRANBLE.—Thanks; whatever you send shall meet with attention.

EDWARD B.—Thanks for the Riddles. Your verses are sent up to the mark.

WILL.—Your Riddles, if approved of by our "Master of the Riddles," will, no doubt, appear, we have several hundred on hand, which accounts for the delay. The tales must be gratuitous if sent. The same as Vol. I.

TRACTS

For the People.

A WEEKLY MISCELLANY OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE AND AMUSEMENT.

No 15 Vol II 7

SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1848.

[PRICE ONE HALFPENNY]



THE CHURCH OF ST. NICHOLAS, NEWCASTLE UPON-TYNE.

THE CHURCH OF ST. NICHOLAS,

NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE.

NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE possesses numerous public structures of considerable beauty, among which, the chief ecclesiastical edifice is the Church of St. Nicholas, an engraving of which our readers will find in the preceding page. The venerable "mother" church of Saint Nicholas rises with dignity from the more western of the buildings of Newcastle which stand on the brow of the steep that overlooks the sandhill and quay. It is a large ancient fabric, in the pointed style, built, it is supposed by some writers, at the close of the thirteenth century, but not then finished.

In architecture, the body of the present church, plain and as of the south side even distinguished by a modern tower, while although itself of elegant design and structure, can be looked on as nothing better than an unbecomingly excessive upon the style. At the west end of the fabric is, however, a porch at once the principal feature of the building—the great architectural ornament of the town of Newcastle, and the pride of every Newcastleman. It is composed of a tower and superior structure; the former quadrangular, supported and embellished by buttresses at the angles, embattled, and finished on each upper face by two graceful pointed windows, the latter, a fabric of rather uncommon design, but of almost unrivalled lightness, elegance and beauty; its general form one which it has been usual, but in this case, we think, without good reason, to style that of an imperial crown. It has been frequently said that this steeple, with that of St. Dunstan-in-the-East, London, and that of St. Giles, Edinburgh, are the only towers in Britain that boast a similar ornamental finish at top. But this is a mistake. The Tolbooth of Glasgow, King's College chapel, Aberdeen, the parish church of Lanthorn, and gateway at Alnwick, all exhibit a crowning ornament, similar in plan, although differing in richness of ornament. From the interior base of four octagonal, embattled, and pinnacle-surmounted towers that rise from the four upper angles of the tower, spring diagonally four crocketed flying buttresses, which, on approaching a common centre, severally divide; the superior portion sweeping lightly up into a graduated buttress, the inferior one proceeding to that centre; upon which, supported at the angles by four buttresses, rests a second, far diminished, but quadrangular and embattled tower, constituting, in fact, an elegant lantern, the four sides of which are almost wholly formed of as many open windows, that in their tracery, speak this part of the fabric as of later date than the tower below. From the centre of the lantern rises, to the height of about 700 feet from the ground, a delicate spire, crocketed, of octagonal form, and adorned by small flying buttresses, connected with four graceful crocketed towers, also octagonal, that rise

from the superior angles of the lantern. Smaller turrets, but not exactly similar in form and decoration to the four large ones of the great tower, rise from a buttress that runs up the centre of each upper face of the latter. Thus does the superior portion of this celebrated steeple present an aggregate, including the spire, of thirteen pinnacles of different sizes, all crocketed and all surmounted by gilt vanes. That the effect of such a finish must, in almost every direction, be strikingly fine, can scarcely need remarking, as our illustration strives to show. Before the dissolution, this church contained nine or ten chantries.

In referring to the "Chorographia, or a Survey of Newcastle," published at Newcastle, in 1649, we find the following—"Osmund, Bishop of Salisbury, in the reign of William the First, built here a church, dedicated to St. Nicholas, which at the present is understood to be the third on the site. St. Nicholas Church was built by Robert de Rhodes, Lord Prior of Durham, in Henry the Sixth's days. It breath up a hall of majesty, as high above the rest as the cypress tree above the low shrubs."

The "Chorographia" also informs us that "in the Church of St. Nicholas, there were many sumptuous windows, that in the east-surpasseth all the rest in height, largeness, and beauty, adorned with the twelve apostles, seven deeds of charity, &c., erected by Roger de Thornton, a great benefactor of this Towne." The same work also states that, "in the north part of the same is the shrine of Henry the Fourth, Percy Earle of Northumberland, who was killed by the hands of Rabelais in York-shire, gathering up a Subsidy; he was buried at Beverley, and thus made an ignominy of him. In the south part of this church, under the window, is an ancient tombe of a Warre-like-gentleman, lying with his legs across; and in the quire is the tombe of that noble 'Major of Newcastle,' Master Robert Anderson, whose memory will continue until there be no more time; *Te vel mirumque perennat*—viz., His got of twenty pound per annum for ever, to the toure Churches in Newcastle."

FRIENDS.—It requires sunshine to see our friends, for they become invisible when our horizon is clouded.

Books well read, duly pondered, and rightly applied, sometimes the riches of the mind; a possession more noble and lasting than houses or lands. The cultivation of the mind is a duty, so books are prizeable in proportion as they are adapted to secure this result; a fact, however, which is not sufficiently adverted to by those who read merely for amusement, or so pass away a vacant hour. Books contain instruction of an important nature, which it will be the object of the judicious and reflecting reader to make his own; and perhaps there are few books which a person of this sort will not be able to make of some use.

TALES FROM IRISH HISTORY.

TALE FIFTH

BY WILLIAM COLLIER.

THE PRINCE AND HIS PEASANT;

OR, LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

IN the reign of King Cormac, AND about 120, there lived in the Emerald Isle a very hospitable farmer, whose name was Buncloch Burghach. It is recorded of him in the old chronicles, "that so great and extensive was his hospitality, that he made it his common practice to keep a mighty big cauldron always boiling over a beautiful turf-fire. This very extensive cauldron, though always kept in a state of bubble, bubble, took, was at all times and seasons come-at-able, without toil or trouble, by every hungry passer-by. Talk of "Sover's soup-kitchen for the Spitalfields weavers" (which, by the way, does credit to the head and heart of the renowned customer), it is but a common stew-pot compared with the magnificent cauldron of the open-heated Burghach. It was brim full of the good things of this life, which, unfortunately, all flesh is *not* heir to, and every one who came near his hospitable dwelling was relieved free of all cost, had a hearty welcome to boot, and no questions asked as to whether the applicant was destitute and in want, old or infirm. To Buncloch Burghach was given, for the first time, the honourable and much-envied Hibernian cognomen of "the moth of a boy."

Now, the lauds of this farmer and great grazier abounded in cattle of all kind, and to his time a *ladder-man* never walked upon his toes. It is a fact upon record, that he had at one time in his possession *more cows** than any dairyman that ever went before, or came after him, not even excepting *Rhodes*, that modern *colours* of cows. Burghach was a boy in high favour with the tip-tops of the times, for the mobility and gentility of Leinster, with their entire families and retinue, would often visit him to take pot-luck, and some of them there were (the *galpaneis*), who were not above spurning upon him for a precious long time. Hospitality has ever been the pride of an Irishman; but this extravagant display of it, as the reader may well suppose, very soon impoverished the means of the warm-hearted Burghach; for, in the course of a very few years, he was left with only seven cows and *one bull*, which is little enough, in all conscience, for an Irishman.

With this small remnant of his stock, he privately removed one fine dark night, taking with him his wife and his beautiful foster-child, Eithne; and after wandering about for some time, he at last settled upon the borders of a magnificent wood, in the county of Meath, near which was situate the princely palace of the great King Cormac. Here he built himself

* Burghach is said to have had in the days of his prosperity seven times seven score cows.

a mighty snug little cabin with the loose stones and sods of turf when he found looking out for an owner. When the finishing-touch was put to it, it was a perfect picture of a cabin—

"It was white without, clean and warm within; a comfortable crib for man to dwell in."

Now, it happened that one fine spring morning early, Prince Cormac, with a splendid retinue, went out to *drive at them else* and a lot of a hunt in the wood; and the pointer having, like Fitz-James of Scotland, left his followers far behind, he at last found that he was all alone by himself in a most lonely spot. Well, after wandering about for a long time, and to little purpose, good fortune at last directed him to the comfortable cabin of Burghach, and there he chanced to spy the beautiful Eithne, who was rubbing an *old ash duty* whilst well her cows, which it rendered into English, he has rendered follows—

In the sweet spring time, when two days were five.

And the lark from his bed rose early,

A smiling lass, through the wain-worms,

Trapped light on the dew-drops perched,

A youth there said, "Will you give with me

My love to share, and I will give to be?

Sorrow and want shall never touch thee,

And you'll never regret the day that we

First met in the morning early."

First met in the morning early.

"Oh! I'm too young, so, I cannot do it."

When he was out in morning early,

And were afraid, "this maiden said."

"That you may not grow old and fast."

But the youth to gain his heart was hurt,

Though she strove to give him love and wert,

And at last she foundly did he love and wert,

Which gave his heart more sweet content,

On a fine spring morning early.

On a fine spring morning early.

The fair Eithne had two vessels before her, in which she used to separate the thin milk from the richer and more substantial; for when she began to milk a cow, she disposed of the first part of the milk into one vessel, and the latter part, or the *steep milk*, she poured into the other, which method she observed until she had gone over the whole of the cow; and when she had finished, she took in her vessels, and carried them home. The prince followed her at a most respectful distance, for though, like all Irishmen, remarkably fond of the fox, he was by no means a regular gallivanting chap. Cormac could not help admiring the maiden for her sagacity and the niceness of her care, and was perfectly charmed with the modesty of her looks, and the fine shape and beauty of her person.

The fair Eithne did not remain long in the cottage; for she soon made her appearance again, bearing on her hands two empty vessels, and a bowl, with which she topped lightly over the green sward to a spring which was bubbling near at hand. She stooped over the brink of the spring, and led with the bowl, with the water that was near the surface she filled one vessel, and into the other she

poured the water that was laded from the middle of the spring, which was cooler and clearer than the rest. When her vessels were full, she returned home.

Cormac, you may be surr, never took his eye off the *creathur* all this while; for he was as much struck at the *alligance* of her behaviour as at the soundness of her judgment.

The *darlint* soon made her appearance again; for, being the Cinderella of the establishment, she was obliged to perform all the menial drudgery. This time she appeared with a reaping-hook in her hand, and she had not proceeded far before she came to a spot which abounded with rushes; here she began to work, and when she had reaped a handful of them, she separated those that were long and green from those that were short and withered, and laid them in different heaps; which distinction she used until she had cut as many as she designed to carry.

The youthful prince, no longer able to control his inclination to converse with this fair being, rode gaily up to her; and may be she wasn't struck with surprise and astonishment at seeing such a gallant chieftain in a place so unfrequented! The prince by the courtesy of his address and the kindness of his manner soon removed all her fears, assuring her that though she was alone, it would be unworthy the character of an Irishman and a *gentleman* to offer the slightest freedom to a maid so innocent and beautiful.

"*Bad cess*" to the fellow, I am not aware that he had ever kissed the "*blarney-stone*," but this I do know, that he perfectly bothered the heart of the poor little Eithne, when he praised her beauty, which, he said, "was more fit to garnish the court of a king than to be wasted amidst woods and wilds, like the neglected primrose."

"And now, my fair woodland flower," he said, when she had somewhat recovered from her surprise, "pray explain to me your reason for separating the milk, the water, and the rushes, for it's a notion I have, my pretty one, that there is some favoured swain for whom you wish to preserve the best of every thing by itself, and to distinguish by particular marks of your favour and esteem."

The maiden, with a blush rising in her face, which loveliest rose-tint never rivalled, answered, with native and becoming modesty, "That the person upon whom she always bestowed the choicest and best that she could procure, was one to whom she owed the best service of her life, and that to please him was her duty and most anxious care."

"*Hix!*" said the prince; "and who may the fortunate youth be for whom so lovely a maiden cares so much?"

"His name is Burghach," replied the damsel.

"What! the noble, generous, warm-hearted farmer, who was eaten out of house and home for his hospitality?"

"The same, sir," replied the maid.

"Then your name, my sweet wild rose-bud, must be Eithne, and you are the daughter of the brave chief Dunluing, who fell so nobly in his country's cause; and if I mistake not, you are the foster-child of the good herdsman and his honest spouse."

"Sure, and you're as good as a witch," replied the pretty Eithne, looking sadly puzzled; "what you say is the true thing, however you came to the knowledge of it."

"Well," continued the enamoured youth, "Burghach has carefully tended his sweet wild flower, which shall be transplanted to a richer soil. I know, fair maid, your family and your fortune, and am so charmed with your modesty and the beauty of your person, that I am vain enough to wish you mine."

"Men were deceivers ever—"

"I scorn to use deceptive arts to win so fair a maiden to my pleasure. Will you be mine, sweet maid?—mine by the holy tie of wedlock? Come make good the words of your own sweet song and—"

Fondly blush consent.

On a fine spring morning early."

"Sir," she replied, "though a poor maid may justly be ambitious to be mated upon advantageous terms, yet I retain a duty to my good foster-father; so that I would not presume to dispose of myself, without his consent, to the greatest king in the universe;—no, not even to our good King Cormac himself."

The prince applauded her resolution, and requested to be conducted to the cottage of the herdsman; and when he saw him, he informed him of his design, and the sincerity of his passion, and engaged, upon the honour of a prince, to remove Burghach out of his solitary retirement, and bestow wealth and lands upon him, suitable to the goodness of his heart, if he would consent that the beautiful Eithne should become his bride.

The private conference was soon brought to a close, and, maybe, Burghach was not overjoyed at his good luck, not only on account of his lovely charge, but because he loved his prince, and knew that he would make the maiden happy. And so he did, like a *decent* and accomplished boy as he was; for he kept his promise, like a pattern of a prince, as he was; and, in after years, Eithne bore him three sons and ten daughters.*

Never in the palace of Tara did the harp sound more sweetly than when its chords were struck to celebrate the nuptials of the great King Cormac with Eithne, the lovely wild-rose of Aetha.

ADVICE.—Most people seem to imagine that advice, like physic, to do good must be disagreeable.

* Ten princesses of most accomplished beauty were daughters of Cormac, the Irish king. Three sons he had of superior courage: Their names were Daire, Cairbre, and Ceallach. *Old Irish Chronicle.*

A FEW HINTS FROM THE DIARY OF A DINER-OUT.

"When dinner is despatched,
The pleasure of the day is over."

CIVIC SAYING.

THERE is no man in existence likes a good dinner better than I do, and if I were asked what it is that distinguishes our present refined era of society from the days of uncivilised man, I should say, without a moment's hesitation, a slap-up dinner-party; in which assertion I should be seconded by every civilised citizen east of Temple-bar. Reader, I am somewhat aldermanic in my notions. We are told by travellers of the generosity of savage nations, and the readiness with which they share their scanty and precarious meal with the passing stranger whom hunger compels to crave their hospitality. Far be it from me to depreciate the merit of even the most unchristian barbarians. I am free to admit that charity is as praiseworthy, and is exercised with as much genuine kind-heartedness by the Hottentots of Africa, as by the Hottentots of our own United Kingdom, and that as much real liberality is to be found in the back settlements of the Cape, as in modern Athens. But then the style of the thing—only imagine yourself invited to partake the bounties of a Caffrarian hut. Seated on a stool made of the back-bone of the grampus, with your knees for a table, and your fingers for a *fourchette*. Before you a dish of white ants; to the right, a small pile of grasshoppers; to the left, a little hillock of spiders; in the centre, the *superbe* leg of a half-pitruined jackall, with here and there a young serpent, and a sprinkle of locusts by way of dessert. Why a disciple of Kitchener would be horror-struck at the bare mention of such a bill of fare. Even Soyer, with his savoury sauces, could have made nothing of it. But great allowances are to be made; the Hottentots are as yet, as far as cooking goes, but in the infancy of science. The Cape being one of our colonies, we shall in due time, teach the inhabitants how to boil potatoes, and then inoculate the natives with a taste for macaroni and pullets, dressed *à la tartare*. Everything has a beginning. Many centuries have not elapsed since persons of the first rank in England ate porpoises and seals at their most sumptuous banquets,* and used their fingers instead of forks; these cleanly instruments not being then invented. Looking back to what we were three hundred years ago, and seeing what we are at present, we have good reason to believe that the time will come when the upper order of Hottentots will eat their sweetbread dressed *à la sauce-Tomato*, be waited upon by negro lackeys in white gloves, and dip their damask

napkins, after a luxurious meal, in a reservoir of iced rose-water. But, leaving our African brethren to the missionaries and the march of intellect, I return to the interesting subject from which they led me to digress—a magnificent dinner-party. This is to me the single summing of all human enjoyment—the concentration of all social feeling—the flow of soul, the stream of which floats us above all the cares of life and all the conundrums of philosophy. I speak not, of course, of a table *à la bourgeois*, but where all is epicurean; where *le cuisinier* is completely skilled in his art; where every dish carries with it the flavour of a master-hand; where every course displays, with rich vicesitude, *les mets les plus recherchés*. This is the joy of joys—the realisation of paradise. I am no advocate for large public dinners, where the food is neither hot nor cold, and the wines always detestable. I prefer a comfortable eighteen-penny ordinary with mine host of the "*Salutation*," in Newgate-street, to any *guinea* scramble for miserable fare. A dinner, for comfort, should never be laid for more than a dozen persons; and commend me to one for that number at Greenwich, or Blackwall, when the white-bait is in good order. The teachers of political economy may preach up the excellence of their science till doomsday, but never will they succeed in persuading me, or any man of sound intellect, that it is at all to compare in value or in utility to the economy of the kitchen. What are the discoveries of Ricardo, or McCulloch, compared with the discovery of a new sauce? The *chef de cuisine*, who, from the recondite stores of his invention, furnishes an exquisite *aroma* hitherto unknown, contributes more to the sum of human happiness than the whole tribe of political economists have ever done, or ever will do. But the delights of the table, like every delight of this our world, has its drawbacks; the most serious of which is, that propensity to talkativeness which good cheer has a tendency to generate. Fortunately, an excellent dinner-party has no such effect upon me. Far from stimulating my loquacity, its operation is exactly the reverse. After the last remove, I can give myself up to discouraging without restraint, for, truth to tell, I am both by nature and habit somewhat of a talker. But when my teeth are active, I always suffer my tongue to lie at rest. In the midst of the conversation that is going on around me, I am as silent as a monk of La Trappe. Indeed it is, in my opinion, the excess of unpoliteness to put any question to one whom we see intently occupied with the business before him. A man must have arrived at the utmost state of blockheadism before he could be guilty of such an interruption. You never put a question to any one while he is drinking, why then do *le* while he is eating? Are not both occupations equally sacred? But there are some men whose stomachs have no sympathy. I witnessed this the other day at a grand dinner-party, given by a distinguished friend of mine,

* These, together with cranes and heronshaws, made a part of the installation feast of Norville, Archbishop of York, and Chancellor of England, in 1466, which is said to have exceeded all others in splendour and expense, and in the number and quality of the guests.—See "Henry's History of Great Britain," vol. x. p. 318.

who, as far as skill in the essentials of all that constitutes perfection in cookery goes, was never excelled by any monarch that ever sat on the culinary throne. But wits, poets, politicians, and men of genius were intermingled; and, as always happens when this class of persons meet, they have an appetite only for talking. The content of the best possible bill of fare are lost upon them. They have no alimentary canal, or at least if they have, it is a mere digestion-pipe, and nothing more. A *pate de force gras* placed before them has no dominion over a mutton chop; and the most piquant *fricandeau* has no more influence than an Irish stew. Towards dishes which no mortal epicure could withstand, they appeared quite marble-hearted. How it was that, all talking at once, any of them got a dinner, is to me a mystery. It was a babel in miniature. Some of the phrases which caught my ear from time to time were amusing enough in their way, but I never could consider that conversation seasoned food. Commend me to the "silent system" while the work of gastronomy is going on; it is the true Attic seat to the man who knows the value of a good dinner. Ask the *gourmets* of the Goldsmith's Hall, the Smiths and the Browns, or any of our turtle-loving aldermen, persons competent to give an opinion, and my life on it they will all consent to silence. I am certain that could I hear it in its turn every topic of conversation which comes uppermost at the dinner-table, I should find much that was fruitful of entertainment—excellent in *conversation*—admirable to enliven the gloom of a general fast. But to the genuine disciples of Epicurus, and at a superb dinner-party!!! oh! *Sancte Apicius, ora pro nobis.*

A FIRE-SIDE LECTURE ON MASQUES.

BY THE VILLAGE SCHOOLMASTER.

"Room for an old trophy of time"—

BEN JONSON.

As the miracle plays and interludes began to lose favour with the nobility, a new species of public amusement arose, differing but little from the bastard drama they had superseded; these were called "*Masques*," and were for the most part composed of classical characters, called up for the occasion, and made to flatter the taste and other good qualities of the persons before whom they were performed, or at whose commands they were written.

The masques were almost always performed before the nobility, and are no indication of the taste of the public; indeed, had they been performed in public places of amusement, they would have failed to please; for to have understood them, it would have required a greater degree of learning than the public of those days possessed. Even to those conversant with the classical subjects they represent, they seem (at present) dull and pedantic; yet the pleasing and striking contrast between the masque and anti-masque, the mixture of the

graceful and elegant with the grotesque, the introduction of beautiful dances and charming songs, together with pleasing music, ingenious machinery, and splendid dress, would go far to atone for their pedantry, even with the vulgar.

Looking at these masques now, at the end of two hundred years, we cannot but feel astonished that so many of them should ever have been tolerated, for they abound in coarse and vulgar (not to say obscene) jests. But when we know that they were most of them performed at court, or in the mansions of the noble, we cannot but feel that morality was at a low ebb. To Ben Jonson must be awarded the meed of refining this part of the drama; for beside the sly hits at court fashions and foppery, there are in his masques frequent references to the beautiful in nature and in art, as well as refined and delicate fancies, together with learned allusions that take us back into the dim temple of antiquity, from whence he drew his inspiration. Jonson was too refined to be low and vulgar, and as he undoubtedly stands the highest amongst the writers of masques, and all the antiquated peculiarities of those pieces are to be found in the thirty-six he wrote, I shall briefly give a specimen of his plots, machinery, and poetry.

The best of the masques of Ben Jonson is "*The Vision of Delight*," which was represented at Court, Christmas, 1617. It opens with a scene "of a street in perspective of fair buildings discovered," down which Delight is seen to come, accompanied with Grace, Love, Harmony, Revel, Sport, and Laughter, followed by Wonder.

Delight addresses his train, and introduces the anti-masque, consisting of a she-monster delivered of six Burratines, that dance with six pantaloons; after which Night is introduced, as rising slowly, and taking her chariot besprung with Star, and attended by the Moon; she hovers over the place, and sings the following beautiful song:—

NIGHT.

"Break, Phant'ise, from thy cave of cloud,
And spread thy purple wings;
Now all thy figures are allow'd,
And various shapes of things;
Create of airy forms a stream,
It must have blood and nought of phlegm;
And though it be a waking dream,

CHORUS.

Yet let it like an odour rise
To all the senses here,
And fall like sleep upon their eyes,
Or music in their ear."

Here the scene changed to a cloud, out of which Fancy descended with purple wings, and introduced the second anti-masque, which was composed of Phantasms, after which Fancy introduced the "*Hour*," namely, the first of the year.

"Behold the gold-hair'd Hour descending here,
That keeps the gate of heaven and turns the year;
Already with her sight how she doth show,
And make another face of things appear."

Here the "golden-haired Hour" descends,
and the scene changes to the "bower of Zephyrus," which is hung with convolvulus, honeysuckle, jessamine, and other flowers: the bower afterwards opens and discovers the "masquers," as "the glories of the spring," the scene being a landscape of rich fields, woods, and springs, with herds and flocks feeding, whilst the sweet music of the larks is heard aloft. Wonder exclaims,—

"Whence is it that the air so sudden clears,
And all things in a moment turns so mild?
Whose breath or beams have got yon earth
with child,

Of all the treasure that great Nature's worth,
And makes her every minute to bring forth?
How is it winter is so quiet forced hence,
And looked up under ground? that every sense
Hath several objects, trees have got their heads,
And folds their coats! that now the shuning
meads

Doth boast the pannes, the lily, and the rose,
And every flower doth laugh as Zephyr blows!
That seas are now more even than the land?
The rivers run as smoothed by his hand.
Only their heads are crasped by his stroke —
How plays the yearly with his brow scarce broke
Now in the open grass! and frisking lambs
Make wanton saits about their dry-suck'd dams!

How is't each bough a several music yields?
The lusty throats, early nightingales,
Accord in tune, though vary in their tale:
The chirping swallow called forth by the sun,
The crest-lark doth his division run?
The yellow bees the air with murmurs fill,
The linnets carol and the turtle bill!
Whose power is this? what god?"

Fancy answering, names the "Hour," and the chorons calls on the anti-masque to do honour to the god by a dance; which being done, they call for another, and are honoured with the main dance, the chorus singing the following lines, descriptive of it.—

"In curious knots and mazes so,
The Spring at first was taught to go;
And Zephyr, when he came too woo
His Flora, had their motions too.
And thence did Venus learn to lead
The Idalian brawls, and so to tread
As if the wind, not she, did walk:
Nor prest a flower, nor bow'd a stalk."

After this, the anti-masque dance with the ladies, and the whole of the revels follow; during which the Night gradually descends in her chariot, attended by the Moon; and in the midst of the revels, Aurora, bursting forth in splendour from the shades of night, expresses her reluctance to stop the sports, but pleads the peremptory commands of Day; with which the chorus readily complies, and so the masque ends.

The fancies of "rare Ben Jonson" were ably worked out by the ingenious Inigo Jones, and his performers were the heads of the nobility, who appeared in the most beautiful and costly dresses, glittering with gold, silver, and jewels. They descended and ascended into the skies; paraded, danced, and sung to music; and were the representatives of gods and goddesses; ruling the winds and the seas, and lighting the tops of the hills, in the character of Aurora or Phœbus, or throwing their dusky mantle over

earth and sky. The machinery was equal to any that has ever been produced upon the stage; the elegance has never been surpassed; and it is very improbable that the expense ever will.

At the marriage of Lord Haddington, twelve of the principal courtiers subscribed 3,000*l* a piece for a masque; and we learn from the *Tillot Papers*, that one masque alone cost the exchequer 3,000*l*—a heavy sum to give for three-quarters of an hour's amusement.

The Masque of Blackness, or, as it is called by way of distinction, the Queen's Masque, was performed at court, at Whitehall, on the Twelfth Night, 1605; and the performers were her majesty the queen, who with the Countess of Bedford wore the symbol of a golden tree, laden with fruit, amongst the other performers were the Countesses of Derby and Suffolk, with eight ladies of honour, dressed as negroesses, met to celebrate the union of the river Niger with the ocean.

The Masque of Queens was "impersonated" at Whitehall, Feb. 2, 1609, by the queen in person, assisted by six countesses and five maids of honour.

The plot of the masque is very difficult to unravel—if, indeed, they can any of them be said to lay claim to one, that of the "Hue and Cry" after Cupid appears to me to be the best worked and the best timed of any of them. The "Hue and Cry" was performed in honour of the marriage of one of the House of Ramsey with one of the Ratcliffs, and was "impersonated" by the Duke of Lennox, three earls, four lords, and two knights.

Cupid, having strayed from heaven, Venus descends to the earth, attended with the Graces, to seek for her son. Her attendants each describe the runaway, who at length reveals himself to them and his mother; Hymen undertaking to justify his absence. Describing the bridegroom, he compares him to *Æneas*, son of Venus, who is made by Virgil "the most exquisite pattern of piety, justice, prudence, and all other princely virtues." To the bride he gives every virtue; and, to crown all, he introduces Vulcan, who shows the present he has forged for the happy couple. Venus is pleased, Cupid forgiven, and the masque ends with a dance.

With Jonson the masque rose to its proudest position, and with him it fell. It is true that now and then it was revived, but it never could keep its place.

ARISTOCRACY.—The aristocracy are prone to ridicule the elevation of the middle class to high official situations, not reflecting it is easier to transmute men of talents into gentlemen than it is to convert mere gentlemen into men of talent.

FRINDS.—Guard, if it be possible, your friends from injuring you, lest they, by seeking to become your bitterest enemies, never forgiving the wrongs they have themselves inflicted.

REMARKABLE CASES OF FRAUD AND IMPOSTURE.

No. V.—BOOK II.

THE simulation of diseases and disabilities has always proved a fertile subject for the moralist and the medical jurist. Remarkable ingenuity, and a very considerable knowledge of the powers and effects of medicinal agents, have been shown by those who, *a priori*, would not be suspected of such information; and the pertinacity shown by the impostors has been often wonderful. Various motives lead to the practice of feigning diseases; among others we may mention the following:—

A release from obligation. This is frequently the case in the army and navy, where the men will pretend to be ill to escape duty or to gain their discharge. In this form it has been termed *Malingering*. Beggars also frequently feign illness when they are offered work, preferring the easy task of soliciting charity to the labour of an occupation.

The hope of gain. This motive comes into operation where the object is to obtain relief from the parish, to impose upon the benevolence of private persons, to procure the allowances of benefit societies, clubs, &c., to get admitted into an hospital, or to obtain compensation for some pretended injury.

To procure release from confinement, or an exemption from punishment. This motive is a source of deceit with boys and girls at school, persons committed to prison, &c.

In the year 1804, the great increase of ophthalmia in the 50th regiment, and the reported detection of frauds in other regiments, led to a suspicion in the mind of the surgeon of that corps; an investigation ensued, when it was discovered that a regular correspondence was carried on between the men under medical treatment and their friends. Those suffering from ophthalmia within the walls of the hospital requested that those without would forward to them corrosive sublimate, lime, and blue-stone; and by the application of these acrid substances to their eyes, they hoped to get them into such a state of disease as would enable them to procure their discharge, with a pension. Proofs of guilt having been established, the delinquents were tried by a court-martial, convicted, and punished. We have been informed that sometimes snuff, pepper, tobacco, salt, and alum, have been used to produce ophthalmia. When feigned, this disease has almost always been confined to one eye.

Paralysis of one arm has often been simulated, with perseverance and consistency, for months. In one particular case, the soldier pretended that he had fallen asleep in the open air, and awoke with his arm benumbed and powerless. The imposture being suspected, a court-martial was held on him, and he was even tied up to the halberts to be punished; but the commanding officer thought the evidence not sufficiently convincing. Having,

however, subsequently undergone very severe treatment, and there being no prospect of a pension, he at last gave in. A trooper in the 12th pretended that he had lost the use of his right arm, and after resisting, for a very long period, severe hospital discipline, he procured his discharge. When he was leaving the regiment, and fairly on the top of the coach, at starting he waved his paralytic arm in triumph, and sneered at the success of his plan. Another soldier, who pretended that he had lost the use of his lower extremities, was reported unfit for service, and was discharged. When his discharge was obtained, he caused himself, on a field-day, to be taken in a cart to the Phoenix Park, and, in front of the regiment, drawn up in a line, he had the cart driven under a tree; he then leaped out of the cart, springing up three times, insulted the regiment, and scampered off at full speed. Another man, in an hospital, pretending to be afflicted with a hopeless complaint, which was a subject of offence to the whole ward, being detected, it was determined to apply the actual cautery. On the first application of the red-hot spatula, he, who for eleven months had lost the use of his lower limbs, gave the man who held his leg so violent a kick, that he threw him down, and instantly exclaimed that he was shamming, and would do his duty if released. To the amusement of all around, he walked to his bed. When the burned parts were healed, he quietly returned to his duty.

A soldier, named Hollidge, pretending to be deaf and dumb after an attack of fever, never for one moment forgot his assumed character, till his purpose was attained. Being useful as a tailor, he was kept for five or six years subsequent to this feigned calamity, and carried on all communication by writing. On one occasion, whilst practising firing with blank cartridge, an awkward recruit shot Hollidge in the ear, who expressed pain and consternation by a variety of contortions, but never spoke. Not having been heard to articulate for five years, he was at last discharged; he then recovered the use of speech, and a vacancy occurring shortly after, he offered himself to fill the situation, namely, as master-tailor to the regiment.

Those who affect deafness are frequently detected by unexpectedly or sharply calling out the names of the individuals, by calling them by name when asleep, by letting a piece of money fall close to them, or by opening a conversation with them in a very high tone of voice, but gradually sinking it to its usual compass; when thrown off their guard, the impostors will reply to such questions as are put to them. A recruit, unwilling to go to the East Indies, feigned deafness; he was admitted into the hospital, and put on spoon-diet; for nine days no notice was taken of him; on the tenth the physician, having made signs of inquiry to him, asked the hospital sergeant what that he was on? The sergeant answered, "Spoon-diet." The physician, affecting to be angry,

said, "Are you not ashamed of yourself, to have kept this man so long on spoon-meat? The poor fellow is nearly starved; let him have a beef-steak and a pint of porter." Murphy could contain himself no longer; he completely forgot his assumed defect, and, with a face full of gratitude, cried, "God bless your honour! you are the best gentleman I have seen for many a day!"

Spitting of blood is rather a favourite disease with soldiers who seek their discharge from the service through imposture. It is simulated by placing a sponge in the mouth filled with bullock's blood, by cutting the mouth and gums, or by sucking blood from other parts of the body.

Vomiting has been effected by pressing on the pit of the stomach, by swallowing air, by strong and sudden action of the abdominal muscles, by tickling the fauces, and by the use of emetics.

During the insurrection in the Kandian country, in 1818, a private belonging to the 19th regiment was sentry at a post, and was occasionally fired at by the enemy from the neighbouring jungle. Availing himself of what appeared a favourable opportunity for getting invalided and sent home, he placed the muzzle of his musket close to the inside of his left leg, and discharging the piece, he blew away nearly the whole of his calf. He asserted to those who came to his assistance, that the wound had proceeded from a shot of the enemy's from the jungle; but the traces of gunpowder found in the leg told a different tale, as well as his musket, which was discovered to have been recently discharged.

Wounds, when self-inflicted, will always be in positions where persons can get at the spot where they exist, with their own hands. Accomplices are, however, sometimes engaged. A sergeant in the 62nd regiment purchased a pistol, and hired a person to shoot him through the arm; hoping, by that means, to make it appear that he had been fired at by one disaffected to the military, and that he should be discharged with a large pension. In this, however, he was disappointed.

Swellings of the joints, so as to resemble white swellings, have been produced by the application of various acrid plants, as the *ranunculus acris* and *sceleratus*, to the part. Cancer has been imitated by a cow's spleen, and by a sponge moistened with milk fixed under the arm-pit.

Ulcers are among the most common of feigned diseases. In the year 1824-5, a soldier, named Croft, malingered for a length of time, by producing a large ulcer on the right shin, by placing a penny piece upon an old wound. After enduring an immensity of suffering, he was ultimately discharged as unfit for further service.* When persons are suspected of keep-

ing up ulcers in their legs by irritants, it is usual now to place their legs in a box, and lock them up.

The spasmodic diseases to which the system is subject have been imitated with great success, and none more so than epilepsy. It has for its peculiar recommendation, that the person who is subject to it may be well at intervals, and assume the attacks when it best suits him. It is stated that the best criterion of imposition is the want of the total insensibility which characterises the true fits. In the feigned disease the application of stimulants seldom fails to elicit indications of sensibility. Hartshorn or burning sulphur being introduced under the nose, and alcohol and turpentine being dropped into the eye, have successfully discovered the cheat. Dr Guy says that he has made discoveries of impositions of epilepsy by means of "flogging" the feet with a wet towel.

Even death itself has been simulated. When some officers in India were breakfasting in the commander's tent, the body of a native, said to have been murdered by the sepoys, was brought in and laid down. The crime could not be brought home to any one of them, yet there was the body. A suspicion, however, crossed the adjutant's mind, and, having the kettle in his hand, a thought struck him that he would pour a little boiling water on the body. He did so, upon which the murdered remains started up, and "campered off!" Mrs. Poole, in her interesting work, "The Englishwoman in Egypt," gives the following case. "A poor old man who had for some time filled the situation of door-keeper to our quarter, had long been ill, and had been assisted by several gentlemen in procuring some necessary comforts. One day my brother received a letter from the sheikh of the quarter, telling him that poor Mohammad, the doorkeeper, had received mercy at the sixth hour of the preceding night, and expressing a hope that he would give them the price of his shroud. My brother accordingly sent one of his servants to the house of Mohammad, where he found his body laid out, a washer of the dead attending, and his wife apparently in great distress on account of her loss. She returned the most grateful acknowledgments for the bounty which was sent to aid in enabling her to bury her poor husband; and after a while the affair passed from our recollection (we never having seen the poor man), or if remembered, it was only to inquire who would supply his place. The old woman removed to another house a few days after; and a maid servant of ours, on passing by chance her new dwelling, was surprised to the last degree to see the late door-keeper sitting within its threshold. 'What,

suffering amputation, he was, when perfectly recovered, tried by a court martial, and sentenced to forfeit all claim* to pension or discharge, for self-mutilation. Whether that sentence was not recinded for subsequent good conduct we are in doubt.

* In the same corps, a man of the name of Cooney, apparently through an accident, chopped off the fore-finger of the left hand at the first joint, whilst employed in splitting wood. After

exclaimed she, 'my uncle Mohammad alive, and well!' 'Praise be to God,' he answered, 'I am well, and have lived on the bounty of your master, the Effendee; but, by your life, my daughter, do not tell him that I am alive.' The old man, I should here tell you, is no relation of the maid's; this being one of the usual modes of address among the lower orders. The maid promised his existence should continue a secret, but she found on her return home it was impossible to keep her word, and the quarrel which ensued between her and the servant who conveyed the money for the shroud (both believing their own eyes) was as violent as that between Haroon Er-Rasheed and his wife Zubeydah, or rather that between their two emissaries, on the subject of Abn-Ikrah in the bag."

WOMAN'S WIT.

THE following passage in the life of Gustavus Vasa, when that distinguished monarch took refuge from the Danish usurper in Dalecarlia, to mature his noble plan for the deliverance of his country, is truly dramatic:—

"On a little hill stood a very ancient habitation, of so simple an architecture, that you would have taken it for a hind's cottage, instead of a place that, in times of old, had been the abode of nobility. It consisted of a long farm-like structure, formed of fir, covered in a strange fashion with scales and odd ornamental twistings in the carved wood. But the spot was hallowed by the virtues of its heroic mistress, who saved, by her presence of mind, the life of the future deliverer of her country.

"Gustavus having, by an evil accident, been discovered in the mines, bent his course towards this house, then inhabited by a gentleman of the name of Pearson, whom he had known in the armies of the late administrator. Here, he hoped, from the obligation he had formerly laid on the officer, that he should at least find a safe retreat. Pearson received him with every mark of friendship; nay, treated him with that respect and submission which noble minds are proud to pay to the truly great, when robbed of their external honours. He exclaimed with such vehemence against the Danes, that instead of awaiting a proposal to take up arms, offered, unasked, to try the spirit of the mountaineers; and declared that himself and his vassals would be the first to set an example, and turn out under the command of his beloved general. Gustavus relied on his word, and promising not to name himself to any while he was absent, some days afterwards saw Pearson leave the house to put his design in execution. It was indeed a design, and a black one. Under the specious cloak of a zealous affection for Gustavus, the traitor was contriving his ruin. The hope of making his court to the Danish tyrant, and the expectation of a large reward, induced him to sacrifice his honour to his ambition, and for the sake of a few ducats, violate the most sacred laws of

hospitality, by betraying his guest. In pursuance of that base resolution, he proceeded to one of Christiern's officers commanding in the province, and informed him that Gustavus was his prisoner. Having committed this treachery, he had not the courage to face his victim, but telling the Dane how to surprise the prince, who, he said, beloved himself under the protection of a friend, he proposed taking a wider circuit hither, while they, apparently unknown to him, rifled it of its treasure. 'It will be an easy matter,' said he, 'for not even my wife knows that it is Gustavus.'

"The officer, at the head of a party of well-armed soldiers, marched directly to the lake. The men invested the house, while the leader, abruptly entering, found Pearson's wife, according to the fashion of those days, employed in culinary preparations. At some distance from her sat a young man in a rustic garb, lopping off the knots from the broken branch of a tree. The officer told her he came in King Christiern's name to demand the rebel Gustavus, who he knew was concealed under her roof. The dauntless woman never changed colour; she immediately guessed the man whom her husband had introduced as a miner's son, to be the Swedish hero. The door was blocked up by soldiers. In an instant she replied, without once glancing at Gustavus, who sat motionless with surprise, 'If you mean the melancholy gentleman my husband has had here these two days, he has just walked out into the wood, off the other side of the hill. Some of these soldiers may readily seize upon him, as he has no arms with him.'

"The officer, not suspecting the easy simplicity of her manner, ordered part of his men to go in quest of him. At that moment, suddenly turning her eyes on Gustavus, she flew up to him, and catching the stick out of his hand, exclaimed, in an angry voice, 'Unmanly wretch! What, sit before your betters? Don't you see the king's officers in the room? Get out of my sight, or some of them shall give you a drubbing!' As she spoke, she struck him a blow on the back with all her strength; and, opening a side door, 'there, get into the scullery,' cried she, 'it is the fittest place for such company!' and giving him another knock, she flung the stick after him and shut the door. 'Sure,' added she, in a great heat, 'never woman was plagued with such a lot of a slave!'

"The officer begged she would not disturb herself on his account, but she, affecting great reverence for the king, and respect for his representative, prayed him to enter her parlour while she brought some refreshments. The Dane civilly complied; perhaps glad enough to get from the side of a shrew; and she immediately flew to Gustavus, whom she had bolted in, and by means of a back passage conducted him in a moment to the bank of the lake, where the fishers' boats lay, and giving him a direction to an honest curate across the lake, committed him to Providence."

EXTRAORDINARY LOVE-LETTER.

In a collection of ancient tracts and manuscripts, by Mr. Charles Clark, we find the following curious and quaint love-letter, which was addressed to a lady of Malden in the year 1641, as it is a remarkable specimen of the then fashionable mode of inditing such compositions. We give it entire:

"To the most choice, Gentlewoman, and ornament of her sex, Mrs. Elizabeth Good, daughter of Mr. Sebastian Good, Esquire, at Malden.

Mrs. ELIZABETH. — I have long benee an earnest suitor to your honour and deserts, that I might be admitted an humble suitor to your sweete selfe. now, after many strivings and wrestling, I have almost prevailed. My next suit is, that your dearest selfe would comply with your dearest parents desires and mine: they are most ready to part with a great part of their estate for your sake, and I most willinge to place all my joyes and delights in you alone. Now it is, or will sodainely be, in your sole power to dash and frustrate, or crowne all my indeavours. heroby you will make me a most happy man, and your selfe (I hope) a no lesse happy spouse.

Well, sweete Mrs. Elizabeth, be not afrado to venture on me as you have a most tender father, and a most indulgent mother, so lett me, that I think Providence kept for you, furnish you with a very, very lovinge husband. Could you reade my most inmost thoughts, you would soon answers love with love I hero promise you, and will make good this promise againe (when that happy daye comes) on holy ground, that I will love and honour you.

Knowe, this is my virgin request, the first request in earnest that ever came from my lippes or pen: my eyes have seene many yonge gallants and virgins, but Mrs. Elizabeth is the delight of my eyes. Others of your sexe have benee acceptable, and some precious in my eyes, but you, and you only, have been, and still are, the pearle in my eyes.

Amongst all the works of God, I delight most in beholdinge (the sun excepted) an amiable countenance; and such is yours, or none in these parts of England. Your face is a mappe of beauties, your gentle breast a cabinet of varieties, and your whole selfe a cluster of all the choicest delicacies; but, in plain English, not your pleasinge aspect, nor well-featured person, nor admired excellences, nor weighty portion, fastened my affections on you, but your love (of this I have benee long perswaded) to a man (myself I mean) so undeserving it.

As for myself, I am thought worthy of a good wife, though unworthy of you. These pretty toys, called husbands, are such rare commodities in this age, that I can wee and winne wives by the dozens. I knowe not any gentlewoman in these parts, but would kisse a letter from my hands, reade it with joye, and then laye it up next her hart as a treasure;

but I will not trye their courtesies except I find you discourteous.

My last request is this, take a turne in private, then read this letter againe, and imagine the penman at your elbow. Next laye your hand upon your hart, and resolve to saye Amen to my desires. If so, I shall accept your portion with the left hand, but your lovely person with the right. Portions I can have enough to my minde in other places, but not a wife to my minde in any place of the wide world but at Malden. I hope, therefore, no place shall furnish you with a husband but Kingstone, where lives in hope your most hearty friend and servant,
THOMAS BOURMAN

• From my Chamber, Dec. 2, 1641."

THE BRACE OF PARTRIDGES.

THROUGH the stories told by the people of Basse Bretagne over the winter evening fire are of the gloomy and marvellous kind, they have sometimes a merry tale, which charms in the manner in which it is usually told. The "Brace of Partridges" is a fair sample of the lively class.

A certain curé had two partridges, which he ordered his maid of all work to dress for his Sunday dinner. While he was saying mass, a female friend of the cook's called upon her, and was so tempted by the delicious odour of the birds, that she slipped off a wing, which excited her appetite to such a degree, that she ventured to take a leg, then a bit of the breast; and the cook being herself unable to withstand temptation, followed the example; so that, between them both, the partridges disappeared altogether.

Twelve o'clock struck, and the cook found herself in a great quandary. Fortunately a mendicant friar came to the house. "Father," said she, "my master will be happy to see you here if he is in his right mind; but I must tell you that he has lately been *foru*" on a particular point he has a longing to cut off the ears of his visitors, but not always. If you will wait till he comes from the church, which will be very soon, and step into the closet, you will have the power of judging by his manner and voice, when he comes into the kitchen, whether you may venture to dine with him or not. If you hear him sharpen his knife, run; for then the wicked fit will be surely on him."

The curé came in, and the wicked cook asked him to sharpen her kitchen-knife in the yard; while he—good easy man—went out to do as he was bid, she hurried to the friar, drew him to a window, and said, "Do you see him sharpening a knife?—run for your life." He did not wait to be twice warned, but dashed off. A few minutes afterwards the cook said to her master, who had given an edge to the knife, "Oh, dear! oh, dear!—the two beautiful partridges—they were on the spit—so nice and so savoury, it did one good to smell them!"

"What, what," said the cure, looking at the bare spit. "A thieving monk came here and carried them off in his wallet." "Where is the thief?" said the cure. "There, see there," said the cook—"there, running away like a rogue—do you see him?" The cure, in a great rage, pursued the stranger; but finding that he lost, instead of gaining ground, cried out, "Stop! stop! at least one—at least one—" He wanted to capitulate, and recover at least one of the partridges, but the friar, who imagined that the cure wished to have one of his ears, replied, "Ma lû, monsieur le cure, you shall have neither the one nor the other."

H—D—Y.

ROYAL COURTSHIP.

LEON BACON, in his History of Henry VII., says, that "that monarch, in the year 1505, had thoughts of marrying the young Queen of Naples, and sent three ambassadors, with instructions for taking a survey of her person." These instructions and the answers to them are still extant, among the Harleian manuscripts in the British Museum (No. 6220). They are as follows—

1. After presentation, they shall well note and mark the estate that they keep, and how they be accompanied by lords or ladies.

2. Item, Whether they keep their household apart or together.

3. Item, To mark her (the young queen's) answer to the communication, and to note her discretion, wisdom, and gravity.

4. Item, They shall endeavour them to likewise understand whether the young queen speak any other language than Spanish and Italian, or whether she can speak French or Latin.

6. Item, Especially to mark the favor of her visage, whether she be painted or no; whether she be fat or lean, sharp or round; or whether her countenance be cheerful and amiable, frowning or melancholy. Answer: As far as we can perceive or know, she is not painted, and the favour of her visage is after her stature, of very good compass, and amiable, and somewhat round and fat, and the countenance cheerful and not frowning; tardy in speech, but with a demure, womanly, shame-faced countenance, and of few words.

7. Item, To note the clearness of her skin. Answer: She is, for aught we could perceive, very fair, and clear of skin, by her visage, neck, and hands.

8. Item, To note the colour of her hair. (The questions from 9 to 18 respect the young queen's eyebrows, nose, lips, arms, hands, fingers, &c., which the ambassadors state to be "right fair and comely.")

18. Item, That they endeavour to speak with the young queen, that she may tell unto them some matter of length, and to approach as near to her as they honestly may, to the intent that they may find if she have spices, rose-water, or musk. Answer: We have found no savour of spices or waters.

19. To note the height of her stature, and of what height her slippers be, to the intent that they may not be deceived in the very height and stature of her. Answer: Her slippers be of six fingers' height; she is of a convenient stature, somewhat round and well-living, which causeth her grace to seem less in height.

20. Item, To inquire whether she hath any sickness of nativity, or deformity, or blemish. Answer: We have inquired of her physicians, and otherwise, in talk, but find in her person no discomformity nor cause of sickness.

21. Whether she be in any singular favour with the King of S., her uncle. Answer: He much esteemeth her.

22. Item, To inquire of the manner of her diet, and whether she be a great feeder or drinker, and whether she uses often to eat and drink, and whether she drinketh wine or water, or both. Answer: She is a good feeder, and eateth meat well, twice a-day, and that her Grace drinketh not often, and that she drinketh most commonly water, and sometimes the water is boiled with cinnamon; and sometimes she drinketh hyprocras, but not often.

23. This article directs the ambassador to procure a portrait of the young queen, "so that it agree in similitude and likeness as near as may be possible to the visage, countenance, and semblance of the said queen!" and if it be not so, the painter is to be ordered to reform it till it is.

By Article 24, the ambassadors are required to ascertain the amount of the dowry, and the title thereof in every behalf.

The heading is as follows:—

"Instructions given by his king's highness to his trusty and well-beloved servants, showing how they shall order themselves to the old queen of Naples and the young queen her daughter."

F. G.—HULL.

INTOXICATION.—Some nations drink for amusement—the Russians drink to get drunk. A Frenchman spends his long holiday at the *barrière*, over a *demi-litre*, and, even if he make it a whole one, walks home very decently at night. He went there to talk, *pour se divertir*, to see his friends, or dance a round with his sweetheart. The wine was a mere secondary consideration; a mean, not the end of his amusement. The Englishman goes to a tavern to hear the paper read, to abuse the ministry, and smoke his pipe. He may come away merry, but would be ashamed to hear afterwards that he came away drunk. It was not for the liquor, but for the company and the talk he went thither. Even when a Frenchman or an Englishman does get intoxicated, he has spent hours in reaching that state; but with a Russian it is quite otherwise—he gets drunk in a moment. He enters a brandy shop, beckons to the master, counts down his kopecks, seizes the measure, and, at one draught, quaffs enough to make him a beast.

DICTIONARY OF PRACTICAL RECEIPTS.

THIS is the title of a work lately published, edited by Mr. G. Francia. It is a collection of nearly five thousand receipts, in reference to manufacturing processes, trade, the fine and useful arts, chemistry, &c. and to a certain limited extent to medical and domestic economy. We shall select some of those receipts, which, we think, will be useful to our readers.

TO BLEACH STRAW HATS, &c.—Straw hats and bonnets are bleached by putting them, previously washed in pure water, into a box with burning sulphur; the fumes which arise unite with the water on the bonnets, and the sulphurous acid thus formed bleaches them.

TAR VARNISH.—Grind tar and Spanish brown together, to such a consistence that they will work well with a brush. It is used for out-door work. Tar, with a little lime, is preferable. Lime in small quantities turns it of a black colour.

SUBSTITUTE FOR A COPYING-MACHINE.—In the common ink used, dissolve lump sugar (one drachm to one ounce of ink). Moisten the copying paper, and then put it in soft cap paper to absorb the superfluous moisture. Put the moistened paper on the writing, place both between some soft paper, and either put the whole in the fold of a carpet, or roll upon a ruler three or four times.

REMEDY FOR SOFT CORNS.—Apply an ivy leaf, bruised and soaked in vinegar. Put a fresh leaf every night, and take it away in the morning.

FOR A COUGH.—Syrup of poppies, eight drachms; spirits of nitre, six drachms; peccanua wine, one drachm. A tea-spoonful when the cough is troublesome.

CURT PLAISTER, OR BLACK STICKING PLAISTER.—Take half-an-ounce of benzoin, and six ounces of rectified spirit; dissolve and strain; then take one ounce of isinglass, and half a pint of hot water; dissolve and strain separately from the former. Mix the two, and set them aside to cool, when a jelly will be formed; and this is warmed and brushed ten or twelve times over a piece of black silk stretched smooth. When this is done enough, and dry, finish it with a solution of four ounces of chian turpentine in six ounces of tincture of benzoin.

CRAMP IN THE LEG.—A garter applied tightly round the limb affected, will, in most cases, speedily remove this complaint. When it is more obstinate, a pmck should be heated, wrapped in a flannel bag, and placed at the foot of the bed, against which the person troubled may place his feet. No remedy, however, is equal to that of diligent and long-continued friction.

HOWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL.—This is made by boiling castor oil, scenting it with oil of roses, and colouring it, while warm, with alkanet root.

TO EXTRACT GREASE FROM SILKS.—Scrape French chalk, put it on a grease-spot, and hold it near the fire, or over a warm iron, or water-plate filled with boiling water. The grease will melt and the French chalk absorb it. Brush or rub it off; repeat if necessary.

TO DYE THE HAIR.—Wash the hair with the juice of green walnuts, or with the oil of the cashew-nut diluted with olive oil. The betel nut forms a still finer black. *They all stain the skin.*

TO CURE HAMS.—As soon as the hams are cut, tie them up by the hook for three days; then make a pickle, thus.—one ounce of salt-petre, half an ounce of salt prunella, one pound of common salt, one pound of brown sugar, one ounce of juniper berries, and one gallon of strong beer; boil all together, and when cold, pour it over the hams. Turn them every day for a fortnight. This quantity of pickle will be sufficient for two hams.

SCOURING DROPS.—Take one ounce of rectified oil of turpentine, and add to it as much oil of lemon-peel as will neutralise or overpower the smell. These drops do not affect the colour of any article; they should be rubbed on any stain with a piece of silk wetted with them.

MOVEABLE FEAST.—This year Easter and Whitsuntide will fall, the one on the 23rd of April, and the latter on the 10th of June, being almost as late as they possibly can be. Those feasts are called moveable, Easter-Sunday being the first Sunday after the full moon which occurs on or the next day to the 21st of March, which lunar period takes place this year on the 18th of April, and, therefore the Easter festival is twenty-seven days later than the earliest date at which it can possibly happen.

At a festival given by the firemen of Detroit city, an engineer, Pierre Yeblet, gave the following toast.—“The ladies, the only incendiaries who kindle flames which water will not extinguish.”

PRECOACITY OF THE FOUNDER OF THE ROTHSCHILD FAMILY.—The late Mr. Rothschild, who won for himself the title of Cressus, commenced his commercial career as agent for his father in the Manchester line. Nathan was always at the warehouses as soon as they were opened, and was the first to get hold of the newest patterns. He always bought for money, and screwed down the manufacturers to the lowest farthing; the bargain being completed, he ordered the invoice to be made, but before he paid the money he insisted on a second invoice, at an advance of five per cent., on which he wished to be written, “settled at the same time.” One gentleman remonstrated with him, “What can you want with a second invoice; you are buying for your father?” “If I choose to cheat my father, what is dat to you; if you want give me de invoice I want have your goods.” Thus our late Cressus laid the private foundation of his future wealth.

POPULAR PASTIMES.

SOLUTIONS TO THE RIDDLES, CHARADES, AND CONUNDRUMS IN OUR LAST.

ANSWERS TO CONUNDRUMS.

- 1.—Boards he had glazed eyes.
- 2.—When you have placed your finger in a lobster's open claw.
- 3.—A draft.
- 4.—In the head.
- 5.—Wet.
- 6.—All his works are wicked, and all his wicked works are brought to light.
- 7.—His equal.
- 8.—When it is XX.
- 9.—He deals in shaving.
- 10.—He carries a false (h) air.

- 11.—Poplar.
- 12.—When it has lost its sucker.

ANSWERS TO CHARADES.

- 1.—Foot-jack.
- 2.—Honey-comb.
- 3.—Wolverhampton.
- 4.—Cat-mine.
- 5.—Sun-bat.
- 6.—Knife-board.

ANSWERS TO LIST OF ANIMALS ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

- 1.—Bat.
- 2.—Squirrel (c) and (let) squirrel.
- 3.—Elephant (om).
- 4.—Horse (amble).
- 5.—Camel (it).
- 6.—Canary (c).

ENIGMAS.

- 1.—I'm that which God, whose spacious eye
Can look through all eternity,
Ne'er yet has seen, nor ever can,
Though common to the eyes of man.
A king will always call me brother,
Although they seldom see each other;
A ploughman meets me every day,
And ne'er quarrels for the way
But it a peet and I should meet,
Perchance we jostle in the street;
Youthful beauty's blooming pride
My very being will deride;
While age and wrinkles will persist
They see me where I don't exist.
- 2.—When spring is dressed in verdant green,
'And sporting love in beauty's seen;
When summer comes with all its joys,
And every sense and power employs;
When Autumn wears her golden tresses,
And nature universal joy expresses;
When winter frowns in cold array,
I cheer and glad the gloomy day.
When sorrows press the troubled heart,
Some latent thought may quickly start,
Unbend the brow, and give me birth,
As record of some pleasant mirth.
When the young, mature, or aged meet,
I seldom fail their joy to greet.
In every stage of life my power is known;
I grace a cottage, and adorn a throne.

CHARADES.

- 1.—Charades! you'll find my first now it
roaming
Silently by, be it daylight or gloaming;
And as it does wander in rapture so gay,
Buildings noble and grand are going to
decay.
Either a part or a patch my next will
define,
Let little but a share, 'twill the mystery
untwine.
Lying perhaps in your parlour, my whole
'you now see,
Announcing my first so unrequit'd and
free.

- 2.—Without my first, maidens could ne'er
indite

The billets which they to their lovers
write;

My second o'er my first doth away
control,

And with it practises my pleasing whole;
My third transports the convict 'cross the
main,

And then doth bring him safely back
again.

My whole's so free and graceful fills the
pages

Inscribed by dramatists and learned sages.

- 3.—My first is a certain even number ('tis
clear);

My second is certainly a small part of a
year;

My third is an article very oft view'd,
And my whole is only my third more
improved.

CONUNDRUMS.

- 1.—Why is a black smith a great rogue?
- 2.—Why is the letter *v* in *unity* like your
nose?
- 3.—How many persons does a man with a
fore-knowledge of events see?
- 4.—Why is a long row in a small boat like a
litter of pigs?
- 5.—Why is St. Paul's like a criminal con-
demned to die?
- 6.—Why is a letter, expressed in the most
severe terms, like an infuriated wasp?
- 7.—Why is a watch-maker like a green-
grocer?
- 8.—Why was Queen Mary I. like a de-
ceased wood-cutter?

RIDDLES.

- 1.—Before a circle let appear
Twice twenty-five, and five in rear;
One-fifth of eight subjoin; and then
You'll quickly find what conquers men.
- 2.—To a word of consent add one-half of a
fright;
Next subjoin what you never beheld in
the night,
These rightly connected, you'll quickly
obtain
What numbers have seen, but will ne'er
see again.
- 3.—There is a word in the English language,
the first two letters of which signify a male,
the first three a female, the first four a great
man, and the whole a great woman.
- 4.—'Tis in the church, but not in the steeple;
'Tis in the parson, but not in the people;
'Tis in the oyster, but not in the shell;
'Tis in the clapper, but not in the bell.

FEMALE NAMES EXPRESSED ENIGMATICALLY.

- 1.—A genteel vehicle, and ring,
Connected with a slender string.
- 2.—An article, unknown to few,
Join'd to what lovers often do.
- 3.—A country which has seen much war.
Link'd to the letter next to R.

TO THE WIND.

BY MARY MASON CLARK

Blow on, ye loud breezes, in pity blow on,
I love thy deep music and soul stirring song;
I love thee to sweep o'er my fast throbbing brow,
For nought have I found that can soothe me like
thou.

I love thee thus frantic, my bosom's as wild,
And thou tak'st back my thoughts to those days
when a child,

Thou dust sport'st among my tresses all joyous and
free,
And I loved them the better when play'd with
by thee

Full oft have I clambered the mossy eld height,
When the crowd's hum was hushed in the silence
of night.

In wildness to hear the full tone of thy powers,
Then sink softly away scarce to bend the sweet
flowers.

Oh yes! I remember, I've listened, well pleased,
To hear thy loved music mid tall bending trees.
When each branch seem'd to breathe a sweet
strain of its own.

Oh, I loved them when passing, I loved them
when down.

Though soft plaintive melody oft soothed my soul,
And calm'd my wild brain when bereft of con-
trol.

Yet oh! the cords woke a strain loud and gay,
Then I fled to seek sounds more congenial than
they.

To the bright gushing waters 'mid ocean's loud
roar,

When the waves in their might lash'd with fury
the shore;

When the scene bore the soul to the powers that
gave

Fond nature's own music, the wind and the wave
Yes! I've fled to the waters when calmness dwelt
there,

When the moon's gentle light seem'd more lovely,
more fair,

When the tone of the vesper bell stole o'er the
deep,

And the echo when faintest was soothingly
sweet.

But I love the wild breeze in its moments of glee,
And a chariot dwellth o'er the deep sparkling
blue sea,

And I crave but to rest, when my spirit doth
wing

Where the winds and the waves my lone requiem
may sing.

FACTS AND SCRAP.

WOMEN.—Women, with their bright imaginations, tender hearts, and pure minds, create for themselves idols, on whom they lavish their worship, making their hearts temples, in which the false god is adored. But, alas! the object of their best and fondest feelings generally too soon proves to be of base clay, instead of pure gold; and though pity would fain intervene, to veil its defects, or even to cherish it in despite of them, virtue, reason, and justice, combine finally to destroy it; but in the deed too often injure the face in which it was enshrined.

EXISTENCE.—Existence is only felt to be valuable while it is necessary to some one dear to us. The moment we become aware that our death would leave no aching void in a human heart, the charm of life is gone.

HAPPINESS.—Our life, it is true, has its bright and its dark hours, yet none are wholly obscured, for when the sun of happiness is set, the reflected moonlight of hope and memory is still around us.

LAW.—Law, like the commandment, runs justice unto children in the third and fourth generation, but unfortunately, lets the father starve in the meantime.

ON OR NOBURY'S.—Lord Norbury having accidentally met Mr. Spear, the celebrated optician, who had recently purchased a horse, was asked by his lordship how he approved of the animal. "Not at all, my lord," replied Mr. Spear, "for he trots very high, and is very uneasy." "Then," replied the Judge, "if you have not yet named him, I would advise you to call him Shakespeare."

FLATTERY.—Flattery is, in fact, only another word for falsehood. You compliment a man for virtues and accomplishments of which he is entirely destitute, and are a sensible, agreeable creature for your pains. The most artful encomiums which you can possibly address to him on those for which he may be justly applauded, will excite no transporting emotions in him. The severest satire against adulation are not proof against it. Many may be, and undoubtedly are, shocked when it is grossly administered, but when properly applied, the most rigid advocates for sincerity are delighted with it.

LADY-DAY.—Our Lady-Day, or the Day of the Blessed Virgin of the Roman Catholics, was heretofore dedicated to Cybele. "It was called Hilaria," says Macrobius, "on account of the joy occasioned by the arrival of the equinox, when the light was about to exceed the darkness in duration," and, from the same author, as well as from Lampadius, it appears that it was a festival of the Mater Deum. Moreover, in a Greek Commentary upon Dionysius, cited by Dempster in his *Rein in Antiquities*, it is asserted, "that the Hilaria was a festival in honour of the mother of the gods, which was proper to the Romans." At Rome it is observed as a "gaudy-day," a procession being made, first of divers detachments of guards on horse back in their splendid full-dress uniforms, then a bareheaded priest on a white mule, and after follows the Pope, also on a white mule, and all the cardinals in their magnificent robes of state mounted on mules. On this, an eye-witness to the pageantry observes, "As the *Examenarii* are for the most part not very eminent horsemen, they were fastened on, lest they should tumble off." At the church the usual ceremonies take place when the Pope is present, and it is described as being altogether a very entertaining sight.

AMERICAN CAPDOUC.—I was amused by an idea given me by an American in office here. I asked how much his office was worth, and his answer was, 600 dollars, besides *stealing*. I afterwards found that it was a common expression in the States to say a place was worth so much besides *cheatage*.—*Captain Barry*.

Lorenzo.—This is a cradle in which we are rocked and hushed to sleep, but do not heed the warning for fear.

THE ANCESTORS OF LORENZO HAD,—The course of seven years, computing from the birth of Cosmo from banishment, in 1484, expended in works of public charity or utility, upwards of 660,000 florins; a sum which Lorenzo himself justly denominates incredible, and which may serve to give us a striking idea of the expensive traffic by which such munificence could be supported. In relating this circumstance, Lorenzo gives his hearty sanction to the manner in which this money has been employed. "Some persons would, perhaps, think," says he, in his favourite *Ricordi*, "that it would be more desirable to have part of it in their purse; but I conceive it has been of great advantage to the public, and well laid out, and am, therefore, perfectly satisfied."

Women, in our opinion, possess a much greater veneration (if we may use so strong an expression) for those who are endowed with talent than men, and take a great delight in bestowing favour and encouragement upon them. In private life, how numerous are the instances in which they have fallen passionately in love with men of genius, merely because they were such; and, in spite of the greatest disparity of age, and other discrepancies, have become either their wives or mistresses, and lived happily with them.—That such instances should have occurred, and may occur, as long as human nature exists, appears to us perfectly reasonable, and is easily to be accounted for, by the knowledge which women have of their own comparative weakness.

THE GRAVEDIGGER.—There are thousands in this metropolis, and indeed in all large towns, who think that the business of the gravedigger is confined to the digging and the filling up of graves; but these are only a part of his duty; it will be found that he is a kind of Yankee-pedlar, a dealer in old nails and iron coffin-handles; of firewood and broad cloth; of craniums and human teeth, in fact, nothing comes amiss to him—from a corpse to a coffin. He is an anatomist of the first order, and we would back him to amputate a limb, with the first operator of the day. He laughs at the axiom in Euclid, that "things equal to the same thing are equal to each other," for he will demonstrate, as clearly as possible, that a grave only capacious enough for one person can hold twenty or thirty; like the conjuror, he will show you how "the quickness of the hand deceives the eye." It may be supposed that we are romancing—that the gravedigger is a quiet, unsophisticated mortal, who is willing enough to dig the graves, and then fill them up again; takes his fees, goes home like other men, goes to bed, and gets up like other men. There are many of the class, of whom no more could be said; but, unfortunately, circumstances alter cases, and the gravedigger becomes a body-snatcher or something worse.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, No. 3, Catherine Street, Strand.

H. H. (Wooding).—Your contribution has been received, and if approved of will be inserted. Thanks.

T. West, (Kensington).—We are glad to find that our article on "Derby Sweep," which appeared in No. 4 of "Tracts for the People," has caused attention to be directed to the evil we complained of. At the Kensington Meeting, the magistrates refused to license a house where a "Derby Sweep" was held. You are correct in stating that "the inspectors of police are to be instructed to forward to the bench information of all houses the proprietors of which allowed Derby Sweep." This is as it should be.

H. S. (Dublin).—Vol. 1. is on sale at all respectable booksellers and newsvendors, price 6d.

A Lady, (Stockwell).—The building you mention, as situate in Hammersmith, is a house in which a Benedictine nunnery existed. We believe it was established at the suppression of Stodley Priory, Oxfordshire, by Henry the Eighth. An ancient wooden cross, and some good pictures, are said to belong to this nunnery.

T. W. R. (Manchester).—It is our intention to continue them as long as we receive public patronage. Any letter addressed to the Editor is sure to reach him. We cannot give you the Editor's name, unless you wish to "call him out," or bring an action against him, then it is at your service.

G. C.—The public are not allowed to angle in the New River at any time. If the river passes through your grounds you may fish as often as you like. We applied for an order to fish last year, and were refused; but the secretary very politely forwarded a card for the perservered water at Newington. We cannot answer your other question at present.

A SUBSCRIBER, (Bath buildings).—We fear you have no redress. The charge for interest is 20 per cent per annum for £1, anything under £1 is charged 25 per cent.

J. W. O.—We will inquire for you. Thanks.

A CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER.—We do not think there is any place of the kind. You can procure a loan by way of mortgage.

W. B. (Sutherland).—Accept our thanks for your lines, the subject is good, but the verification is very faulty.

H. J. P. O. (Bristol).—Countrymen, it is our wish to instruct and amuse our readers; and we are happy that our efforts meet your approval.

F. S. (Arlington-street).—Accept our thanks.

Crane, (Manchester).—Thanks. We shall be happy to receive anything of the kind you are pleased to forward.

Voluna.—Thanks. It is likely that we shall on some future occasion. We have, indeed, a very great sale in Glasgow.

West.—Shall be read, and if approved of inserted.

T. T. P.—Queen Caroline died at Brandenburg House, Hammersmith.

J. S. N.—No doubt they will appear if our "Master of the Riddles" approves of them. Thanks.

F. G. (Hull).—Will be pleased to accept our best thanks for his valuable contribution. We shall be happy to hear from you at all times.

Scribner and J. W. R.—Accept our thanks.

MARETTA.—Your letters are always acceptable. We are much indebted to your politeness.

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TRACTS

For the People

A WEEKLY MISCELLANY OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE AND AMUSEMENT.

No. 16. Vol. II.]

SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1849.

[PRICE ONE HALFPENNY.]



[ASTON HALL.]

ASTON HALL, WARWICKSHIRE.

ASTON HALL, the residence of James Walsley Esq., is situate about two miles from Birmingham, on an eminence which overlooks the river Tame. It was built during the reigns of James and Charles the First. It is certain that a baronial mansion previously existed adjacent to the present edifice;

but of this more anon. The mansion which we have this week selected to illustrate the TRACTS FOR THE PEOPLE is built of stone with stone quoins and dressings. It forms three sides of a square, and accordingly resembles the letter 'E,'—a style which was adopted in compliment to Queen Elizabeth. The south, or garden-front, which is then chosen by our artist for the present illustration.

tion, forms a very interesting and pleasing portion of this celebrated structure, and affords a very correct idea of the style of building of the age. The principal feature is an open arcade in front, around which are several covered seats, so arranged as to afford the best views of the garden, with its quaint and venerable trees and shaded walks. At the termination of this arcade, a small door leads to a noble terrace, which extends the entire length of the back or western front of the mansion. From this point is obtained an unbroken view of the park in nearly its whole extent. The house from this side presents a very imposing appearance, from its great width and massive character. The eastern or principal front derives its most imposing features from the massive character and judicious display of details; and a highly pleasing effect is given to the structure by its gables, numerous bay windows, and, especially, the stately grandeur of the central and side towers. The principal doorway, which is elevated on four steps, leads to the grand hall, which is remarkably fine, and contains a richly decorated fire-place. The apartments are fitted up in good keeping with the external appearance of the edifice. The panelling and ceilings are in excellent preservation, and the chimney-pieces comparatively unimpaired by time. The Hall is reached from the main road by a noble avenue of finely-grown trees; these extend for nearly half a mile. Opposite the entrance-gates stands the venerable church dedicated to St. Peter and St. Paul. The south aisle of this church, according to Dugdale, was built by Henry de Erdington; for in the twelfth of Edward the Second he gave a certain rent-ack of *Vid.* per annum to the maintenance of the gutter betwixt the church and it. In this grant he terms it, "Nova capella beatorum Marie de Aston;" thus proving it to have been (with the north aisle, which is precisely similar) erected during the prevalence of the decorated style. The hall apse and tower at the western extremity of the nave are by far the finest portions of the building.

The present Aston Hall was built by Sir Thomas Holt, a grandson of that eminent lawyer Thomas Holt, who flourished in the reign of Henry the Eighth. The founder of the present mansion was knighted by King James the First, on his accession to the throne, and in the tenth year of the same monarch's reign he was advanced to the dignity of a baronet. Sir Thomas did not come to dwell at Aston until May, 1631, and the mansion was not completed until April, 1635, the eleventh year of the reign of Charles the First. Sir Thomas Holt endowed almshouses, which to this day give shelter to several aged people. He was too old to appear in arms for his king during the wars of Charles the First with the Parliament; he was represented by his son in

the army of the monarch, whom he received and entertained in his house a few days prior to the battle of Edge Hill, in which upwards of thirty thousand of the bravest men in the world were engaged, and five thousand are said to have been slain. We may here mention that the fine oak staircase in Aston Hall received considerable damage during the great civil war. It appears that a cannon was fired from a little eminence at a short distance from the south side of the house, the ball from which, after passing through two strong walls, lodged on the first landing of the great staircase, shattering in its course a considerable portion of the richly carved balustrade, which, as a memorial of the event, has not been since repaired. It is stated that King Charles was an inmate at the Hall at this time.

"Prior to the Norman Conquest," says Dugdale, "the manor of Aston was possessed by Edwin Earl of Mercia. It was afterwards bestowed by the Conqueror upon William Fitz-Auseulf, lord of Dudley Castle. After passing through the hands of several lords of Dudley, it was presented by one of them, named Ralph Someri, in the reign of King John, to William de Erdington and his heirs for ever. From the Erdingtons it passed to the family of Maldenbache, whose daughter Sibel conveyed it by marriage to Adam de Grynesurwe, whose daughter sold it in 1367 to John Holt, of Duddesdon, near Birmingham, in whose family it subsequently continued for upwards of four hundred years." "Hutton, in his "History of Birmingham," states that Sir Lister Holt, taking advantage of his brother's necessities, induced him to cut off the entail, in order that the estate might pass away from his family. Thus, he adds, "an ancient race, which sprung from the anvil, and sported upon an estate of twelve thousand a year, is now sunk into its pristine obscurity; for its head, Thomas Holt (perhaps Sir Thomas) at this day (1812) thumps at the anvil for bread, in the fabrication of spades—as amiable a man as any of his race; and the only baronet who ever shaped a shovel may take a melancholy ramble for many miles upon the lands of his ancestors, but cannot call a single foot his own."

FIVE FACTS.—A firm faith is the best divinity; a good life is the best philosophy; and clear conscience the best law; honesty the best policy; and temperance the best physics.

ORIGIN OF ALBUMS.—The first *Album*, consisting of fragments, written by various persons in a blank book, was, we believe, that kept on the Alps, by the successors of St. Bruno. In this, every traveller, fit his departing, was asked to inscribe his name, and he usually added to it a few sentences of devotion, of thankfulness to his hosts, or of admiration of the scene around him.

ELLEN MORE:

OR, THE ALGERINE.

"Dangers that we see
To Christian men, are with ease prevented;
But those strike deadly that come unexpected:
The lightning is far off, yet, soon is seen,
We may behold the terrible effects
That it produces."—*Messenger.*

It was a lovely night—there was scarcely wind enough to ripple the surface of the waves, and the wide ocean glowed like a sheet of molten silver beneath the full, clear moon; there was but one speck upon the watery horizon: only a small boat rode on the silver sea, but that one frail bark was freight enough for such an hour and scene; a single sail was unfurled, and its dense whiteness looked black and sad in the brilliant light; a man sat at the stern, and he gazed at intervals earnestly on the clear blue sky, with the bright moon riding in the midst, as though he would have conjured up a brisker breeze and a darker heaven, and deprecated the sluggishness of his progress. He was tall and dark, and his eyes shone like meteors from beneath the rich folds of his costly turban, while the moonlight flashed on the gemmed crescent which glittered on his brow; with one hand he guided the helm, and with the other arm he encircled the slender waist of a female, whose head was pillowed on his breast; she was enveloped in a dark mantle, but her long hair streamed loosely in the wind; the high pale brow and sunny tresses were those of a Christian maiden!

Shortly six lusty rowers aided the progress of the light skiff; yet the impetuous soul of Aymed held their best speed but as tardiness; and at times he cast a hurried look on his senseless burden, and at others muttered deep and fearful imprecations on the weariness of the slaves, who panted at their toil. A sudden breeze rippled the surface of the ocean, and its countless waves glittered like thousands of stars, as the little bark shot over them with the speed of lightning; a few dark clouds gathered about the moon, and cast their black and ghost shadows along the water; the rowers drew in their oars, and Aymed folded the mantle yet closer around the female; there was a savage joy in the expression of his swarthy features as he looked upwards to the pale-eyed moon, and then down upon his companion. Once he pressed his dark lips to the marble brow, once he strained the conscious form to his breast, and when at length no outline was distinguishable of the shore which they had quitted, a sound swept over the waters as of a demoniac laugh! He did the dark-omened voice of heaven equated accord with the holy beauty of that watery solitude; it was the very survival of ocean loveliness, and that laugh resounded over the billows like the voice of angel spirits mingling in the revels.

The wild sound recalled the sacred images of the maiden; she raised her head from the breast of Aymed, and gazed earnestly in his face; she spoke, but he turned only to another thrilling laugh; she struggled, but he held her with a grasp of iron; she wept, but he turned away his dark countenance, and would not look upon her anguish.

"Aymed," she at length gasped out, "how have I deserved this at your hand?"

"By clinging to a Christian," replied the Moor, doggedly;—"one with the pale brow and the cold heart, who never could love thee as I have done! Have I not watched near thee—gazed upon thee—held sacred the very ground beneath thy feet—wooded thee with a soul of fire?—and was I not spurred, and scoffed at?—spurred for the fatibek and the light eye?—scoffed at, to do honour to a Christian?"

"Should I not love my country and my faith?" urged the trembling female.

"Not when Aymed taught thee!" replied the Moor, with suffocating energy; "thou hadst not to learn what his love can be—not the love of the cold, calculating race, but fiery—even measureless as thy beauty was my passion—I resisted not the spell; I love thee with a Moor's love—how deep, how fathomless, can only be learned by the vastness of his hate; but, no—spurred though he be, scoffed at though he be, Aymed is half a dastard, for he cannot hate thee!"

"But Gilmour," faintly articulated the female.

"Name him not!" exclaimed the Algerine, fiercely, holding her at arm's length, and looking fixedly on her quivering lip and bloodless cheek. "I loved him, too—loved him as my own soul—I would have started my last draught of water with him in a desert—my last meal in a time of famine—but thy love, Ellen More, thy Christian tenderness, I could not share! Yet I looked on, and bore it—bore it with a burning heart, and a burning spirit, till to-night—I heard thy low voice blending with the sounds of his guitar, and I laughed—the madman laughs in his frenzy—I saw the roses which he had wreathed among thy tresses, and I touched the hand in friendship which had twined them there: I bore all this in silence, and was half a Christian for thy sake; but to-night"—Ellen More! daughter of a cold glint, and a colder spirit, it avails not—mine is no northern soul—when the Moor is wronged, he hath a hand and a dagger; wouldst thou know more?"

"Miscreant! treacherous Aymed!" cried the maiden, and her eyes flashed with scorn, even while she was in the grasp of her enemy; "dost thou not fear?"

"Dear!" hastily interposed the Algerine, "that is a Christian word; Aymed knows not its meaning—go, ask it of thy fatibek or sutor; he may, indeed, guess its import, but to me it is as the language of a slave."

tant land, to which my heart yields no other."

"But Gilmore? Where parted you?" again urged his companion.

"I have seamen part for ever," replied the Moor in a deep tone of fiendish exaltation; "where they cease to hate, and learn to forget their wrongs. He was returning from the revel; your warm breath still flushed his brow; your low tone yet quivered on his heart,—we met, and he smiled—I would he had not smiled, Ellen More; but it was a Christian smile, and I had learnt of thee that they are false; I would not look on it: I remembered my wrongs—I was a Moor, and I revenged them!"

"Oh! tell me," cried the maiden, throwing herself wildly on the breast of the Algerine, "tell me that he lives!"

"Not even to hold thee thus for ever!" exclaimed Aymed, straining her passionately to his heart; "not even to call thee mine, and to see thee smile at the assurance, would I cheat thee with a lie; I am no Christian."

"Ha! thou art at least honest amid thy crime," said his companion in an accent of unnatural composure, as she fell back painfully on her seat; "thou art merciful even in thy malice, and I thank thee!" The ice-bolt had struck upon her heart—she was alone with her misery and its author—still was the snowy arm of the blood-stained Moor twined around her; help there was none; the slaves who peopled the little bark were the creatures of obedience, inured to crime—all around her was one interminable waste of sea and sky, and above her a wide, clear, starless horizon, with the pale moon looking coldly down from her solitary throne!

"Listen to me, Christian," said the Moor, after a short pause; "deeply as I love thee now, I may yet learn to feel bitterness mingle with my passion, shouldst thou recall too vividly the memory of him whom, for thy sake, I slew. Have I not told thee that he was dear to me? Thinkest thou that my heart was silent when my hand was red? I tell thee, nay—a pang smote upon my spirit when I grappled with him in the death-agony; for I had loved him more than any one of my faith ever before loved one of thine—Ellen More, to win a world I would not have smitten him, but to win thee I did more—I slew him. He thought me in sport when I drew forth my dagger, and jested with me as I closed on him—laughter was on his lip; and in his eye, and I would not look on him. When he was in my grasp I bade him forget his passion, and yield up his Christian mistress to my love—he would have jested still; he told me—" and the Moor ground his teeth, and clenched the hilt of his etaghan, "that Christian maidens loved not the swarthy skin and the turbanned brow—little need was there to tell me this, I had already

learnt it from thee—he died with the gift on his lips!"

"Murderer!" murmured the captive.

"Thou art now mine," pursued the Algerine, heedless of the exclamation; "mine, beyond the power of fate—no other finger shall play among the tresses of that sunny hair, or look into those eyes, for which I have shed blood. Thou art now mine—and mine only!"

"The God of the Christians will yet deliver me!" said the maiden, as she raised her tearless eyes steadily to his dark countenance. "Away—I fear thee not!"

"And whence will come thy deliverance?" asked Aymed, with a derisive laugh; "yonder crescent moon, the symbol of our Moorish faith, is smiling upon my triumph—Ellen More, thou art far from thine altars, and from thy tribe: away, then, with such futile memories!"

"Yet is my deliverance certain," persisted the maiden; "and now trouble me no more with words."

With a disdainful and triumphant smile, the Moor complied; while with her white arms folded on her breast, and her large mild eyes turned upward, the maiden remained for awhile absorbed in prayer; her lips moved tranquilly and slowly, as though she had been breathing out her pious orisons at the foot of the altar. The Moor gazed on her in silence; a few scattered flowers were yet clinging amid the luxuriant tresses of her hair; she had twined them there in honour of the revel from which she had been torn so lately; and as the moonlight rested on her brow, it looked as calm and as cold as marble. A thousand passionate thoughts flitted across the mind of the Algerine as he looked upon her; she was so pale, so beautiful, so helpless. He remembered how radiantly she had moved in her loveliness but that very evening; how brightly she had smiled, how gracefully she had spoken; but other memories came also over his soul—memories of her Christian lover—of him to whom she had clung, and listened, and spoken;—and again a dark smile rested on his lip.

"Aymed!" exclaimed the maiden, suddenly, "you are pursued. How yonder glorious bark flies over the waters—thy deliverance!"

Eagerly the Moor turned to look upon his pursuers; he relaxed his grasp of the female; he strained his dark eyes earnestly over the whole extent of the watery horizon, but not a speck appeared on the face of the ocean—yet came deliverance to the captive. A sudden splash beside him recalled the gaze of Aymed; it was too late; one plunge had freed the Christian maiden! Bated to die, then to live to ignominy, wretchedness, and dishonour.

There was a wide ring circling the silver waves; and in another instant the figure of

the female rose to the surface: again and again the waters parted around it, but the ravings of the Moor were vain: the gale had freshened, and the little bark shot rapidly on its course: he gnashed his teeth and tore his beard in agony, but the Christian maiden was lost to him for ever!

Fearful was the tempest which rocked the ocean ere midnight: the moon was hidden by dense vapours; billows of foam moistened the sides of the dark rocks, and scared the sea-birds in their hollows; the steersman quitted the helm in despair, and the mariner told his beads, and abandoned the vessel to the fury of the storm. One little bark was cast, a shattered hulk, on the shore from which it had sped so silently but that very evening; it was the Moorish skiff—the bark of Aymed the Algerine!

THE ACTRESS WHO KNEW HER CATECHISM.

BY CAM.

THERE lived in Paris in 1721, in the Rue des Bourdonnais, a young girl of sixteen, whose mother was mistress of a small shop of mercery and ladies' embroidery. The young Pellegrin, for so was she called, detested most cordially her mother's occupation: she was romantically inclined, and desired to make her appearance as a queen or grand dame on the stage. She was of good height, and possessed fine eyes and regular features, but could not be justly called handsome. At last the passion for the stage became so strong, that one day she hurried off to the Theatre Français, and asked permission to be allowed to recite before the committee. Now it happened that at this period there was numbered amongst the actors of this theatre a performer named Legrand, who by a curious coincidence was born on the day on which Moliere died, the 17th February, 1673. This actor was the author of several pieces which had been well received at the time, though they are now forgotten. The *Aveugle Chatteroyant* was one of his pieces, as was *Agnes de Chaillet*, the famous parody of La Motte's *Ines de Castro*. He was a man of small stature and of great ugliness, but ready at repartee, and famous for the success of his addresses to the audience. One evening when he came forward to announce the performance for the following evening, cries were heard expressive of wonder at his extreme ugliness, and at last some hisses greeted him. Nothing daunted, he made the three bows customary on the French stage, and thus addressed the house:—"Gentlemen," he said, "it is unfortunate that my features are not more agreeable, but it is more easy for you to accustom yourselves to them, than for me to change them." Another night he was playing the part of Theseus,

in Racine's noble tragedy of *Phedre*. On his entrance, hisses were heard from various parts of the house. He knew at once that his face produced them. Assuming an astonished air, he approached the actor who personated Hippolytus, and pointing to the public, he uttered the line with which the part really commences:—

"Quel est l'étrange accueil qu'on fait à ton père
Mon fils?"

His presence of mind pleased the audience, and the performance continued amidst loud applause.

This same power of improving a chance circumstance was often visible in his works. He was, in fact, the poet of circumstances, and made the most of the passing events of the day. Thus, when the famous robber Cartouche was arrested, and whilst his trial was impending, he produced a piece of which Cartouche was the hero, that had an immense run. Legrand had, from his readiness and quickness, acquired considerable influence amongst his comrades, and was often entrusted with the task of deciding on the pretensions of candidates for the theatrical profession. He often, too, occupied his leisure in hunting out female talent for the stage, though no one would guess where he chiefly applied himself for the purpose. At that time the Conservatoire was not in existence. Where then did Legrand try to find out good actresses for the Theatre Français? Why, to no other place did he repair than to the Church of St. Sulpice; and there, under the very nose of the cure, he chose out the future queens and soubrettes of the stage. Alas! it was always the chosen lambs of the flock that he selected, or those whose voice was sweetest, whose manners were most noble, whose features were most expressive; those, in fact, who were distinguished by their intelligence, and the superior manner in which they gave the answers in the catechism. Legrand used to wait until the priest had departed; he then addressed those who had pleased him, and most frequently persuaded them, ugly as he was, to think favourably of the stage as a mode of living. One thing is certain, that several actresses were known to have owed their fortunes and their triumphs to their admirable mode of repeating their catechism.

It was to this man that Mdlle. Pellegrin was referred when she made her application at the theatre. He led her on the stage, at the moment deserted, and placing himself in a large arm-chair, "Come, mademoiselle," said he, "let us see what you can do." Without the slightest timidity she complied, and recited the part of Iphigénie, if not with talent, at least with wonderful confidence. After the tragedy, she exhibited her comic powers, and recited the part of Agnès from *Mon petit chat est mort*, down to *Je me suis*

laine prendre le— against which the Jesuits explained so much, *le ruban que vous m'avez donné*. Notwithstanding all her efforts, Legrand was not satisfied. In the tragedy he thought her "too inflated; she gave forth the verses in a sing-song style, and she failed to stamp her foot at the proper moment;" in the comedy it was still worse; she wanted natural grace, humour, and the true comic expression. "Ah, mademoiselle," continued he, "it is not so easy a matter as you suppose to become an actress, and, above all, an actress in the king's company. We are the first actors in France, and when I say France, I mean Europe and the whole world. An actor is a being of a peculiar organisation, whose sensations are more acute, whose voice is more harmonious, whose person and manners are more elegant than those of other men. He is, in fact, a chosen vessel, as the curé of St. Sulpice would say, though he would not apply the compliment to one of us."

All the time Legrand (the chosen vessel) was speaking thus, he sent out one of the harshest and most unusual voices ever heard, and exhibited the ugliest visage, perhaps, that ever appeared before the footlights. Madlle. Pellegri was not altogether discouraged by those observations. She ventured to suggest that "in the course of time, with study and attention, she might, perhaps—"

"Not at all, not at all," interrupted Legrand, "never can you become an actress. Think no more of it. Turn your attention to other pursuits."

After this decisive answer, he admired himself for a moment in the glass at the side-scenes, made a pirouette, and left the young girl without further ceremony.

As he went out of the theatre he met Beaubourg, the first tragic actor of the day.

"Well, how did the girl get on?"

"Wretched, my dear fellow—wretched! No soul, no intelligence, no sweetness of voice. I am sorry you did not hear her."

"I did hear her," said the tragedian; "I stood listening behind when she commenced."

"And you are of my opinion?"

"Why, not exactly."

"Beaubourg," said the other, very gravely, "you are not a judge of those matters. If you desire to see really good materials for the stage, come with me some day to St. Sulpice, and I will show you a nursery of first-rate talent."

A short time after, the two actors were on their road to the church at the hour of catechism. They found there between thirty and forty young girls, many of whom were grown up and marriageable.

"You will hear *harpistes* here," said Legrand, "that will make your hair stand on end. But you will be surprised at the intelligence exhibited by some of these young things. These are amongst the girls before

you some that would puzzle the Archbishop of Paris himself."

How much further his enthusiasm might have carried him I cannot say, had not the curé at the moment begun his duty. Notwithstanding all the worthy man's care, the young parishioners seemed to have but little knowledge of the catechism. They almost all made dreadful mistakes; and, what was worse, seemed rather amused than otherwise at any odd phrase which escaped from the circle. At last, the curé came to a young girl, whose features were modestly concealed by a large bonnet and thick veil, and obtained from her the most satisfactory answers. She repeated, it is true, nothing but the text; but this was redited with a care and exactitude, and an ingenuousness which drew from the good man warm felicitations. "That's the very person for us," said Legrand to Beaubourg. "What purity of intention and sweetness of voice! how accurate a memory! Oh! she is made for an actress. I hope sincerely she is pretty; and without a lover. It is astonishing how a lover takes away a girl's thoughts from the theatre. I have lost some most promising proteges by their falling in love. I don't so much care about her being handsome. Talent embellishes everything. I am quite sure she will succeed."

There was one thing necessary for the success of which Legrand was so certain, and that was the young person's consent: but he considered the position of the king's actors so superior, that he never entertained the idea of any person dreaming of a refusal. He and his companion waited until the examination was over, and then hastened to intercept the young person who had so much struck him. She had, however, slipped out before they arrived at the door. "We must try again," said the provider of theatrical talent. "We shall succeed better next time." A few days after they managed matters so adroitly, that they were able to speak to the young girl, as she hurried away enveloped in her cloak, and her features still concealed by her thick veil. Before she had time to say "no" to their proposal of going to the theatre, they had hurried her into a hackney coach. Legrand continued to expatiate with great eloquence on the delights of a stage life, without obtaining any remark from his young companion. "She must be," thought he, "either dreadfully ugly or exceedingly timid. Speak, my dear creature," said he aloud; "would you not like to learn something else besides your catechism?" They had at that moment arrived at the theatre. The young girl descended from the coach, and taking off her large mantle and veil, replied, "Of course I would, M. Legrand. You know it well. Shall I repeat to you the parts of *Iphigénie* or *Agnes*?" It was Madlle. Pellegri.

A loud fit of laughter burst from Beau-

boast. "Well," said he, "will you still refuse her the favour of a trial?"

Legrand at first was inclined to get angry; he declared that Beaumont had managed the matter to play him a trick; but at last he resumed his good-humour, and agreed to forward the early appearance of Mlle. Pellegriin. It so happened, however, that at the time a Gascon gentleman, named Dr. Crepignac, was forming a company of actors for the Hague. Mlle. Pellegriin engaged herself with him, and speedily took her departure from Paris, so that she never appeared at the Theatre Francais. She soon was noted in Holland for her talents, and, after a little time, was married to a rich merchant of Amsterdam. She then left the stage, and was accustomed to say, that "there were three things she should never forget,—the part of Iphigenie, the part of Agnes, and her catechism."

As to Legrand, he died seven years after the period to which this little anecdote refers, that is to say, in 1728;—always remarked as being a bad actor, but a witty man. To the last he was a constant visitor to St. Sulpice, where the cure and his assistants looked at him with suspicion, and where, more than once, he had hot words with the door-opener.

THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

THE New York papers recently received state that it is intended to erect a suspension bridge across the Falls of Niagara. The following description of them will, we think, prove interesting to most of our readers. The greatest natural curiosities of the known world are the cataracts of Lower Canada, at the distance of eighteen miles from the town of Niagara. This amazing waterfall is made by the river St. Lawrence, in its passage from the lake Erie into the lake Ontario. The St. Lawrence is one of the largest rivers in the world, and yet the whole of its waters are here poured down, by a fall of a hundred and fifty feet perpendicular. It is not easy to bring the imagination to correspond with the greatness of the scene; a river, extremely deep and rapid, and that serves to drain the waters of almost all North America into the Atlantic Ocean, rushes precipitately down a ledge of rocks that rises like a wall across the whole bed of its stream. The most stupendous fall is that on the north-western or British side of the Niagara river, commonly called the "Great Horse-shoe Fall," from its bearing some resemblance to the shape of a horse-shoe. The height of this is only 122 feet, whereas the two others (the river being divided by islands into three distinct collateral falls) are each 160 feet high; but to its inferior height it is principally indebted for its grandeur; the precipice, and of course the bed of the river above it, being so much lower at one side than at the other, by far the greater part of

the water of the river finds its way to the low side, and rushes down with greater velocity at that side than it does at the other, as the rapids above the precipice are strongest there. From the centre of the Horse-shoe Fall arises a prodigious cloud or mist that may be seen at the distance of several miles, and that exhibits, when the sun shines above it, a beautiful rainbow. The extent of this fall, ascertained by the eye, is estimated at no less than 600 yards in circumference. The island which separates it from the next fall is supposed to be about 350 yards wide; the second fall is about five yards wide; the next island about thirty yards; and the third, commonly called the "Fort Schloper Fall," from its being situated towards the side of the river on which that fort stands, is computed at the same measure with the large island. The whole extent of the precipice, therefore, including the islands, is, according to these estimates, 1335 yards. Some have supposed that the line of the fall altogether exceeds an English mile. The quantity of water carried down the falls is prodigious; being found by a moderate calculation to be 670,256 tons per minute. The Fort Schloper Fall is skirted at the bottom by much white foam, which ascends in thick volumes from the rocks; but it is not seen to rise above the fall like a cloud of smoke, as is the case at the Horse-shoe Fall; nevertheless, the spray is so considerable, that it descends on the opposite side of the river like rain. Below these falls the whirlpools and commotions of the waters are so tremendous, as to render navigation impracticable for six miles; and immediately above them the river is much narrower than it is higher up. The river, however, runs evenly, and is navigable with safety for batteaux as far as Fort Chippeway, which is about three miles above the falls, but upon a nearer access the waters are so much agitated, that unless a boat keep in the middle of the river, and is dexterously managed, it must be dashed to pieces; however, with such management it may pass down to an island which divides the river at the falls. Since the Falls of Niagara were first discovered, they have very much receded, on account of the disruption of the rocks which form the precipice. Within the memory of many of the present inhabitants of the country, the Falls have receded several yards. It is not an improbable conjecture that they were originally situated at Queenstown. Tradition reports that the great Fall, instead of having been in the form of a horse-shoe, once projected in the middle of the river for a century past it has remained nearly in the present form. The Falls of Niagara are much less difficult of access now than they were some years ago. The most favourable season for visiting them is about the middle of September, for then the woods are seen in all their glory, beautifully variegated with the rich tints of autumn, and the spectator is not then annoyed with vermin. In the summer season you meet with rattle-snakes at every

stop, and mosquitoes swarm so thickly in the air, that, to use a common phrase of the country, you might cut them with a knife. The cold nights in the beginning of September effectually banish these noxious insects. In the province of New York, three leagues from Albany, there is a cataract of fifty feet perpendicular height, the vapour of which, like that of Niagara, gives rise to a rainbow.

REMARKABLE CASES OF IMPOSTURE.

No. XV.—BOOK SECOND.

MARCO POLO, the celebrated Venetian traveller, exposes an imposture that was practised in his days, namely, that of exhibiting stuffed monkeys for the bodies of wonderfully small men. Speaking of Samatra, he says,—"There are found in this district monkeys of various sorts, and vultures as black as crows, which are of a large size, and pursue the quarry in a good style. It should be known that what is reported respecting the dried bodies of diminutive human creatures, or pigmies, brought from India, is an idle tale, such pretended men being manufactured in this island in the following manner. The country produces a species of monkey of a tolerable size, and having a countenance resembling that of a man. Those persons who make it their business to catch them, shave off the hair and tail, leaving the hair only about the chin and those other parts where it grows on the body of a man. They then dry and preserve them with camphor and ether drugs, and having prepared them in such a mode that they have exactly the appearance of little men, they put them into wooden boxes, and sell them to trading people, who carry them to all parts of the world. But this is merely an imposition, the practice being such as we have described; and neither in India, nor in any other country, however wild and little known, have pigmies been found of a form so diminutive as these monkeys exhibit."

San Marsden conjectures that the Mohamadan and Armenian traders who visited the islands of the Indian Ocean were in the habit of selling the stuffed monkeys to the *visitors* of Italy, for the mummies of a pigmy race of men. Mr. Mac Farlane says that he has seen a few such specimens in the hands of antiquated collectors in the south of Italy, who would on no account be confessed that they were not remarkable and well-preserved specimens of human beings of a miniature size, who had once lived upon earth.

* Marsden's translation.

† Notwithstanding his denial of the existence of pigmies, our Venetian says that in the mountains of Samatra are found men with tails a pan in length, like the tail of the dog, but not

Oh, the dark-brown thoughts which the perpetual motion has had from mankind! What sleepless nights, and what aching brains, has it caused! And yet it is as far from being discovered as it has ever been. In vain did the ancient Egyptians employ their arts to find it out; in vain did the mathematicians of the school of Alexandria elude their thoughts together respecting it: the mystery baffled all their conjoined efforts to unriddle, and they were left to weep on the banks of the Nile, as King David and his followers did by Babel's streams.

Yet, though this dark secret has never been found out, many impostors have appeared from time to time, who have reported that they had, with deep study, and much difficulty, found out the important secret. One of these, some forty years ago, so far imposed on the good people of Scotland, who inhabited the country places and small villages, with an article which he had made, purporting to be this famous motion, that he extracted a good deal of cash out of their pockets by its exhibition. At length he had the hardihood to go to Edinburgh with it. Instantly his puffing hand-bills brought hundreds about him, all anxiously wishing to have a sight of the wonderful machine. Amongst others who paid to get in to behold it was an ingenious young artist, who, after looking at it a little while, like the rest, requested very politely the inventor's permission to examine it in his hand. It was a beautiful thing, certainly, to look at. An inverted glass-bulb, about six or eight inches high, and about five in diameter at the mouth, was placed on a mahogany bottom, about the one-fourth part of an inch in thickness; round the sides of the glass, in the interior, stood six pieces, of metal, which went under the name of magnets; in the centre of the whole, on a delicate pedestal, was seen something rather thicker than a needle, moving slowly round, and this was the perpetual motion.

The young mechanic began his observations on it, by examining minutely with a microscope round the thin edge of the mahogany bottom, and was not long before he found something like a hole, with a stop very neatly put in it; this stop he soon extracted, and holding it up to the crowd, said, "This is the place by which a key is inserted, that winds up a thin-coiled spring, inclosed in this case of wood, by which the motion is kept apparently perpetual!"

The impostor, thus beholding his trick discovered, thought it prudent to make his escape, leaving his invention in the hands of the artist, who soon unfolded the whole to his applauding beholders.

We make the following extract from the

covered with hair. He adds that they always dwell in the mountains, and never inhabit the towns. Marco did not pretend to have seen black-tailed men.

Monsters des Arts.—"There exist at Rome secret work-rooms of sculpture, where the works manufactured are broken arms, heads of the gods, feet of satyrs, and broken torsos of nobody. By means of a liquid there used, a colour of the finest antiquity is communicated to the marble. Scattered about the country are goatherds, who feed their flocks in the vicinity of ruins, and look out for foreigners. To these they speak incidentally of the treasures found by digging a few feet deep in such neighbourhoods. The English, in particular, are the victims of such mystification; and freely yield their money to the shepherds, who are agents to the 'General Artificial Ruin Association;' and know well where to apply the pickaxe; they are careful, however, to spend much time and labour in fruitless search before they come finally upon the treasure for which the foreigner willingly pays. England is full of these antiquities of six months old. Nor do the amateur numismatists leave Rome with empty hands, for in that city are daily coined, without fear of the law, the money of Cæsar, Hadrian, Titus, Heliogabalus, and all the Antonines—filed, punched, and corroded, to give the look of age. Paris may be said hitherto, by comparison with London, to have escaped this epidemic for the youthful antiquities of bronze and marble; but, she is devoured by the forgers of middle age antiques. It is notorious with what skill and impudence certain cabinet-makers manufacture chairs, tables, and foot-stools of the fifteenth century. A young antiquarian showed lately, with great pride, to a friend of his, a very fine article of Gothic furniture, which he had just bought at a great price. 'It is very fine,' said his friend, after a careful examination, 'and will last you long, for it is quite new.'"

Michael Angelo, to try how far he could impose upon the curious in sculpture, carved a statue of Cupid. Having broken off the arm, he buried the rest of the figure under a certain ruin, where they were wont to dig in search of marbles. It was soon after discovered, and passed among the learned antiquaries for an invaluable and undoubted piece of ancient sculpture, till Michael Angelo produced to them the arm previously broken off, which fitted so exactly as to convince them of their too easy credulity, and the vanity of their speculations.

NOTE.—There cannot be any objection to the multiplication of fac-similes of whatever is good and beautiful; on the contrary, it is very desirable that we should have good copies of every thing that is valuable, for the benefit of those who cannot hope ever to see or possess the originals; and the only remaining wish of all must be, that these things should be done in the best manner, and sold, not as originals, but as faithful copies. We are of opinion that a great deal more money would be made in the above way by the in-

creased numbers sold, taking all things collectively, than is made by the present state of mystification, however cleverly arranged; for every one has, at most times, a wholesome fear of being imposed upon.

In the year 1638 was erected the statue of Charles I. at Charing-cross. It was cast in brass in 1633 by Le Scur, it is believed, by order of that munificent encourager of the arts, Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundel. The Parliament, in Cromwell's time, ordered it to be sold and broken to pieces; but J. River, the brazier who purchased it, having more taste than his employers, or seeing with the prophetic eye of good sense that the powers which were would not remain rulers very long, dug a hole in his garden in Holborn, and buried it unutilized. To prove his obedience, he produced to his masters several pieces of brass, which he told them were parts of the statue; and, in the true spirit of trade, he cast a number of handles for knives and forks, offering them for sale as composed of the brass which had formed the statue. This pleased all parties; they were eagerly sought for, and purchased by the royalists from affection to their deceased monarch, and by the other party as trophies of the triumph of liberty over tyranny. When the second Charles was restored, the statue was brought forth from its place of concealment.

CLAREMONT.

THIS beautiful mansion, the property of his Majesty the King of the Belgians, is now the residence of the Count and Countess Neully—the ex-King and Queen of the French. Claremont is about fifteen miles from London, and close to the pleasant village of Egham, near to which runs the river Mole, the resort of many lovers of the pæcatorial art. The varieties of wood and water, of hill and dale, render this spot one of the most attractive and pleasant districts of Surrey, and one where Louis Philippe may, in all probability, pass the remainder of his days in quiet.

Claremont has been a place of note since the time of Queen Anne, when Sir John Vanbrugh built for himself a small house here; which was afterwards sold to Thomas Pelham Holles, Earl of Clare. This nobleman, advanced to the dukedom of Newcastle in 1716, "added a magnificent room, for the entertainment of large companies when he was in administration;" he also greatly augmented the estate, as well by new purchases of land as by enclosures from the adjoining heath. He likewise built a castellated prospect house on a mount in the park, calling it, after his own title, *Clare-mont*, which subsequently became the general name of the estate. During his occupancy, the plantations were greatly increased, and the grounds laid out by Kent, the celebrated landscape gardener.

After the decease of the Duke of Newcastle, in 1768, the estate was sold by his Ancestress to the gallant Lord Clive, who had the grounds remodelled, and a new mansion built, by "Capability" Brown; it is said, at a cost of upwards of 100,000!

The next possessor of the Claremont estates was Viscount Galway, and then the Earl of Tyrconnell; who, in 1807, re-sold the property to Charles Esq. Esq.; who, in 1816, conveyed the whole to the Commissioners of his Majesty's Woods and Forests, under the act for providing a suitable residence for her Royal Highness Princess Charlotte, upon her marriage with Leopold, Prince of Saxe-Coburg.

By the above act it was ordained that the royal pair should enjoy the Claremont property during their joint lives. It was also provided that, in the event of the death of the princess or the prince, the survivor should hold the same as when it continued in their joint occupation. The lamented death of the princess took place here, Nov. 6, 1817. Under the above enactments respectively, Claremont and its subordinate estates have remained in the possession of the present royal owner, his Majesty the King of the Belgians; so that Louis Philippe is now located in the property of his son-in-law.

The house at Claremont is said to be "the only complete mansion that Brown ever built, although he altered many." It occupies a commanding eminence, near the middle of the park: it is of brick, with stone dressings, and the eastern or carriage front has a stately Corinthian portico, within the pediment of which are sculptured the arms and supporters of Lord Clive. On the occasion of the name of Claremont being given to this estate by Lord Clive, Garth wrote his poem of "Claremont" in imitation of "Cooper's Hill." The saloon, or entrance-hall, is very spacious; and there are eight noble rooms upon this floor. They contain several paintings, principally portraits, including that of the Princess Charlotte by Lawrence. In the drawing-room is a superbly painted porcelain table, presented to Prince Leopold by Charles X.

On the middle floor is the suite of rooms occupied by her Majesty and Prince Albert when residing at Claremont. In the Prince's dressing-room are small whole lengths of the Princess Charlotte and Prince Leopold, from the paintings by Dawkins, in the gallery. Mr. Bayly, in his now "History of Surcouf," says, "The affectionate respect in which the memory of his first consort is still held by Leopold, is shown by the careful preservation at Claremont of many articles which belonged to the Princess, and derive their chief value from that circumstance."

The pleasure grounds of Claremont occupy about sixty acres of ever-varying scenery. Luxuriant laurels and other ever-greens clothe the heights and slopes, and

long avenues of beech and elm stretch through the glades.

At a short distance from the mansion, on the west, is the monument which gives name to the estate; and not far from hence is a large cork-tree, beneath the shade of which her Majesty and her Royal Consort have not unfrequently taken breakfast in the summer. Still farther west is the conservatory, of lofty oblong design, with circular ends.

About a quarter of a mile north-west of the mansion is the mausoleum of the late Princess Charlotte, originally designed by her for an alcove. From the garden which surrounds it a fine view is gained over the lake below.

On the eastern side of the park are the farm grounds, wherein is an obelisk erected by the Duke of Newcastle. Near the house, on the north-east, are the flower and kitchen-gardens—about ten acres. In the former is a magnolia more than thirty feet high; and a rich clump of azaleas, planted by the late Princess Charlotte. The vineries and pines are of considerable extent, and very fine fruit is raised in them.

Claremont Park is about $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles in circumference, the chief entrance being near Esher. It is surrounded by a ring fence; and includes an area of about 300 acres; but the whole extent of the Claremont demesne is probably not less than 1500 or 1600 acres, King Leopold having greatly enlarged the property by the purchase of adjoining lands.

A GERMAN DUEL.

"On!" said the German, with insolent coolness, "I remember—fair hair, blue eyes, and a charming voice."

"Well, then," exclaimed Frederick, driven to fury, "it is she, with her fair hair, blue eyes, and an angel's voice, of whom you have robbed me. It is for her that I now demand my revenge; and, more still, for my blasted youth, my life embattered, months of anguish and despair, while you have hid yourself from me, like a coward and a thief."

"Hold, sir!" interrupted the other, with the phlegmatic vanity of one proud of the reproaches and fearless of their consequences; "spare your own breath and my time. I am ready to meet you when and where you please. I am always the willing champion of my own gallantries. What is your weapon—sword or pistol?"

"Ristolsure surest and quickest. I wish to send a bullet through your heart!"

"Your time and place?"

"To-morrow, at day-break—five o'clock—at Ixelles, under the *Arbre-berni*."

"Enough!"

True to the desperate pledge, the pair met next morning. The clock of the town-house struck half-past four, when the battle

dark were seen by the sentinel at the Namur gate, walking quickly through the heavy fog, such as is common to this climate, in the autumn season, at that early hour. One was an old and withered-looking man. The other was young, but who might have been mistaken for an old one, so stamped were his features with the traces of pain and a life mispent. They followed the high road, at the suburb for some time, and then struck off to the right into a narrow and irregular path bordered by a rugged hedge, whence, from time to time, a bird made its escape with a faint chirp, frightened from its perch by the intrusive footsteps. This path led directly to the tree called the Arbor-benit, where the two friends soon arrived, and where they (I need not say it was Frederick and his evil genius) were almost immediately joined by a third—he who had given to Frederick the friendly warning of Laura's flight.

In a few minutes Baron Lichtenstein and his two friends were on the spot. The distance was measured, the combatants placed, the weapons put into their hands, and they were told to fire at the fifth stroke of the cathedral clock.

The minute or two which was still wanting of the hour was like an age of dread suspense to Frederick. His arm was almost upraised involuntarily once or twice, so anxious was he to fulfil his deadly purpose. The clock struck one. The sound was borne heavily on the breeze which blew from the city. The adversaries brought their pistols to a level. What a terrific time for preparation—for aim-taking! Two, three, four—five!

The two shots were heard almost together. The German's bullet whistled past Frederick's ear, and lodged in the trunk of a tree close behind him. The baron himself fell, shot through the heart! He sprang from the earth, staggered against a hedge, and expired instantly, his glazed eyes fixed on his enemy.

Frederick was horror-struck. The last look of a man slain by one's own hand is the most hideous spectacle in nature.

"Let us be off!" said the old man, with a fiendish smile on his countenance; "you have done your work well!"

"Leave me!" thundered forth Frederick; "have me! You urged me to this: you are my evil genius—you have ruined me, body and soul!"

"Young man, we are never ruined but by our own doings—by our bad inclinations, vicious thoughts, and criminal passions."

And with these words the old man walked away. Frederick's other friend and the friends of the slain baron hastily quitted the scene, and Frederick was left alone with the dead body.

A father, exhorting his son to early rising, relating a story of a person who, early one morning, found a large purse of money, "Well," replied the youth, "but the person who lost it rose earlier."

THE CARNIVAL.

THE following extract is the opinion of a foreign author of distinction and reputation, on the merits of the carnival:—

"The carnival is a fragment of paganism, and a commemoration of the bacchanals of the ancients. It is a feast dedicated to the devil, and the period when the phrensy and extravagance of mankind are in their full force. It should seem that men, through instinct, and being ashamed of their follies, did not dare to shew their faces undisguised; but that they masked themselves, in order to enjoy to the full the choice privilege of being complete fools. Some years since there was a Turkish envoy at Paris during the time of the carnival, who being a spectator of all the extravagant frolics that were committed at, a season, and the ceremony performed on Ash Wednesday, wrote, among other things, to a friend at Constantinople, that there was a certain time in the year when Christians went mad, and at the end of a few weeks their pupils, by the application of grey powder to their foreheads, on a particular day set apart for the cure, restored them to their senses. When I reflect upon the carnival, and Lent, which follows it so closely, I always call to mind the Italian proverb, *Poco di bene, poco di male*, and it appears to me very astonishing that the Church should suffer the carnival to take place. But I imagine this indulgent mother allows it to her children for the same reason that Moses formerly allowed polygamy, which we are told he indulged the Jews with on account of the hardness of their hearts. For my part, I cannot help being of opinion it would be better to abolish Lent than to suffer the scandalous custom of carnival. I shall, therefore, never approve of it, but transfer my share of the pleasure of it, from it to those who pursue a phantom to repent at leisure."

THE GARDEN FOR APRIL.

THE potting of narrations and pieceteas must be completed forthwith, and the stakes, to which they are to be tied as they rise for bloom, should be placed ready, before the fibres advance enough to be damaged in putting them there.—Sowing of seeds of almost every kind of plant and flower may be now commenced and completed in and out of the house.—Annuals raised in a hot-bed will require transplanting into pots; and such as have been growing in pots, from small-sized ones to larger, and replaced in the frames.—Pot off all struck cuttings of house plants; and such as are destined for flower gardens must be placed in frames, and gradually hardened.—Dahlias should be hardened by being placed in pits, with very gentle heat, or none, but from which frost must be carefully excluded.—Propagate freely all plants of which the shoots are in good order: they are smaller, stronger, more

than at any other time of the year.—Auricles must be carefully protected from cold winds, but not by covering close: air they must have; to prevent their being drawn up; and if they get chilled, now that the flower trusses are rising, it is fifty to one against their opening well.—Transplant all the remaining cabbage plants.—Mark some of the finest heads of brocoli for seed.—Sow some early purple brocoli thinly in a warm rich border of light compost, to come in early.—Pick out celery into rich compost, six inches apart; or, if wanted earlier, into a moderate hot-bed. They will strengthen for final planting in trenches.—Make new herb beds by slips from the old plants—sage, mint, thyme, marjoram, &c.—Sow capsaums, chilies, and tomatoes.—Plant kidney beans from time to time, and also peas, squashes, and pumpkins, and vegetable marrow, of all kinds.—Protect wall fruit-trees by old bunting, netting, &c., on frosty days and nights.—Rub off the buds from wall fruit-trees, where you do not require them to grow. Towards the end of the month climbing plants should be carefully trained as often as they require it; generally, while in a growing state, they ought to be attended to every other day.—Tulips may have their top covering put on the stage, and their temporary hoops and mats removed, care being taken to let down the cloth, and mat the sides every night.—Auricles are now coming to perfection; they must have neither sun nor wind, but as much air as may be conveniently given.—Look after the weeds in all cases; mow and trim lawns; turn gravel-walks and roll them; trim and clip box-edging, &c., &c.—Re-pot Dahlias whose roots are crowded, lest they get a stunted habit, which they are a long time recovering after planting out.

ALI-FOOLS' DAY.

THE compliments of the season to my worthy masters, and a merry first of April to us all! "I love a fool," says Elia, "as if I were kith and kin to him. When a child, with child-like apprehensions, that dived not below the surface of the matter, I read many parables, not guessing at their involved wisdom, I had more yearnings towards that simple architect that built his house upon the sand, than I entertained for his more cautious neighbour; I grudged at the hard censure pronounced upon the quiet soul that kept his talent; and, prizing their simplicity beyond the more provident, and, to my apprehension, somewhat unfeminine weariness of their competitors, I felt a kindness that almost amounted to a *tendre*, for those five thoughtless virgins. I have never made an acquaintance since, that lasted, or a friendship that answered, with any that had not some tincture of the absurd in their

characters. I venerate an honest obliquity of understanding. The more laughable considers a man shall commit in your company, the more tests he giveth you that he will not betray or overreach you. I love, the safety which a palpable hallucination warrants; the security which a word out of season ratifies. And take my word for this, reader, and say a fool told it you if you please, that he who hath not a dram of folly in his mixture, hath pounds of much worse matter in his composition. It is observed that 'the foolisher the fowl or fish—waders, cocks, dotterells, cods'-heads, &c.—the sinner the flesh thereof; and what are commonly the world's received fools, but such whereof the world is not worthy? and what have been some of the kindest patterns of our species, but so many darlings of absurdity—minions of the goddess and her white boys? Reader, if you wreat my words beyond their fair construction, it is you, and not I, that are the fool—*Eha*.

"THE CARDINAL'S REVENGE."

THE fatal end of Ferrante Pallavicino is taken from a MS. in one of the most celebrated libraries in Paris. It runs thus: Carlo di Brosche, known in Italy by the name of Carlo di Moril, was the son of a bookseller in Paris, named Victor di Brosche. He travelled in the service of a nobleman through Italy; but his master dying on the road, Carlo went from Venice to Rome, where he was recommended to the Barberini family, as a man capable of undertaking any bold enterprise. No sooner was his character known, than he was entrusted by them with the destruction of Ferrante Pallavicino, against whom the Barberini were highly exasperated, on account of his two productions, the "Baccinata," and the "Divortio Celeste." The price of this treacherous exploit was settled at three thousand doubloons. Carlo on this repaired to Venice, the asylum of Ferrante, where he contrived to insinuate himself so far into his friendship, that, finding him disposed to seek a refuge in France from enemies which were laid for his life in Italy, he offered himself as his fellow-traveller, and was accepted. They journeyed together as far as Orange, a town within ten miles of Avignon; when Carlo, sending an account to the Vice-Legate at that place, that the prey was in his hands, a party was sent to seize them both; and they were conducted to Avignon, and cast into prison. Carlo, however, who had only been confined for form's sake, was set free, whereas Ferrante was retained, brought to trial, and executed. Meanwhile, Carlo returned to Rome, where he received the infamous reward of his diabolical treachery, partly in pictures (which were exposed for sale in Paris, at the Hotel de Fleury—since a lodging-house kept by Madame Barillon, a native of Bretagne, in the Rue des Bourdonnois), and

partly in ready money. In the interim, Cardinal Mazarin, extremely hurt at the death of Pallavicino, to whom he bore much good will, directed one Gauducci, an Italian, to contract an intimacy with the traitor. This the emissary brought about in the most cautious manner, by pretending to sell gloves, perfumes, and other trinkets, which he bartered with Carlo for pictures and other goods. Having now settled a kind of commerce with him, he often went to his house, which stood in the Place Mazarin; and one morning, going at a very early hour, on pretence of their common interest, he complained to Carlo concerning some misconduct in his or their affairs. The which Carlo, who was then in bed, denying, the other, picking a quarrel with him, after some time darted upon him, caught him fast round the body, and stabbed him in the reins with a poniard. Carlo, who, stout and active, finding himself wounded, grappled with the assassin and in the scuffle they both fell to the ground. The people of the house ran to the room on hearing the noise in the chamber, but could not enter, as the door was locked from within. Having fetched officers of justice, the door was forced open, and Carlo was discovered dead upon the floor. Gauducci was then conducted by the officers to the little chateau.

When this affair reached the ears of the Cardinal Mazarin, he immediately gave directions to the magistrate of the police to release his prisoner, and the order was instantly obeyed. Thus was the execrable villain Carlo repaid for his more than inhuman treachery, through the instrumentality of the great Cardinal.—*Translated from a MS. addit. to "The Glory of the Jacobines of Padua."*

USEFUL RECIPES.

BOUQUET DE LA REINE.—Take one ounce of essence of bergamot, three drachms of English oil of lavender, half a drachm of oil of cloves, half a drachm of aromatic vinegar, six grains of musk, and one pint and a half of rectified spirit of wine. Distil.

ALMOND POWDER.—Blanch six pounds of bitter almonds, dry and beat them, and express from them one pint of oil; then beat them in an iron mortar, and pass the powder through a sieve: it must be kept from air and moisture in a glass jar: used in place of soap for washing the hands, it imparts a singular delicacy to their appearance.

GROUND RICE PUDDING.—Pound fine in a mortar twelve bitter and twenty-four sweet almonds; break four eggs into a basin, and whisk them to a froth; grate the peel of a lemon, some nutmeg, and cinnamon. When these are all ready, put a quart of milk into a stew-pan, with a quarter of a pound of ground rice, and put it on a slow fire: keep stirring it till it thickens; then take it from the fire, and put in it two ounces of butter, with your almonds, eggs, and spice, and as much loaf sugar in powder

as will sweeten it; if you wish, you may add a few nicely washed currants. Put an edging of puff paste round your dish, pour the pudding in, and bake it in a warm oven till it sets. It will improve it to add a wine-glassful of brandy with the spice.

ICKING FOR RICH CAKES, &c.—Put the whites of three or four eggs into a deep glazed pan, quite free from the least grease, and mix in gradually one pound of good loaf sugar that has been powdered and sifted through a lawn sieve, till it is as thick as good rich cream; then beat it up with a wooden spoon until it becomes thick; add the juice of a lemon strained, and beat it again till it hangs to the spoon; then with the spoon drop some on the top of the cake, and with a clean knife smooth it well over the top and sides about an eighth of an inch thick; then put it in a dry place, and it will be dry in a few hours. Ornament it while wet, if it is required to be ornamented, by sticking figures of sugar or plaster on it, or candied peel, or angelica, and drop coloured sugar or millions, to fancy; or when it is dry, you may ornament it with pippin paste, gum paste, piping, or paint it.

GERMAN POLISH FOR BOOTS AND SHOES.—Break into small pieces a cake of white wax, and put it into a tin or earthenware vessel, pour over it as much oil of turpentine as will cover it, closely cover the vessel, and let it stand during twenty-four hours. During this interval, the wax will have dissolved, and with the turpentine form a paste. With this, incorporate as much finely powdered animal charcoal as will impart to the mixture an intensely black colour. When required for use, take out a little on the point of a knife, and with a brush rub it into the boots or shoes previously cleansed from dirt. The essential oil of turpentine will evaporate, leaving the wax upon the leather, in the form of a fine rich varnish. Should the composition become too dry, it may at any time be moistened by the addition of a little oil of turpentine.

AROMATIC VINEGAR.—Digest in two pounds of acetic acid one ounce each of the dried tops of rosemary and the dried leaves of sage, half an ounce each of the dried flowers of lavender and of bruised cloves, for seven days; then express the liquid, and filter it through paper. Another aromatic vinegar, for sprinkling through apartments, during the prevalence of fevers, or any contagious complaints, is made thus:—Take of common vinegar any quantity, mix a sufficient quantity of powdered chalk with it to destroy the acidity, let it subside, and pouring off the liquid, dry the white powder in the sun, or by the fire. When perfectly dry, put it into a stone vessel, and pour upon it sulphuric acid, as long as white acid fumes continue to ascend.

POPULAR PASTIMES.

QUESTIONS TO THE RIDDLES, CHARADES, AND CONUNDRUMS IN OUR LAST.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS

- 1—An equal.
- 2—A smile.

ANSWERS TO CHARADES

- 1—Time piece.
- 2—Pen-man-ship.
- 3—Eight day-clock.

ANSWERS TO CONUNDRUMS

- 1—Mole; constantly forging
- 2—It stands between two's (yeen)
- 3—His four seas (for-see)
- 4—It is a far row (far-ow)
- 5—It is doomed (doomed).

- 6—It is a stinger.
- 7—He deals in time (rhyme.)
- 8—They both used the axe.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES.

- 1—LOVE
- 2—Yesterday
- 3—Heroine He-hero-hero.
- 4—The letter H.

ANSWERS TO FEMALE NAMES EXPRESSED ENIGMATICALLY.

- 1—Caroline.
- 2—Penelope.
- 3—France.

RIDDLE.

- 1—I am found in most countries,
Yet not in earth or sea;
I am in all timbers,
Yet not in any tree; "
I am in all metals,
And yet, as I am told,
I'm neither in iron,
Lead, silver, or gold;
I am not in London,
Yet this I can say,
I am to be found in Westminster every day;
I am not in thought,
Yet never out of mind;
And in every moment
You may me find.

- 2—To-day, as I at breakfast sat,
I saw a thing, pray tell me what;
Transpose it, and it will disclose
What grows between my neck and nose.

- 3—I never was seen, yet still I exist;
I dissipate clouds, and I often am miss'd;
I do not need light, I'm as well in the dark;

Though I cannot be seen, I oft spring
from a spark;

I'm the essence of love, and the seal of
the same;

The harshness of feelings my sweetness
will tame.

All acknowledge my power, from boy-
hood to man;

Great in power I have been since time
first began;

My number is boundless, I cannot be
bound;

Where young folks oft meet in plenty
I'm found.

- 4—Two-thirds of a dearth, and a city in
Cambridgeshire, curtailed; a pronoun, an
article, and two-thirds of ancient.—Good.

One-half of an island in the Indian Ocean,
and a Spanish gentleman; two-thirds of
happiness, a Roman measure, and two-thirds
of every thing.—Better.

Half of a tree, a book of the Bible, a propo-
sition, and the nation.—Best.

ENGLISH POETS EXPRESSED ENIGMATICALLY.

- 1—An article of dress transpote,
An English poet 'twill disclose.
- 2—A colour that we often see,
With what is greater in degree.
- 3—Two-fifths of a title,
And a quadruped little.
- 4—A human being, barbarous and still,
Seen by Crusoe on his lonely isle.
- 5—A tent, a consonant, and forty-five dollars.
- 6—A heathen God, and a great weight.

FIFTY YEARS' WORK.

If fifty men should be condemned
To hang upon the gallows tree,
And fortune, in its freaks, should send
That you among the lot should be;
And if from out this goodly band
One should be hung in every year,
And each in order take his stand
Till the whole fifty disappear!

Now in a single word tell me
(That word a tool shoemakers use),
Which of the number you would be,
If chance permitted you to choose.

SOUND VISIBLE.—In this age of wonders, what will the world think when we assure it that a method has been discovered and matured by which sound will be made visible to the human eye, its various forms and waves demonstrated to sight, and the power to discriminate between the tones of one musical instrument and another be as complete as to observe the action of water when disturbed by any mineral cause? The experiments, we believe, are likely to be, ere long, repeated in the Royal Society. The exhibition of effects on fine sand has probably led to this astonishing issue.—*Literary Gazette.*

GOOD BREEDING.—Good breeding is a kind of artificial good nature; by the help of which, those who are not blest with the capacities may figure to as much advantage in the politest circles as the first luminaries of the age in understanding do. Were it not for good breeding, there would soon be a considerable interruption to the pleasures of social life; for it is that which makes men attentive to their behaviour, and prevents them from gratifying their singularities, totally disregarding of the opinions of the world. For want of good breeding we become bores in our behaviour, and indulge ourselves in the foolish propensity of speaking our sentiments freely, without paying any attention to time or place, without shewing the least respect to the persons with whom we converse. It is, indeed, in the power of few people to be universally pleasing; but it is, surely, in the power of every body, by good breeding, not to give offence.

FACTS AND SCRAPS.

DEATH OF THE INVENTORY POET.—Poor W. Thom, the Inventory poet, died lately in great distress, leaving a widow and three orphans wholly destitute. He bore his privations so patiently and silently, that his nearest friends were not aware of his poverty until death disclosed the painful secret.

Reynolds, the dramatist, once said to Martin the thinness of the house at one of his own plays, added, "He supposed it was owing to the war." "No," replied the latter, "it is owing to the piece."

FRANKLIN'S GIFT TO AMERICAN MECHANICS.—Dr. Franklin left a sum of money to the town of Boston, to be loaned to young married mechanics at a low interest. In December last it had accumulated to the sum of 40,165 dollars; also 1009 ounces, the interest on which is awarded in silver medals, and distributed, as the annual examination of the schools, among the most deserving boys in the writing and grammar departments.

A child who had been trained in the ways of religion by a parent who was kind but judiciously firm, as she sunk to rest in peaceful reliance on her father's love, affectionately thanked her beloved mother for all her tender care and kindness, but added, "I thank you most of all for having subdued my free-will."

A DEAR OATH.—A Westminster justice taking coach in the city and being seduced at Youngman's coffee-house, Gainsborough, the driver demanded eight shillings for his fare. The justice asked him if he would swear the ground came to the money. The man said he would take his oath on it. The justice replied, "I'm not, I'm a magistrate," and, pulling his book out of his pocket, administered the oath, and then gave the fellow a shilling, saying he must reserve the shilling to himself for the shill out.

NOT BAD.—At a respectable public-house, not many miles from Middlesex, Mr. Baker, coroner for that district, held an inquest. When the constable, Mr. Stevens, requested the best book in the house to be brought in, the bar-maid (a pretty little intelligent young lady) brought him a pack of cards and the cribbage board, to the amusement of those present. It is a common thing for persons who want to have a game at cards to ask for the books; she innocently enough brought the cards instead of the Bible.

LOVE AND GENIUS.—Love, in its first dim and imperfect shape, is but imagination concentrated on one object. It is a genius of the heart, resembling that of the intellect; it appeals to, it stirs up, it evokes the sentiments and sympathies that lie most latent in our nature. It stirs in the spirit that moves over the ocean, and rouses the anodynes into life. Therefore it is that mind

produces affections deeper than those of external form; therefore it is that women are worshippers of glory, which is the palpable and visible representative of a genius whose operations they cannot always comprehend. Genius has so much in common with love—the imagination that animates one is so much the property of the other, that there is not a surer sign of the existence of genius than the love that it excites and bequeaths. It penetrates deeper than the reason—it binds a nobler captive than the fancy. As the sun upon the dird, it gives to the human heart both its shadow and its light. Nations are its worshippers and worships; and posterity learns from its oracles to dream—to hope—to adore!

THE YORKSHIRE GIANT.—Mr. Robert Hales, named the "Yorkshire Giant," who has been exhibiting in Nottingham, is nearly eight feet in height, and weighs 462 lb. (33 stone). His longitude is indicated from his parents, his father, a farmer, being six feet six inches, and his mother six feet (weighing 11 stone). Of this Patagonian couple, the progeny were all remarkable for their stature, the boys were "sons of Anak," and the daughters of Amazonian development; any of them quite a Glumvilleitch. The four sons averaged six feet five inches in height; the daughter, six feet three and a half inches. But the flower of the flock was and is the one now in Manchester. His sister, aged 20, attained seven feet two inches, and weighed 16 stone, but she died in 1842. Mr. Hales is now 11 yrs. 23 h. old, of fair proportions, with pleasing features and good-humoured, cheerful countenance. He is vivacious and intelligent, and altogether a very different sort of being to the heavy hulking louts we have seen in caravans. With him are exhibited a male dwarf and two female Albinos.

ARMY.—There is generally many a fine sunny day in this month; so fine that even the mercurial citizen is irresistibly enticed to leave the town for a ramble in the country.

Oh! leave for a while the dull smoke of the city;

Sons of gun, quit your desks, and your ledgers lay by,

Seek health in the fields, while each bird sings its duty.

And breathe the pure air underneath the broad sky.

Some of pleasure, come view the sweet flowers springing.

Leave the scene where the light signposts whirls round,

Corse, list to the lark in the blue ether singing.

Come, see how the deer in the green forest bound."

On the 1st of April, an Irishman went into a bookseller's shop to inquire for the "Works of Nature."

Few men have done more harm than those who have been thought to be able to do least; and there cannot be a greater error than to believe a man whom we see qualified with too mean parts to do good, to be therefore incapable of doing hurt; there is a supply of malice, of pride, of industry, and even of folly, in the meekest, when he rests his heart upon it, that makes a strange progress in wickedness.—*Glarendon.*

TAILORS' BILL.—Sir Walter Scott was once under the necessity of sitting out his eldest son as a cavalry officer. When the bill was brought to him, he observed to the expectant *squire*, "it takes nine tailors to make a man, but only one to ruin him."

OBSERVANCE OF LEVEE.—During the time the Ashley's conducted the Oratorios at Covent-garden, and which they did for a long series of years, with much credit and success, they had sufficient interest to obtain permission to perform on the 30th of January and Whitsun-eve, days hitherto considered as *faste*, but not by the performers, who, the theatres being closed, turned them into *feasts*—not religious love feasts, but of the flesh pots of Egypt, and the vine of jolly Bacchus. When the new theatre was opened in 1810, they applied for leave to perform the *Messiah* on Ash Wednesday, which was granted; but on *Shrove Tuesday*, Charles Ashley was hastily summoned from his annual repast of *pancakes* to attend the Chamberlain's Office, when Earl Dartmouth told him, that, from some communications made to the Bishop of London, the performance must be withdrawn. Ashley represented the hardship and loss he should incur if such a harsh proceeding was adopted, and remarked that Handel, when he established the Oratorios, not only performed, but on every evening in Passion Week, except Good Friday, the two Houses of Parliament met, the Courts of Law were open, the shops unclosed, and that *his* *services* were to be executed in the morning. At this the Lord Chamberlain expressed great surprise, and doubted the truth; when Ashley inferred his lordship to a newspaper which lay on the office table, when being convinced, he kindly said, "he was very sorry for his loss, and the disappointment of the public; that the fact was not his, that he had no objection, and he thought those brights who had exerted their influence with the Bishop would have been much better employed in endeavouring to obtain a reprieve for the poor wretches who were doomed to suffer, than to interfere with your performance; but I suppose these over-righteous Christians consider *hanging* in the Old Bailey in the morning is a *holy* amusement, but that an Oratorio in the evening is an *un-holy* one." In consequence of his lordship's representation, poor Ash Wednesday lost its character of being the grand *hanging day*; not so with its rival Good Friday, which still triumphantly continues the first day of *skittle* playing at every public-house in this vast metropolis.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All correspondents must be addressed to the Editor, No. 3, Catherine Street, Strand.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected articles, unless they are of considerable length. All short articles, not suited to the "TRACTS," are destroyed.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We are at all times happy to render every information in our power; but we cannot be expected to run about town on the errands of some of our country correspondents.

JAMES P.-M.—Bubble, in Exchange Alley language, means a scheme for the carrying out of some pretended project, never designed to be carried on, but only calculated to defraud the unwary of their money.

D. B. S. (Newcastle).—Sir Walter Scott was born at Edinburgh on the 15th of August, 1771. He died September 21st, 1832, and was buried on the 26th of the same month at Dryburgh Abbey.

THOMAS JONES.—On the 19th of March, 729 before Christ, a total eclipse of the moon observed by the Chaldeans at Babylon—said to be the first eclipse on record.

M. S. (Manchester).—In the crab and lobster tribes, the teeth are placed in the stomach, the whole of which is a very singular organ.

JOHN NICK.—Thanks.

C. HILL (Leeds).—Much obliged for your contribution, and hope the next we receive from you will be written when you are in better health.

W. H. L. (Manchester).—Accept our best thanks for the tale, which we will peruse, and if approved of shall appear in the course of a week or two.

J. R. (Hull).—Many thanks for your contribution.

AMIC.—Our master of the riddles feels obliged. In a week or two they will appear.

EDWARD O.—Rub them with raw beef for a week or ten days, the first thing every morning. We have heard of its effecting a cure.

THOMAS W.—Do not try walnut-shells, or you may get rid of your hair altogether. We never heard of the essence you mention. Perhaps it is "nut-gall."

A CONSTANT READER.—English. Thanks for riddle.

TROT ABOUT.—Apply to a medical man. If not, try the saw-parilla prepared by Butler, St. Paul's Churchyard.

BONIFACE.—Cast. Before you see this, you will see a short account. To your other question, write to the editor of the work.

T. Y.—At the end of our first year with a general index.

W. H. GOOKE.—Thanks for your kindness.

J. W. ATKINSON.—Have it out. The concentrated essence of tar is good if the tooth is hollow; but it is likely to injure the other teeth.

W. S. (Exeter).—The lines are not quite good enough for insertion. Thanks—try again.

GORTON.—Thanks for your riddles.

A. R. (Camden Town).—We have received your letters, and replied to them. In a week or two, your lines will appear. Thanks.

YOUNG GREETWOOD.—Many thanks. It has been forwarded as directed.

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TRACTS.

For the People.

A WEEKLY MISCELLANY OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE AND AMUSEMENT.

No. 17. Vol. II.]

SATURDAY, APRIL 8, 1848.

[PRICE ONE HALFPENNY.]



[MAONA CHARTA ISLAND.]

RUNNEMEDE, OR RUNNEYMEAD.

The site of Runnemede is in the parish of St. Andrew, Surrey, on the southern banks of the River Thames. It lies between the river and the town of Egham. During the last war it was used as a race-ground, and the race was said to be of considerable importance.

posed by some to mean Running Mead; but it is much more probable that it means the Mead of Council, from the Saxon word, having, according to our old historians, been frequently used as the scene of council and debates on public matters, before the reign of King John. Runnemede is the spot where King John is said to have signed the Magna Charta. It is much more probable that it is the spot where King John is said to have signed the Magna Charta.

sent was extorted from him by the barons; but there is also a tradition that the ceremony of signing the Charter did not take place on the plain of Runnemede, but on a neighbouring isle on the Thames, still known from the circumstance by the name of Magna Charta, or Charter Island. A view of this island is given in our present number.

The term Magna Charta is a sound as dear and familiar to the ears of all classes of Englishmen as it has been to those of their forefathers for upwards of 600 years. As many persons may probably be more familiar with the sound than with the sense of the expression, we will extract that portion of the article of Magna Charta which is to be considered as most valuable in reference to the general liberties, for the sake both of actual securities which it established, and the principles of which it involved the acknowledgment and proclamation. The article, which is in Latin, runs thus:—"No freeman shall be apprehended, or imprisoned, or disarmed (deprived of any thing he possesses), or outlawed, or banished, or any way destroyed, nor will we go upon him, nor will we send upon him (pronounce sentences against him, or allow any of the judges to do so), except by the legal judgment of his peers, or by the law of the land. To none will we sell, to none will we deny, to none will we delay right or justice."

Magna Charta was extorted from King John (one of the most unprincipled and profligate characters in the line of our kings) by the clergy and the barons. It contained, as was to be expected, various provisions highly favourable to the interests of both these classes; but the more important and more interesting parts are those that refer to the body of the people. It should, however, be borne in mind, that at the time of granting the Charter, the great majority of the inhabitants of England were still in what was called a state of villinage—that is to say, were the bondsmen and property of the landed proprietors upon whose estates they lived. The first great cause which operated in bringing about the extinction of villinage was the rise of towns. It was a privilege freely granted to burghs in England, that any slave taking refuge in one of them, and dwelling there for a year and a day, became thereupon free. These free burghs or towns accordingly were, at the time when the Magna Charta was granted, the only places in the kingdom where any considerable number of the community was to be found not in a state of bondage. To the clauses of the Charter, therefore, which refer to the towns, we are principally to look for the degree in which it established or extended popular freedom. None of the parties concerned in the transaction, certainly, entertained any idea of a general emancipation of the villains. Those composing this part of the population were universally considered

as mere goods or chattels, and as such not comprehended in the community at all. By one of the articles, indeed, of this very charter of the common liberties, the labourers by whom the land was cultivated are classed along with the cattle and instruments of husbandry. It is undeniable, therefore, that Magna Charta neither abolished slavery in England, nor contained any provision tending in that direction, and it may therefore, in one sense, be asserted to have left the great body of the people in the same condition in which it found them.

It may be observed, that Sir Edward Coke considered the clause we have extracted to refer to all orders of the population equally, including even the villains, who, he argued, although bondsmen in relation to their masters, were free in so far as all others were concerned; but the principle involved in the concession was of more importance, eventually at least, than the extent to which it became immediately operative. The principle was, that the subject had his rights as well as the sovereign, and that those of the one were as sacred as those of the other. There could be no absolute despotism so long as this principle was maintained. Vice in the government and in the constitution there might be still; but, at least, the unlimited power of the monarch was struck down and destroyed for ever.

Copies of the Charter are said to have been sent to each county or diocese in England; we believe only three are known to exist at present. Two are in the British Museum, in the Cotton collection. They are said to have been recovered from the hands of a tailor, when he was in the act of cutting them into parchment measures. The third copy is in the Library of the Cathedral of Salisbury.

We copy the following quaint remarks on Magna Charta, written by an "Old Surveyor" more than one hundred years since, as we think they will amuse our readers. They appeared in an article called, "Remarks for Magna Charta:"—"Whereas, that old venerable Gothic fabric, commonly called Magna Charta, which was founded in the days of Alfred, or Edward the Confessor, as a bulwark of our liberties, and which has been since re-edified in several successive reigns, but more particularly in that of King John; when it was almost rebuilt, and the foundation thereof made of such good materials, and so strong, that it was thought even time itself could never shake it: yet by the machinations, mistakes, and mismanagement of a succession of wicked, careless, or ignorant governors, the said fabric is become so excessive ruinous, the pillars of it so shattered, and the other materials so corrupted and decayed, that it is dangerous for any of his majesty's subjects to go near it; several having of late years, (by attempting to shelter themselves under

been crushed to death, others had their limbs knocked out, and others very much squashed, bruised, maimed, and wounded, both in body and estate. And though several supernumerary pillars, or supporters, have been lately added, of most excellent materials, yet it is feared they will prove much too light and weak for the purpose intended, as they are not placed at proper distances, and too few in number: for any person with half an eye may perceive that a most prodigious weight has been added (by design) of late years, to one side of the said fabric; which has, in a great measure, destroyed that equilibrium which ought to be carefully preserved in buildings of this kind. It has been observed by many who passed by, that the side which is most ponderous gains ground of the other every day; and it is much to be feared will, if not timely prevented, with all its weight of lead, iron, brass, and other heavy and gross materials, fall upon the weaker side, and crush it to atoms.

"Whenever this shall happen, any one may foresee that the whole must consequently become one complicated, undistinguished heap of dreadful ruin.

"Query.—In order to prevent this, would it not be wise and prudent, before it is too far gone, to take it quite down, and such materials as are found to be sound and good selected out (by skilful persons, who have given singular proofs of their abilities) to be again employed in framing a new pile; and the shattered, corrupted parts thereof to be totally destroyed?"

THE COMPANIONS.

BY W. H. H.

In a pretty village a few miles distant from our great cotton metropolis, there is an annual custom on Mid-Lent Sunday for the inhabitants of the neighbourhood to meet at the various cottages and public-houses, for the purpose of making merry with that delectable compound eleventh "egged ale;" and however vulgar the title may be, I can assure my reader that when tired and thirsty after a long peregrination through the fields and by-lanes thereof, it is a moment of extreme happiness when he finds the curdled gold bubbling down his parched throat.

It was on such an anniversary, when the beautiful cerulean sky shone with that peculiar lustre which the poetical mind is so fond of realising, that two youths might have been seen coming towards the village, on the road that led from Liverpool. Both were merry, footsore, and miserable in appearance; and as they mixed with the joyous throng, dressed in all their holiday attire, they formed a fit representation of the waywardness and youthful folly, compared to the blessings of industry and

happiness of mind. Both were school-boys, and the sons of two respectable tradesmen in the neighbouring town of Manchester, to which place they were journeying.

Harry Hanson, when at the age of twelve, had been placed with a large draper, with whom he had served a few years of his apprenticeship; but his master dying, he was, until other arrangements could be made, allowed by his parents to spend his time as he wished; and unfortunately, as too often happens, he got into bad company, and gradually sunk into what, for one so young, was painful to contemplate, an inveterate sot.

John Salvage was employed to assist his father in his business, but being a companion of Harry's, he frequently spent the time that ought to have been occupied in his parent's affairs, in the same style that Harry spent his. This could not last for ever; so one fine morning they decamped from home, with a few shillings in their pockets, for the purpose of engaging in some ship at the neighbouring port of Liverpool.

They spent three days in endeavouring to obtain a berth, but without effect. After spending their money, they had been reduced to the necessity of selling their coats and shoes; and then, having no other alternative, they turned their faces homewards; and careless, shoeless, they entered the village before mentioned.

With the few coppers that remained, they entered one of the public-houses, and asked for a pint of the "egg'd."

"Jack," said Harry, after a silence of several minutes, "it is no use, I cannot get it; I will not return home; the nearer I approach, the more I feel the injury I have done to my fond parents' feelings, and I cannot bear to meet them; more especially my too indulgent mother."

"Yes, Harry," returned John Salvage, "your feelings are mine; but I think if we only throw ourselves upon their love, they will not refuse us their forgiveness, but welcome us joyfully to our homes."

"I have not the least doubt but that such will be the case," replied his companion, "for I am certain they must have suffered painfully on our account, as they do not know what may have become of us; and when I see the happy countenances of the rustics around us, it hurts my very soul to think that we might have been equally happy and contented, if we had only done as our parents wished. But however, Jack, I will take your advice; so the sooner we have it over, the better."

They immediately started again, and in a very short time were received with tears of joy at their respective homes.

Harry, soon after, got a respectable situation in a merchant's warehouse, where he continued until the age of twenty, when the fascination of gay company had

once seized upon the mind of youth, it requires a vast amount of firmness and resolution to cast it away, and plod onwards in the (to them) dull routine of every-day business. Now Harry's great fault was a want of resolution, so that it was not surprising that he gradually fell back into his old courses. He managed to keep his habits a secret from his employer for a short time; but when he began to attend to his master's interests with bleared and sleepy eyes, nervous hands, and pallid cheek, it was no wonder that his kind employer, after calmly reasoning with him and finding it useless, should discharge him.

This seemed to rouse him from the state he had fallen into, and, too late, he found that all his gay friends had deserted him.

His old companion, John, had left the town some months previous, and gone with his family to Ireland.

Harry, after this, became entirely dependent upon his parents, and being kept on short pocket-money, was obliged to be moderate in his expenditure; but after several months' vain and ineffectual attempts to obtain a fresh engagement, he again left his home, and enlisted in the — light dragoons.

He was immediately marched off to headquarters, and for more than a twelvemonth found plenty of occupation in learning his drill; and as he had not, in his new situation in life, the opportunities that had presented themselves to him previously of plunging into the depths of dissipation, he now felt tolerably content.

One day he was sitting in his barrack-room, mournfully thinking of home and relations, when a comrade desired him to come out and see a few of the recruits, who had just entered the barrack-gate.

Judge his amazement, when the first man that met his view was no other than his old quondam fellow-traveller, John Salvago.

Harry immediately rushed down stairs, and, to Salvago's great surprise, shook him cordially by the hand.

"Now I can be comfortable," said Harry, "as you, my dear fellow, will be with me; but what, in the name of Fortune, made you join?"

"Faith," was the reply, "it was that Liverpool journey ruined me; for, ever since that affair, I have never been contented. My father's sarcasms and my mother's tears have been alike unavailing, and as I could not resist my wandering propensities, I went to Dublin, where a recruiting party of yours was, enlisted, crossed the Channel again, and here am I. But little did I think that I should meet you in the regiment."

"Yes," replied the comrade, "it certainly is strange that we should have taken our first journey together, and then, after an absence of so many years, meet in a situation where, most probably, we shall have to journey through life."

Harry told his tale; and mutual confessions taking place, they vowed that, from that day henceforth, each should support the other in his endeavour to be sober, attentive, and diligent in his duties.

Time has passed on, and seen them an honour to the service; they have been advanced from the ranks, and experience has shown them that the best antidote to evil passions is an attentive application to the duties which Providence may have ordained that they should perform.

THE RICHEST HEIRESS IN ENGLAND.

I WAS just turned of nineteen when I first saw Katharine Russell. My second college term was over, and I had gone down to D—shire, to spend a few weeks with my friend Gascolgne, whose father was Sir Edward Russell's neighbour and friend. A few days after my arrival we had a large assemblage of guests, to the greater part of whom I went through the ceremony of an introduction; but, if I except a grave-looking gentleman with a smooth bald head, who happened to sit next to me at dinner, I believe, as is usual on these occasions, I remained as great a stranger to the whole party as before. After the cloth had been removed, and the ladies had retired, we drew our chairs closer together, round a table covered with a profusion of the choicest wines, and the conversation almost immediately turned upon the last county races, the state of studs, and questions of genealogy, involving the high descent of "Troubadours," "Tom Thumbs," "Highflyers," *et multis aliis*. All this, although evidently interesting to the rest of the party, was very far from being so to me; and I observed that my grave friend—who I afterwards learned was a colonel or major something—was also perfectly indifferent to it. He sat erect in his chair, swallowing glass after glass of madeira with a look of great satisfaction; and the only remark he made, for the first half hour, was, when turning to me, he observed in a sort of half whisper, "The last bottle was corked." Gradually, however, he became more communicative, and after a little conversation had passed between us, he made up for his late silence by commencing a long story about the straits of Madagascar. Here, it seems, he had once either been shipwrecked or becalmed, I forget now which, but at all events there he had been, and out of those straits I thought he would never get, for his story absolutely appeared to have no end. On the one side I heard nothing but expressions of "dead heat," "light weight," "neck and neck," and such like; and, on the other, I had to listen to the monotonous voice of my military friend, as

he continued the interminable account of his adventures in the straits of Madagascar. I was bored to death; and took the earliest opportunity of withdrawing from the dining-room.

It was a lovely summer evening, and I strayed into the garden, where many of our fair visitors were already wandering about. I had been here for some time, and was leaning against a rustic column that supported an antique sun-dial, when I was roused from a reverie by the appeal, from a soft voice near me, of "Is it not beautiful?" and, turning round, I perceived that I was addressed by a young girl, holding up a rose—one of the finest I had ever seen. But the appearance of the fair intruder was no less beautiful than the flower. She seemed to be about fifteen years of age—that period of life when the artlessness of the girl blends so pleasingly with the first dawn of womanhood: her figure was slight, but remarkably rounded for her years; her eyes were black and sparkling; and her features, though small, of the most perfect beauty; while her dark hair hung over her neck and shoulders in the thickest clusters of little curls I ever witnessed. To add to the strange effect of this fairy vision, she wore a short cloak of red silk, in gipsy fashion—a character which she seemed the very poetry of its personification: the cowl was thrown back; her cheek slightly flushed with exercise; and, altogether, her appearance so struck me, that it was some time ere I could reply.

She seemed to be rather embarrassed at my silence, and a blush was beginning to spread over her face, when I took the rose, which, after I had sufficiently admired, I gallantly kissed, and returned to her.

She looked surprised at the action, and said, "Perhaps you would like to wear it?"

"Indeed I would, if you bestowed it willingly. I should wear it as a love-token."

"She laughed at this, and, taking the rose from her bosom, placed it in my hands.

"Ah! Katharine," cried Gascoigne, who now approached us, "they are inquiring for you in the drawing-room." And away tripped the maiden at the words, after having given me a laughing nod, that threw her tossing ringlets half over her face.

"Gascoigne, who is that beautiful girl?"

"Katharine Russell, Sir Edward's daughter. She will be one of the richest heiresses in England."

The Opera-house was crowded in every part: the Regent and one-half of the fashionable world were present; the boxes were filled with high-born beauties; feathers were fluttering; jewels and bright eyes were sparkling; while the inspired strains of Mozart added a charm to the whole, that gave it almost the halo of a fairy scene. I had then arrived from a short continental tour, and this was my first visit to the Opera-

since my return to England. As my stay in Germany had made me familiar with the piece which was then being represented, I was paying less attention, perhaps, to the stage than to the boxes; and, after looking round those for some time, I was struck by perceiving Katharine Russell in a box at no great distance. We had not met for upwards of three years, yet our recognition was mutual. Her appearance was now considerably improved—she was taller, and her figure was more perfectly developed—her features had lost much of their girlish expression, but none of their archness, and her bright black eyes and jetty ringlets were the same. I continued to gaze on this fair object in a manner far from polite, until, whether by accident or design I know not, a flower—it was a rose again, although an artificial one—fell from her hand almost at my feet. I raised it with joy, and contrived, unseen, to press it to my lips.

Now my acquaintance with Katharine was precisely of that embarrassing nature which, while it permits recognition, seems to repel intercourse. I would not enter her box, for, with the exception of herself, every one in it were strangers to me. Her father, I knew, had died soon after my first visit to D—shire. I was perfectly unacquainted with Lady Russell, and, to crown all, Katharine's great wealth and beauty made any advances on my part—for I had the misfortune to be the "younger son of a younger brother"—extremely likely to be met with a repulsion by no means flattering to myself. I was determined, however, at all hazards, to accost her; and for that purpose, placed myself in a situation where I might have an opportunity of doing so, as she left the Opera. At length I was gratified by seeing her approach. She was leaning on the arm of the young Earl of S—, who I devoutly wished had been in the Red Sea at that moment—and I saw at once that she perceived me. I cannot tell why, but at that moment I felt strangely embarrassed. Katharine came nearer, and, I even thought, paused for a second or two, as if expecting me to address her; but I remained motionless, and was only awakened from my bewilderment by discovering that she was gone. How I did curse my stupidity in having played such a silly part! I even made a rush after the party, knocking rudely against several people in my way, and it was by the merest accident in the world that I escaped being called out by a tall military-looking gentleman with a strong Irish accent. Katharine, however, had disappeared, and with a gloomy brow I returned to my hotel.

Next day I called on Gascoigne, who was intimately acquainted with the family, and he kindly enough offered to tell me of their movements, and put me in the way of soon meeting Katharine, at the same time assuring me that it could answer no purpose, as

she was now "the richest heiress in England," and had some of the proudest coronets of the empire at her feet. But this only increased my desire of meeting her; the motto of our house was "I dare," and enterprise had always been a family virtue.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE IRISH PRIEST AND THE FAMILY OF ———

It is not thirty years since, an English family travelling in Italy had in their service a young and very pretty Irish girl, named Norah, who attended as nursery-maid on their children. When they reached Milan, she ran into the room one day with the youngest child in her arms, and, throwing it into Lady M——'s lap, declared that if she was not shrived immediately, some dreadful evil would surely befall her, for that an evil eye had been upon her—"What do you mean, Norah? What has terrified you? Collect your senses, and speak intelligibly." "Oh, my lady, my lady! a dreadful man, who has already followed me when we were at Geneva, only in another dress, has now made his appearance here in the garb of a priest; but, oh! it cannot be a priest that he is, and that's sure, my lady. I do believe it is the devil!"—"But what did he do to you; did he say anything offensive?"—"Oh, my lady! if he had spoke, I could have spoke too; but he is not a speaker, that one; he is more than that; he fixes his eyes on one as if they would pierce the bones and marrow of a body. His eye—his evil eye! that is the thing to dread!"—"It was in vain, Lady M. questioned and soothed the girl, and assured her there were no evil eyes out of Ireland. She shook her head more loudly, and told her beads several times over the infant, and lamented the incredulity of the parents, and persisted in saying something dreadful would overtake the child. In the meanwhile the family journeyed on, and, till they reached Florence, nothing more of the priest was heard, and the story was nearly forgotten, when again Norah declared she had been followed by the same man, and evinced the same degree of terror and dismay as before; so much so, that they began to fear she was out of her mind, for none of the other servant-maids had ever beheld the object which occasioned her so much terror. He never appeared to her, she declared, but when she was alone. At Rome, the same spectre, real or imaginary, haunted poor Norah, and Lady M—— was decided on sending her back to her own country, for she had fallen into a state of melancholy dejection that threatened to undermine her reason. What made the circumstance still more painful was, that, from great attachment to the child she tended, she never would let her out of her sight, and declared that if

they were separated, nothing could save the child's life. For this purpose she was constantly rubbing it with some amulets she had received from the true priest's hands in Ireland. One day, when the Pope was walking out *fuori le mure* of the *Ponte Pia*, she rushed before him, holding out the child, and calling loudly for his blessing on its head. The enthusiasm of her air and demeanour attracted the attention of the persons who happened to be passing; and some English gentlemen, who witnessed the scene, recounted it to Lord and Lady M., with observations of surprise on their allowing so unusual a thing to be done to a Protestant child. The story soon got wind, and various unpleasant remarks were made, which more than ever determined them to part with poor Norah: they hoped at Naples to find a vessel bound for Leghorn, and, having friends there returning to Ireland, settled that no further consideration of pity for the girl should induce them to run fresh risks for the safety of their child. At Naples the family of Lord M. inhabited a villa on the *Capo di Monte*—there everything passed on quietly, and Norah seemed happier since she had obtained the Pope's blessing.

One night, the family being dispersed, Norah and her charge strolled to a considerable distance from the mansion into some vineyards which overlooked the sea. It was a beautiful scene; and certainly there is a greater power of appreciation in the Irish and Scotch of the beauties of nature, than among the natives of most other countries.

Norah, with the wild delight of her nation, sang songs to the child, and talked nonsense to it till both were in a state of innocent but happy delirium. Suddenly, as though he had started from the ground, the priest stood before them; she screamed, and would have fled, but he seized the child, and, forcing it from her arms, made a movement as though he would dash it over the precipice on which they stood. Norah ceased to scream; she dropped on her knees; she held up the crucifix she wore, and implored him to kill her, but to spare the child. "I will not hurt either you or the child," said he in English, or rather Irish, "provided you will only listen to me. Be quiet, I implore you, and hearken to me. Take the child (placing it in her arms), God forbid I should be doomed again to commit crime; but leave me not until you have granted me the favour I have to ask." He paused, and Norah, with her country's quickness, cried out, "Oh! and can ye doubt it, and you a priest and a gentleman, and, as I hear by your tongue, of mother's land? to be sure, sir, your holiness, I will grant whatever you ask of poor Norah; but don't be casting an evil eye on the creature; I don't care what you do to mine own self."—"Norah, I repeat you have nothing to fear from me. Sit down, and listen to what I have to say; but

first, as you value the safety of your life and the child's, promise that you will forgive me."—"Now, and isn't that a new thing for a young girl to be shriving a priest, and not a priest a young girl," and she laughed hysterically. "Laugh not; do not mock me. Swear by the holy cross, that you forgive me. Swear; and may you be blessed or cursed as you answer me yes or no?"—"Oh, yes, yes, to be sure and I forgive you. Don't curse me, but bless me, if you are a true priest of the Roman church, and if you are—" and she trembled violently, "if you are the evil one, depart from me in the name of the Holy Virgin."—"I have been of the evil ones of this world; but I am a poor sinner, and nothing can give me peace here or hereafter, but your forgiveness of a great crime I committed against you."—"Och, and that's a wonderful story," said Norah, whose curiosity began to overcome her terror, "tell me what it is you mean."—"Sit down, then, and repeat your promise of forgiveness, then you shall know all." She complied; and, having made her kiss the crucifix, he spoke as follows:—

"Norah, your mother was a girl about your own age when I first was acquainted with her, in Lord T.'s family, in the county of —, in Ireland. She was a good and virtuous girl, much esteemed by her master, and so much beloved by her mistress, that she raised her from being a common servant girl to become her own companion. She had her educated, and gave her the same advantages she would have given a daughter. By degrees she won so on Lady T.'s affections, that she made her read to her and work with her; and, in short, was never easy when Dorah was out of her sight. One only son was the hope of the family. He had just come from college, and was everything a young man should be, gifted, besides, with manly grace and manly beauty. Why should I prolong my tale? The young people loved—loved with honourable love—and Edward told his parents of his determination to marry Dorah, or never to marry any one. They received this communication as though it were a thing not to have been expected. They expostulated—they implored—they represented that disparity of rank's never can make a happy marriage—in vain—their son pleaded with the warmth of young love, and entreated them to forego their prejudices. Here they lost all forbearance, and pronounced their malediction upon him, if he persisted in his determination. And what did Dorah do? She declared that so long as his parents refused their consent she would not marry him, and she retired in melancholy loneliness to a neighbouring convent. At length her lover and Lord and Lady T. came to a compromise, which was, that he should travel for three years; and if at the end of that time he returned unchanged, in heart and in

will, they would no longer oppose his wishes.

"The lovers parted, for three long years; the lovers met as they had parted, at the end of that period, firm in fondness and in will. Lord Edward claimed his bride. The wretched and deluded parents again refused him. He was calm when he heard them pronounce his doom; the only words he uttered were, "You have deceived me." Although he was narrowly watched, he found means to escape, and soon discovered the retreat of Dorah. The young people were incensed at the treachery practised towards them; they fled, and were married; and more than that, they abjured the Roman Catholic faith, and the Church in which they had been brought up, and to my face Lord Edward told me I was the juggling priest of a juggling religion. Norah, I never forgave him. In due time a child was born to them; that child was yourself, but the mother lived not to rejoice in her infant. I murdered her by poison."—Norah shrieked aloud. "But you have taken the blot from my soul; you have forgiven the murderer." Agast with horror, the poor girl remained speechless. He continued:—"But I saved the child; I stole you, and in a place of concealment from that of your birth had you educated and nurtured in the true church; if I committed murder, whereby a man should die, I saved a soul alive, whereby I hope to be pardoned. Your father did not live to endure his bereavement; in a paroxysm of grief, he went out frequently alone in a small skiff to sea, and would lay hours drifting on the ocean, himself absorbed in contemplation. One morning, after a stormy night, the skiff came to shore, but Lord Edward was found of no more. The fond parents, who hoped he would have been restored to them after his wife's death, were thus left childless, and their only consolation was in thinking that no base-born offspring remained to shame the memory of their son and the greatness of their house. They lived a life of rigorous devotion, and at my instruction they bequeathed their immense possessions to the church. In this, too, I fulfilled my vocation; but, nevertheless, a heavy weight oppresses me; I breathe, but I do not live; I pray, but the blessed effects of prayer are not mine. You can alone, Norah, could shrive my soul from its bloody stain. You have done so, and will be blessed. Farewell!"

The priest left her still following him with her eyes for many minutes after he had departed; and at length, summoning up all her strength, she rapidly returned to the house, and related to her master the above remarkable history.

An American paper advises the farmers not to sow poppies near their turnips, as it makes them so sleepy they will not turn out of bed.

CHOICE OF A PROFESSION.

PARENTS are interested in the discussion, whether there really exists an inherent quality in the human intellect which imparts an aptitude to the individual for one pursuit more than for another.

A profession is usually adventitious, made by chance views or by family arrangements. Should a choice be submitted to the youth himself, he will often mistake slight and transient tastes for permanent dispositions. A decided character, however, we may often observe, is repugnant to a particular pursuit, delighting in another; talents, languid and vacillating in one profession, might find them vigorous and settled in another; an indifferent lawyer might be an admirable architect. At present, most of our human bullion is sent to be melted down in the schools—to come out, as if thrown into a burning mould, a bright physician, a bright lawyer, a bright divine—in other words, to adapt themselves for a profession, preconcerted by their parents. By this means we may secure a titular profession for our son, but the true genius of the avocation in *the bent of the mind* is too often absent. Instead of finding fit offices for fit men, we are perpetually discovering, on the stage of society, actors out of character! A popular writer thus happily describes this error:—"A laughing philosopher, the Democritus of our day, once compared human life to a table pierced with a number of holes, each of which has a pin made exactly to fit it, but which pins being stuck in hastily, and without selection, chance leads invariably to the most awkward mistakes. For how often do we see the round man stuck into the three-cornered hole!"

In looking over a MS. life of Tobias Matthews, Archbishop of York in James the First's reign, we found a curious anecdote of his grace's disappointment in the dispositions of his sons. The cause, indeed, is not uncommon, as was confirmed by another great man, to whom the archbishop confessed it. The old Lord Thomas Fairfax one day found the archbishop very melancholy, and inquired the reason of his grace's pensiveness. "My lord," said the archbishop, "I have great reason of sorrow with respect of my sons; one of whom has wit, and no grace; another grace, but no wit, and the third, neither grace nor wit." "Your case," replied Lord Fairfax, "is not singular. I am also sadly disappointed in my sons; one I sent into the Netherlands to train him up a soldier, and he makes a tolerable country justice, but a more coward at fighting; my next I sent to Cambridge, and he proves a good lawyer, but a great dunce at divinity; and my youngest I sent to the Inns of Court, and he is good at divinity, but nobody at the law."

The difficulty of discerning the aptitude

of a youth for any particular destination in life will, perhaps, even for the most skillful parent, be always hazardous. Many will be inclined, in despair of anything better, to throw dice with fortune or adopt the determination of the father who settled his sons by a whimsical analogy which he appears to have formed of their dispositions or aptness for different pursuits. The boys were standing under a hedge in the rain, and a neighbour reported to the father the conversation he had overheard. John wished it would rain books, for he wished to be a preacher; Bezaleel, wool, to be a clothier, like his father; Samuel, money, to be a merchant; and Edmund, plums, to be a grocer. The father took these wishes as a hint, and we are told, in the life of John Angier, the elder son, a Puritan minister, that he chose for them these different callings, in which it appears that they settled successfully.

"Whatever a young man at first applies himself to is commonly his delight afterwards." This is, no doubt, true to a considerable extent, but it will not supply the parent with any determinate regulation how to distinguish a transient from a permanent disposition, or how to get at what we may call the *constituted* qualities of the mind.

A story recorded of Ciccio d'Ascoli and of Dante, on the subject of natural and acquired genius, may illustrate the present topic. Ciccio maintained that nature was more potent than art, while Dante asserted the contrary. To prove his principle, the great Italian bard referred to his cat, which, by repeated practice, he had taught to hold a candle in its paw while he supped or read. Ciccio desired to witness the experiment, and came not unprepared for his purpose. When Dante's cat was performing its part, Ciccio, lifting up the lid of a pot which he had filled with mice, the creature of art instantly showed the weakness of a talent merely acquired, and dropping the candle, flew on the mice with all its instinctive propensity. Dante was himself disconcerted; and it was adjudged that the advocate for the occult principle of native faculties had gained his cause! Principles may sometimes be contained in stories.

MANY of our speculative opinions cease to engage attention, not because we are agreed about their truth or fallacy, but because we are tired of the controversy. They sink into neglect, and in a future age their fatuity or absurdity is acknowledged, when they no longer retain a hold on the prejudices and passions of mankind.

MARYLAND WAR.—A gentleman with a glass eye was about to exercise the right of suffrage when he was accosted by a political opponent, with "I say, master, what are you doing here? you can't vote; you're not *natural eyes'd*!" The joke was taken in good part, and caused general merriment.

REMARKABLE CASES OF FRAUD
AND IMPOSTURE.

No. XVII.—SECOND BOOK.

ONE of the most impious impostures on record was enacted at Berne, in the year 1509. The infernal stratagem in question was the consequence of a rivalry between the Franciscans and Dominicans, and more especially of their controversy concerning the immaculate conception of the Virgin Mary. The former maintained that she was born without the blemish of original sin; the latter asserted the contrary. The doctrine of the Franciscans, in an age of darkness and superstition, could not but be popular; and hence the Dominicans lost ground from day to day. To support the credit of their order, they resolved, at a chapter held at Vimpfen in the year 1504, to have recourse to fictitious visions and dreams, in which the people at that time had an easy faith; and they determined to make Berne the scene of their operations. A person named Jetzer, who was extremely simple, and much inclined to austerities, and who had taken their habit as a lay-brother, was chosen as the instrument of the impostures they were contriving. One of the four Dominicans who had undertaken the management of this plot conveyed himself secretly into Jetzer's cell, and about midnight appeared to him in a horrid figure, surrounded with howling dogs, and seemed to blow fire from his nostrils, by the means of a box of combustibles which he held near his mouth. In this frightful form he approached Jetzer's bed, told him that he was the ghost of a Dominican, who had been killed at Paris, as a judgment of Heaven for laying aside his monastic habit; that he was condemned to purgatory for this crime; adding, at the same time, that, by his means, he might be rescued from his misery, which was beyond expression. This story, accompanied with horrible cries and howlings, frightened poor Jetzer out of the little wits he had, and engaged him to promise to do all that was in his power to deliver the Dominican from his torment. Upon this the impostor told him, that nothing but the most extraordinary mortifications, such as the *Discipline of the Whip*, performed during eight days by the whole monastery, and Jetzer's lying prostrate in the form of one crucified in the chapel during mass, could contribute to his deliverance. He added, that the performance of these mortifications would draw down upon Jetzer the peculiar protection of the Blessed Virgin; and concluded by saying that he would appear to him again, accompanied with two other spirits. Morning was no sooner come than Jetzer gave an account of this apparition to the rest of the convent, who all unanimously advised him to undergo the discipline that was enjoined him, and every

one consented to bear his share of the task imposed. The deluded simpleton obeyed; and was admired as a saint by the multitudes that crowded about the convent; while the four friars that managed the imposture magnified, in the most pompous manner, the miracle of this apparition in their sermons and in their discourse. The night after, the apparition was renewed, with the addition of two impostors, dressed like devils; and Jetzer's faith was augmented by hearing from the spectre all the secrets of his life and thoughts, which the impostors had learned from his confessor. In this and some subsequent scenes (the detail of whose enormities, for the sake of brevity, we shall omit), the impostor talked much to Jetzer of the Dominican order, which, he said, was peculiarly dear to the Blessed Virgin. He added, that the Virgin knew herself to be conceived in original sin; that the doctors who taught the contrary were in purgatory, that the Blessed Virgin abhorred the Franciscans for making her equal with her son, and that the town of Berne would be destroyed for harbouring such plagues within her walls. In one of these apparitions, Jetzer imagined that the voice of the spectre resembled that of the prior of the convent, and he was not mistaken; but, not suspecting a fraud, he gave little attention to this.

The prior appeared in various forms, sometimes in that of St. Barbara, at others in that of St. Bernard, at length he assumed that of the Virgin Mary, and, for that purpose, clothed himself in the habits that were employed to adorn the statue of the Virgin in the great festivals; the little images that on these days are set on the altars were made use of for angels, which being tied to a cord that passed through a pulley over Jetzer's head, rose up and down, and danced about the pretended Virgin, to increase the delusion. The Virgin, thus equipped, addressed a long discourse to Jetzer, in which, among other things, she told him that she was conceived in original sin, though she had retained but a short time under that blemish. She gave him, as a miraculous proof of her presence, a host, or consecrated wafer, which turned from white to red in a moment; and after various visits, in which the greatest enormities were practised, the Virgin-prior told Jetzer that she would give him the most affecting and undoubted marks of her Son's love, by imprinting on him the five wounds that pierced Jesus on the cross, as she had done before to St. Lucia and St. Catherine. Accordingly she took his hand by force, and struck a large nail through it, which threw the poor devotee into the greatest torment!

The next night this masculine Virgin brought, as she pretended, some of the linen in which Christ had been buried, to soften the wound, and gave Jetzer a soporific.

draught, which had in it the blood of an un-
baptized child, some grains of incense and of
consecrated salt, some quicksilver, the hairs
of the eyebrows of a child; all which, with
some stupefying and poisonous ingredients,
were mingled together by the prior with magic
ceremonies, and a solemn dedication of him-
self to the devil, in hope of his succour. This
draught threw the poor wretch into a sort of
lethargy, during which the monks imprinted
on his body the other four wounds of Christ
in such a manner that he felt no pain. When
he awakened, he found, to his unspeakable
joy, these impressions on his body, and came
at last to fancy himself a representative of
Christ in the various parts of his passion.
He was, in this state, exposed to the admiring
multitude on the principal altar of the con-
vent, to the great mortification of the Fran-
ciscans. The Dominicans gave him some
other draughts, that threw him into con-
vulsions, which were followed by a voice
conveyed through a pipe into the mouths of
two images, one of Mary, and another of the
child Jesus; the former of which had tears
pointed upon its cheeks in a lively manner.
The little Jesus asked his mother, by means
of this voice (which was that of the priors)
why she wept? and she answered, that her
tears were owing to the impious manner in
which the Franciscans attributed to her the
honour that was due to him, in saying that
she was conceived and born without sin.

The abominable stratagems were repeated
every night, and the matter was at length so
grossly over-acted, that, simple as Jetzer
was, he at last discovered it, and had almost
killed the prior, who appeared to him one
night in the form of the Virgin, with a
crown on her head. The Dominicans fear-
ing, by this discovery, to lose the fruits of
their imposture, thought the best method
would be to own the whole matter to Jetzer,
and to engage him by the most seducing
promises of opulence and glory to carry on
the cheat. Jetzer was persuaded, or at least
appeared to be so. But the Dominicans,
suspecting that he was not entirely gained
over, resolved to poison him; but his con-
stitution was so vigorous, that though they
gave him poison five several times, he was
not destroyed by it. One day they sent him
a loaf, prepared with some spices, which
growing green in a day or two, he threw a
piece of it to a wolf's whelps that were in the
monastery, and it killed them almost im-
mediately. At another time they poisoned the
hose; but as he vomited it up soon after he
swallowed it, he escaped once more. In
short, there were no means of securing him,
which the most detestable barbarity could
invent, that they did not put in practice, till
finding at last an opportunity of getting out
of the convent, he threw himself into the
hands of the magistrates, to whom he made
a full discovery of the plot.

The affair being brought to Rome, com-

missaries were sent from thence to examine
the matter; and the whole imposture being
fully proved, the four friars were solemnly
degraded from their priesthood, and were
burnt alive on the last day of May, 1609.
Jetzer died some time after, not, however,
without strong suspicions of being poisoned.

In 1762, a German gamekeeper, Hans
Rosenfeld by name, played a most daring
and atrocious part in Prussia and some of
the adjacent states. He declared himself
the Messiah; affirmed that Christianity was
a mere deception, and all its priests impos-
tors; that the King of Prussia was the devil,
and that he himself was to collect the four-
and-twenty elders, wrest the sword from
this infernal sovereign, and, at the head of
that council of twenty-four, govern the
world. The seven seals also were to be
opened, and as there were no angels to open
them, this impudent impostor required his
dupes to furnish him with seven beautiful
girls, who were to act in their stead, and
who, till the time should come, served him as
mistresses, and supported him by the work
of their hands. To the disgrace of the go-
vernment under which he lived, this fellow
continued this life during twenty years, with
no other interruption than that of a short
imprisonment now and then; and, such is
the credulity of mankind, he found be-
lievers.

At length he was brought to justice, in a
manner not less remarkable than the impos-
ture itself. A man who was completely in-
fatuated by his promises, and had actually
given up three of his daughters to the vil-
lain's pleasure, became at last, not unde-
ceived concerning him, but out of patience
that he was not put in possession of some of
the good things which he expected when
Rosenfeld should take possession of the go-
vernment of the world; and in this humour
he went to the King of Prussia, whom he
believed to be the devil, in the hope of pro-
voking him so to act against the false Mes-
siah as might force him to fulfil his predi-
ctions. Frederic, on this occasion, behaved
well; he ordered proceedings to be instituted
against Rosenfeld, and the impostor was sen-
tenced to be whipped, and imprisoned for life
in the fortress of Spandau. The fellow ap-
pealed to a higher tribunal, and the sentence
was mitigated: not satisfied with this, a
further appeal was made to the king, appa-
rently in the hope that he might be inclined
to favour the criminal for the blasphemy of
his offence; but Frederic properly confirmed
the original judgment in its full rigour.

On a tombstone in the burying-ground of
Church Cretton, a village in Shropshire:—

“On a Thursday she was born,
On a Thursday made a bride,
On a Thursday put to bed,
On a Thursday broke her leg, and
On a Thursday died.”

A TALE OF HUNGARY.

COUNTS Hadick and Amceady, both belonging to old families of Hungary, were on terms of intimate friendship, which their long and important services had cemented. They resolved to superadd the stronger ties of relationship by uniting their children, who were then of about the same age. Theodore Hadick, the sole heir to his illustrious house, was, therefore, brought up with young Constance, who from her childhood displayed as much beauty as goodness. At the age of fifteen the feelings of those two young persons were already what they were to be throughout their lives. The estates of the two magnates were in the same neighbourhood. Constance, in attending the lessons of her young friend, easily learned all those exercises which develop the graces without detriment of beauty. They had also the same passion for music—a passion natural to the Hungarians. Throughout the country they were extolled as patterns of virtue: already did their parents think of fixing the period of their marriage, when war broke out.

The laws of Hungary oblige every noble to combat in person in defence of his native land; and at critical junctures, when the whole nation arises, the magnates with their banners march at the head of their vassals. Count Hadick, with due regard to the honour of his house, wished his son to take a part in the impending operations. Young Constance beheld with courage the preparations for the departure of her friend, whose absence she dreaded; the chances of the war might render, a very long, and perhaps an eternal one.

The day before his departure the betrothing took place, and it was with the certainty of possessing the hand of Constance that the young count set out, at the head of his vassals, to join the Hungarian army at Pesth. The issue of the war is well known. The Hungarians sustained in it their reputation of valour. Theodore, for several actions of *déclat*, obtained the cross of Maria Theresa, one of the most honourable military distinctions.

But whilst the youth was winning these laurels, Constance was suffering from a cruel disease. Attacked with the small-pox, she long lingered between life and death. At length she recovered, but the efforts of her physicians could not save her charming face from havoc—it became almost hideous. She was not permitted to see herself in a mirror before her convalescence. On beholding herself, she was seized with despair, and, persuaded that Theodore would love her no more, she wished for death. In vain did her father and Count Hadick strive to comfort her; harassed by the dread of being no longer worthy of her betrothed, she rejected all consolation, and was rapidly withering.

She was in this melancholy condition when one morning a servant, who had accompanied Theodore de Hadick to the army, hastily entered the apartment in which she was with her father, and announced that his young master was following. He was soon heard advancing, and crying, "Constance, where art thou?"

On hearing this beloved voice, the poor girl had not courage enough to flee; she covered her face with her hands and handkerchief, and implored her lover not to look at her. "Her beauty was gone," she said, "and she had now but her heart to offer him." Theodore begged her to look at him, observing that it mattered not whether she were more or less handsome, since he could no longer see her. She looked at him—he was blind: a shot he had received having destroyed his sight.

They were soon after married; and, ~~now~~, perhaps, has a couple, so worthy of being happy, proved more so. The countess conducted her husband everywhere, without quitting him for a single moment. She lavishes on him the most affectionate attentions, and if you always see her with that veil, it is not because she fears to show her disfigured features, but because she dreads some remarks upon the loss of her beauty, which may be overheard by Count Hadick, and sadden a husband whom she adores.

CONCEIT CAN KILL, AND CONCEIT CAN CURE.

IN the little town of H—, in Germany, there resided a respectable surgeon and druggist of the name of Dobson, he had a young gentleman serving his apprenticeship with him, whose name was Alfred Williamson. On the morning when Alfred's apprenticeship was finished, his father came to take him home. When they were about to take their leave, the father asked Mr. Dobson if he was sure he had taught his son all he was master of. "Yes," said he, "everything except one secret, which I discovered myself, and which I set a great value on." "Well," said Mr. Williamson, "what price do you set upon it?" "Thirty guineas is the lowest I can possibly charge," said he. Mr. Williamson, wishing to let his son have as much knowledge as he could get before he set out on his travels, immediately paid the sum required. Mr. Dobson having received the money, opened his desk and took out a neatly-folded little billet, which he gave to Mr. Williamson, who immediately opened it and read the following words: "Conceit can kill and conceit can cure." "What," said he to Mr. Dobson, "is this your valuable secret?" "Yes, Sir, that is it," said the surgeon. "Then," said Mr. Williamson, thrusting the billet down, "take it back and return me my money." "Father," said Alfred,

"picking up the paper, "come away, I see something more in this than you think of;" and he pulled his father out of the shop. A few years after this took place, a mountebank or quack doctor arrived at the village, and having got his stage put up, he sent his servant on to it dressed as a clown to attract the people. As soon as he had got a good audience he went on to the stage himself. Among the crowd, and near the stage, was Mr. Dobson, looking at the quack doctor through his spectacles. The mountebank having conversed a long time about different matters, he said he went on, while travelling in Germany, learned a valuable secret from an old master of his, by which he could tell the exact time when a person would take ill. On saying this he looked among the crowd, and fixing his eyes on Mr. Dobson, he said, "Now ladies and gentlemen, you see there is no sign of illness about this gentleman," pointing to Mr. Dobson. "well then, let me tell you, that about seven o'clock this evening he will begin to feel very low spirited, and to-morrow he will be sick and lose his appetite, and on the second day after this he will be confined to bed, and in ten days, without my aid, he will be dead; so I will now leave you to judge for yourselves, whether my words are true or not." That night, as the doctor had said, about seven o'clock, Mr. Dobson began to feel very low spirited, and the next day he was very sick all the forenoon. Seeing he got no better, Mrs. Dobson asked him if there was anything he could get to do him any good. "No," said he, "I feel nothing can do me good but what the mountebank gives me." He was accordingly sent for, and in a short time arrived. "Sir," said Mr. Dobson, "I have sent for you, as I feel you are the only person that can cure me." "Well," said the mountebank, "I will undertake to cure you on one condition, and that is, that if I effect a complete cure you will pay me 100*l.*, and if I fail I will forfeit 50*l.*" After a little bargaining Mr. Dobson agreed to this, and the doctor took his leave, and in a short time sent him some medicine, which he took, and in a few days he was as well as ever he was, and when the doctor called to receive his money Mr. Dobson asked him what sum he would take for the secret. "Thirty guineas is the lowest I can possibly charge," said the mountebank. Mr. Dobson paid the money directly, thinking he would make his fortune by it. Having received the money, the doctor took from his pocket-book a little billet and a receipt for both the sums, and gave them to the doctor, who immediately opened the billet, but words cannot depict the astonishment and dismay which settled on his countenance, when he read the words, "Conceit can kill and conceit can cure," and when he opened the receipt and saw it signed "ALFRED WILLIAMSON."

ADVICE TO THE FAIR SEX.

WE extract the following article from "The Toilette of Fashion," as it is certainly worthy the consideration of our numerous fair readers—

"Though this work was undertaken for the benefit of both sexes, we shall, in common courtesy, conclude it with a word of advice in particular to the ladies, by recommending to them a NEVER-FAILING BEAUTY-WASH, so perfectly innocent that it may be used with safety the whole year round by both young and old, to illustrate and preserve the complexion.

"Let then the ladies in the morning use pure water as a preparatory ablution; after which they must abstain from all sudden gusts of passion, and particularly eschew envy, as that gives the skin a sallow paleness. It may seem trifling to talk of temperance, yet this must be attended to, both in eating and drinking, if they would avoid those pimples for which the advertised washes are sought as a cure. Instead of rouge, let them use moderate exercise, which will raise a natural bloom on their cheek, imitable by art. Ingenuous candour, and unaffected good humour, will give an openness to their countenance that will make them universally agreeable. A desire of pleasing will add fire to their eyes, and breathing the morning air at sunrise will give their lips a vermilion hue. That amiable vivacity which they already possess may be happily heightened and preserved, if they avoid late hours, card-playing, and novel-reading by candle-light; for the first gives the face a drowsy, disagreeable aspect, the second is the mother of wrinkles, and the third is a fruitful source of weak eyes and sallow complexion.

"A white hand is a very desirable ornament; and a hand can never be white unless it be kept clean; nor is this all, for if a young lady would excel in this respect, she must keep her hands in constant motion, which will occasion the blood to circulate freely, and have a wonderful effect. It was the industry of our grandmothers which gave Kneller an opportunity of gratifying posterity with a view of the many fine hands and arms in his incomparable portraits.

"A few words more, and we have done. Ladies should always preserve an unaffected neatness in their apparel. Even if fortune permit them to dress expensively, their good sense should always prevent them from descending to gaudiness; which may strike the eye of the ignorant, but must ever disgust those of true taste and discernment.

"Where there are natural charms, they ought not to be obscured by the blandishments of art; when, however, there is any natural defect, permanent or temporary, or where judicious attention will heighten

natural beauty, art may be fairly called in to its assistance; and we have endeavoured in the course of this work to direct our fair readers to effect that object in the simplest and most natural manner. Too much, nevertheless, must not be expected from all that art can do to preserve or to restore; and, however disagreeable it may be to list the tale which *time* is telling, it will be useless as it is ridiculous to attempt to turn a deaf ear to the silent and friendly monitor, who, before he robs us of life, kindly robs us of all that life prizes, and who may ever be seen near the toilette of the lady of rank and fashion, ceaselessly repeating, in the words of Shakspeare—

— Let her paint an inch thick,
To this complexion she must come at last."

USEFUL RECIPES.

CALF'S FEET JELLY.—Take one cow-heel and two calf's feet, cut them to pieces in a saucepan, with four quarts of water; set it over a steady fire, let it boil gently till half the water is boiled away, then strain off the stock through a sieve into a clean basin; let it stand in the cold all night, then clean off the fat with a spoon, and take your stock up clean from the sediment, and put it clean into your saucepan, with half a pound of lump sugar, a pint of mountain wine, two large lemons cut and squeezed, and the whites of eight eggs beat a little; put it over a brisk fire and keep it well stirred till it boils; let it boil about three minutes, then having your flannel bag ready, pour it into the bag; it will run thick at first, but if you put it into the bag again, it will become fine, or you must put it in until it does run fine; then put it into your glasses, or into a dish, till it is cold, and cut it into square pieces to fill your glasses with.

MAKING STARCH.—To prepare starch for the laundry requires some care and attention. The best vessels to make it in are those of brass, bell-metal, copper tinned, or earthenware pipkins. If starch were made in a tin saucepan, it would be a chance if it did not burn; an iron saucepan would burn it black, and it would be discoloured by copper if the inner surface of the vessel were not tinned. The very best vessel for starch-making is a bell-metal skillet, which, when it can be obtained, should always be preferred. Mix the starch with cold water till it is of the consistence of common paste, carefully pressing abroad all the lumps; then pour upon it boiling water, in the proportion of a pint to an ounce of starch. If the starch is pure and without blue, add the quantity of blue necessary to give it the proper tint to the boiling-water before it is poured upon the starch, which is effected by putting the

blue into a flannel bag and letting the water dissolve a sufficient quantity. Set the skillets over the fire, and stir the starch with a clean wooden spoon, used for no other purpose. When the starch has boiled up, remove it from the fire. When starch is required more than usually stiff, a little isinglass may be dissolved and mixed with it after it is removed from the fire.

RESTORING SCORCHED LINEN.—It often happens that from the carelessness of servants, sometimes of mistresses themselves, linen is scorched from either being placed too near the fire to air, or from being ironed with an iron too much heated. There has hitherto been no remedy offered to restore the colour of the linen when the action of the fire has only browned it without destroying the tissue. The following receipt was given to me by a friend who has used it for many years. She assures me it has never failed her; I therefore make it the subject of the concluding chapter of this little book. It is almost needless to add, that if the tissue of linen is so much burnt that no strength is left, it is useless to apply this composition, for nothing could prevent a hole from being formed, although the composition would by no means tend to hasten that consummation. But if the scorching is not quite through, and the threads not actually consumed, then the application of this composition, followed by two or three good washings, will restore the linen to its pristine colour, the marks of the scorching will be so totally effaced as to be imperceptible, and the place will seem as white and as perfect as any other part of the linen. Mix well together two ounces of fuller's earth reduced to powder, one ounce of hen's dung, half an ounce of cake soap scraped, and the juice of two large onions obtained by the onions being cut up, beaten in a mortar and pressed. Boil this mass in half a pint of strong vinegar, stirring it from time to time, until it forms a thick liquid compound. Spread this composition thickly over the entire surface of the scorched part, and let it remain on twenty-four hours. If the scorching was slight, this will prove sufficient, with the assistance of two subsequent washings, to eradicate the stain. If, however, the scorching was strong, a second coating of the composition should be put on after removing the first; and this should also remain on for twenty-four hours. If, after the linen has been washed twice or thrice, the stain has not wholly disappeared, the composition may be used again, in proportion to the intensity of the discolouration remaining, when a complete cure will seldom fail to be effected. It has scarcely ever happened that a third application was found necessary. N.B.—The remainder of the composition should be kept for use in a gallipot, tied or sealed with a bladder.—*Hand-book of the Laundry.*

POPULAR PASTIMES

**SOLUTIONS TO THE RIDDLES, CHARADES,
AND CONUNDRUMS IN OUR LAST.**

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES

- 1.—The letter M.
2.—Beard.—Beard.
3.—A kiss.
4.—Family Her and—
 —Lon-don! Jo
 urn al!—T-r-a-c-i-n
 FOR THE PEOPLE.

**ANSWER TO "FIFTY
YEARS WORK"**
5.—The Last

ANSWERS TO ENGLISH

- FOR EXPRESSED
PHRASES
1.—[Shawl] Welsh
2.—[Black] more
3.—[Si] (ick) Fat sprat
4.—[Tay] tie
5.—[Curt] tell
6.—[Mar] son

FLORAL IDYLL

Oak Geranium, doubt not my Fern, my
Pear-tree is eternal Purple Violet Ranun-
culus, Orange-blossom! Pity my Humble-
plant, and do not make a Hyacinth of my
Daffodil! In my Osunda you visit me I
think you Indian Double Pink Receive
this as my Cabbage Rose You possess a
Turnip, use it towards me I give you
Chestnut-tree, Spruce Pine

THE LADY'S ANSWER.

You are a Hydrea—a Quamoelit Your
letter is intruded as a Dragon plant I have
discovered your Dog's Bone Hic-corn is
not for you. From me you will ever receive
Lavender. If you still persevere, it no
doubt will end in your Marigold Your
Common Laurel is known All observe
your Labelia and Yellow Lily Pasque
Flower. Oleander! Pestoil will overtake
you.

CONUNDRUMS

- 1.—Why is a mouse like his?
2.—Why is a thought like the sea?
3.—Why is a whirlpool like a donkey?
4.—Why is a wedding-ring like a Christ-
mas party?
5.—Why are divisons in the House of
Commons like the influenza?
6.—Why ought Bulwer Lytton to be tired
of writing?
7.—What country is that if you take away
the first letter, another country remains?
8.—Why is the Colossus at Rhodes like
a very ugly man?
9.—What fish does a servant like best
when she is out of a situation?
10.—When is a bonnet not a bonnet?
11.—If I buy four books for a penny, and
give one away, why am I like a telescope?
12.—Who was the man that first intro-
duced salt provisions?
13.—Why has a clock always a beautiful
appearance?

RHYME

- 1.—Riddling birds.—I have a notion,
Ye will find the is the ocean
 Splashing,
 Dashing,
In the midst of wild commotion.

According to the edition of J. WIL-
SON, 1864. *Language of Flowers.*

If to slaughter I am led,
And ye strike from me my head,
Then ye speedily will see
That I singular shall be.
Head replaced,
Tail erased,
(This is only fair exchange.)
Into p/ur/d/ now I change.
Head and tale take, (strange yet true,)
Nothin' is revealed to view

CHARADES.

- 1.—My first is to ramble, my next to retreat;
"My whole oft intrages in summer's fierce
heat
2.—My whole is under my second, and
surrounds my first
3.—My first is in most of the shops,
In a window, my second,
My whole may be used for the bed,
And in winter a comfort is reckoned.
4.—Tail worn and weary, at the close of
the day,
The woodcutter plods home his long
dairy way
His upper all ready, his arm-chair set
right
On my first he reclines when weary at
night
My second (curtail'd), is used for food
and for cloths,
And my whole combined is the Temple
of Wots

THE PASSIONS

- 1.—I stv a circle hve and a vowel
2.—A covering for the head, and vermi-
lion
3.—A tattered garment, and a vowel.

FACTS AND SCRAPS

LADY BLESSINGTON observes, that "ac-
complishments, such as music and dancing,
considered to be peculiar to women in Eng-
land, are as generally cultivated by males as
by females in France. This habit, I think,
though I know many will disagree with me,
is injurious in its effects, because it assim-
ilates the two sexes, which ought ever to re-
tain their appropriate and distinct attri-
butes. The more masculine a man's pur-
suits and amusements are, the more highly
will he be disposed to estimate feminine ac-
complishments in which he can have no
rivalry, and which, by their novelty, may
tend to form a delightful recreation for his
leisure hours. The manly occupations which
call him from home, render him more sus-
ceptible of the charm of female society when
he returns to it. Hence I would encourage
a system that tended to make women as
feminine, without being effeminate, as possi-
ble, and men as masculine, without being
coarse."

ONE John Milton, a blind schoolmaster, has put forth a poem, entitled, "Paradise Lost;" which, if length be any excellence, hath that to recommend it. — *The Post Walker*.

IN no one pursuit does a master toil under so many disadvantages as a teacher of music, who is obliged to connive at what can be of no solid advantage to his pupil. — *Plumstead's Beauties of Melody*.

It is said that "the citizens of Paris take up their freedom with—paving stones." It might also be added, that the pavlours will lay them down again, and the laws at the same time.

THE honest and just bounds of observation by one person upon another extend no further but to understand him sufficiently, whereby not to give him offence, or whereby to be able to give him faithful counsel, or whereby to stand upon reasonable guard and caution in respect of a man's self, but to be speculative into another man, to the end to know how to work him, or wind him, or govern him, proceedeth from a heart that is double and cloven, and not entire and ingenuous. — *Bacon*.

SIGNATURE OF THE CROSS. — The mark which persons who are unable to write are required to make, instead of their signature, is in the form of a cross, and this practice having formerly been followed by kings and nobles, is constantly referred to as an instance of the deplorable ignorance of ancient times. This signature is not, however, invariably a proof of such ignorance. Anciently, the use of this mark was not confined to illiterate persons, for amongst the Saxons the mark of the cross, as an attestation of the good faith of the person signing, was required to be attached to the signature of those who could write, as well as to stand in the place of the signature of those who could not write. In those times, if a man could write, or even read, his knowledge was considered proof presumptive that he was in holy orders. The word *clericus*, or clerk, was synonymous with penman; and the laity, or people who were not clerks, did not feel any urgent necessity for the use of letters. The ancient use of the cross was, therefore, universal, alike by those who could and those who could not write; it was, indeed, the symbol of an oath, from its holy associations, and generally the mark.

The first stunning blow of grief is not the man's worst pang; it is afterwards, when the long roll of sorrow is unfurled, replete with recollections of the past—it is the contrast of misery with joy—it is the recollection of blooming hopes and expectations which are cut off, compared with the present utter dearth of hope, or the expectation of any coming joy, which traces, as it were, a map of misery before our eyes, over which we know our lone footsteps must tread the pilgrimage of life, and leaves the heart an utter wreck. — "*Love*," by Lady C. Bury.

A WIT, at the time when the revolutionary names of the months (Thermidor, Floreal, Nivose, &c.) were adopted in France, proposed to extend the innovation to our own language, somewhat on the following model: Freezy, Sneazy, Breezy, Wheezy; Showery, Lowery, Flowery, Bowery; Snowey, Flowey, Blowey, Glowey.

CHINESE VARNISH. — Lacked fans are in very general use among the higher classes in China, and the men do not consider it at all effeminate to employ them on their own persons. In Canton you may happen to be present when one or two natives of superior rank will come into a shop to give orders for fans. They bring the plain leaves, before they have received any varnish, with the pattern they prefer, lightly etched on it by themselves. When the pattern is drawn, the varnish is laid on in successive coats till it acquires a sufficient degree of substance, when it receives the last polish from the hand. The varnish is of a very irritating and destructive nature, and the men are very careful how they handle it, lest it should come in contact with the skin. It is a liquid resin, which exudes from incisions made in the bark of a tree called *tai*, which grows in the greatest perfection in the district of Katchoon-tou, in the province of Kiang-soo. This plant, about fifteen feet in height, has a resemblance to the ash. When it is about eight years old, it is fit for yielding the juice, which runs into gourd placed beneath to receive it. So little can be collected at one time, that the night is considered a good one, when a thousand trees yields twenty pounds of varnish. — *The Fanqui in China*.

ORIGIN OF THE NAME OF THE DAHLIA. — This beautiful flower was imported from China, of which it is a native, into Europe somewhere about twenty years ago; and the Swedish botanist, Professor Dahl, was the first who cultivated, and made it known. It soon attracted notice in England, where, from the beauty of its form and variety of colour, it became at once an especial favourite. In 1815, about two months after the battle of Waterloo, it was introduced into France, and the celebrated florist Andre Thiouin suggested various practical improvements in its management. The botanist George had, shortly before this, introduced it at St. Petersburg, and hence it is, that to this day the dahlia is known throughout Germany under the name of *Georgina*. It was at first supposed that the bulb of this lovely flower was edible; an idea which, at the period of its early introduction, greatly retarded its cultivation, and at least we learn from a recent remark on the subject in a foreign journal: as also that two of the most enthusiastic of the Parisian amateurs of the present day, Messrs. Godeaux and Dr. Marjolin, have been known to expend in one single year 6,000 francs on the purchase of dahlias.

"Why, these are what I sowed in the morn'g after my loss." "What, coming here?" said the doctor. "Yes," replied the doctor; "while you were fretting I was at work."

A CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER (Edinburgh).— We do not feel called upon to answer either of your questions. A little more practice and your handwriting will do.

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TRACTS

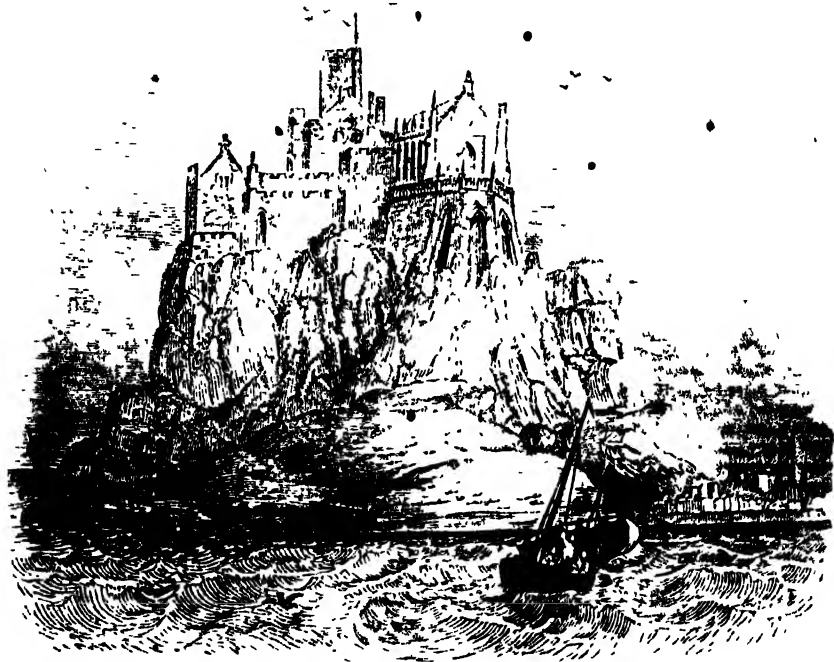
For the People.

A WEEKLY MISCELLANY OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE AND AMUSEMENT.

No 18 VOL II.]

SATURDAY, APRIL 15, 1848.

[PRICE ONE HALFPENNY.]



[ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT.]

ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT, CORNWALL.

THERE are times and seasons for beholding particular scenes in their fullest beauty; and those who have seen St. Michael's Mount (which our skilful artist has most faithfully and cleverly depicted) on a fine summer day, when the wind is low, the sky blue, and the sun bright, have beheld it stripped of its grandeur and most picturesque accompaniments. When the wind is up—the thunder-clouds gathered together—the big drops descending—the lightning flashing by its

between sea and cloud, while the gallant ship, with sails bent, is seen moving amid the troubled waters, seeking for some secure haven,—then is the time to see a scene of deep interest and awful beauty. It was at such a time that I first saw St. Michael's Mount; and I could wish our able artist, Mr. H. Fitz-Gibbon, had seen the scene ~~exactly~~ as I saw it. But to my description.

Opposite to the town of Marazion, or Market Jew, in Cornwall (which was burnt by the French, not under the command of Prince de Joinville, but during the reign of

our eighth Harry), and connected with it by a narrow causeway of pebbles, passable at low water, is the very singular pyramical insulated mass of rocks called St Michael's Mount, which gives name to the adjoining bay. This bay, on a creek of which is seated the populous town of Penzance, is very dangerous for shipping. The town of Penzance was burnt by the Spaniards in 1593. There has been much written on the subject of some ancient traditions, which tell us that Mount St. Michael was formerly attached to the shore, and surrounded with trees. These traditions appear from the best authorities, to be perfectly groundless. Dr. Beiger has shown very satisfactorily, from the position of the strata, that St. Michael's Mount could not have been separated from the land but by some great convulsion far beyond the reach of tradition or historical record.

The height of the Mount from the level of the sea to the platform of the tower of the chapel is 231 feet. The whole of the island contains about seven acres of land. At the foot of the Mount is a level piece of ground, where is a wharf, and near it a considerable village.

It has been supposed, with great probability, by several writers, that this was the island called *Itis* by Dioscorus Scythus, whither the tin, when refined and cast into cubic ingots by the Britons, who dwelt near the promontory of Belium, was carried in carts over an isthmus, only dry at low water. St. Michael's Mount certainly tallies with this description, in the circumstance of its connexion with the land of Cornwall at low water; and its situation with respect to the mining district adds great strength to the conjecture. Others, influenced in a great measure by the similarity of name, have conjectured that by the island *Itis*, Dioscorus must have meant *Insula Vectis*, now the Isle of Wight; a very unlikely place, on account of its distance from the tin-mines, to have been made the depository for the British tin to be brought thither in carts, with a view to its being transported to Gaul, when so many good ports were to be found so much nearer.

In Ireland's time, it appears there were at the foot of the Mount certain houses with shops for fishermen. Before the year 1700, the place had become so far decayed that there remained only one cottage, inhabited by a widow woman. In the years 1726 and 1727, Sir John St. Aubyn (the third baronet of that name), rebuilt the pier, in consequence of which several houses were erected, the fisheries revived, and the Mount became a place of considerable trade. A stone pier had been built at Marazion early in the fifteenth century. An indulgence of forty days remission of penance was granted by the Bishop of Exeter to all such persons as should contribute to it. In 1125, Edward the Confessor's charter granted to the monks of St. Michael a harbour, called *Ruminella*,

with its appurtenances. This has been supposed by some to have been Romney, in Kent; but it is much more probable that it was a haven at the Mount, although its ancient name has been wholly forgotten, as well as that of the district of Vennehoe.

A priory of Benedictine monks, afterwards changed to Gilbertines, was founded on St. Michael's Mount previously to the year 1044, when King Edward the Confessor gave to the monks their dwelling, the Mount, and all its buildings and appendages. It appears by the charter that there was at that time a castle as well as a convent on the Mount. In the reign of Richard I., Henry de Pomerville being in the interest of John Earl of Cornwall during Richard's imprisonment in Austria, took possession of St. Michael's Mount by stratagem, fortified it, and continued to hold it after the king's return; but on the approach of Archbishop Hubert Walter's army, assisted by the sheriff of Cornwall and the *posconitatus*, surrendered the garrison without resistance, and threw himself upon the king's mercy. It is said that he died soon afterwards through grief, desiring of a pardon. It appears that, in the year 1204, Henry de Pomerville the younger gave sixty marks to be restored to certain possessions, in as ample a manner as his father enjoyed them, before he entered the castle on St. Michael's Mount. Besides this occurrence to the king, he bestowed on the Knights-Hospitallars the church of St. Madocin, in Cornwall. After the surrender of Pomerville, King Richard restored the convent to the Gilbertines, who had been dispossessed, and placed a small garrison of soldiers in the castle.

After the battle of Burnet-field, John Earl of Oxford, having fled into Wales, assembled a party of soldiers, and crossed over with them to the Cornish coast. On their arrival they disguised themselves as pilgrims coming to pay their devotions, as was customary at the church of St. Michael: under this pretence they got entrance to the castle, and soon overpowered the small garrison by which it was defended. Sir John Arundell, who was in the first instance sent against the Earl of Oxford, having summoned the castle without effect, made a vigorous assault, but was repulsed, and lost his life on the sands between Marazion and the Mount. A commission was then issued, under the king's patent empowering John Fortescue (one of the esquires of the body who succeeded Arundell in the sheriffalty), Sir John Crocker, and Henry Bodrugan, Esq., to oppose John Earl of Oxford and the other rebels who continued to hold possession of St. Michael's Mount, and to make depredations on the coast. The patent grants a free pardon to all persons engaged in the rebellion, except the earl, his sons George, Thomas, and Richard, Lord Beaumont, and Sir — Burdett. Fortescue made an unsuccessful at-

tack on the castle; but at length, after a long siege, from the last day of September till the 16th of February following, the earl, after demanding a parley, agreed to surrender it on condition of a pardon to himself and his adherents. The king chose to consider this pardon as extending only to life; and he was imprisoned in the castle of Hamme, in Picardy, till the year 1385, when he came over with the Earl of Richmond, and was in the action of Bosworth-field.

The next remarkable circumstance connected with the history of St. Michael's Mount which I shall relate is, that Perkin Warbeck, who represented himself to be Richard, the younger son of King Edward IV., supposed to have been murdered in the Tower, having landed with a party of his friends from Ireland, in Whitsand-bay, in the month of September, 1498, was admitted into the castle by the monks, who were favourable to the house of York: he immediately put the fortifications in a state of defence, and soon afterwards marching with his forces to Bodmin, he left his wife, the Lady Katherine Gordon, at the Mount, as a place of security. She remained there till after the unsuccessful termination of his enterprise, when King Henry sent the Lord Daubeney to bring her thence to the royal presence. The king is said to have taken compassion on her misfortunes, and to have granted her a competent maintenance, which she enjoyed till her death.

The St. Aubyn family became possessed of the Mount about the time of the restoration of King Charles II. The house, which is their occasional residence, is situated at the summit of the rock: it partakes of the character both of a fortress and a monastery, being castellated and embattled, the internal part underwent great alterations in the course of the last century. The dining-room, which was the refectory of the convent, has been modernised, being fitted up with a remarkable frieze, representing, in stucco, the hunting of various animals; in the same room are the dates 1641 and 1660. The chapel has been newly fitted up in the Gothic style. "On the top of the tower, and in one of the angles, are the remains of a moonstone lantern, kept (as Captain Grose observes), in all likelihood, by the monks, who had a title of the fishery, to give direction to the fisherman in dark and tempestuous weather. This is vulgarly called St. Michael's Chair, and will only admit one person to sit down in it. The ascent to it is dangerous, but it is sometimes ascended out of a foolish conceit, that whosoever sits therein, whether man or woman, will henceforth have the mastery in domestic affairs."—Collected for TRACTS FOR THE PEOPLE, by W. C.

An American author who boasts of a most brilliant wit has contracted to light his parish with it, and did it.

HOW OLD ARE YOU?

PART I.

MARY SEYMOUR was a riddle, a pretty and a puzzling one. Her manner was changeful as an April day, and her looks, whether of brightness or gloom, so varied in expression, that it could hardly be told if they spoke the feelings of the woman or the girl. At one time she was seen romping with children, and then Mary almost seemed to be a child—her tossing hair, flushed cheek, and joyous eye indicating the light-hearted mirth of happy girlhood; at another, moving more staidly in the mazes of the dance, her slight but finely rounded figure, slender waist, and budding bust, vying in beauty with the fairest flirt that trod the lighted hall,—or seated, perhaps, at a distant table, her brow resting on her hand, her blue eye calm and thoughtful, and her features reposing in all the pensive sweetness of womanhood. It was hard to guess at Mary's age, and still more difficult to know how to address her. There were times when to treat her in any other manner than as a child would have seemed almost ridiculous, and others, when to do so would certainly have been rude. Her conversation, too, increased the perplexity—the ready laugh, playful remark, and perfect absence of all reserve, gave it occasionally the manner of a schoolgirl's, when, perhaps, the next moment, it would become polished, sedate, and thoughtful,—and the little beauty a very prude. Everybody was charmed, but everybody was puzzled with Mary Seymour.

"Now, I declare," said Frank Euston, removing his eye-glass, "that girl looks more lovely every time I see her. Eglington, is she not beautiful?"

"Whom do you mean?" said the peer, yawning slightly.

"Mary Seymour, Lady Seymour's daughter."

"Pshaw!" replied the other, listlessly, "a child—a mere child—a 'bread-and-butter' darling. The beauties of the nursery, Euston, like those of the greenhouse, are always to me the most insufferable of bores."

"Nay, my dear fellow, she is without exception the finest girl in the room."

"Then marry her, Euston, marry her," yawned his lordship, "add Mrs. Trimmer's works to your library, and advertise for a music-master."

"By heaven!" Eglington, I am serious,—I love the girl."

Lord Eglington turned round in utter amazement "Euston," said he, "is there madness in your family?"

"None, sire, Eglington; on my honour, I will offer that girl my hand, and lay my fortune at her feet. I only wish I knew her age, for sometimes she looks so very

girlish. Candidly, now, how old would you imagine her to be?"

"Really I have not the slightest idea—you had better ask herself. And, by all the saints, here she comes! and upon my word looks really pretty—very pretty indeed. Nay, I did not think she was a girl like that—There he goes!" soliloquised his lordship, perceiving his friend already at Mary's side. "And the lovely fairy meets him cordially too—loves him, as I live—that glance and blush speaks volumes—Euston is now in a fair way of making a fool of himself."

Mary's glance was bright indeed, and her cheek flushed with pleasure, as, hanging on Euston's arm, she moved among the gay groups that crowded the saloon. Nor was he less delighted, although his pleasure was somewhat damped by his friend's idea of the extreme youth of his partner. "Mary," said he, almost inadvertently, "how old are you?"

The party addressed exhibited no surprise at the question, but raising her smiling eyes to his, replied "Sixteen and a few months."

A thrill of joy ran through Euston's heart—"Mary," said he, "I love you."

Quick as thought the whole appearance of the maiden altered at the words, the blood rushed over her cheek and brow, she looked confused and dismayed, and seemed as though she wished to leave his side.

"Dearly, fondly love you," continued Euston, pressing the soft arm that lay linked within his own. "Wilt thou be my bride, Mary?" But Mary could not speak—her agitation increased, and Euston at her request led her to Lady Seymour, who, leaving the card-table in another room, had come in search of her daughter; and soon after he accompanied them to their carriage.

Arthur, however, was not doomed to sue in vain—he inherited an ample estate and a noble name, many a match-making mother looked favourably upon him—and Lady Seymour only begged that a twelve-month might pass ere he led her daughter to the altar. But Euston would hear of no such delay. Mary but feebly supported her mother, entreaties and protestations carried the day, and in six weeks Mary Seymour was a bride.

PART II.

"Do you go the opera to-night, Mary?" said Frank Euston, as he sat one morning in a splendid apartment of his princely mansion in — square, a few years after his marriage.

"Undoubtedly—I take Lady Fairfield down. We return to the Countess of M—s."

"Morning concert, rout, and opera in one day! Really, Mary, I wish you were more at home."

"To admire the beauty of your yawns in the morning, and sit up night after night

—silent and alone—waiting for your return! The inducements are certainly alluring!"

"There was a time," said Euston gravely, "when I imagined that even that would have been preferred to the endless whirl of gaiety in which you are now engaged."

"Nay, Frank, dear, we have discussed this subject so very often, that it is needless to recur to it again. You forget I have only turned my twentieth year; and if I deny myself amusements now, pray when am I to have them? I am sure before marriage I had few or none—"

"Umph! before marriage!" repeated Euston to himself, lolling in his chair.—

"Where do you go to-morrow?"

"To the Duchess of —s."

"And next day?"

"I have half promised Mrs. Russell to attend her *à la champêtre*, which, however, I shall hardly be able to do, as I go to Almack's in the evening,—and oh! that reminds me—I have purchased a pair of diamond ear-rings—quite a bargain—and such beauties!"

"Indeed—and pray what did they cost?"

"You'll see when they send the bill. I was so mortified last night with the shabby pair I wore—but these are really superb—"

"I am far from doubting it. But, Mary, you now consult me less and less. You have really forgotten that there is something in the marriage ceremony about love, honour, and obey."

"My dear, dear Frank, you are strangely sententious this morning.—But hark, who knocks? A cab, and your friend Lord Eglington,—by the bye, they say he is going to be married. But I must be gone, for I have ten thousand little things to do"—And away glided Euston's changed, but still beautiful wife.

"Ah, Eglington, how are you?"

"My dear fellow, I am so glad to have found you at home; but with such a wife as yours, one is hardly tempted to go much abroad. You are a happy dog, Euston."

Mr. Frank Euston stretched out his legs, and looked at his slippers.

"Beautiful wife—young, doting—a first love, too. You have indeed been singularly fortunate."

"Very," said Euston, drily.

"You must have heard of my approaching marriage."

"Only this instant; and I have yet to learn the lady's name."

"Lady Emma Singleton. You know her? Something of a flirt, eh?"

"So much the better, Singleton. It's a good omen."

"How the deuce do you make that out? For my own part, that very circumstance is the only drawback to my happiness."

"My dear Eglington, if you would marry prudently, marry one who has gone through a regular course of flirtation. All women

are flirts at some period of their lives; and the disease, like the small-pox, is best to have taken place before marriage, were it only for the opportunity it gives you of judging of the marks. Rely upon it, that after marriage the scars are often plagu'd deep."

"Why, now, I don't quite see that, Euston."

"It's a fact, though, rely upon it. Your wife will have thus learned something of the vanity of these matters, and be disposed to appreciate the more highly your worth and attachment. I am serious, upon my honour."

"Now this sounds strangely enough from you, who, of all men, had used to be so romantic in regard to first attachments, and who it was, I verily believe, that so impressed my mind with the idea that the female heart which had, in the most remote degree, been possessed by another, was a ruined sanctuary, and unworthy of solicitude."

"If I said so, it was a grievous mistake, and grievously has Cæsar answered it —"

"But then, my dear fellow, as to age Emma is many years older—ten, at least—than Mary Seymour was when you married her, and without expecting to be quite so happy as you in this respect —"

"It is a moderate wish, and the ambition pardonable," said Euston, leaning back in his chair, and thrusting his hands in his pockets. "I would, however, prefer, I candidly confess, that my wife were sixteen rather than six-and-twenty."

"You would do wrong, then. Brides of sixteen, after all, answer better in romances than any where else, and rely upon it, Eglinton, that as the world goes, it is better that your wife should seek to conceal her age, than answer, without surprise or reserve, the odd and ugly question, "How old are you?"

• ANECDOTE OF ETIQUETTE.

THE word etiquette is derived from some Latin words strangely mutilated and combined, and expressive of order, regularity, of a very different nature from the ceremonial of society, according to conventional usages, known by the term etiquette; thus

In ruder ages, before attorneys and men of business had their neat boxes labelled with their clients' names and estates, deeds and registries were kept in bags, of no very elegant or prepossessing appearance, and on those were written the Latin words *hic est quisque inter A. & B.* abbreviated into *est hic qua est*, from which the transition to *etiquette* and *etiquettes* is natural enough.

Some of the recorded etiquettes of courts, ancient and modern, are very whimsical; for example, the Emperor Geta amused himself in arranging etiquettes as much as in state affairs. Amongst other formalities all the dishes that appeared on his table were

served in alphabetical order, and woe to the cook who sent them up in him who eat them out of the prescribed order.

Bazile, Emperor of Constantinople, when out hunting, was attacked by a large stag, which leaped upon his horse, and entangled his horns in the prince's girdle. In his extremity one of the men of his suite rushed forward and cut the sash with his sword, but etiquette required that the man should be beheaded for drawing his sword in the presence of his sovereign.

In more modern times the Queen of Charles II. of Spain, who was passionately fond of riding on horseback, was one day thrown from her palfrey. In falling one of her feet got entangled in the stirrup, and the horse dragged her along, no person daring to assist her, because etiquette forbade any man under pain of death from touching the foot of a Queen of Spain.

The king, seeing her fearful condition from a balcony on which he was standing, uttered most piteous exclamations and cries. Two Spanish grandees hastened to the assistance of the queen; one seized the bridle of the horse, whilst the other disengaged the foot of her majesty. But those two brave men were immediately arrested, tried, and condemned to death, and, says the Spanish historian, the queen twice demanded their lives in vain. At length with great difficulty, and much entreaty she succeeded.

The foot of a Spanish princess seems to have been rather a ticklish member to meddle with, if we are to judge also from the reply of the majordomo of a travelling infant to some manufacturers of silk stockings, who humbly presented a dozen pair of them to his highness. "Take them away, and know that a Spanish princess has no legs."

King Philip III of Spain was one day opposite a large fire, and alone; the heat greatly incommoded him, but, according to strict etiquette, to which he tenaciously held, it was beneath his dignity to poke out any of the fire, or even rise from his seat to call for assistance. At length a lord of his suite came into the room, but excused himself with the most profound expressions of respect from meddling with the fire, alleging the grave consequences that would result to a person of his rank and prerogative for exercising so degrading an office. The officer in charge of the fire did not arrive in time, and the king became so excessively hot that an erysipelas was produced in his head, which caused his death.

Even Russia, so barbarous until a recent period, has had her absurd etiquettes like other courts of Europe. The annals of that empire make mention of a Czar of Muscovy who ordered a nail to be driven into the head of an ambassador who stood before him with his hat on. James I. of England did not prove himself to be as

force a stickler for etiquette in an analogous case. The Duc d'Auxonne, Ambassador of France, being presented one day, when that monarch was surrounded by many noblemen, had his head covered. James, who every one knows liked to speak in Latin, said to him: "Si vestra comminatione haberet tuam, qualem ego habeo, rogarem eum ut tegeret caput." The duke, who was prompt at a reply, replied: "Sicut majestas vestra quod meus pileus videri debet sicut tuus," and he put on his hat. The noblemen who were present, not wishing to remain uncovered whilst the Duc d'Auxonne had his hat on his head, took their departure, one after another, so that the king and the ambassador soon found themselves alone. "Nullos habemus consortes commode loquamur latine," "True," replied the duke, "equum est, ut discipulus sit detectus coram domino," and he took off his hat.

By the way, what whimsical distinctions etiquette has established between the different kinds of coverings for the head, so that, in certain cases, a cap may be worn even before a king, without showing any disrespect; but a hat, which is a kind of cap, cannot be worn under the same circumstances. Thus it was only by a *bon mot* that the Duc d'Auxonne eluded this abstract point of etiquette.

It is related of an Austrian young prince who was very hungry, that he remained several hours contemplating a dish, which he could not touch, according to etiquette, because the officer whose duty it was to carve was very ill; it was necessary to summon the next officer in rank, but he was absent in the country, and could not be at his post in less than half a day. But the prince would sooner have died of hunger than suffer a point of etiquette to be transgressed.

Marie Antoinette, queen of France, is said to have caught a severe cold one day, while waiting to have a chemise put on, the lady in waiting being at the time absent, and the next lady not daring to infringe the law of etiquette, which rendered the pleasing office of dressing the queen the exclusive privilege of the first lady of the bed-chamber.

Charles XII., king of Sweden though dying only for battles and military glory, paid great respect to the laws of etiquette. When a fugitive, and proscribed, uncertain if he should ever return to his country, he yet wrote from Bender to Versailles to demand that the exact ceremonials of the court of Louis XIV. should be observed with him.

Montaigne relates that a relation of his had such a mania for ceremony, that perceiving his end near, he occupied himself in his last moments in arranging with the most minute care the ceremony of his funeral procession. He requested all the nobility

who visited him to attend it. He supplicated, with the greatest earnestness, a prince who came to see him in his dying moments, to attend with his household, alleging many examples to prove that such a condescension was due to a person of his exalted rank.

The great Charles V. (emperor and king of Spain) went still further; he wished to see a rehearsal of the ceremony which was to be observed, according to the etiquette of his court, at his own funeral.

A magistrate of Toulouse, named Guillaume d'Esculquens, conceived and executed the whimsical project of personating his own corpse, and witnessing all the ceremonials that etiquette demanded at his funeral. He prevailed on the Dominicans of his town to cover their church with black, and to celebrate a solemn service for him. He invited all his fellow-magistrates, as well as a great number of other persons, to be present, had a coffin taken into the choir, in which was his body, forty-six candles were lighted; incense was burned, and when all the burial service was completed, the coffin was taken behind the altar, then he rose up and walked home, accompanied by his colleagues, and a number of other people whom he had invited to dinner.

Although etiquette does not seem to have been destined, at first, to regulate the social relations in the plebeian classes, it has gradually found its way down to the inferior grades of society. "Tout marquis veut avoir des pages," says La Fontaine. A shopkeeper who, after having sold for a long time by the ounce, has risen to the station of one who sells only by wholesale, considers himself authorized, by etiquette, to abandon the title of shopkeeper, and take the higher one of merchant; his shop becomes a depot or magazine, and he who was formerly addressed as Mr., now reads esquire on his letters, and is designated by the etiquette of the provincial newspapers an *esquisse* in every list of quarter sessions or market fairs, and even the country dancing master, when drilling his awkward squad of pupils, tells them that he is the only master who is qualified to teach them etiquette, by which he means to instruct them how to turn out their toes, give a shuffling bow, and hand their partners to or from their seats. Yet what is this but a modification of the etiquette of which a lord chamberlain is the regulator at St James's or the Tuileries, or a Beau Nash at Bath? H—B—Y.

RELIGIONS AND SAUCES.—When Udo first came to this country, two peculiarities he met with struck him—a Frenchman, be it remembered, and a cook—with astonishment: the number of churches and chapels in London, and the frequency with which melted butter appeared on our tables. "What an extraordinary nation!" he cried; "they have 20 religions and only one sauce!"

THE VENETIAN HUSBANDS VEN- GEANCE.

THE morning of the 29th of March, 1689, was wet, gloomy, and tempestuous for the season of the year, and the streets of the fair city of Dublin presented a melancholy and rather desolate appearance. King James the Second had landed on the 21th, and the city was filled with his armed troops and retainers. The wind swept chilly and noisily, bearing the rattling hail and sleet against the windows, and oppressing the soul with a sense of inhospitality and desolation. Few of the citizens were abroad, and even among a cavalier, enveloped in his tenacious cloak, and his broad hat slouched over his face, rode to or from the castle, in attendance on the necessities of the court, or a small party of horse, with their jingling accoutrements, trotted hastily along to relieve their comrades at some of the gates or bridges. On the landing of James, the students had been turned out of the university to give accommodation to his soldiers, which explains the presence of two of the officers of the royal army in one of the front chambers of the college on the day of which we write.

They were standing at a window, gazing moodily upon the half-whitened space which the falling hail was fast covering, and which forms the modern College-green. One, the elder of the two, leant his forehead upon his hand, and looked on the chill prospect with the heedless gaze which more important thoughts are apt to conjure up. The other looked "out upon the day" with an air of pique and disappointment, as though the weather had balked him in the execution of some design. The older soldier was a tall muscular man, whose features had been very handsomely, but in apparently contracted an appearance of settled melancholy painful to look upon. His complexion was dark, and the expression of his face was heightened by the glittering black glossy wig of the time, which fell around in multitudinous curls. He wore the broad-skirted gold-laced scarlet coat of the royal army, and his cocked hat lay on the table beside him. The younger officer was similarly dressed, but seemed in temper the very antipodes of his companion.

They had stood in solemn silence for some time, "chewing the cud" of their several "fancies," whether "sweet" or "bitter," when the younger one, breaking the spell, exclaimed, "Rememberst thou my putting on thy cloak and hat yesterday even, Astley?" "twas in a frolic I did it."

His companion, wrapped in his own thoughts, gave an inarticulate assent.

"Well, then," continued the first speaker, "as soon as I left the college I was aware of a little pigmy creature wrapped in a cloak, who was walking immediately behind me. I paid no attention at the time, for I thought it some Irish merchant, or one of our good

monarch's sycophants plodding towards the castle. I walked on briskly, for the night was bitter cold, and after staving an hour with Bulwer in the castle, I sought the streets again. It was then quite dark; I had to visit a guard at the river-gate, and as I turned to proceed thither, I was surprised to see the same little figure issuing into the light of a street-lamp, and apparently following my foot-steps again. Twice or thrice I stopped to see whether he would approach nearer, but each time he stopped also. At length, as I approached the river-gate, I had lost sight of him, and, seeing that all was in order, I returned to my quarters in the college. I had reached the university, and was about to give the pass-word, when I turned round, and once more the unknown pigmy was at my back. 'Friend,' said I, 'who is your business with me?' He started back when I addressed him, and answered in the laugh of a foreigner, that he was mistaken, and to thank God that he had timely discovered his mistake; and so saying, he moved at a quick pace away. I thought I saw the glint of a dagger as he hid it beneath the folds of his cloak, but I laughed at his threat, and entered my quarters. Alas! the cloak and hat not have caused the mistake, Astley, and was I not mistaken for thee?"

His companion, who had listened to this narrative with the most harrowing attention, seemed heedless of the question at issue, and exclaiming, "By heaven, my conjecture is too true," as he sank into a chair, and resumed his former musing.

"Who is he? what conjecture?" "Speak, Astley—speak," said the young soldier, as he laid his hand upon his shoulder, and shook him, in his anxiety, to learn the connexion between his companion and the dwarf. Astley was silent for a moment, and motioning his companion to a seat, he said, "Thou art anxious to hear a long story in a moment, but I will indulge thee. There is a presentiment of death upon me, and my career may serve as an example to thee. The man who followed thee yesternight is my most deadly enemy, and not without sufficient cause, as thou shalt hear."

"My name is not Astley, but Lauderdale; I am one of the most ancient families of Scotland. I was born to alliance and a title, and my boyish days were passed as became the son of a noble house. The time arrived when I should leave my ancestral halls to see the world, and, as the plays have it, 'swim in a gondola at Venice.' Accordingly I proceeded to that scene of gaiety and vice. The novelty of its manners charmed me, and its splendour and fascinations held strong hold upon my tastes. My nights were spent in its revelry, or on the moonlit Adriatic. I was young, handsome, and when the Venetians call noble. I was a Briton, and it is no marvel that my society was

courted; I was the favourite at the *fête*, and the life of the gondola, and my barge swam next the Doge's when he waded the Adriatic. Through all these splendid scenes my heart had come unscathed. I was still the same free, unshackled gallant that had made love to many a Scottish maiden for lack of better work.

"The time of my stay in Venice was about to expire, and, with a light heart, I entered my gondola, to attend the last festival, as I supposed, which I should ever see in the mighty republic. I saw a lady there whose beauty I will not attempt to tell thee of, for it is indescribable. My fate was cast. The night waxed and waned, but in that great assembly I saw none but her. I joined not in the dance—I heeded not the music—all was dulness to my eyes or ears, but that fairy form and that silver voice. I returned from that festival intoxicated with love. I put off my preparations, and stayed my departure, and for weeks I pined in secret to tell my ardent love.

"At length the Carnival arrived, and once again we met. I told my love, and found it was returned; but Signora Julia was married, and her husband, a despotic dwarf, was one of the dreadful Council of Three. I lingered for many months in Venice; but our meetings were told to Brantino, the husband, by his gondolier, and I was one morning visited by an officer of the senate. He entered my room to make me prisoner, while his companions stood without on the steps which led to the canal. My life was now at stake; I drew my trusty ferrara, and, when he attempted to seize me, I ran him through. I seized my pulse and escaped. I lay concealed all that day, and when night approached, I prevailed upon a Calabrian captain to take me on board his vessel, and by these means I escaped. The fate of the Signora I never learned, but I fear it must have been a cruel one. I returned to Scotland, but melancholy had taken possession of my soul, and my former occupations and amusements gave me no pleasure. Monmouth's rebellion broke out, and in the hope of finding a grave, I changed my name, and entered the royal army. I followed Feversham to Bridgewater, and I bore me gallantly throughout that bloody day. The army of King James had made the last charge, turned Lord Grey's dragoons, and decided the fortune of the fight, and our victorious army returned, some to the bivouac, and some to plunder. I had sat down at a watch-fire, weary with my toil, and faint with my wounds; sleep was overcoming me in spite of all my efforts, when a stroke upon my forehead started me to my feet, and there bore me, in the uniform of Monmouth's continental followers, stood the jealous Venetian, the pigmy Brantino! He had attempted my life with his dagger, but my feroget had saved me; and drawing my broken sword, I rushed in upon

him, and ere he could defend himself, I passed the fragment of my blade twice through his body. He fell, and, as I thought, expired; but it was not so. Again, in the crowded streets of London, I saw him dogging my footsteps, but ere I could approach, he was lost to my sight in some lane or alley. I followed the king to France, and one of the English officers who accompanied us, and who resembled me in height and figure, was one night stabbed in the street. This was to me sufficient proof of the presence of my persecutor, or some of his braves. When James returned, to make his last effort for his crown, amid the throng of poor Irish who were welcoming the king as he landed here, I thought I saw the piercing eyes of the Venetian; and this morning, when the king went to the parliament, he was amongst the crowd who surrounded his majesty as he entered the King's Inns. I know his errand but too well, but I swear by the Mary Mother, that, if we meet once more, I shall be surer that my work is finished ere I let him go."

The day wore on, and the night set in with pitchy darkness. A thick drifting rain had succeeded the hail, and the few passengers who passed along the streets of Dublin at midnight folded their cloaks tightly around them, and, keeping down their hoods, trod quick and hurriedly. The tide was full in, and the hazy light of the solitary lamp fell in a lustreless glare upon the Liffey, then unconfined in breadth by ramparts. Midnight was ringing from the clock of the Tholsel as a boat shot from beneath one of the arches of Essex-budge, and pulled down the river. Two figures were seated in the boat—one tall and slight, the other diminutive in stature and deformed in aspect. When they had proceeded for some distance, the taller tower raised some weighty article, wrapped in a cloak, over the gunwale, and precipitated it into the river. The faint light of a lamp fell upon it as it sank, and displayed an arm clad in scarlet, with shining lace, protruding from the cloak. When the sound of the heavy plunge had died away, the dwarf demanded—

"Is it sunk, Jacopo?"

"Signor, si," was the reply.

"Then pull for the ship," and, seizing their oars, they were soon lost in the darkness which enveloped the South Wall.

Next morning Captain Astley was not to be found, nor did his companions ever discover a trace of the nature of his late.

QUASIMODO.

ANTI-TEMPERANCE.—Theodore Hook, when surprised one evening in his arm-chair, two or three hours after dinner, is said to have apologised by saying, "When one is alone, the bottle does come round so confoundedly often."

REMARKABLE CASES OF FRAUD
AND IMPOSTURE.

No. XIX.—SECOND BOOK.

In the year 1783, a woman of the name of Elspeth Buchan, moving in the lower ranks of Scottish life, and who had long been remarkable for eccentricity, and, some say, vicious habits, made a public announcement that she was the Holy Ghost; and as a proof that the Holy Spirit was to come, she quoted Rev. xii. 1, affirming herself to be the woman there spoken of. A minister of the name of White was the first who publicly gave his adherence to the doctrines she taught, and was called by the sect, by way of honourable distinction, and in reference to his birth, the "Man-Child." Elspeth being styled the "Friend-Mother." After the adherence of White, many began to join themselves to them, and others to keep company with them; but they were not long allowed to enjoy their tenets in peace. At first, ridicule was levelled at them, and, finally, they were most grossly assaulted—the "Friend-Mother" being at one time rescued with great difficulty from a mob. These riots became more and more frequent, and in order to shelter themselves from annoyance and persecution, they emigrated to New Cample, where they formed a settlement, and lived in the quiet enjoyment of their opinions, whilst their society gradually increased in numbers and wealth. It was whilst dwelling at New Cample that the "Friend-Mother" announced that she was commissioned to give her faithful followers the victory over death, and that they would be allowed the happy privilege of being translated to heaven, as were Enoch and Elijah—her faithful followers in days of darkness.

The scene which took place at the expected moment of translation was thus described by Andrew Innes, one of her most faithful followers, who, up to the day of his death (Jan., 1846), kept her remains in his dwelling, and firmly believed in the truth of her mission:—

"One evening, when we were as usual employed, some in the garret and many below, 'Friend-Mother' was in the kitchen surrounded by children, when, on a sudden, a loud voice was heard, as if from the clouds. The children, assisted by our great luminary, struck up the following hymn:—

"Oh! hasten translation and come resurrection:
Oh! hasten the coming of Christ in the air!"

"All the members below instantly started to their feet, and those in the garret hurried down as fast as they possibly could through the trap-door; but it being about midnight, and there being no light in the house, Mr. Hunter, in the agitation of the moment, and being a feeble old man, tumbled headlong down the trap-ladder, whilst striving to descend from the cockloft. In an instant, however, he bounded from the ground, and,

with a voice as loud as a trumpet, joined in the general chorus of 'Hasten, translation,' which every one in the house sung most vehemently. The bodily agitation became so great, with the clapping of hands and singing, that it is out of my power to convey a just idea on paper of the scene which it occasioned: every one thought the blessed moment was arrived; and every one singing, leaping, and clapping his hands, pressed forward to the kitchen, where 'Friend-Mother' sat with great composure, whilst her face shone so white with the glory of God as to dazzle the sight of those who beheld it; and her raiment was as white as snow.

"The noise was so loud that the neighbourhood was alarmed. Thomas Davidson, our landlord, came to our door like a man out of his senses; he rapped and called at the door till he obtained admission; and he, too, squeezed into the kitchen, beseeching her to save him and the multitude by whom the house was surrounded from the pending destruction, which they apprehended was about to destroy the world. She told them to be of good cheer for neither he nor any of his friends would suffer any damage that night; for she now saw her people were not sufficiently prepared for the mighty change which she intended them to undergo.

"As the light passed from her countenance, she called for a tobacco-pipe, and took a smoke; and, as the extraordinary agitation diminished, the people without dispersed quietly. How long the tumult lasted I was not in a state of mind to recollect; but I remember, when daylight appeared, of having seen the floor strewn with watches, gold-rings, and a great number of trinkets, which had been, in the moment of expected translation, thrown away by the possessors as useless in our expected country. We did so because Elijah threw away his mantle when he was, in like manner, about to ascend to heaven. My own watch was of the number. I never saw it more; but I afterwards learned that John Gibson, our treasurer, had collected all the watches and jewellery then thrown away, and sold them in Dumfries."

No miracle took place; and Elspeth declared the reason to be, that her followers were wanting in faith, she therefore ordered a fast of forty days. This fast was kept in a house, the windows and doors of which were nailed up, and the only thing that was taken by any one was a little bread and water as faintness came on. The "Friend-Mother," however, was exempt from the fast, being allowed to take food as usual; for had she not been allowed to do so, she affirmed that she should become so spiritual as to be invisible to human eyes. The members of the community at that time were about sixty. Some were taken out of the house by the authority of the civil powers, but the greater part observed the fast most rigidly. At the expiration of the time, they

came forth weak and enfeebled to the last degree, and went to a neighbouring hill, there to await the expected translation. Platforms had been erected, and that for the "Friend-Mother" was higher than the rest. During their last they had cut their hair exceeding short, all but a tuft on the top, which was left as handhold for the angels who were to draw them up.

Mr. White, the "Man-Child," was so impressed with the truth of the translation, that he dressed himself in full canonicals, put on his gloves, and walked about scanning the heavens. Great numbers of people were assembled, and when the expected moment came, every station was filled. But instead of the ascension, a sudden gust of wind came and blew down "Friend-Mother's" platform, and capsize that venerable lady.

Such a termination exposed the members to much ridicule, and the society was partially broken up—the "Friend-Mother" and the "Man-Child" being imprisoned by some of their disciples who had been duped out of their money. After their release, they once more formed an establishment at Achnagabbert, and took a farm, on which they lived in peace until the death of Elisabeth, in 1791. She died proclaiming her divine mission, and promising to return to her followers at the end of six days, or ten years or fifty, according to the strictness of their faith. Not fulfilling her promise at the end of six days, she was interred, though much against the wish of many of her followers.

After this, White, with some of the members, went to America, but Andrew Innes, with those who still clung to the faith, removed to Lurgill, a wild moorland farm. Here they continued for some years, and by patient industry the moor-land became a fruitful farm, but in the course of time, Andrew, with an old farm, became the sole survivors, and eventually Andrew was left alone. Time, which waits for no man, passed rapidly away, and at length the promised period of fifty years elapsed, and there was no return of the "Friend-Mother," but nothing could shake the faith of Andrew, who waited in hope and prayed fervently for her appearance. Honest, industrious, and frugal, he had amassed a considerable sum of money, thus he entrusted to a friend, that he might not be impeded in his ascent by worldly dress. Fifty-five years passed away, and in January, 1840, Andrew Innes, the last of the *Buckanites*, was gathered to his fathers. Feeling his end approaching, he prepared himself for the great change and, having settled his worldly affairs, he announced that his death would take place at the end of six days, which was the case. He left it, as his last and dearest wish, that he should be buried in the same grave with the "Friend-Mother," whose remains he had kept buried deep under his own heartstone,

and guarded as a miser does his treasure. His last request was complied with, and the funeral words were spoken over the last and honestest of the *Buckanites*.

On this singular history of fanaticism we do not intend to make any remarks, saying that Andrew Innes has been described as a shrewd and sensible man, free from any taint of selfishness, well informed upon most points, and able to write with great facility, which latter accomplishment, we believe, he learnt after the death of the "Friend-Mother," and which he was in the constant habit of attributing to the truthfulness of the Spirit breathed upon him.

M. Grégoire, bishop of Blois, in his interesting work, entitled, "*Histoire des Sectes Religieuses*," (History of Religious Sects) gives the memoirs of several sects founded upon knavery and imposture. The most singular are the two following—

The *Orchitans*, or angelic-brethren, professed to live like the angels, who are neither married nor given in marriage; they abstained from all labour, and imagined that, by devoting themselves wholly to contemplation, and thus, as it were, offering themselves a sacrifice for others, they renewed the priesthood of Melchisedec, and entitled themselves to the appellation when they had chosen. Such a sect was not likely to maintain itself long. Elias Miller, who called himself the Father of Zion, and his wife the Mother, pretended that the Almighty dwelt in him, and had commissioned him to found a new Church. He attracted a number of dupes to Roundon, a town then newly built in the duchy of Brabant; they erected then houses in a position where each looked to the dwelling of their prophet and teacher, and he maintained an absolute dominion over them as long as he lived, by making himself master of all their secrets, for which purpose he employed some spies upon others, and procured criminal meetings, less from any love of debauchery, than because he kept his own head cool while the wine opened the hearts of his credulous believers. The sect died with him.

Two brothers, by name Rohlen, natives of the village of Brugglen, in the canton of Berne, set themselves up, in the year 1746, as the Two Witnesses mentioned in the Revelation, and designated a girl of their acquaintance as the woman who was to be clothed with the sun, and have the moon under her feet. Christ, they affirmed, was to come and judge the world in the year 1748, after which the kingdom of heaven would commence in their village. These impostors produced a great effect among the Bernese peasants; men and women forsook their usual occupations; for what availed to spin, or to till the fields, if the day of judgment was so near at hand? One of the brothers was knave enough to declare

that he would ascend bodily into heaven in the sight of the people. It is said, *so many clung to him for the purpose of partaking in his ascension*, that they furnished him with a fair pretext for adjourning this proof of his divine mission. This secret at last became so notorious for the indulgence of the most open sensuality, that the Bernese Government thought it necessary to interfere, and ended the imposture by putting the two brothers to death, five years after Doomsday ought to have occurred, upon their computation!

THE RICHEST HEIRESS IN ENGLAND.

(Concluded from our last.)

NOT many days after I had seen Katharine at the Opera, I was informed by Gascoigne that she and Lady Russell were to attend the Countess of D—'s rout, where I would have an opportunity of being introduced to them in form. I was delighted to hear this, for the countess had been one of my mother's earliest friends, and I knew that I could calculate on her disposition to serve me.

I never made my toilet with such scrupulous attention as I did that evening. My valet was perfectly astonished, and muttered "sacre diable," "peste," and other exclamations, avowedly at his own stupidity, but in reality, I believe, at the unusual trouble I gave him. At length I became nearly satisfied with my appearance, and at different points convinced that it could not be improved, and big with high hopes proceeded to the countess's.

I was ushered into a magnificent saloon, crowded with fashionable guests, and it was some time before I discovered Katharine, but the moment I did, I lost no time in being introduced to her. She took my arm with a degree of coldness which somewhat mortified me, and I was puzzled to account for it. I spoke to her of our first meeting, of the happiness I felt in seeing her again, and did all in my power to please and amuse, but with little effect. At this I became positively unhappy—I had expected a very different reception; Katharine did not fail to perceive my uneasiness, and I thought was even inclined to make some atonement for the cause of it; but, unfortunately, she was soon summoned from my side, and I found it impossible to regain her society for the rest of the evening. After this we frequently met, but still her manner was not materially altered; I became melancholy and unhappy. I really loved Katharine, and was much hurt by her coldness. To add to my misery, there were now rumours of her marriage with the Earl of S—.

But my own circumstances at this time demanded my serious attention. My fortune was extremely slender, and as I had been

educated for no profession, I was compelled to use interest to obtain some appointment. This, through my uncle's interest with the government, I soon obtained, but one by no means to my taste. It was a situation in India, extremely lucrative, but which would necessarily banish me from England for several years.

The very evening that I heard of this, I met Katharine Russell. Her manner seemed to be less cold than it had usually been, and it was with some emotion that I told her of my projected voyage to India. She looked surprised at the intelligence, and was sensibly affected, when, in the fulness of my heart, I avowed that my greatest unhappiness in leaving England would be the total banishment from her society. She thought fit, however, immediately to change the conversation, nor did she recur to the subject again, until at parting, when I held her small white hand within my own; I felt it retained, although as slightly as if a gossamer had bound it, and in half sportive, half serious tone, she said, "Do not go to India." I was about to reply, but she had glided from my side.

The words haunted me: "Do not go to India," I repeated to myself, and my heart gave a ready response to the request. I had always a dislike to that remote region—it was the loss of youth of health—it was too great a sacrifice, and ere I slept I had made up my mind that to India I would not go.

Next morning I strove to confirm my resolution, but the more I pondered on the matter, the more resolute I became. I spoke to my friends of resigning my appointment, and that settled the business at once. One and all of them urged such an outcry against the very idea—it would be madness, it would ruin me for ever—and from the manner in which they spoke, it might have been inferred that the most flagrant sin of humanity was to give up an Indian appointment. I began now to remember, that I might return—for a short time—at least—in a few years; and that I would then be in a situation with more confidence to solicit Katharine's hand, my good friends, too, haunted on my departure, and while I continued still somewhat irresolute, I found my passage taken, and such arrangements made, that it was almost impossible for me to retract—aid with a heavy heart I embarked for India.

Well—five years have made me somewhat bald at the temples, and India, to be sure, has tanned me a little; but after all, things are not half so bad in that way as I expected. There is a considerable difference, too, between this whitewashed bedroom and my dormitory in Bengal; but then, I am now in the "Russell Arms," a circumstance which I am not likely to forget.

while they continue to swing before my window, with that abominable creaking noise that so disturbed me during the night. And there, among the distant trees, I can see the chimneys of Russell Court, where Katharine is at present, and, *mirabile dictu*, still in a condition to be styled "Spinster" "England, with all thy faults;" and Katharine, dear Katharine, with all thy coquetry, I love thee still.

Four days only had elapsed since my return to my native country, when I hurried down to D—shire, with a determination to offer my hand to Katharine Russell, and if refused, I resolved to return immediately to India. It was a glorious morning in autumn, and as I went forth and looked around on the scenes which I had not visited for eight long years—where I first met Katharine, a laughing girl of fifteen—it looked like a vision of the happy days of my early youth, while then, as now, she held the empire of my heart. She was the tie that bound me to them, and the spell that robed their memory in brightness. Here was the ivied lodge—the brown woods, and the cawing rooks again—there the spot where I so often read the kind letters of a mother, now no more—these images crowded upon me, and never did the fair girl, the idol of my youthful years, seem so dear to me as now.

Before I left England I had been on sufficiently intimate terms with Lady Russell to warrant the visit I made; and having arrived at the house, and given my card to the servant, I was ushered into a drawing-room, where I remained some time alone. At length the door opened gently, and Katharine entered. We stood for a moment gazing on each other in silence, until, with an impulse which I could not control, I sprang forward and clasped her in my arms, exclaiming, "My dear Katharine!" She trembled violently, and was evidently much agitated and alarmed, and now, for the first time aware of the extravagance of my conduct, I led her to a seat, and entreated her forgiveness, telling her that long absence from home had awakened feelings which it was not easy to control. "If you knew," I added, "how I have longed for this meeting—how the hope of it has cheered me in sadness—soothed me in sickness—and made the world itself worth living for, you would pardon an emotion which I cannot suppress."

Katharine did not speak, but I saw a tear trembling on her eyelid, and I felt that my pardon was sealed.

In appearance she was but little altered. Her features had, indeed, acquired a cast of sensitiveness, which rendered them, I thought, still more lovely—but in other respects she was still the same. I told her of my love, of her influence on my future destiny—I pleaded well for I pleaded earnestly, and Katharine was in the right mood to hear with favour

an appeal like mine. Ere we parted, she confessed her love, and whispered, with a blushing cheek, as she lay upon my breast, "Why did you go to India?"

There was a bright beacon on many a green hill in D—shire, and the bells of many a village church were ringing a merry peal, the day that Katharine Russell became my bride. And then "the paragraphs in the newspapers!" For a whole month my name was of equal notoriety with the premier's itself. I had the greatest difficulty in keeping my likeness from the print-shops; and as we passed through several towns on our marriage jaunt, I often heard myself pointed out as "the gentleman who had married the richest heiress in England."

LITERARY TENDENCIES OF THE TIME.

DIFFUSED intelligence, a vast increase of artificial wants, luxurious habits, and a pampered love of ease and social refinement, have necessarily called into action a supply of intellectual aliment congenial with a taste arising out of such combined influences. Accordingly, the great effort of a large number of our authors is, to save readers the trouble of thinking, and the labour of reflection, and thus, instead of the reading mind of the age being trained and nursed for vigorous exercise and generous expansion, it is becoming more and more reduced into a state of languor and debility. Not the profound and the improving but that which is shallow, plain, and superficial; something which approaches to a kind of science made easy, or every man his own philosopher; this is the great desideratum which the multiplicity of modern pursuits and accomplishments calls upon us to supply. Thus, since the public taste will not rise to the level of sound learning and genuine philosophy, why learning and philosophy must degrade themselves and sink down to the base level of it! The names of things; the tops and surfaces of subjects; a kind of catalogue-acquaintance with books and themes; and a smart promptitude for discussing general notions of men and manners, and leading subjects,—such is what the majority now principally require. And as in commerce, so in literature—the demand and the supply regulate each other. Accordingly every advertisement sheet is crowded with announcements of summaries, and observations, and systems, and methods, for imparting knowledge to man without their having the trouble to think, and giving them learning without the necessity of their having to study. In all this one spirit is at work; even that of love of the superficial and transient, which just serves to make indolence seem clever, and nothing more. Memory is the chief faculty to which this

"short and easy" plan of instruction refers; while the imagination, the reason, and the conscience are left with little to expand or encourage their powers. And is not this a fatal tendency in the reigning taste of the times? Is this indeed education, or anything which approaches to the high consummation of mind truly advanced and ennobled? Is knowledge only to be measured by the objective amount which a sensual understanding and prompt memory can embrace and use, while the subjective discipline, which the heart should undergo in acquiring knowledge, is altogether slighted or forgot?—*Rev. R. Montgomery's "Hourly for the Times."*

USEFUL RECIPES

TO MAKE IRISH STEW—Take a piece of loin or back-ribs of mutton, and cut it into chops. Put it in a stew-pot with pared raw potatoes, sliced onions, pepper, salt, and a little water. Put this on to stew slowly for an hour, covered very close, and shake it occasionally, to prevent it from sticking to the bottom.

TO CLEAN SILVER ARTICLES—The best way to clean silver articles is to wash them first with warm water and soap, and afterwards polish them with pure London whiting and a piece of leather. As pure whiting, free of grits, can seldom be had, except in London, you may substitute hartshorn powder for it.

HOW TO MAKE COLD CREAM—This is a simple and cooling ointment, exceedingly serviceable for rough or chapped hands in winter, or for keeping the skin soft. It is very easily made. Take half an ounce of white wax, and put it into a small basin, with two ounces of almond oil. Place the basin by the side of the fire till the wax is dissolved in the oil. When quite melted, add two ounces of rose water. This must be done very slowly, little by little, and as you pour it in, beat the mixture smartly with a fork to make the water incorporate. When all is incorporated, the cold cream is complete, and you may pour it into jars for future use. This cold cream is much better than that which is usually sold in shops, and which is too frequently made of inferior ingredients.

SPERMACETI OINTMENT.—This is a cooling and healing ointment for wounds. Take a quarter of an ounce of white wax and half an ounce of spermaceti (which is a hard, white material), and put them in a small basin with two ounces of almond oil. Place the basin by the side of the fire till the wax and spermaceti are dissolved. When cold, the ointment is ready for use. This is an article which it is also much better to make than to purchase. When you make it yourself, you know that it has no irritating or inferior materials in it.

CAMPHORATED VINEGAR.—Triturate half an ounce of camphor with a little certified spirit, and dissolve it in six ounces of acetic acid.

VARNISH FOR VIOLINS, &c.—Take a gallon of rectified spirits of wine, twelve ounces of mastic, and a pint of turpentine varnish; put them all together in a tin can, and keep it in a very warm place, shaking it occasionally, till it is perfectly dissolved; then strain it, and it is fit for use. If you find it necessary, you may dilute it with turpentine varnish. This varnish is also very useful for furniture of plum-tree, mahogany, or rosewood.

LIME FOR COTTAGE WALLS, &c.—Take a stone or two of unslacked white lime, and dissolve it in a pail of cold water. This, of course, is whitewash. The more lime used, the thicker it will be, but the consistence of cream is generally advisable. In another vessel dissolve some green vitriol in hot water. Add it, when dissolved, to the whitewash, and a buff is produced. The more vitriol used, the darker it will be. Stir it well up, and use it in the same way as whitewash, having first carefully got off all the old dirt from the walls. Two or three coats are usually given. For a border at top and base, use more vitriol to make it darker than the walls. If you have stenciled plates, you can use it with them. This is cheap, does not rub off like ochre, and is pure and wholesome, besides being disinfecting.

TO MAKE ENGLISH STEW—English stew is the name given to the following excellent preparation of cold meat.—Cut the meat in slices, pepper, salt, and flour them, and lay them in a dish. Take a few pickles of any kind, or a small quantity of pickled cabbage, and sprinkle them over the meat. Then take a tea-cup half full of water, add to it a small quantity of the vinegar belonging to the pickles, a small quantity of ketchup, if approved of, and any gravy that may be set by for use. Stir altogether, and pour it over the meat. Set the meat before the fire with a tin behind it, or put it in a Dutch oven, or in the oven of the kitchen range, as may be most convenient, for about half an hour before dinner-time. This is a cheap and simple way of dressing cold meat, which is well deserving of attention.

ASPHALTES FOR GARDEN WALKS, &c.—Take eighteen parts of mineral pitch, and eighteen parts of resin, and put them into an iron pot, and place it over a fire, keeping them boiling a short time; then add to it forty parts of coarse sand, mix it well up together, and lay it on the path to the thickness of an inch; then sift a little fine gravel all over it, and beat it in before the asphalt sets. This is a durable asphalt. Another good asphalt may be made with one part mineral pitch, one part resin, seven parts chalk, and two parts coarse sand, and boil them together, and lay it on in a hot state, adding a little sifted gravel.

POPULAR PASTIMES

SOLUTIONS TO THE RIDDLES, CHARADES,
AND CONUNDRUMS IN OUR LAST

CONUNDRUMS.

- 1.—The cat'll (cattle) eat it
- 2.—It's a notion (an ocean)
- 3.—It's a Noddy (an odd)
- 4.—It's a family circle
- 5.—Because sometimes the "eyes" (eyes) have it some times the "noes" (no's)
- 6.—Because he wrote "Night and Morn'ing"
- 7.—Petersburg, Russia.
- 8.—It is extraordinary (extraordinary)
- 9.—A plain (place)
- 10.—When it becomes a lady
- 11.—I make a far-thing present
- 12.—Noch, for he took Ham into the ark
- 13.—Because it always keeps its hands before its face

1.—C-O-D (sea-fish)

2.—H-A-T (clothing)

3.—H-A-T (clothing)

4.—H-A-T (clothing)

5.—H-A-T (clothing)

6.—H-A-T (clothing)

7.—H-A-T (clothing)

8.—H-A-T (clothing)

9.—H-A-T (clothing)

ANSWERS TO FLORAL LOVE LETTERS

The Letter

Lady, deen to smile, doubt not my sincerity—my affection is eternal. You occupy my thoughts—I am dazzled by your charms. Your purity equals your loveliness. Pity my despondency, and do not make sport of my regard. In my dreams you visit me—I think you always lovely. Receive this as my ambassador of love. You possess charity use it towards me. I pray you do me justice.—Lafewell

The Lady's Answer.

You are a hawk—a busy body. Your letter is intended as a snare, I have discovered your deceit. I hope is not for you. From me you will ever receive distrust. If you still persevere, it no doubt will end in your chagrin. Your perjury is known. All observe your malevolence and falsehood. You have no claims. Beware! revenge will overtake you.

CONUNDRUMS.

- 1.—Why cannot a cook eat her own apron?
- 2.—A man went to market, and bought three mackerel; when he got home he found four fish. How did that happen?
- 3.—Why is a deer on the top of St. Paul's?
- 4.—Why is a pig in a mustard-pot?
- 5.—Why is the House of Lords like a hat?
- 6.—When is a debtor like a door?
- 7.—Why may we be said to be constantly abused by every clock?
- 8.—If I saw three people looking through a window, and yet they were neither men, women, nor children; pray what were they?
- 9.—Why are church bells the most noisy things in existence?
- 10.—When is a chair like a lady's dress?
- 11.—What is that which has got feet and nails, but no legs, toes, nor claws?
- 12.—There is only one word in the English language in which four vowels occur together; what is the word?
- 13.—What colour is a meadow when covered with snow?
- 14.—Which are the strongest thieves?
- 15.—What do you obtain by beheading a monk?
- 16.—What word is that of eight letters, five of which are the same?

16.—What two letters express a woman's name?

TOWNS OF SPAIN ANAGRAMMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

- 1.—Boir lance.
- 2.—I dream
- 3.—Hang a trace.
- 4.—And a rag.
- 5.—Rot a sot
- 6.—Leap up, man!
- 7.—I've a clan
- 8.—Run 'a canal!
- 9.—A real vat.
- 10.—I'm a cur.

NAMES OF EMINENT PERSONS ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED

- 1.—A man's Christian name and a near relation
- 2.—To save up, an article, and a relation.
- 3.—The medium by which we express our thoughts, and the term we apply to excellence.
- 4.—A useful mineral, and a steep part of a rock or mountain
- 5.—A place of public worship, and a colour.
- 6.—A workman.
- 7.—The reverse of that which is old.
- 8.—Wounds of a painful nature.
- 9.—Part of a lady's dress.
- 10.—A consonant, a domestic fowl, and a hard substance.
- 11.—The reverse of old, and a weight.
- 12.—A deep hole.

CHARADE

- 1.—In cots and palaces, where man and wife
"Are over partial to domestic stuff,
You hear my first, discordant and yet
clear,
As "Cain's Lectures" fell on Caudle's
ear.
My next is found in heroes who excel—
As Bruce, or Wallace, Washington, or
Tell;
My whole's a bard crown'd with immortal
bays,
And justly claims a grateful nation's
praise. VILES.

RIDDLES.

- 1.—There was a thing a full month old,
When Adam was no more;
But ere that thing was five weeks old,
Adam was years five score.
- 2.—The beginning of eternity,
The end of time and space;
The beginning of every end,
And the end of every place.
- 3.—We are little airy creatures,
All of different voice and features:
One of us in glass is set,
One of us you'll find in jet,
One of us is set in tin,
And the fourth a box within;
If the last you should pursue,
It can never fly from you.

FACTS AND SCRAPS.

LUTHER AND THE BIRDS—With the birds of his native country he had established a strict intimacy, watching, smiling, and thus moralising over their habits.—“That little fellow,” he said of a little bird going to roost, “has chosen his shelter, and is quietly locking himself to sleep without a care for to-morrow’s lodging, calmly holding by his little twig, and leaving God to think for him.

NEITHER THE WORD OF MAN NOR GOD TAKEN—A drunken fellow carried his wife’s Bible to pawn for a quarter of guinea to the ale-house, which the landlord refused to take, when his customer vociferated, “What! will neither *my word* nor the *word of God* pass with you?”

MEDICAL ADVICE—“Sir,” said a hypochondriacal patient, while describing his symptoms to Abernethy, “I feel a terrible pain in my side, when I put my hand up to my head.” “Then, sir,” exclaimed the mild physician, “why the *deuce* do you put your hand to your head?”

A LAWYER’S TOAST—At a recent dinner of a provincial Law Society, the president called upon the senior solicitor present to give as a toast the person whom he considered the best friend of the profession. “Then,” responded the sly old fox, “I’ll give you, The man who makes his own will.”

THE JAW-BONE OF AN ASS—A young fellow eating some Cheshire cheese, full of mites, one night at a tavern, exclaimed, “Now have I done as much as Samson, for I have slain my thousands and ten thousands.” “Yes,” answered one of the company, “and with the same weapon—the jaw-bone of an ass.”

ORIGIN OF THE WORD KING—According to Camden, the word “King” is derived from Saxon *cinna*, which signifies the same; and that from *can* “power,” or *ken* “knowledge,” wherewith every monarch is supposed to be invested. The Latin *rex*, the Scythian *rex*, the Punic *pesch*, the Spanish *rey*, and the French *roy*, come all, according to Pöstel, from the Hebrew *rach*, “chief head.”

HOW TO DISPERSE A MOB—The following “hint” may prove available in more places than one at the present moment. At the period of the first French Revolution, the women of Toulon declared themselves in a state of insurrection, and assembling *en foule*, threatened to hang the magistrates. The Procurator Syndic at first laughed at their threats, but the multitude refusing to disperse, he assembled the council-general of the commune, and ordered the fire-engines, with a plentiful supply of water mixed with soap, to be drawn out in battle array, by a *vigo* *ou* discharge of which snuffing artillery the petticoats in question were completely routed, and returned quietly to their homes.

MAUNDY THURSDAY—The Thursday before Easter has much exercised the ingenuity of antiquarians to account for its name, which, however, seems to have been derived from the old Saxon word *mand* or *maund*, signifying a basket, whence alms came to be called *maunde*. Thus, then, Maundy Thursday, the day preceding Good-Friday, on which the sovereign distributes alms to a certain number of poor persons at Whitehall, is called from the *maunds* in which the gifts were contained.

THE BENCH AND THE BAR IN AUSTRALIA—As Mr. Fisher was addressing the Supreme Court on the subject of the *rents* received by Rintulard, a nail in the bench bore the back of his gown. He complained that that was the third gown which had been so torn, besides several pairs of trousers. “They are *rents* in a *rent*,” said his honour the judge. “Yes,” replied Mr. Fisher, amid shouts of laughter, “and *a distress* to me.”—*A Week Observer*.

CLEOPATRA’S NETTLE—We are gratified to find it is now seriously intended to bring this long-expected stupendous object to England, which has remained too long neglected at Alexandria, having years ago been liberally given by the Pacha to our government. It has been described as 70 feet in height, 190 tons weight, 7 feet square at the base, and the whole richly adorned with hieroglyphics upwards of an inch in depth. The pedestal is four feet square and seven in height. Should such a precious piece of antiquity be transported to the British capital, and erected in a commanding situation, it cannot but form a most striking object, not exceeded by any one column in the globe, and transmit to future ages a recollection of this severe contest in the “land of Egypt between our brave army, under the heroic Abercrombie, who fell near the spot where it lies, and the forces of Nipoleon, that tyrant of the world, and disturber of the peace of mankind.

AN ARCHBISHOP AND HIS CATS—The following is from *The Book of Bower*.—The first day we (Sir Charles and Lady Morgan) had the honour of dining at the palace of the Archbishop of Taranto, at Naples, he said to me, “You must pardon my passion for cats, but I never exclude them from my dining-room, and you will find they make excellent company.” Between the first and second course the door opened, and several enormously large and beautiful Angora cats were introduced by the names of Pantaloon, Desdemona, Otello, &c. They took their places on chairs near the table, and were as silent, as quiet, as motionless, and as well-behaved as the most *honzon* table in London could require. On the bishop requesting one of the chaplains to help the Signora Desdemona, the butler stepped up to his lordship and observed, “My lord, La Signora Desdemona will prefer waiting for the roasts.”

THE RAIN.

WRITTEN BY A YOUNG LADY ON A RECENT
SUNDAY, INSTEAD OF GOING TO CHURCH

The rain! the rain! when will it stop?
The clouds are weeping still—
The streets are full of mud and dirt,
The gutters full of swirl,
In vain I turn to wipe my eyes,
No bright spot can be seen,
The clouds like mourning tapestry,
Hang o'er the day-god's sheen.

The rain! the rain! the nasty rain!
Last week it should have ceased,
The rain upon the steeple-top
Soft pouts north east by east
I'm sure it's rusted on its hinge,
And will not change a jot
Why don't the sexton turn it round
To some more sunny spot?

The rain! the rain! I cannot wear
My last new dress to-day,
Nor have I shown my bonnet yet,
With all its trimmings gay,
I've missed two weddings—seven balls—
I've no chance to shop,
Dear Mr Editor, pray tell
When the rain will stop? "LELLEN"

DYING MOMENTS.

Oh! 'twas heartrending and painful to see,
In deep mental agony lay,
A maiden, whose fate was never to behold
The dawn of another bright day

Consumption, dread omen of death, had crept
there,
And he'd on that beautiful maid,
That flush so deceiving suffused her sweet cheek,
As she look'd up to heaven and prayed!

Her eyes an unnatural lustre assumed,
A too certain token of death!
A heavenly smile around her lips play'd—
She sigh'd, and short was her breath

The mother with eyes uplifted implored
Pious Heaven to save
Her child, whom she ever devotedly lov'd,
From such a premature grave!

The maid of her mother a blessing desired,
In language expressive and kind,
A tremor ran o'er her—her eyes closed—then she
To heaven her spirit resign'd! A. R.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*All correspondences must be addressed to the
Editor, No. 334, Strand.*

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—We cannot undertake to
return rejected articles, unless they are of con-
siderable length. All short articles not suited
to the "TRACTS" are destroyed.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We are at all times
happy to render every information in our power,
but we cannot be expected to run about town
on the errands of some of our country correspon-
dents.

H. A.—There will be a yearly title-page and
index.

R. MUMFORD.—We may use the lines sent, some
time or other, we have seen them in print not
long since.

AMICI.—Two or three weeks may elapse before
we are able to answer our numerous correspon-
dents.

T. K. L. (Stepney).—The landlord can take
whatever may be on the premises.

ST. BERNARD.—Published every Wednesday
morning. Correspondents cannot be answered
under a fortnight, owing to the extensive cir-
culation obliging us to print one number always in
advance.

HENRY.—Pronounced as spelt—no t or k—
"Little-Percha."

CHARLES JOUNG.—We cannot comply with
your request, for the best of reasons—we do
not know what we may be induced to give.

B. WALKER.—Many thanks for your kind in-
tentions.

R. W. BANNISTER.—Thanks. We have com-
mitted the manuscript to the flames.

H. P. G.—Call on Mr. Vickers, 29, Holywell
street, Strand, he will get the vol. done for you,
in whatever style of binding you may fancy.

S. T. ATTNEY.—Accept our "little master's"
best thanks! In a week or two.

HARRY B. (Dorby).—We feel obliged by your
contribution.

G. C. S. M.—Many thanks, we shall be grati-
fied by hearing from you whenever you may feel
disposed to write to us.

THOMAS R.—What you have sent will not suit
our pages—it is taken from the "Newgate
Calendar."

E. G. (Newington).—The song in the Tracts No
15—"In the Sweet Spring Time," may be had at
Cramer's & Co., Regent-street. The music is by
Mr. C. White. There will not be any charge for
singing it in public.

W. H. Y.—Send us something new, and you will
oblige.

KING CONNOR.—Go to drill for one month, or
wear a back board. It is a habit you have ac-
quired—take pains to break yourself of it.
Thanks.

THE INTRODUCER.—We may find room for your
contribution some time or other. Born May 1st,
1769. The seven wonders of the world are—1st,
the Pyramids of Egypt, 2nd, the Mausoleum of
King Mausolus, 3rd, the Temple of Diana at
Aphesus, 4th, the Walls and hanging Gardens
of Babylon, 5th, the Brazen Image of the Sun
at Rhodes, called the "Colossus," 6th, the Statue
of Jupiter Olympius, 7th, the Pharos, or lighthouse
tower, built by Ptolemy Philadelphus, King of
Egypt.

LAURA (Edinburgh).—Your letter of the 29th
ult. only came to hand last week. Any con-
tribution sent will meet with attention, and if ap-
proved of, will be inserted. Not unless the
writer pleases to send his or her name.

A. S. W. L.—We fear the subject would occupy
too great a space for our small work.

G. (Sunderland).—Thanks. We do not think
the lines quite up to the mark.

GEORGETA.—Thanks for your extract: part of it
shall be used. Mr. Vickers is not the editor of
"TRACTS FOR THE PEOPLE."

F. H.—Thanks for your contribution. The tale
we may find room for in some future number,
but the verses are declined.

GERILDE NEVILLE (Bolton).—We are sorry
we cannot oblige our correspondent with the
information she requires respecting wax-fruit,
&c.

TRACTS

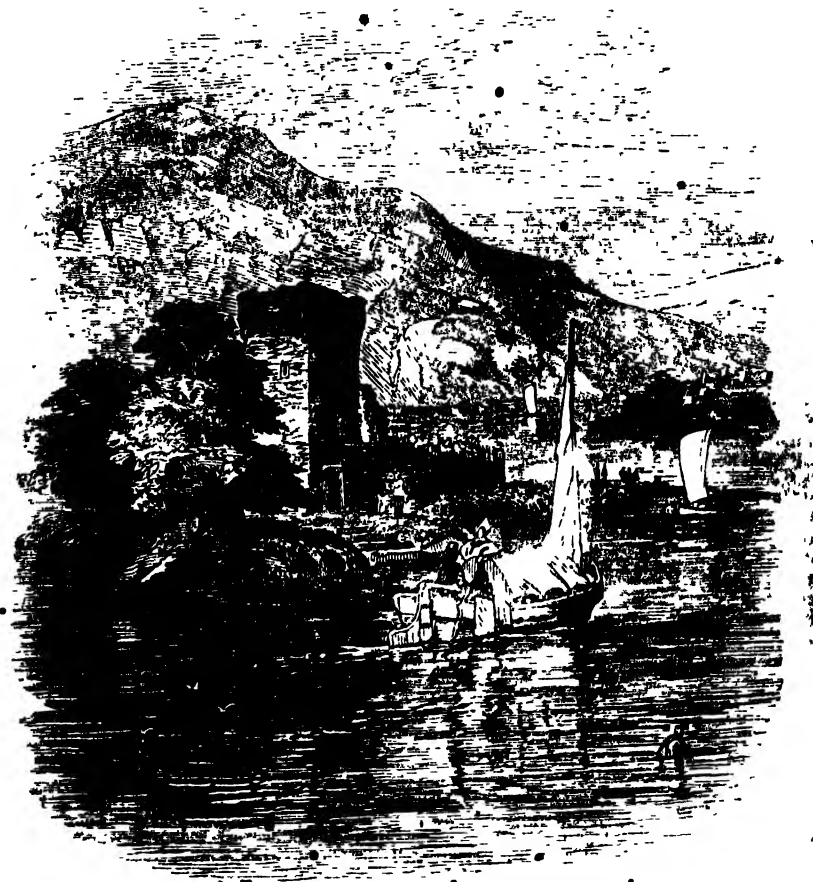
for the People,

WEEKLY MISCELLANY OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE AND AMUSEMENT.

No 19. Vol. II.]

SATURDAY, APRIL 22, 1848

[PRICE ONE HALFPENNY]



[LOCH-LEVEN.]

ESCAPE OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS FROM LOCHLEVEN CASTLE.

LOCHLEVEN Castle was a place of great importance, standing on a small island in the

centre of the lake, which is about twelve miles in circumference. At the time when the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots was confined there, it was possessed by Lady Douglas, the Lady of Lochleven, as she

commonly called, the widow of Sir Robert Douglas, and mother of the Earl of Murray, by James the Fifth. Shortly after the marriage of Mary with the Earl of Bothwell, a number of the Scottish lords associated themselves against Bothwell, and issued a proclamation, which concludes with announcing their determination "to deliver the queen's majesty's most noble person forth of captivity and prison," and to bring Bothwell and his accomplices to trial, both for the murder of the queen's former husband—the Earl of Dunbar—and for "the ravishing and detaining of the queen's majesty's person. Bothwell was, in the mean time, busily collecting his friends in Dunbar; and in the course of a few days, upwards of two thousand men had resorted to him, more because the queen was with him, than for any love they bore himself, and, as he was unwilling that the hostile lords should be allowed time to collect their strength, he marched, with his force, from Dunbar, on the 14th of June, 1567. The lords, with an army of somewhat inferior strength, came in sight of Bothwell's forces on the 15th, at Carberry Hill, a rising ground, of some extent, between Musselburgh and Dalkeith. It was here discovered that neither party were anxious to commence an engagement; and the Earl of Morton, on the part of the lords, declared "that they had taken up arms not against the queen, but against the murderer of the king, whom if she would deliver up to be punished, or at least put from her company, she should find a continuation of dutiful obedience from them and all good subjects."

"After several negotiations," says Keith, "Mary prevailed upon Bothwell to mount his horse, and ride with a few followers back to Dunbar." As soon as her husband had departed, Mary desired Kircaldy, of Grange, to lead her to the lords. Morton and the rest came forward to meet her, and received her with all due respect. The queen was on horseback, and Grange himself walked at her bridle. On riding up to the associated nobles, she said to them: "My lords, I am come to you, not out of any fear I had of my life, nor yet doubting of victory, if matters had gone to the worst; but I abhor the shedding of Christian blood, especially of those that are my own subjects, and therefore I yield to you, and will be ruled hereafter by your counsels, trusting you will respect me as your born princess and queen." Alas! Mary had not calculated either on the perfidy of the men to whom she had surrendered herself, or on the vulgar virulence of their hired retainers, who, having been disappointed in their hopes of a battle, thought they might take their revenge by insulting the person of a Roman Catholic sovereign, now for the first time standing before them somewhat in the light of a suitor and a prisoner.

They led her into Edinburgh, and on the night of the 16th of June, Morton and his colleagues suddenly came to her at Holyrood, and, forcing her to disguise herself in an ordinary riding-habit, mounted her on horseback, and rode off, without informing her whither she was going.

She was escorted by the Lords Ruthven and Lindsay, and after riding all night, arrived at Lochleven early in the morning. "It is needless to observe," says Keith, "how proper a place this was for the design of the rebels; the house was surrounded by water on all sides, for the space, at shortest, of half a mile; and the proprietors of it so nearly related to some of the principal persons among them, in whom, therefore, they could the more securely confide. And, indeed, it has been said that the Lady of Lochleven answered the expectations of the lords to the full, having basely insulted the captive queen's misfortune, and bragged, besides, that she herself was King James the Fifth's lawful wife, and her son, the Earl of Murray, his legitimate issue and true heir. The Lady of Lochleven was not only mother to the Earl of Murray, but likewise to the Lord Landsay's lady, by her husband, Robert Douglas of Lochleven. The family of Lochleven were, moreover, heirs-apparent to that of Morton; and to that family they did actually succeed some time after. The Lord Ruthven, also, had to wife a natural daughter of the Earl of Angus. All these considerations centering together in one, made the house of Lochleven, humanly speaking, a most sure and close prison for the royal captive."

Our space will not permit us entering into details of the harsh treatment Mary experienced during her confinement in Lochleven Castle. Were we to single out the day in which, during her whole life, it might be fairly concluded that she suffered the most mental anguish, we should fix on the 23d of July, 1567, the day on which the commissioners had their audience with her in this gloomy edifice; and when the notorious Landsay burst into her apartment, and, with a drawn dagger in his hand, compelled her to sign her abdication.

Nor was it these more serious calamities alone whose load she was doomed to bear; there were many petty annoyances to which she was daily and hourly subject. Margaret Erskine, the Lady of Lochleven, and widow of Sir Robert Douglas, who fell at the battle of Pinkie one-and-twenty years before, was a woman of a proud temper and austere disposition. Soured by early disappointment—for, previous to her marriage with Sir Robert, she had been one of the cast-off mistresses of James V.—she chose to indulge her more malignant nature in continually exalting her illegitimate offspring, the Earl of Murray, above his lawful queen, now her prisoner. Her servants, of

course, took their tone from their mistress; and there was one in particular, named James Drysdale, a bigoted fanatic, who held a place of some authority in her household, who had taken some concern in the murder of Rizzio, and who, entertaining the most deadly hatred against Mary, had been heard to declare that it would afford him pleasure to plunge a dagger into her heart's blood. This savage laboured to instil similar sentiments into the other domestics; and thus the queen's very life seemed to hang upon the prejudices and caprices of menials.

But, numerous and violent as Mary's enemies may have been, few ever knew her personally without becoming ardently attached to her. Hence, throughout all her misfortunes, her own immediate attendants continued more than faithful. At Lochleven, it is true, owing to the absence of all proper accommodation, one or two females, and three or four male servants, were all over whom the Queen of Scotland and Dowager of France could now exercise the slightest control. Of these, John Beaton was the individual upon whose assiduity she placed most reliance. But the influence which her beauty, and the fascination of her manners, obtained for her over two of the younger branches of the House of Lochleven, was attended with more important consequences. The persons alluded to were George Douglas, the youngest son of Lady Douglas, about five-and-twenty years of age, and William Douglas, an orphan youth of sixteen or seventeen, a relative of the family, and resident in the castle. So forcibly was George Douglas, in particular, impressed with the injustice of Mary's treatment, that he resolved on sparing no pains till he accomplished her escape; and his friend William, though too young to be of equal service, was not less ardent in the cause.

George commenced operations by informing Mary's friends of the design he had in view, and establishing a communication with them. At his suggestion, Lord Seaton, with a considerable party, arrived secretly in the neighbourhood of Lochleven, and held himself in readiness to receive the queen as soon as she should be able to find her way across the lake. Nor was it long before Mary made an attempt to join her friends. On the 25th of March, 1568, she had a glimpse of liberty on enlivening, that nothing can have exceeded the bitterness of her disappointment. The circumstances were as follows:—Suffering as she did, both in health and spirits, she had contracted a habit of spending a considerable part of the morning in bed: on the day referred to, her laundress came into her room before she was up, when Mary, according to a scheme which Douglas had contrived, immediately rose, and resigning her bed to the washerwoman, dressed herself in the habiliments of the latter. With a bundle of clothes in her hand, and a muff-

ler over her face, she went out, and passed down unsuspected to the boat which was waiting to take the laundress across the lake. The men in it belonged to the castle, but did not imagine any thing was wrong for some time. At length one of them, observing that Mary was very anxious to keep her face concealed, said in jest,—“Let us see what kind of a looking damsel this is;” and attempted to pull away her muffler. The queen put up her hands to prevent him, which were immediately observed to be particularly soft and white, and the suspicions of the boatmen were immediately roused. Mary, finding her disguise no longer of any use, threw it aside, and assuming an air of dignity, told the men that she was their queen, and charged them, upon their lives, to row her over to the shore. Though surprised and overawed, they resolutely refused to obey, promising, however, that if she would return quietly to the castle, they would not inform Sir William Douglas or his mother that she had ever left it. But they promised more than they performed; for the whole affair was soon known, and George Douglas, together with Beaton and Sempil, two of Mary's servants, were ordered to leave the island, on order with which they were obliged to comply, but they took up their residence in the neighbouring village of Kinross.

Neither the queen nor her friends gave up hope. George Douglas continued indefatigable, though separated from her, and William supplied his place within the castle, and acted with a degree of cautious and silent enterprise beyond his years. It was probably in reference to what might be done by him that a small picture was secretly conveyed to Mary, representing the deliverance of the lion by the mouse. Little more than a month elapsed from the failure of the first attempt, before another was adventured, and with better success. On Sunday, the second of May, about seven in the evening, William Douglas, when sitting at supper with the rest of the family, managed to get into his possession the keys of the castle, which his relation, Sir William, had put down beside his plate on the table. The young man immediately left the room with the prize, and, locking the door of the apartment from without, proceeded to the queen's chamber, whom he conducted with all speed, through a little postern gate, to a boat which had been prepared for her reception.

One of her maids, of the name of Jane Kennedy, lingered a few moments behind, and, as Douglas had locked the postern gate in the interval, she leapt from a window and rejoined her mistress without injury. Lord Seaton, James Hamilton of Roselbank, and others, who were in the neighbourhood, had been informed by a few words which Mary had traced with charcoal on one of her handkerchiefs, and contrived to send to

them, that she was about to make another effort to escape, and were anxiously watching the arrival of the boat. Nor did they watch in vain. Sir William Douglas and his retainers were locked in their own castle; and the queen, her maid, and young escort, had already put off across the lake. It is said that Douglas, not being accustomed to handle the oar, was making but little or no progress, until Mary herself, taking one into her own hands, lent him all the aid in her power. It was not long before they arrived safely at the opposite shore, where Lord Seaton, Hamilton, (George Douglas, Beaton, and the rest, received the queen with every demonstration of joyful loyalty. They mounted her immediately upon horseback, and surrounding her with a strong party, they galloped all night, and having rested only an hour or two at Lord Seaton's house of Niddry, in West Lothian, they arrived early next forenoon at Hamilton. Mary's first tumultuous feelings of happiness, on being thus delivered from captivity, can hardly be imagined by those who have never been deprived of the blessing of liberty. It is fair, however, to state, that her happiness was neither selfish nor exclusive; and it deserves to be recorded to her honour that, till the very latest day of her life, she never forgot the services of those who so essentially befriended her on this occasion. She bestowed pensions upon both the Douglasses—the elder of whom became afterwards a favourite with her son, James VI., and the younger is particularly mentioned in Mary's last will and testament. Nor was the faithful Beaton allowed to go unrewarded.

THE SUITORS REJECTED

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HISTORY OF THE RED AND WHITE ROSES."

"UPON what knave's errand art thou sent, my dainty page, thus early?" exclaimed Leonora. "Had I not been afoot with the lark to gather May-dew before the sun had drank the moisture from these flowers, thou mightest have gone bootless home again, for my lady the countess, and Victorine and Eugenie, still press their pillows, dreaming, perchance, of thy master and his gallant acquire. Dost think, boy, that sallow-visaged melancholy baron, sighing after the wick of the fortune which he lacks the wit to mend; or the doughty hero, Roland, who would fain prompt him, if his dull brain could compass the matter, to some dexterous shift or stirring enterprise; or those goodly trencher men, Dugarde and Montresor, are like to haunt a lady's slumbers?"

"Faith, Leonora," replied the page, "it passes my poor judgment to decide what it may please the fancy of thy lady and her maids to dream about; the place is solitary, thou knowest—there are no other cavaliers

of any mark or likelihood within a dozen miles; they wear feathers in their caps, and deck their legs in silken hose—things which women wondrously affect to look upon; and perchance, in default of more ruffling gallants, they may be endured."

"Now out upon thee for a saucy varlet!" cried Leonora; "hie thee hence, sir page, or thou shalt taste the discipline of the scullion's broom, and be sent roaring home again."

"An' thou dost not bid me stay, fair mistress, I'll get me gone, and speedily; but I'll carry that away which to possess thou wouldest give, aye, the love-lock Roland begged so earnestly last night, which thou sorest should go with thee to thy grave,—a secret, Leonora."

"A secret? Nay purse not up thy pretty mouth, thou paragon of pages, but tell it quickly, come, thou art a sprightly lad, and wilt make a better knight than thy master."

"And dost thou think to beguile me with sugared words? No, no; something better, lady, or I'm gone."

"Thou shalt have an eyas, one that the master falconer engages shall prove a tarsel gentle, I'll broider thee thy glove myself, and its jesses shall be of silver. Methinks thou only wantest a bird upon thy fist to brave it with the best."

"Wilt thou give me a kiss, Madonna?"

"Ay, mannikin, twenty; dost think that I should blush to press the smooth lip of such a beardless urchin? Go to, I'll give thee something better than a kiss: take this fair chain of gold, a metal wondrous scant at yonder castle, if report speak true—every link will buy thee some rich gawd; thou shalt have horse to ride, a good sword girded at thy side, and still wear half its length about thy neck."

"Methinks I could carry a hawk as fair, and manage a steed, and wield a rapier as well as the favourite page of King Charles himself; but though I prize a horse and a falcon, and thy masy chain, and thy sweet kisses, pretty Leonora, I'll not sell my secret for aught a-kin to lucre; thou shalt have it without fee or gerdon, because I desire to merit the gilded spurs I mean to win, and I deem it to be rank cowardice for men to set their wit against the weaker sex."

"Aye, marry, these are dainty scruples; malapert conceited minion, keep thy Council to aid thy master and his sapient friends, and leave us to countervail their plots. This must needs be some device of Roland's, for the baron has thought of nothing better than to sigh under the garden wall, while his trusty squire clears his hoarse throat and trolls some dismal ditty; and Dugarde and Montresor being kept fasting, groan in concert, and cast tender glances at Victorine and Eugenie, or at the shields of brawn which the servitors carry into the buttery, it were hard to say which."

"Farewell, mistress Leonora: I meant to do thy lady a service; for not to speak it disparagingly, her broad lands rather than her beauty have tempted my master, whose revenues are, as thou sayest, somewhat slack, to play false to his plighted bride, and thy glittering carcanets, Leonora, and the pearl studs, and the diamond bodkins in which the silly hearts of thy fair companions so much delight, are the grand attraction with his needy followers. I dare not hint that Roland is drawn hither by any brighter object than thine eyes, but Montresor and Dugaude see butts of malvoisin, haunches of the red deer, hawks, Damascus blades, and Barbary coursers in every gem."

"I guessed as much," exclaimed Leonora, "an' thy secret be upon a par with thy news, 'twere scarcely worth while to rise so early with it; but for once, though thou deserv'st it not, I'll humour thee. I see thou art burning to tell this marvellous tale, so out with it—from sheer compassion I'll lend thee mine ear."

"Take me then to thy bower, Leonora," replied the page, "for we have idled the time until the morning solitude is broken, and stragglers haunt the glade."

"Willingly, my fair boy, and I'll break thy fast with a manchot of wheaten bread, and a platter of potted lampreys, cates I trow not common in the baron's hall, and thou shalt wash down both with a cup of sack."

The page and the lady passed into the fair chateau of the young Countess de Normenville, laughing as they threw the dew-besprinkled flowers in sport at each other; but the frolic mood of the maiden was changed, as after the lapse of an hour she showed the boy out of a little postern gate, and charged him to be faithful. Flying round to the mew, where, as he was wont, Bertram de Lisle was stationed, overlooking the falconers and whistling to the hawks, Leonora seized the youth by the arm, exclaiming, "To horse! to horse! sweet servant, away to the lady of Beaujeu; there is mischief brewing, the thick skulls of the baron's followers have hatched a plot which will cost thee some hard riding, and me all the jewels in my casket to defray. Here are twenty broad pieces for the lacquey who keeps the door, and thus rich chain for the seneschal that you may have speech of the lady; and stay, here is a ruby ring as some small token of our mistress's affection for her royal kinswoman, and these clasps and brooches are for her waiting gentlewomen, that they may speed thy errand; and as I learn that money is not over plenty in the king's camp—for the jewels of the Duchess of Savoy and the Marchioness of Montserrat, which he has borrowed, lie in pawn for his necessities—stint not to say that so there be, a favourable answer to this missive, plate to the value of a thousand marks shall be dispatched to Lombardy. Now it is well, thou

art mounted, fly with the speed of the wind, and linger not in making those gambadoes—thy skill in horsemanship has not been cast away on careless eyes."

De Lisle obeyed the commands of the sprightly Leonora with so much zeal and diligence that his foaming steed clattered into the court-yard an hour before even her impatient spirit expected to see the dust which the charger's hoofs would raise upon the adjacent hill, and exchanging his travel-soiled garments for the silken vest which displayed his figure to the best advantage, he was ready to join the seneschal in his attendance on the ladies in their evening walk through the parks and pleasure ground. Passing down a broad flower-bespangled glade, they encountered the baron, who, attired in black garments, and accompanied by his page and his three trusty esquires, advanced to pay his respects to the countess.

"Fair lady," he exclaimed, "attribute to the ardour of my passion my apparent disrespect in approaching you clad in this dolorous habit."

"What ist, a penance?" interrupted Leonora, "and, by the wing of Cupid, for some heavy offence, for it suits your complexion marvellously ill, and of that the malicious priest was aware. A penance it must be, the jovial countenances of your merry men declare that no evil hap can have betided in your household."

"Alas, madam!" replied the baron, "I wear this raven-untinted garb as a tribute of respect to the memory of one whose death, in sooth, I lament not, since it promises to remove one barrier to the suit I have so long and so hopelessly pressed with the lovely but too disdainful mistress of my soul. I am released from my betrothement with the Lady Adela, by her decease."

"What, ho! Master Bertram," exclaimed Leonora, "thou mayest restore the baron to the hues of the popinjay, in which he does so much execution in the hearts of simple damsels. This gentleman, my lord, is fresh from the court of the Lady of Beaujeu, where he has seen and conversed with Lady Adela, who, moreover, has sent thee a token that she liveth still to demand the fulfilment of an engagement made before her broken fortune caused her to be slighted."

"And," said the Countess de No manville, "I marvel that a gentleman and a knight should shame his high lineage and chivalric oath by such a paltry device. Know, sir, that I am also acquainted with the base means with which you have tampered with the avarice of my kinsman—an honourable bargain, forsooth—half the estate when you lost all hope of eluding the whole; but, beware, sir, neither fraud nor force can avail you now; the Lady of Beaujeu, in behalf of my sovereign King Charles, has taken my wardship into her own hands, and has alone the power to dispose of me in marriage."

"And my lord," cried Bertram, "there is news from the camp of Charles; he marches from triumph to triumph; and he has gaged the hands of his wards to the knights who shall add the conquered states of Italy to the crown of France. What sayest thou? my poor sword is at the service of my king; I post to the army to-morrow. Wilt thou quit thy sylvan warfare in these woods, to strive in martial exploits with the gallant Lusignan, who, it is rumoured, wears the Countess de Nolmanville's glove upon his basnet?"

"Peace, Bertram!" cried the seneschal. "the baron loves to court far more dangerous perils than the Lombard wars present, to tilt with ladies' eyes instead of spears."

"Tarry for me, Master Bertram," exclaimed the page, "it is but for the space of a single day, and thou shalt not ride alone, an' there be a broad sword and a steel jerkin left in the armoury."

"Farewell, friend Roland," said Leonora. "thou, too, hast to win thy purse, and line thy purse with bezants. Say, wilt thou take thy chance with an untried helm to gain the hand which calls me here in Bertram's absence? He leaves me, thou seest, to combat as best I may against thy wit and valour. Or wilt thou, too, speed to these Lombard wars, and delegate to yon sad-browed knight and Messieurs Dugaide and Montresor, who look wondrous wise, though unkindly chary of their words, the task of consoling me and my fellow damsels, when these vales shall be deprived of the sunshine of thy presence?"

"No, sweet mistress," returned Roland, "though thy sharp tongue and scornful eye drive Master Bertram to the tented field, though thy humour were ten times more peevish, and thy jests more keen, thou shalt not wear the willow branch for me, or hang or drown for lack of one poor servant to bear with thy impertinencies. Twere pity to have thee wasted on thy monkey or thy tire woman, send forth thy warrior youth to gather laurels—we will pluck them from their brows when they return."

"And thou shalt call him to thee who bears away
At once the trophies of each toilsome day."

THE ARAB'S TENT.

A TALE.

"Two years since," said my narrator, "the plague drove us from the mountains to seek shelter beneath yonder walls. The madness of an Arab sheik arrayed against us the inhabitants. They hunted us forth, to encounter in the desert a foe scarcely less destructive than the pestilence itself."

Perceiving me an attentive listener, he prepared to relate the particulars of that period. Smoothing anew with his palm the sand immediately before him, he marked

upon it as he spoke, with equal rapidity and precision, the pause, the emphasis, the quotation, as though he had been writing. Seated in various attitudes of attention, his comrades listened with animated interest to a tale, the origin of which was so vividly remembered, that even the disguise of a tongue, comparatively foreign, could not divest it of its charm.

Metibinks I yet behold that dark-visaged band reclining in a circle, the barriean their single covering, gathering its luxuriant folds within a belt of camel's skin. Eyes of keen keastro, glancing from beneath the small red cap, while every feature kindled into the wildly expressive eagerness of untutored nature, as Hamet pursued his story.

"A wayward sheik of the desert—youthful, wild and warlike—beheld under the walls of Tripoli the daughter of a wealthy Bedouin trader. He demanded her in marriage. The father's refusal was embittered with disparaging remarks, prompted by conscious ill-nice and his boasted ancestral superiority. 'What!' he exclaimed, 'shall a daughter of Melic Ifrique, the powerful monarch who gave name to Africa, abandon the tent of her ease to seek the rugged dwelling-place of robbers? The antelope parts not with the wild dog.' Resentment rankled in the Arab sheik's untutored breast; vengeance wrought upon him to persevere. He flung back the father's scorn, and swore to achieve the maiden."

Returning to their mountain pastures, the wandering tribe exulted in security. The sheik—that long, narrow, winding, downward avenue to men's subterranean dwellings—denied the approach of hostile man. But in their safety lay their peril. The pestilence, that walketh in darkness, pursued unseen its stealthy pace, seizing with deadly taint that imprisoned atmosphere, and threatening a long sojourn. The terrified inhabitants discovered their unwelcome inmate. Descending to the desert, they selected, for a temporary encampment, such spots as liked them. Abdallah, trembling for his daughter and his wealth, led the families, who called him chief, to resume their wonted station on the Piano. Zoleisk, the rejected suitor, dared not to reiterate, in various ways, the menace that had burst from his lip, when his parting steed spurned the sand against Abdallah's tent. At the head of a small band, he had hovered about their path, as yet attempting no violence.

Scarcely could the Bedouins congratulate each other on reaching their desired goal, when rumours of the cause that winged their flight spread terror through the Moorish town. Promptly was the order executed that willed their expulsion; and heavily did they commence retracing their steps across the sandy wilderness.

Zoleisk had formed an intimacy with a Turkish officer, attached to the household of

the Bey, Sidy Achmet, the Bashaw's eldest son. To him the Arab confided his wrong; and through his means was the alarm, sounded which effected the hasty removal of the Bedouin refugees; while Zoleisk planned an attack alike consonant to his impetuous spirit, and the predatory habits of his race.

Unfortunately, he listened to the crafty Turk, whose cupidity he had thoughtlessly excited, by describing Abdallah's golden store; expatiating, likewise, on the maiden's beauty, until the heated imagination of his treacherous confidant was wrought to wiest that prize also from its prior claimant.

To fall on the detached party of weary travellers—to bear away the damsel and her dower, were an easy achievement to Zoleisk and a handful of his roving tribe. But the Turk counselled otherwise, and drew the youth into his toils. Recommending stratagem, he likewise proffered aid. It was finally decided, that, under colour of friendly traffic, the confederates should enter peaceably the Bedouin's tent, accomplishing by surprise the meditated purpose, to ensure which, some followers of his own, likewise in the guise of merchants, should accompany him. Meanwhile Zoleisk was to await their return at a given spot, and receive his bride from the hands of his ally. Many plausible arguments must have been used to bend the Arab's untamed spirit into acquiescence in an arrangement so uncongenial to his nature. But the Turk prevailed, and, with his band, he reached Abdallah's resting-place.

Zoleisk, in the interim, rejoined his little party of wild horsemen, but a tempest of wrath burst forth on his communicating the arrangements. Some recent exhibition of Turkish insolence had irritated the Arabs, who held themselves doubly disgraced by their leader's voluntary subservience in the matter. "Demanding instant action, they urged forward their fiery chargers, and came in view of the slender encampment, to behold the Turks making all speed in an opposite direction far away from that where he had appointed to meet his credulous friend.

"We saw them," said Hamet. "The robbers flew with steps of fleetness that mocked the gazelle; but the smoke wreath of eddying dust rolled after them with the storm's fury, flashing from lance and sabre the menace of destruction. We hurried from Abdallah's murdered body, we dashed away the blinding tears; we hushed the wail, and gathered our rent garments in the grasp of panting expectation. We sent our very souls to animate the steeds, whose burning hoofs outsped our boldest hopes. Nearer!—nearer!—the murderers looked not back; but with arms flung over their heads, the hindmost sent back their flizzing balls at a reckless venture—they did but plough the sand. Nearer!—and Abdallah's

treasures were tossed away, in vain; the desert engulphed them beneath those trampling steeds; and the shouts of vengeful exaltation rung close upon their path. They flung down the helpless maiden. Her screams, as the foremost hoofs, with headlong haste, crushed her tender limbs, effected what nought else had done. Horror-struck, the Arabs wheeled around her, and, in the frantic agony of their chief, forgot how nigh was a shelter for the savage foe. The golden moment flitted by: revenge was baffled."

But only for a time. Hamet proceeded to relate this, in defiance of all opposition, Abdallah's brother gained entrance to Tripoli, and made the palace ring with the re-iterated cry of "Shur Allah!" (Justice in the name of God). The bashaw, as custom demanded, quitted his throne, and heard the tale of blood. Not daring to exasperate the desert-tribes on the eve of an expedition against some of his refractory Cyderies, the bey, who was present, made a show of eager acquiescence in the demand of justice, by issuing orders for the immediate execution of his favourite, but secret precaution had been taken—the murderous Turk was already housed within the sanctifiary.

Hamet pointed out, far southward, a glittering edifice, isolated amid the desert, as the place of refuge. Here, within a consecrated precinct of half a mile, the murderer could smile defiance on his foes; and here he might have dwelt in long security, supplied by the bey's too potent partiality with means to luxuriate within his prison, had the relentless vigilance of the Arabs allowed itself one moment's relaxation.

A criminal, casting himself into the marabout, is safe from external violence. No arm can reach him, however deep his crime; but rigid law allows not of those supplies without which nature fails. He who conveys food is punishable on conviction, but rarely is the compassionate hand disappointed in its secret work when bent on eluding the stern watchfulness of justice.

In this case, not only was private friendship summoned to the task, but sovereign power lent its commanding influence. No conceivable method was left untried to baffle the wrathful shock; every device was resorted to. The sacred shrift, the crippled beggar, the playful child, approached in vain that guarded precinct. The boy led forth his dazzling pageant, and, under colour of military preparation, studied the plain far and wide with his armed bands, or dispersed his hunting equipage around it. In vain Zoleisk was ever there, his steed wheeled with unwearied pace its monotonous sweep close upon the marabout, while the rider, with dishevelled hair, rent barrican, and scimeter stained with blood and dust, bent over his neck, mugging the chant of war with the wail of death. Many an Arab shared with his chief the vengeful duty;

parties came in rotation, more or less numerous, as chance or circumstances might direct; but Zolensk was ever there.

The Turk's slender store was quickly exhausted, and soon the yells of hunger and despair rung from that dismal abode. It was fearful to witness the sudden halt, the listening attitude, the glaring eye, with which, in breathless silence, the Arab drunk in those ories; and then the shrill laugh, the triumphant shout, that responded to their plea, while with new spirit the snorting steed proceeded on his endless circuit.

As the closing scene approached, the Arabs congregated in larger numbers, as anxious to exult over their guilty victim. The catastrophe was awfully singular. Wrought to insanity, the living skeleton at length rushed forth, abandoning the sanctuary, and casting himself among his executioners. They touched him not. In grim silence and in unbroken line they surrounded him, accompanying his staggering steps whithersoever he attempted to move. Eomdistant still, they formed as it were a circle of living magic, of which he was ever the hideous centre. When he fell and died, they gazed long upon the corpse; then, with a loud full whoop of joy, rolled in a tone more deep than joy alone could breathe, they turned them to the far desert, and vanished in a thin cloud of silver sand.

ALPHA.

LONDON LOCALITIES.

LUDGATE is so called from King Lud, a king of the Britons, who built it. It was in Ludgate that the first oil-cloth was sold, about the year 1660.

CRIPPLEGATE takes its name from an hospital for cripples, that formerly stood here.

DUKE'S PLACE (City), the great resort of the Jews, took its name from Thomas, Duke of Norfolk, who, in 1563, had his residence here.

BULL AND MOUTH INN is a corruption of Boulogne Mouth or Harbour, which grew into a popular sign after the costly capture of that place by Henry the Eighth.

PICCADILLY is so called from Piccadilla Hall, built by one Higgins, a tailor, who got his estate by making stiff collars, then called in the fashion Piccadillos.

THE STRAND was formerly an open highway, with here and there a great man's house, with gardens to the water's edge; hence the name.

GOODMAN'S FIELDS, from Farmer Goodman, who had a farm here; "at which farm I myself (says Stowe), in my youth, have fetched many a half-penny-worth of muck, and never had less than three ale pints for a half-penny in the summer, nor less than one ale quart for a half-penny in the winter, always hot from the kiln." Some difference between then and now!

HOUNDSDITCH was formerly a filthy ditch, into which were thrown dead dogs, and all manner of filth; hence its name. Into it was thrown, as worthy of no better sepulchre, Edric, the murderer of his master, Edmund Ironsides, after having been drawn by his heels from Baynard's Castle, and tormented to death by burning torches.

MARY-LE BONE, corrupted from Mary Bourne, a brook, which, in the year 1239, furnished nine conduits to supply London with water, but the introduction of the New River superseded the use of conduits.

MILLBANK is supposed to have taken its name from a mill which formerly stood there.

MINORIES is named from certain poor ladies of the Order of St. Clare, or Minor-esses, who were invited into England by Blanche, Queen of Navarre (wife to Edmund, Earl of Lancaster), who, in 1293, founded a convent for their use and reception.

OLD JEWRY derives its name from the great synagogue which stood there till the Jews were expelled the kingdom, A.D. 1291.

THREADNEEDLE-STREET, from having Merchant Tailors' Hall in it, names its origin at once.

ST. JOHN'S GATE, CLERKENWELL, is the only remaining part of a monastery, founded there by the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, whence the title.

SOHO-SQUARE, so called after the Duke of Monmouth, who lived in the centre house Monmouth-square, afterwards King's-square, was subsequently named Soho-square, being the word of the day at the battle of Sedgemoor. The name of the unfortunate duke is still retained in the name of Monmouth-street.

QUEENHITHE: its original name was Edric's Harbour. In Henry the Third's time, it fell to the crown, and was "Ripa Regince," or the Queen's Wharf. It was probably part of her Majesty's pin-money, by the attention paid to her interest.

NEWGATE was formerly a gate of the city. It was used as a prison so long back as 1218, and for persons of rank before the Tower was used for that purpose. In 1412, this gate was rebuilt by the executors of the famous Sir Richard Whittington, out of the effects he had allotted for works of charity. His statue, with the cat, remained in a niche to its final demolition on rebuilding the present prison. The gate was destroyed in the fire of 1666, and rebuilt in its late form, whence it obtained the name of Newgate.

EASTCHEAP, from Chepe, a market, and East, the aspect it bears to Cheapside. This street was famous in old times for its convivial doings. "The cook cried hot ribbes of beef, roasted pies well baked, and other victuals; there was clattering of pewter pots, harpe, pipe, and sawtrie,"—evident signs of the jollity of this quarter.

REMARKABLE CASES OF FRAUD
AND IMPOSTURE.

No. XIX.—SECOND BOOK.

THE following singular case of innocent imposture occurred in 1799, forming the commencement of the insurrection in Puglia. A few Corsican emigrants, who had left their island when the French occupied it, and had taken refuge in the kingdom of Naples, happened to be, in the early part of February, in the town of Taranto, whence they intended to sail for Sicily. But the wind being contrary, they found themselves detained until messengers from the Republican Government established at Naples reached the place. The town acknowledged the new authorities. The Corsicans then thought it prudent to quit Taranto quietly, and, crossing the Japygian peninsula, try their chance at Brindisi, on the Adriatic coast, where they might meet with a passage for Trieste. After walking on foot through part of the country, they stopped for the night at the village of Monteasi, where they asked for lodging at the house of an old woman.

There was a rumour afloat at the time that the King of Naples' eldest son, the hereditary prince, was concealed somewhere in the country. One of the Corsicans, it appears, either as a joke, or in order to ensure better treatment, hinted to their hostess that the prince was one of their party. The appearance of the strangers, and their language, were different from what those villagers had been in the habit of seeing and hearing. The old woman ran to one of her relations, a substantial farmer in the place, named Girunda, and told him the news. The latter came immediately to pay his homage to his royal highness, and was directed to one of the youngest of the party, who was thought to bear some resemblance to the royal family. Girunda knelt before him, and offered all he had and all he could dispose of. He then withdrew for the night. Being left to themselves, the Corsicans, and especially he who had been thus without his consent proclaimed a prince, began to reflect seriously on the probable consequence of this freak. French detachments were known to be approaching in that direction. Our party therefore thought it prudent to make their escape in the night, and pursue their way towards Brindisi. The old woman, as soon as she missed them in the morning, went to inform Girunda, who, mounting his horse, followed by some of his men, went to seek after the fugitive prince, giving, at the same time, the alarm to the country around. The news spread like wildfire, the population ran to arms, the village-bells were ringing, "The King for ever! Down with the Republic!" was shouted from a thousand mouths. At last the Corsicans were over-

taken at the village of Mesagna, not far from Brindisi; they would fain have undeceived the people, but they perceived it was now too late. The pseudo-prince was obliged to assume his new honours with the best face he could. He praised the loyalty of the people, gave directions to the local authorities to introduce some regularity into their tumultuary movements, especially if they intended to oppose a successful resistance to the French, and then, as a measure of security, he removed his head-quarters to the castle of Brindisi, where, reflecting on the dangerous predicament in which he stood, having against him will usurped a title for which he would be called to account, yet judging that the insurrection thus raised might be of service to the king, he bethought himself of the expedient of proceeding himself to Sicily to give the first information of the event.* He told the people that he had positive orders from his royal father to repair to him; that he would soon return with reinforcements; and, meanwhile, he would leave them two of his companions as his lieutenants, to organise the defence of the province. He did so, and was reluctantly allowed by the natives to sail. Having proceeded to Palermo, he stated candidly to the king and queen all that had happened; and he had the satisfaction of having his conduct approved of, and a pension allotted to him, which he continued ever after to enjoy. He afterwards held a commission in a foreign corps in the British service.

In 1753, the case of Elizabeth Canning took place. This female, who was about eighteen years of age, after having been absent twenty-eight days, returned home in a squalid and apparently half-starved condition. The story which she told was, that, as she was proceeding at night from her uncle's to the house of the person with whom she lived as servant, she was attacked by two men in Moorfields, who first robbed her, gave her a blow on the temple, and then dragged her along—the being part of the time in fits—till they reached a house of ill-fame, kept by Susannah Wells, at Enfield Wash.

On her arrival there, she was accosted by a gipsy, named Mary Squires, who asked her if she would "go their way; for, if she would, she should have fine clothes." Supposing that Squires alluded to prostitution, Canning replied in the negative. Upon her refusal to consort with them, Squires ripped up the lace of her stays with a knife, took away her stays, and thrust her into a back room like a hay-loft, the window of which was boarded inside. In this room she was imprisoned for twenty-seven days; her only

* It must be understood that the King of Naples had just before taken refuge in Sicily, leaving word at Naples that he would shortly return with such reinforcements that he would be able successfully to meet his enemies.

subsistence during that long period being a scanty portion of bread, some water, and a small mutton-pie, which she happened to have in her pocket. At last she bethought her of breaking down the board, after which she crept on a pent-house, when she dropped on the ground. She then made the best of her way home.

Universal pity was excited by this tale of suffering, and a subscription was raised for the victim. Public indignation was raised to the highest pitch against the two criminals, and while this ferment was raging most, Wells and Squires were brought to trial. The evidence of Canning was corroborated by a witness, and by various circumstances, and the jury found both of the prisoners guilty. Squires was condemned to death, and Wells was ordered to be branded, and imprisoned for six months.

Squires would certainly have suffered, had not Sir Crisp Gascoyne, who was then lord mayor, fortunately interposed in her favour. Squires herself solemnly declared that she could bring numerous witnesses to prove that she was in the west of England during the whole of the time that was sworn to by Canning. There were, besides, several startling discrepancies between Canning's evidence and the real situation of places and things, and to render the matter still more doubtful, Canning's own witness retracted her evidence. The Lord Mayor succeeded in obtaining a respite for Squires, during which time so much favourable testimony was obtained by her that she was granted a free pardon. Such, however, was the general prejudice in favour of Canning, that the benevolent exertions of Sir Crisp Gascoyne rendered him exceedingly unpopular.

The mass of evidence against Canning at length became so enormous, that it was resolved to put her upon her trial for perjury. The trial lasted five days, and more than a hundred and twenty witnesses were examined. Upwards of forty of them were produced in order to testify as to the movements of Squires, and they traced her journeyings day by day, and proved, by a chain of evidence of which not a single link was wanting, that during the whole of the time charged against her by Canning she was far distant from the scene of her supposed crime. The conclusion of the trial was, that Canning was found guilty of perjury, and sentenced to seven years' transportation.

In August 1751 Canning was conveyed to New England, where she is said to have married advantageously. Before her departure she published a declaration in which she repeated her charge against Squires, in spite of the triumphant manner in which that charge had been refuted.

GAMBLING IN FRANCE.—On one day since the revolution there were 300 roulette tables in full operation on the Boulevards.

ST. GEORGE'S DAY.

OUR PATRON SAINT.

THE twenty-third of this month is St. George's Day, and also Easter Sunday. The following account of our patron saint may not prove uninteresting to our numerous readers. St. George of England, the "patron of arms, of chivalry, and the garter," has been represented variously; by some as a mere hero of superstitious romance, who existed to gratify the spirit of chivalry which prevailed in the middle ages. He has been identified with a Bishop of Alexandria of that name, under Constantine, who became elevated to the mitre from the most obscure parentage, tarnished his reputation by acts of cruelty, and had meted out to him by a cruel death his retributive deservings. The elegant historian of "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," speaking on this subject, says—"The infamous George of Capadocia has been transformed into the renowned St. George of England." As to this identity he is certainly in error. We learn from the most unquestionable authorities that his parents were Christians, and that his father died in the defence of the Gospel. He attracted the notice of the Emperor Diocletian in consequence of his majestic form and warlike valour. Educated in the art of war, he was appointed to the command of a legion, and afterwards raised to the dignity of a Roman senator. When he was in the altitude of his fame, a fiery and appalling persecution raged with unabated fury against the Christians. George avowed himself their patron and defender, and publicly in the Roman Senate reproached the Emperor in consequence of his cruelties. Enraged at this Christian and uncompromising boldness, Diocletian ordered his execution, though fully convinced of the valuable services George had rendered him; and he was accordingly beheaded near the city of Jydda, A.D. 290.

He was early initiated into the Greek Canon, and by them called the Great Martyr. He has been represented on Greek medals armed with a javelin and buckler. On some of a more recent date he is described on horseback, clad in a suit of armour, and contending with a dragon, which latter part of the device originated in a legend of the saint having had a conflict with a dragon to preserve the daughter of a king, who otherwise would have met with a premature death.

Edward III., who instituted the noble Order of the Garter, dedicated it to this saint and warrior, during the ages of chivalric romance, and invoked his aid in battle. He has been supposed to have borne especial kindness to this country, and the page of history bears on its untiring and reposing front, that at the siege of Antioch, under Robert, son of William the Conqueror, St.

George with a numerous host, clad in white, and a red cross on his banner, fought on the part of the Christian Crusaders, and drove away an entire army of Saracens. Hence the Troubadours taught the populace—

"A blood-red cross was on his arm,
A dragon on his breast,
A little garter, all of gold,
Was round his leg express."

EASTER CUSTOMS.

ENGLISH EASTER.—On Easter-day 'tis said "that rank changes places; Jobson is as good as Sir John," and "the rude mechanical" is "monarch of all he surveys," from the summit of Greenwich Hill, or the hill by the Bald-Faced Stag, Epping Easter is the working man's holiday; accordingly, on the Monday, all the lanes and blind alleys of our metropolis pour forth their dingy denizens into the suburban fields and villages, in search for amusements, which are everywhere plentifully provided for them. Greenwich Park and Epping Forest are the favourite resorts.

PROPHECY CONCERNING EASTER.—Notwithstanding the information which has spread in this country during the last fifty years, still superstition holds considerable sway over the minds of men, for there are in the present day numbers to be found who place implicit confidence in the following prophecy:—

When my Lord falls in my Lady's lap,
England beware of some mishap

Meaning thereby, that when the festival of Easter falls near to Lady-day (the 25th of March), this country is threatened with some calamity. Fortunately for us, in these Republican times, when the work of dislocation proceeds throughout most parts of Europe, Easter falls neatly as far from Lady-day as it can. Among the numerous instances mentioned of the fulfilment of this prophecy, we extract the following:—In the year 1418, Easter-day happened on the 22d of March, and in the November following Queen Charlotte died. The earliest possible day whereon Easter can happen, in any year, is the 22d of March, it cannot happen again on that day till the year 2285.

EASTER DAY AT ROME.—On this day the Pope goes in grand procession to the Cathedral of St. Peter's, and assumes his high mass. The church is lined with the *Gyarde Nobile*, in their splendid uniforms of gold and scarlet, and nodding plumes of white ostrich feathers, and the Swiss guards with their polished cuirasses and steel helmets. The procession which precedes the Pope is one of the most grand and imposing description. The Pope, in his crimson chair of state, is borne on the shoulders of twenty *Pallferriers*, arrayed in white robes, and wearing the tiara, or triple crown of the conjoined trinity, with a canopy of cloth of silver floating over his

head; preceded by two men, carrying enormous fans, composed of large plumes of ostrich feathers, mounted on long gilded wands. He stops to pay his adorations to the miraculous Madonna in her chapel, and is there borne slowly past the high altar, liberally giving his benedictions with the twirl of the three fingers as he passes. High mass is then celebrated, and during this ceremony the people walk about, and talk as they would at a place of amusement, until the tinkling of a bell announces the elevation of the host; every knee is then bent, and every voice hushed. The silence lasts about two minutes, till the host is swallowed. Thus begins and ends the only part that bears the slightest outward aspect of religion. The military now pour out of St. Peter's, and form an extensive ring before its spacious front, behind which the Horse Guards are drawn up, and an immense number of carriages filled with splendidly dressed women, and throngs of people on foot are assembled. At length the two white ostrich feather-fans, the forerunners of the approach of his holiness, are seen, and he is borne forward on his throne, above the shoulders of the Cardinals and Bishops who fill the balcony. After an audible prayer, he arises and invokes a blessing, a solemn benediction upon the multitude, and the people committed to his charge—the thundering of cannon from the castle of St. Angelo, and the peal of bells from Saint Peter's, proclaim the joyful tidings to the skies.

GREEK EASTER.—The festival of Easter Napoli presents a novel appearance. The day is spent in rejoicing in every quarter; guns are fired from the battlements, and the soldiers keep up an incessant firing with their guns and pistols, which are frequently charged with ball as well as powder. Accidents are frequent, as many are wounded by their random shots. In the evening there is a grand ceremony in the square; all the members of the Government, after attending divine service at the church of St. George, meet opposite the residence of the executive body, the legislative being the most numerous, take their places in a line, and the executive passing along them from right to left, kissing communers with great vigour, the latter body embracing the former with all fervour and affection. It is needless to add that these salutations are Judas's kisses.

TURKISH EASTER.—At break of day twenty salutes of cannon announce the festival. At this signal the Pacha of Tangrus proceeds to the great plain outside the city, where he is received by all the troops of the garrison ranged under arms. An unfortunate ram is led upon an altar; then the Pacha approaches it, and plunges a knife into its throat, a Jew then seizes the bleeding animal, hoists it on his shoulders, and runs off with it to the mosque. If the

animal still lives at the time he arrives there, which very seldom fails to occur, the year will be a good one; if the contrary happens, great lamentations and groanings are made—the year will be bad.

EASTER KING.—As the Emperor Charles the Fifth was passing through a small village in Doragon, on Easter-day, he was met by a peasant, who had been chosen the Paschal, or Easter King of the neighbourhood, according to the custom of his country, and who said to him very gravely, "Sir, it is I that am king." "Much good may it do you my friend," replied the emperor; "you have chosen an exceedingly troublesome employment."—*Collected for TRACTS FOR THE PEOPLE by W. C.*

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE CARDINAL RICHELIEU

THE Cardinal was born at Paris in the year 1585, and at the age of twenty-two he obtained a dispensation to enjoy the bishopric of Lucon. Returning to France, he applied himself to preaching; and his reputation obtained for him the office of almoner to the queen, Mary de Medici. His great ability in the management of affairs advanced him to be secretary of state in 1616, and the king soon gave him the preference to all his other secretaries. On the death of the Marquis Ancre, Richelieu retired to Avignon, where he employed himself in composing various theological works. The king having recalled him to court, he was made a cardinal in 1622, and two years after appointed first minister of state, and grand master of the navigation. In the year 1626 we find that by his care the Isle of Rhe was preserved, and Rochelle taken, having stopped up the haven by the famous dyke which he ordered to be cut there. He accompanied the king to the siege of Casal, and contributed to the raising of it in 1629. He also obliged the Huguenots to the peace of Alais, which proved the ruin of that party. He took Pomerai, and succoured Casal when besieged by Spinola. In the mean time the nobles found fault with his conduct, and endeavoured to persuade the monarch to discard him. The cardinal, however, instead of being disgraced, from that moment became more powerful than ever, and obtained a greater ascendancy over the king's mind, and he now resolved to humble the excessive pride of Austria. For that purpose he concluded a treaty with Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, to carry the war into the heart of Germany. He also entered into a league with the Duke of Bavaria; secured Lorraine, raised a part of the Princes of the Empire against the Emperor; treated with the Dutch to continue the war against Spain; favoured the

Catalans and Portuguese, till they shook off the Spanish yoke; and after having carried on the war with success, was about to conclude it by a peace, when he died in Paris, on the 4th of December, 1642, aged fifty-eight. He was interred in the Sorbonne, where a magnificent mausoleum was erected to his memory. This great politician formed the Botanical Garden at Paris, called the King's Garden, founded the Royal Academy; established the Royal Printing-house; erected the palace, afterwards called *Le Palais Royal*, which he presented to the king; and rebuilt the Sorbonne, with a magnificence that appears truly royal.

ON WHAT LUCK!—Two maidens of all work, meeting in the street the other morning, had the following brief but pointed colloquy:—*Sally* "Well, Bet, how are you?"—*Bet* "Oh, capital; my master has got the gout, and cannot wear his boots, so I haven't got to clean them of a morning"—*Sally*. "Oh, what luck!"

AN INDIGNANT MERRY ANDREW.—Volange, an actor of low buffoonery at one of the minor theatres in Paris, had a particular objection to exhibit his professional talent before private company, a proof of good taste which some English performers might study with advantage. One evening when he was at a party, at the house of a nobleman, he was given to understand that he had been invited only to amuse the company, and that they looked for some drolleries similar to those which excited so much risibility in his favourite character of *Jeannot*. He politely excused himself; but he was reminded that it was *Jeannot* who had been invited. "Very well," said he; "since you have thought proper to invite *Jeannot*, M. Volange will wish you good evening." So saying, he took his departure. An English story of a similar nature is told of the well-known Lord Kelly, and Fischer, the celebrated performer on the oboe. He was invited to sup with his lordship, and went. In the course of the evening, Lord Kelly hinted that he hoped he had brought his oboe with him. "My lord," said Fischer, "my oboe never eats suppers."

DR LARDNER ON STEAM.—"Philosophy already directs her figure at sources of inexhaustible power in the phenomena of electricity and magnetism, and many causes combine to justify the expectation [belief] that we are on the eve of mechanical discoveries still greater than any which have yet appeared; that the steam-engine itself, with the gigantic powers conferred on it by the immortal Watt, will dwindle into insignificance in comparison with the hidden powers of nature still to be revealed; and that the day will come when that machine, which is now extending the blessings of civilization to the remotest points of the globe, will cease to exist except in the page of history!"

USEFUL RECIPES.

ROSEMARY POMATUM.—Strip from the stem two large handfuls of recently gathered rosemary; boil it in a copper saucepan, well tinned, with half a pound of hog's-lard, until reduced to four ounces. Strain it and put it in a pomatum-pot.

TO GET OUT A SCREW THAT IS RUSTED IN THE WOOD.—Heat a poker in the fire red hot, and put it on the top of the screw for a minute or two; then take the screw-driver, and you will easily get it out, if you do it whilst it is warm.

AMERICAN BISCUITS.—Rub half a pound of butter into four pounds of flour, and a full pint of milk or water; well wet them up, break your dough well, and bake them in a hot oven.

CROSS BUNS.—Rub eight pounds of butter into one bushel of flour, then set a sponge with eight quarts of warm milk and six pints of good yeast it thick; if thinnish, you must use eight pints; let your sponge rise and become flat on the top, then put four quarts more of milk into your sponge, and break it a little together, mix ten pounds of good moist sugar and four ounces of ground allspice with the remainder of your flour, and wet up all together with your sponge; let your dough prove about half-an-hour, then put them on warm buttered tins; let them get about half proved, then cross them and wash them with milk, prove them well, bake them in a good heat; wash them again when they are done.

CURE FOR PULMONARY COMPLAINTS.—A correspondent says that the tender shoots of Scotch fir, peeled and eaten fasting early in the morning in the woods, when the weather is dry, has performed many cures of pulmonary complaints among the Highlanders.

GINGER BEER.—Two gallons of ginger beer may be made as follows.—Put two gallons of cold water into a pot upon the fire, add to it two ounces of good ginger bruised, and two pounds of white or brown sugar. Let all this come to the boil, and continue boiling for about half an hour. Then skim the liquor and pour it into a jar or tub, along with one sliced lemon and half an ounce of cream of tartar. When nearly cold, put in a teacupful of yeast to cause the liquor to work. The beer is now made; and after it has worked for two days, strain it and bottle it for use. Tie down the corks firmly. Ginger beer should always be put into small bottles, for any portion that may be left in a bottle on opening it becomes dead and useless.

A VERY AGREEABLE DRINK.—Into a tumbler of fresh cold water pour a table-spoonful of capillaire, and the same of good lemon-juice. Tamarinds, fresh or in jelly, make an excellent drink, with or without a little sugar, as agreeable.

ANOTHER PLEASANT DRINK.—Boil three pints of water with an ounce and a half of tamarinds, three ounces of cranberries, and two ounces of stoned raisins, till near a third be consumed; strain it on a bit of lemon-peel, which remove in an hour, as it gives a bitter taste if left long.

ORANGEADE OR LEMONADE.—Squeeze the juice, pour boiling water on a little of the peel, and cover close; boil water and sugar to a thin syrup, and skim it. When all are cold, mix the juice, the infusion, and the syrup, with as much more water as will make a rich sherbet; strain. Or, squeeze the juice, and strain it, and add water and capillaire.

ANOTHER METHOD OF MAKING LEMONADE.—Take a quart of boiling water, and add to it five ounces of lump sugar, the yellow rind of a lemon rubbed off with a bit of sugar, and the juice of three lemons. Stir all together, and let it stand till cool. Two ounces of cream of tartar may be used instead of the lemons, water being poured upon it.

CRYSTALLISED CHIMNEY ORNAMENTS.

—Select a crooked twig of white or black thorn; wrap some loose wool or cotton round the branches, and tie it on with worsted. Suspend this in a basin, or which is better, in a deep jar. Dissolve two pounds of alum in a quart of boiling rain water, and pour it over the twig. Allow it to stand twelve hours. Wire baskets may be covered in the same way.

TO FEED GEES.—Take turnips, and cut them in pieces similar to dice, but smaller; put them into a trough of water. Six geese were lately put to feed at Ombury, near Ludlow, each weighing nine pounds lean; and in the course of three weeks' feeding as above, they weighed twenty pounds each: one being dressed, produced four pounds of oil.

AN EXPERIENCED REMEDY FOR DEAFNESS.—Put a table-spoonful of bay-salt into nearly half a pint of cold spring water; and after it has steeped therein for twenty-four hours (now and then shaking the phial), cause a small tea-spoonful to be poured in the ear most affected, every night when in bed, for seven or eight nights successively.

FOR SINKING SPIRITS.—Take gum ammoniac, one drachm, assafoetida, half a drachm; dissolved and mixed in six ounces of penny-royal water, add to this mixture half an ounce of syrup of saffron, and take two spoonfuls twice or thrice a day.

FOR A COUGH.—Oxymel of quills, two ounces; syrup of poppies, one ounce; two tea-spoonfuls thrice a day.

WHEN a mob in the Place Royale seeing Victor Hugo, shouted, "Down with him! he is a *poet*!" the cry of "Never mind—he is a poet!" converted the denunciation into shouts of "Long live Victor Hugo!"

POPULAR PASTIMES.

SOLUTIONS TO THE RIDDLES, CHARADES,
AND CONUNDRUMS IN OUR LAST.

CONUNDRUMS.

- 1.—It goes against her stomach.
- 2.—He bought three mackerel and one small.
- 3.—It is an extraordinary high deer (*idea*).
- 4.—It is made expressly for nobles to go in.
- 5.—When he's halted.
- 6.—They are night and day striking one.
- 7.—Man, woman, and child.
- 8.—They are never quiet when told (*told*).
- 9.—When it is out-in.
- 10.—A yid mou-ure.
- 11.—Guaiacum.
- 12.—Invisible green.

- 1.—Shop-lifters.
- 2.—A boon.
- 3.—Asses.
- 4.—L. N. (Ellen).
- 5.—Towns in Spain.
- 6.—Barcelona.
- 7.—Morris.
- 8.—Carthage.

CHARADES.

- 1.—The hostile armies to my first repair,
When the fierce conflict of the day is past;
And when my next sounds sweetly in the air,
Our wayward thoughts towards high Heaven are cast:
And thus my whole, whose spirit now is free,
Directs our thoughts, "auspicious hope," to thee.
- 2.—When two gallant armies engage in a fight,
Both equal in valour and equal in might;
And each of them having for glory a thirst,
They're said by beholders to be on my first.
- My next is a change we must all undergo,
The poor and the wealthy, the high and the low;
My whole is a noisy, though beautiful thing,
And speaks to a peasant the same as a king.
- 3.—My first is a colour, familiar to most,
My next has a metal's fate;
My whole is sometimes the servant's boast,
And is used for the fender and grate.
- 4.—My first is what gossips do when they meet;
My second is eaten with chicken or veal;
My whole is a well-known naval station in Kent.

- 4.—Granada.
- 5.—Toriosa.
- 6.—Pampeluna.
- 7.—Valencia.
- 8.—Salamanca.
- 9.—Tlaveria.
- 10.—Murcia.

EMINENT PERSONS.

- 1.—Johnson.
- 2.—Addison.
- 3.—Wordsworth.
- 4.—Coleridge.
- 5.—Kirk (e) White.
- 6.—Mason.
- 7.—Young.
- 8.—Burns.
- 9.—Spencer.
- 10.—Shenstone.
- 11.—Newton.
- 12.—Pitt.

CHARADE.

- 1.—Wordsworth.

RIDDLES.

- 1.—The moon, never more than a month old.
- 2.—The letter E.
- 3.—The five vowels.

5.—When night brings on her darksome hour,
And stillness holds her magic power,
All mortals to my first repair,
And bid adieu to toil and care;
My next for various ends design'd,
Yee oft my first you there will find:
Within my whole you seek repose,
Forgetting life and all its woes.

6.—My firsts of the tiger kind; my second is a preposition, at the head of elementary literature; my third is a stanza at the head of an ode; and my whole is a final event, or unhappy conclusion.

7.—I am a word of ten letters; my 5, 4, 3, is to be sick; my 1, 5, 10, is to gain; my 3, 5, 10, 7, is a fish; my 10, 9, is to refuse; my 7, 8, is to obtain; my 8, 9, 10, is a weight; my 1, 5, 3, 4, 5, 10, 7, is to comply; my whole is a noble warrior.

8.—My first is my second, and my whole is a repetition of my first.

CONUNDRUMS.

1.—What beverage, formerly much drunk, is like the production of a shell-fish?

2.—What article, sometimes worn by ladies on the feet, resembles an incubance?

3.—Why is a large crack like an angler?

4.—Why is the Queen like a parson's horse?

5.—When is a sailor of most use to a stable?

6.—When may a door be considered to possess knowledge?

7.—Why are not friends welcomed on a rainy day?

8.—When may a lion be considered classical?

9.—When are human beings like nails?

10.—Why is an unsuccessful surgeon like a hasty man?

11.—Why is Rowland's Macassar Oil like thunder and lightning?

12.—If your brother Timothy were concealed, why would he be wanting courage?

RIDDLE.

1.—Direct or reverse, you may read me, ye fair,—

The one way a number, the other a snare.

OUR KINGS AND QUEENS SINCE THE CONQUEST ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

1.—A Testament, a vowel, and part of a hog (beheaded).

2.—A fowl, and a vegetable substance (curtailed).

3.—An elevation, and a female bird.

4.—Wealthy and difficult (beheaded).

5.—An exclamation, between two consonants.

6.—Fattened (beheaded), and a division.

7.—To spoil, and a letter of the alphabet.

8.—A Scripture name, a consonant, a vowel, and a Hebrew letter.

9.—Preserves, and two letters.

FACTS AND SCRAPS.

RELIGIOUS FANATICISM.—In Russia a sect has started up, undirected by any theology, whose worship consists of trembling, shaking, jumping over tables, and then embracing each other, exclaiming, "It's the Jesus! there's Jesus!" This they call expelling the devil from those possessed of the evil one.

A GENERAL RISING.—At a wedding party at Bath (United States), the minister made this request:—"Those who wish to be married will please arise;" whereupon the heads of a bevy of young girls, handsome and otherwise, shot up, they taking the remark as general, which was only intended for the contracting parties, and being fully convinced of the evils of single blessedness.

HATS AND HEADS.—An ecclesiastic, who was extremely anxious to obtain a cardinal's hat, at which dignity he afterwards arrived, said to his friend one day, "How is it that you enjoy a good state of health, while I am always a valetudinarian?" "Sir," replied he, "the reason is obvious: you have your hat always in your hand, while I have my head always in my hat."

"OH, MY EYE, BETTY MARTIN!"—Many vulgarisms have their origin in a whimsical perversion of language or facts. St. Martin is one of the months of the Roman calendar, and a form of prayer to him thus commences, "*Oh mihi beate Martine*," which by some desperate fellow, more prone to punning than praying, was rendered "Oh, my eye, Betty Martin."

FREE AND EASY.—Sydney Smith being annoyed one evening by the familiarity of a young gentleman, who, though a new acquaintance, was encouraged by Smith's jocular reputation to address him by his surname alone; and hearing him tell that he had to go that evening to the house of the Archbishop of Canterbury for the first time, the reverend canon said pathetically, "Pray don't clap him on the back, and call him Howley."

A PENNSYLVANIA paper contains the subjoined, which ought to satisfy any reasonable being:—"Amends honorable.—We yesterday spoke of Mr. Hamilton, of the Chesnut-street Theatre, as a 'thing.' Mr. Hamilton having complained of our remark, we willingly retract, and here state that Mr. Hamilton, of the Chesnut-street Theatre, is no thing."

EQUINE BONES.—A Yankee tin pedlar, having fixed his wagon in a stable noted for the reception of horses as lean as Pharaoh's cows, walked from stem to stern, and discovered the bones on the horses' hips projecting like so many small pyramids. "Mr. Landlord," said he, "do you make horses here?" "Make horses here?" said the surly Dutchman; "what do you mean?" "Why, I thought as how you had just been setting up the frames."

A GOOD WIFE APPRECIATED.—Newton Bishop, of Bristol, speaking of his marriage, said, "It was the wisest thing he ever did in his life; that his lady was the most proper wife for him in the world, and that she more than answered his warmest wishes."

A WISE IDIOT.—A country clergyman, by his dull monotonous discourse, set all the congregation asleep except an idiot, who sat with open mouth listening. The parson, enraged, and thumping the pulpit, exclaimed, "What! all asleep but this poor idiot?" "Aye," quoth the natural, "and if I had not been a poor idiot I would have been asleep too."

ABOVE PROOF.—One night, after a house-dinner at the Carlton Club, there was a warm argument on the Excise Laws. An advocate for the annoying tax having been worsted in the argument, declared nothing should convince him, so strong were his opinions on the subject. "Strong, indeed," said a guest, "much too strong; for, like illegal spirits, they are many degrees above proof."

GEOLOGY—RECENT DISCOVERY.—The workmen employed at the work at Carcary, in the parish of Farnell, lately came upon a deposit of fossil fishes, imbedded in the clay at a depth of twenty feet from the surface, and not less than sixty or seventy feet above the present level of the Southsea. The clay is of the most compact kind, and alternates every foot or two with thin layers of ran sand, in which shells, we believe, are not uncommon. The whole of the specimens, which are apparently of the genus *Anguilla*, were removed without injury, and are now in possession of Mr. Lyell, of Carcary. One of them that we have seen measures three feet two inches in length, and appears to be of the species *A. acutirostris* of Yarell.

ONLY MORE SYLLABABLE.—In the course of the protracted trial of Warren Hastings, Sheridan took occasion to refer to the "luminous page of Gibbon." Upon leaving Westminster Hall at the close of the day's proceedings, the orator was joined by a friend, who asked him how he could reconcile it to his taste or his conscience to pay such a compliment to a Tory and an infidel? "My dear fellow," replied Sheridan, "I said voluminous."

A LITTLE ONE IN.—Why is France in a state of national bankruptcy? Because she has just parted with her last sovereign.

SUPPPLICATION.—The chaplain's boy of a man of war being sent out of his own ship on an errand to another, the two boys were comparing notes about their manner of living. "How often," said one, "do you go to prayers now?" "Why," answered the other, "in case of a storm or any other danger." "Aye," said the first, "there's some sense in that, but my master makes us pray when there's no more occasion for it than for my leaping overboard."

THE DYING SAILOR BOY.

BY MISS MARY M. CLARK.

Farewell, my brave, my bonny bark,
I leave thee in thy pride
Upon the waters deep and dark,
The fierce, the rolling tide
I know my heartfelt wish is vain,
And vain my anguished sigh—
To tread my native land again,
I should not mind to die
I know the sun has bronzed my cheek,
And toil has mocked health's glow—
Where are the glories I would seek?
I leave them, I must go.
Tis hard to die in foreign land
Unloved, unwept, unknown,
My spirit joins that much-loved band,
Within my peaceful home
I see my mother's tears of joy,
I hear her tones of glee,
She flies to welcome back her boy,
From perils of the sea,
But, ah! despair now strikes her heart,
Her hopes are crushed, she cries—
Give back my boy, we will not part,
Restore my child, ye waves
But vain appeal with sorrow fraught,
For broken are love's ties
Had I one friend to cheer death's thought,
And catch my parting sighs!
But, no! beneath the foaming wave,
My rest, my home shall be,
Mother, if spirits leave the grave,
Mine, mine will cling to thee.
Farewell, my bonny bark,
Farewell, mine to her deck—
Oh, bear the wail would cheer my heart,
Her flowing a. ch vain regret.
And calm ea. gk, I cannot see,
My God! 'tis dar. is near.
I feel that death, ing soul to
Oh, call my wander. off face,
And still each dy. ear
Mother and friends, farewell, farewell,
Death's terror now hath fled—
And ere the sun on wave could dyell,
The sailor boy was dead.

THE SUN

Written by a Young Gentleman, on Monday, in answer to the Young Lady whose Sunday lines appeared in the last number of TRACTS FOR THE PEOPLE.

The sun! the sun! in all its pride,
Peering through the clouds,
The butterflies are turning out
In Regent-street in crowds,
Umbrellas now are put aside,
And parasols are rising,
A change is on the face of all,
Which surely's not surprising.
The sun! the sun! the glorious sun
For weeks he hid his face,
But now, as hot as pepper-pot,
He runs his golden race
Come out, love, in your cottage neat,
And sport your last new dress,
Cob—Cob, are waiting at your door,
The tiger's in distress.
The sun! the sun! how lik. a god
He rolls about the sky,
The clouds are scattered every way
Before his majesty.
Come out, then, pretty Ellen, come,
Thine eyes will dim his lustre,
The weathercock has veer'd about—
Beaux, beaux, begin to muster. WILLIAM.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, No. 384, Strand.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected articles, unless they are of considerable length. All short articles not suited to the "TRACTS" are destroyed.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—We are at all times happy to render every information in our power; but we cannot be expected to run about town on the errands of some of our country correspondents.

A BIRMINGHAM CORRESPONDENT.—We are much obliged for your kindness, and for your contribution.

G. W. S. S.—We feel obliged by your kind letter; rest assured we have not forgotten you; but we have a great quantity of matter at present on hand, your turn will soon come.

N. P.—Accept our thanks.

J. H., A PAINTER.—We do not understand your question.

MARY M. C. (Paddington).—Accept our best thanks for your charming contribution. To your question—not until the end of the year.

C. G. H.—Thanks

J. S. (Cupar) has been received. A Snob;—Yes, at the end of the year.

T. R. T.—We will peruse what you have sent. It is a place we have often admired. Thanks.

A. Y. SAUNDERS (Yarmouth).—The Editor is greatly obliged by your polite attention.

H. W. K. (Hulme).—If the receipt you require does not appear before you see this, we will endeavour to procure a good one for you.

E. B. DAVIES.—Accept our best thanks; they shall appear shortly.

W. P. H.—Thanks: two lines sent are not up to the mark.

S. W. M.—We cannot, at the present moment, answer your question, not having a file of newspapers at hand.

F. G. L.—We are glad to hear from you again. J. M. (Pimlico).—We will try and get a receipt for you shortly. To your other question.—Two.

J. B. C.—You cannot get it. It is only published with the 1st vol. There will be a title-page at the end of the year.

YOUNG CHERRYWOOD.—Delighted to be disturbed by your kind contributions.

LOUTH.—Thanks for your contribution.

MAHOMET'S DEATH.—We are indebted to the kindness of A. Y. S., for the following.—The particular year has been greatly disputed; but the best authors fix it at the 12th Rebi'ah, 1st in the 11th year of the Hejra, corresponding with the 17th of June, A.D. 633.

MINUS O.—April 1st, thanks; in print before we received your note.

OUR LIVERPOOL FRIEND'S conundrums have been read, and are in the hands of our master of the riddles.

BOX.—Thanks for your contribution.

B. C.—We never heard of the society you mention. We cannot undertake to answer questions otherwise than through the medium of our own columns.

J. SIMS.—We have answered this question before. Pronounced as it is spelt, Gut-ta-Perch-a.

T. T.—The paper you mention has been given up for several years.

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TRACTS

For the People.

A WEEKLY MISCELLANY OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE AND AMUSEMENT.

No. 20. VOL. II.] • SATURDAY, APRIL 29, 1848. [PRICE ONE HALFPENNY.



[JOAN OF ARC'S STATUE AT ROUEN]

THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

THE first impulse of strangers when they arrive in the ancient city of Rouen is to inquire for some monument to the memory

of that celebrated heroine of the fifteenth century, Joan d'Arc, commonly called "The Maid of Orleans." In the *Place de la Be-celle*, a market-place surrounded by ancient edifices, and having a fountain in its centre,

strangers will find the object of their search. Our artist has given a faithful representation of this monument, which is crowned with the statue of the heroic maiden. It is the work of Paul Stodt, but has never ranked high as a work of art. It was on this spot that the cruel sentence of the Inquisitorial Court, in which the Bishop of Beauvais presided, was carried into effect, it was here the poor unhappy victim died courageously and nobly as she had lived, and the name of her Redeemer was the last sound her lips were heard to utter from amidst the flames which surrounded her in the Place de la Pucelle.

A mausoleum was erected to her memory in the city of Orleans, which is thus described—"In the street leading from the bridge stands the celebrated monument where Charles the Seventh, and Joan of Arc, the Maid of Orleans, are represented on their knees before the body of our Saviour, who lies extended on the lap of the Virgin." It was erected by order of that monarch in 1458, to perpetuate his victories over the English, and their expulsion from his dominions; and we may add, to perpetuate the disgrace of a worthless and ungrateful prince, who, having been restored to a throne through the agency of Joan, made no attempt to effect her liberation, when she fell into the hands of John of Luxembourg, or when she was sold by him, for ten thousand livres, to the Duke of Bedford. All the figures of this statue are in iron. The king appears bare-headed, and by him lies his helmet surmounted by a crown. Opposite to him is the Maid herself, in the same attitude of devotion to heaven. It is a most precious and invaluable historical monument. How sadly does the cruel death of this heroic maiden tarnish the glory of Cressy, Poitiers, and Agincourt! Joan of Arc was born in the village of Domremy, then situated on the western border of the territory of Lorraine, but now comprehended within the department of the Meuse, in the north-eastern corner of France. The precise time of her birth is not known, it is variously stated to have taken place on the 6th of January, in 1402—1410—1412; but the date of her cruel and infamous death is correctly given—May 31st, 1431.

The life of Joan of Arc has appeared before the public in so many forms, that it is not our intention to make selections from any of those records, but to place before our readers a letter, discovered within the last half century by Professor Vough, the director of the Archives at Combourg, which was found within that repository, and which is sufficiently important to deserve the attention of our readers. The author of this letter was not only a contemporary of the heroic Joan, but evidently an actor in the events of the times; one who was most probably near the person of the French king,

and—~~as~~ appears from the letter itself—one who had actually seen the Maid of Orleans. He names himself a chamberlain of the king, and one of his council. The letter was written three days subsequent to the battle of Palay, which happened June 18th, 1429, when Talbot was taken prisoner, and the fate of Charles VII. may be considered as having been decided: consequently, at the very time that Joan was accompanying the king to Rheims. The epistle is addressed to some prince, and there are good reasons for supposing that this personage was Francis Sforza, Duke of Milan. The Duke of Orleans, then a prisoner at London, is mentioned as being the nephew of the person addressed, and Philip Maria, Duke of Milan, father to the consort of Francis Sforza, had a sister who was married to Louis of Orleans, and who was mother to Charles, Duke of Orleans, consequently the latter may be said to have been Sforza's nephew. The letter alluded to is written in old and vitiated German, and probably is only a translation from a French original. It is written on paper in the character commonly used during the first half of the fifteenth century. Unfortunately many of the words are illegible, owing to which the meaning of some sentences is left obscure.

"To the most illustrious and puissant Prince, the Duke of Mdi (Milan)."

"My most honoured Lord—I am desirous of making known to your mightiness what, and how, great events have of late befallen our king and his state, imagining as I do that some report must have reached your ear respecting a maiden, graciously sent unto us from God, of whose life I purpose to narrate briefly to you from her very birth. She was born in a small village, called Domremy in Ballme and Bas-sigmo, on the borders of France, and by the river Maas, which thence passes through Lothringia. She was, as is well known, born of honest and simple parents. In the night of the revelation of the Lord, at which time folk are wont to call to mind with joy the works of Christ, did she enter into this mortal life, and all the people of the place ran to and fro in an ecstasy of joy, and, not knowing of the birth of the maiden, enquired of each other what had happened, that some of them hearts were so affected with delight. Nay, what was more, the cocks seemed to announce these tidings of gladness, crowing in a strange and unaccustomed sort, and clapping their wings for more than two hours, as if to declare prophetically the surprising history of her who was then born. The child grew up, and when it had reached its seventh year, was, according to the custom of the place, sent out to keep sheep; and of these, not so much as one was ever missed, or devoured by any wild animal. Whenever the damsel was within her father's house,

her presence so protected whoever胆anced to be in the dwelling, that neither the attacks of an enemy, nor the malice of barbarians, could in anywise harm them. Afterwards, when twelve years of the Maid's age were passed, the first revelation was given to her in the following sort. The Maiden, with a company of other damsels, was tending her sheep in a meadow, and was asked by her mates whether she would jump for a handful of flowers; to the which she assented, and thereupon, such was the swiftness of her motions, that the others could not believe she trod upon the ground, and at length one of them exclaimed, 'Johanna, I can see thee fly through the air without so much as touching the earth.' Then Johanna—for such is the Maiden's name—having finished her race, and arrived at the end of the meadow in a frenzied sort, and, as it were, bereft of sense, stopped to recover herself, and rest her exhausted body. At this moment there appeared unto her a youth, who addressed her, saying, 'Johanna, hasten home unto thy mother, who needeth thy presence.' She, imagining it to be her brother, or some one of the neighbours' sons, hastened homeward, when her mother, coming out to meet her, inquired for what cause she came, and wherefore she left her sheep, rebuking her thereupon—when the Maiden replied, asking, 'Hast thou not so commanded me?' To which her mother returned, 'Nay!' Therefore did she suppose herself to have been deceived, and prepared to return to her companions. But on a sudden a cloud of brilliant light came before her eyes, and a voice issued therefrom, saying, 'Johanna, it behoveth thee to proceed another way, and to perform wondrous works, since thou art she whom the King of Heaven hath chosen to upraise again thy sovereign Charles, now driven out from his possessions—that thou shouldst be unto him an aid and a protection. Thou shalt put on male array, and, taking arms, shalt become the head of the war. All shall be directed according to thy counsels.'

"After the voice was heard the cloud passed away, and the Maid, affrighted at this wonder, giving no credit to what she had heard, was confounded, doubting what she ought to believe, and what not; and although similar warnings and revelations were made to the damsel, both by night and by day, not seldom accompanied by signs, she nevertheless said nothing, nor discovered her mind to any one, saving her confessor; and in this state of doubt and perplexity did the Maiden continue during five years. After this, upon the Earl of Salisbury coming over from England, these visions and revelations were renewed unto her, and increase!; whereupon the mind of the damsel was much tormented and disturbed by anxiety; and one day, being in the field, a greater and more evident vision than any of those beforeseen manifested itself

unto her, saying, 'How long wilt thou tarry? Wherefore dost thou not hasten? and wherefore dost thou not go now, that the Lord of Heaven has sent thee?—for so long as thou art absent, is France afflicted; her cities are destroyed; her just die; her nobles are slain; her most valuable blood is spilled.' Thereat, more encouraged by these admonitions, she inquired of her confessor—'What shall I do, or how shall I do it, when I would depart hence? I know not the way, I know not the people, I know not the king. None will believe me, all will mock at me, and justly, for what can sound more foolish than to say to the mighty ones of the land, that a maiden will once again uplift France, will conduct its armies, and thus re-obtain its former victories? What will provoke more readily to mockery than to behold a maiden go forth in male attire?' Having said this, and much more, it was answered unto her—'It is so that the King of Heaven ordains and commands, therefore, ask not further how it can be done, for even as it is willed of God in heaven, so cometh it to pass on earth. Go hence unto the next village, the which is named Vanconleure, and which alone of all those in Champagne is still loyal to its king, thence will he conduct thee wheresoever thou shalt demand.' Thus, therefore, did she, and after she had given proof of her wondrous power, he, unto whom she came, commanded that she should be conducted to the king, attended by many persons of rank, and, although they had to pass through the midst of their enemies, they did not meet with any opposition, nor suffer any repulse. And when they arrived at the Castle of Chinon, near Tours, where the king at that time held himself, it was, by the king's advice, determined that she should neither behold the king nor be herself shown to him until the third day. Nevertheless, the hearts of all were changed as it were on a sudden, and the maiden was straightway admitted. After she alighted from her horse, and had been diligently examined by archbishops, bishops, abbots, and learned men, touching her faith and her behaviour, the king led her into his assembled council, in order that she might there be still more closely and attentively examined. And in every respect was she found to be a faithful believer, well grounded in her opinions, and in all points agreeable to the sacraments and ordinances of the church. She was, moreover, diligently examined by divers learned persons of her own sex, by prudent virgins, widows, and married women, who wot not to discover in her ought beside a discreet female, and one of goodly fame. Yet was she thus strictly observed, eyed, and watched, for the space of six weeks, that it might be seen whether any default or change might be manifest in her behaviour; but she persisted in her conduct, continually hearing mass, receiving the holy sacrament, and

daily beseeching the king, with sighing supplications, that he would suffer her either to attack the enemy or to return to her father's house.

"And as she had obtained permission, she forthwith entered Orleans for the purpose of laying up stores in that place. Soon afterwards did she assail all the surrounding holds of the enemy, which, notwithstanding the opinion entertained of their strength, she reduced within the space of three days; destroying at the same time not a few of her adversaries; many of whom were made prisoners, while the rest were put to flight, and the town relieved from siege. This being effected, she returned to the king, who came forth to meet her with show of exceeding joyfulness. Then hastened she, and caused the king to open a campaign, and commanded preparations to be made against the other post of the enemy. No sooner was the expedition in array than she laid siege to the village named Gergeau,* on the following morning she gave battle to the exceeding discomfiture of the adversary. Six hundred brave warriors were defeated, among these the Earl of Suffolk and his brother were taken prisoners, but the other brother was slain. Within three days from the time of this achievement she attacked Mehurs sur Loire and Baugency, two strong and well-defended towns, and took them without loss of time. On the Saturday, which was the 18th day of July,† did she encounter those who were hastening to the assistance of the English army. The enemy were attacked, and the victory declared itself on our side: one thousand five hundred valorous men in arms were slain, one thousand made prisoners, and among these were some persons of note, such as Earl Talbot, Falstaff, and the son of the Earl of Bedford, besides divers others. Yet of ours not three men were found wounded, which we deemed to be owing to a divine miracle. These, and many more, hath the Maiden already defeated, and by the aid of God will she yet effect still greater deeds. The damsel, of a comely figure; she performeth many actions, speaketh but little, manifesteth great discretion, and in her speech and conversation hath a delicate voice, like as is wont to be that of a woman. She eateth but little, tasteth not much of wine, and in the accoutrements of horses and arms she is She hath great admiration of soldiers, and those of noble rank much discourse she loveth, nor affecteth not, in pleasing she delighteth greatly; she endureth great toil, and so patient and unwearied is she of bearing armour, that she remaineth six days long, both day and night, fully accoutred in

mail. The English, she affirmeth, have no right to France; and therefore hath she declared herself to be sent of God, that she may drive out and overcome them, yet not without giving warning beforehand. To the king she sheweth all honour, naming him the Beloved of God, and the Wonderously Preserved. To your nephew the Duke of Orleans she hath promised a wonderful deliverance, yet hath beforehand demanded of the English, who retain him prisoner, to yield him up.

"Illustrious prince, that I may end this account, I affirm that more wondrous things have happened than I may discourse of.

"At this present is she in the neighbourhood of Rheims—whither the king hastens in order to be anointed and crowned.

"God assist you, illustrious and magnanimous prince, and my most honoured liege! Most submissively do I recommend myself to you, beseeching the Almighty that he would preserve you, and grant a prosperous issue to all your wishes. Written at Biteromis, the 21st day of the month of June.

"Thine humble servant,

"PERCEVAL, LORD OF BONLAMMLK,

"One of the council, and chamberlain of the King of France, seneschal to the Duke of Orleans, and the king's knight."

Charles having been crowned at Rheims, the Maid of Orleans petitioned to be allowed to return to her former obscurity, but was unfortunately prevailed upon to forego this resolution. Many gallant exploits illustrate her subsequent history; but these our space will not allow us to enumerate. Her end was lamentable—indolently disgraceful to England, and hardly less so to France. On the 24th of May, 1430, while heroically fighting against the army of the Duke of Burgundy, under the walls of Compiègne, she was shamefully shut out from the city which she was defending, through the contrivance of the governor; and being left almost alone, was, after performing prodigies of valour, compelled to surrender to the enemy. On the 29th of the same month, she was tried on an accusation of sorcery, and on the following day was burned at the stake.

THE ELOPEMENT.

A SCENE FROM MY WINDOW.

"THERE—it is finished at last—I have earned enough for one day, in all conscience," I exclaimed, as I threw down my pen, which I had been diligently using for some hours, and ignited a cigar with a self-kindling apparatus, a gift of my considerate landlady (pray heaven she charge it not in the bill!) to save her candles. I seated myself in my accustomed easy chair, near my window, and began to speculate upon things external. It was that calm, lovely time; which is wont to usher in the twilight of a

* Or Gergeau

† 1429. Her birth-day was, therefore, on the 6th of January, 1402, for at the time of her death she was 27, and 27 when she came to the king.

‡ The word in the original MS. is detached.

summer evening. The roll of wheels beneath me in the New Road was ceaseless. Bright forms flashed by in gay carriages. The happy, the gallant, and the beautiful, were all forth to take air on an evening drive round Regent's Park. Why was I not with the cavalcade? Where was my Rosinante? Where was my establishment? Echo answered, "Where?" I puffed away silently and vigorously for a few seconds, as these mental queries assailed me; and—blessed soother of the troubled, oh! incomparable cigar!—my philosophy retained.*

Diagonally opposite to my window, stands one of the proudest structures, of red brick with stone facings. This edifice first attracted my attention by its simple elegance, and eventually fixed it by a mystery that seemed, to my curious eye, surrounding one of its inmates! But I will throw into the story-vein what I have to narrate, for it is a novelette in itself. I can unveil you the mystery, lady!

A lady of dazzling beauty was an inmate of that mansion! and, for aught I knew to the contrary, its only inmate. Every afternoon, arrayed in simple white, with a flower or two in her hair, she was seated at the drawing-room window, gazing out upon the gay spectacle the bustling road exhibits on a pleasant afternoon. I saw her the first moment I took possession of my dormant nook, and was struck with her surpassing loveliness. Every evening I paid distant homage to her beauty. Dare a poor scribbler, a mere post-aster aspire to a nearer approach to such a divinity, enshined in lace and loveliness? No! I worshipped like the publican, afar off. "The distance lends enchantment to the view." But she was not destined to be so worshipped by all. One afternoon she was at her window, with a gilt-leaved volume in her hand, when a gentleman of the most graceful bearing rode past my window. He was well mounted, and sat his horse like a Lancer! He was what the boarding-school misses would call an elegant fellow! a well-bred man of the world, a remarkably handsome man! Tall, with a fine oval face, a black, penetrating eye, and a moustache upon his lip, together with a fine figure, and the most perfect address, he was what I should term a captivating and dangerous man. His air, and a certain indescribable *comme il faut*, bespoke him a gentleman. As he came, opposite to her window, his eye, as he turned it thither, became fascinated with her beauty! How much lovelier a really lovely creature appears, seen through "plate glass!" Involuntarily he drew in his spirited horse, and raised his hat! The action, the manner, the grace, were inimitable. At this unguarded moment, the hind wheel of a rumbling omnibus struck his horse in the chest. The animal reared high, and would have fallen

backward upon his rider, had he not, with remarkable presence of mind, stepped quietly and gracefully from the stirrup to the pavement, as the horse, losing his balance, fell violently upon his side. The lady, who had witnessed with surprise the involuntary homage of the stranger,—for such, from her manner of receiving it, he evidently was to her,—started from her chair and screamed convulsively. The next moment he had secured and remounted his horse, who was slightly stunned with the fall, acknowledged the interest taken in his mischance by the fair being who had been its innocent cause (unless beauty were a crime), by another bow, and rode slowly and composedly onward, as if nothing unusual had occurred.

The next evening the carriage was at the door of the mansion. The liveried footman was standing with the steps down, and the handle of the door in his hand. The coachman was seated upon his box. I was, as usual, at my window. The street-door opened, and with a light step the graceful form of my heroine came forth and descended to the carriage. At that moment (some men surely are born under the auspices of more indulgent stars than others) the stranger rode up, bowed with ineffable grace, and (blessed encounter that with the omnibus-wheel!) his bow was acknowledged by an inclination of her superb head, and a smile that would make a man of any soul seek accidents even in the "cannon's mouth." He rode slowly forward, and, in a few seconds, the carriage took the same direction. There are no inferences to be drawn from this, reader! All the other carriages passed the same route. It was the customary one! At the melting of twilight into night, the throng of riders and drivers repressed, "The lady's" carriage (it was a landau, and the top was thrown back) came last of all! The cavalier was riding beside it! He dismounted as it drew up before the door, assisted her to the *pavé*, and took his leave! For several afternoons, successively, the gentleman's appearance, mounted on his noble animal, was simultaneous with that of the lady at her carriage.

One evening they were unusually late on their return. Finally the landau drew up before the door. It was too dark to see faces, but I could have sworn the equestrian was not the stranger! No! He dismounted, opened the door of the carriage, and the gentleman and lady descended! The footman had rode his horse, while he, happy man, occupied a seat by the side of the fair one! I watched the progress of this *amour* for several days, and still the stranger had never entered the house. One morning, about ten o'clock, I saw him lounging past, with that ease and self-possession which characterised him. He passed and repassed the house two or three times, and then

rather hastily ascending the steps of the portico, pulled at the bell. The next moment he was admitted, and disappeared out of my sight. But only for a moment, reader! An attic hath its advantages! The blinds of the drawing-room were drawn, and impervious to any glance from the street, but the leaves were turned so as to let in the light, of heaven and my own gaze! I could see through the sprigs directly down into the room as distinctly as if there was no obstruction! Thus I gave as a hint to all concerned, who have revolving leaves to their Venetian blinds. Attic gentlemen are much edified thereby! The next moment he was in the room, his hand upon his heart—another, and I saw him at her feet! Would that I had language to paint you the scene! I then learned the “art of love.” I shall have confidence, I have so good a pattern, when I go to make my declaration! The declaration, the confession, the acceptance, all passed beneath me most edifyingly. Then came the *labret seal*, that made his bliss secure. By his animated gestures, I could see he was urging her to take some sudden step. She at first appeared reluctant, but gradually becoming more pliable, yielded.

In ten minutes the landau was at the door. They came out arm-in-arm, and entered it. I could hear the order to the coachman, “Drive to St. George’s—you know the church”—“An elopement!” thought I. “Having been in at breaking cover, I will be in at the death!” and taking my hat and gloves, I descended, as if I carried a policy of insurance upon my life in my pocket, the long flights of stairs to the street, bolted out of the front door, and followed the landau, which I discerned just turning into Park Crescent, Portland-place. I followed full fast on foot. I eschew omnibuses. They are vulgar! When I arrived at the church, the carriage was before it, and the “happy pair,” already joined together, were just crossing the *trottoir* to re-enter it. The grinning footman, who had gallily witnessed the ceremony, followed them.

The next day, about noon, a capacious family carriage rolled up to the door of the mansion, followed by a barouche with servants and baggage. First descended an elderly gentleman, who cast his eyes over the building, to see if it stood where it did when he left for Brighton. Then came, one after another, two beautiful girls, then a handsome young man. “How glad I am that I have got home again,” exclaimed one of the young ladies, running up the steps to the door. “I wonder where Jane is, that she does not meet us?”

The sylph rung the bell as she spoke. I could see down through the blinds into the drawing-room. *There was a scene!*

The gentleman was for going to the door, and the lady, his bride, was striving to prevent him! “You sha’n’t”—“I will!”—“I

say you sha’n’t!”—“I say I will!”—were interchanged as certainly between the parties, as if I had heard the words. The gentleman, or rather husband, prevailed. I saw him leave the room, and the next moment open the street-door. The young ladies started back at the presence of the new footman. The old gentleman, who was now at the door, inquired as he saw him, loud enough for me to hear, “Who in the devil’s name are you, sir?”

“I have the honour to be your son-in-law.”

“The devil you have! And *who* may you have the honour to be?”

“The Count L——y!” with a bow of ineffable condescension.

“You are an impostor, sir!”

“Here is your eldest daughter, my wife,” replied the newly-made husband, taking by the hand his lovely bride, who had come impetuously forward as the disturbance reached her ears. “Here is my wife, your daughter!”

“You are mistaken, sir—she is my housekeeper!”

A scene followed that cannot be described. The nobleman had married the gentleman’s charming housekeeper! She had spread the snare, and, like many a wiser fool, he had fallen into it.

Half an hour afterwards, a hack drove up to the street-door, and my hero came forth, closely veiled, with bag and baggage, and drove away. The Count, for such he was, I saw no more! I saw his name gazetted as a passenger in a packet-ship that sailed a day or two after for Boulogne. How he escaped from the mansion remaineth yet a mystery! Henceforth, dear reader, I most conscientiously eschew matrimony.

BLIGHTED LOVE.

A TRUE CAMBRIAN TALE.

By E. W. S.

OF all the mountain streams which indent the towering hills of South Wales, perhaps not one of them is so justly admired and so deservedly celebrated for the varied scenery which its banks present, as the serpentine and ever-varying Towy. From her source among the hills to the important town of Llanidlofa; from thence to the verdant plains, overlooked by the picturesque and lofty Merlin’s Hill and Llangunnnor; thence past the ancient town of Caerfyrddin, Rhydygoise, Castell Moel, Pibwr, till it empties itself into the sea at Llanstephan,—where shall we find a mountain stream presenting such attractions to the tourist, and whose banks display such comfortable farms, such a respectable and intelligent class of farmers and graziers, and the general population possessing so liberal a share of that comfort, intelligence, industry, and happiness,

which has from time immemorial so much distinguished the sons of "Cambria" from other nations; and which is the best criterion by which we may judge of the internal prosperity and well-doing of any country? As she pursues her serpentine course down the vale, it is impossible not to admire the stupendous grandeur of the various scenes presented to the eye of the admirer of nature in all her loveliness. The woods continually receding on each side of the river, present a richness of prospect, and give an idea of wild and luxuriant culture that must be seen to be appreciated, while here and there the quiet of the vale is interrupted only by a solitary fisherman, endeavouring to delude the trout from its native element; and all else is the silence of solitude, where not a sound is heard to break the holy calm, save the rushing of the waters over the large broken fragments of rock with which the bed of the river is here and there interspersed.

These and similar scenes invariably recur to our recollection, and imagination delights in taking an extensive and retrospective view of the past, when we travel this romantic neighbourhood. We think of our youthful days, when the capacious and ardent mind of a never-to-be-forgotten teacher inspired us with a love for the works of nature—when we shared the same desk with those whose genius and perseverance would, probably, have enabled them to reach the highest pinnacle of the hill of science, and all the honours and emoluments which accompany such distinction, had not the relentless hand of the "grimy king of terrors" so soon seized the most valued of victims, severed them from tender friends and connections, and thus world of vanity and ambition, and left us in our wanderings to wonder at the inscrutable decrees of Providence, and ponder on their bright but brief career.

But I forget that, in expatiating on the beauties of my favourite stream, I have been led into a train of thought which has caused me to digress considerably, and I shall now haste to lay before my readers the following tale, the principal events of which are intimately connected with the Towy—

About an hundred years ago there resided, in a small farm on the banks of the Towy, and at about an equal distance from Carmarthen and Llandilo, an old man named David Evan, who, with his wife and only son, passed the declining years of his life in comfort, though not in affluence. His son, who is to be the hero of this tale, and whose name was the same as his father's, had displayed considerable literary talent, and was distinguished throughout the country side as a poet, though only sixteen years of age. It was his father's earnest hope and almost only wish, that he should be enabled to see his darling son placed with some one where

he could be able not only to gain an honest livelihood for himself, but to support his mother as she tottered on the verge of the grave. But before these hopes could be in any way realised, the old man was taken violently ill, and died quite suddenly, leaving scarcely sufficient to pay the expenses of his funeral. This was a death-blow to poor David's prospects. He was not seventeen at the time, and his mother could do nothing for their mutual support; but as it was about harvest time, David instantly gave up the farm, applied for work, throwing all his darling books aside, and went out into the fields to earn bread for himself and his mother by "the sweat of his brow." As he had not been used to the work, his earnings were necessarily but small; but small as they were, he brought them home to his mother, and his heart glowed with honest exultation as he placed them in her hand.

Several gentlemen in the neighbourhood, having heard of David's talents and peculiar situation, took an interest in him, and one of them got him appointed tutor to a gentleman's family in the neighbourhood, of the name of Williams. He was to teach two little boys English and arithmetic, Latin and Greek. He was not eighteen when he entered upon the duties of his office; but in a short time the youths under his care made such rapid progress, that Mr. Williams became very kind and generous, and after making him several handsome presents, doubled his wages, so that he was enabled to assist his mother very materially.

But we never have a sunny day, though it be the longest day in summer, but sooner or later a rainy one follows it. Now, Mr. Williams had a daughter, about a year younger than David. She was rather pretty, and very affectionate, and she was of that rare and peculiar description of female that seeks to bide herself from the gaze of the world, as the modest violet embosoms itself in its leaves. She wrote poetry, too, in short, she was just the sort of person to bewitch poor David, and she did most effectually bewitch him. A strong liking sprang up between them, they could not conceal their partiality from each other, he was every thing that was perfect in her eyes, and she was an angel in his. Her name was Ann, and he wrote numberless sonnets and verses in her praise, and really loved her dearly.

Now, her father, although a civil and kind man, was also shrewd, sharp-sighted, and determined, and he soon observed the foster that had arisen in the hearts of his daughter and the young tutor. So he sent for David, and without seeming to be angry with him, or even hinting at the cause—

"Mr. Evans," said he, "you are aware that I am highly gratified with the manner in which you have discharged the duties of tutor to my boys; but I have been thinking that it will be more to their advantage, that

their education for the future should be a public one, and to-morrow I intend sending them to a boarding-school."

"To-morrow," said David, mechanically, scarce knowing what he said or where he stood.

"To-morrow," echoed Mr Williams; "and I have sent for you, sir, in order to settle with you respecting your salary."

This was bringing the matter home to the business and bosom of the young scholar somewhat suddenly. Little as he knew of the world, something like the real cause of his hasty dismissal began to dawn upon his mind. He was stricken with dismay and agony, and he longed to pour out his soul upon the gentle bosom of Ann. But she had gone on a visit with her mother, to a friend, in a different part of the county, and Mr. Williams would set out with his sons the following day. Then, also, he would have to return to his mother's humble roof. When he retired to pack up his books, and the few things he was possessed of, he wrung his hands—there were tears upon his cheeks, and in the bitterness of his spirit he said—

"My own sweet Ann! and shall I never see thee again—never hear thee—never hope!" And he laid his hand upon his forehead, and pressed it there, repeating as he did so—"never! oh! never!"

After some little time, David took heart, and wrote a letter to his mother, inclosing for her use the principal part of his salary, which being done, he instantly started for London, to see what his talents and education would do for him there. He had no recommendations from any one, and month after month passed away, and no hope had he of getting any situation, his money was all spent, and he knew not where to look for more; he walked the streets of the city in despair, as hopeless as a fallen angel. He was hungry, and no one gave him to eat, keen misery held him in its grasp, ruin caressed him, and laughed at its plaything. Many weeks he subsisted on casual charity, having talents, but no opportunity of exerting them.

Luckily he one day met the gentleman who had got him the situation as tutor, and to him he told the story of his woes, frankly and honestly, not concealing a tittle, by his assistance he obtained employment in the office of an attorney; and having one day translated an old Latin deed for his employer, that personage, who was very wealthy, and had no family, promised to assist him, and advised him to study for the bar; with the old gentleman's help he did so, and succeeded beyond his most sanguine expectations. His first appearance as a barrister created quite a sensation. Bench, bar, and jury were lost in wonder at the power of his eloquence. A Demosthenes had risen up amongst them. Half the metropolis

spoke of nothing but the young advocate. Wealth poured in upon him, his society was courted by the fairest of the fair, and all the nobles of the land, but his heart was far away from all of them. One day, while sitting at a dinner-party, receiving homage from those who, a few years before, would have refused him a crust, and being congratulated by all the learned men of the day, a letter was put into his hands; he broke the seal—his hand shook as he read—his cheeks grew pale—and large drops of sweat burst upon his brow—his tongue, which erst had awoken the sympathies of thousands, was now glued, as it were, to the roof of his mouth. The letter that he had received was from Mr Williams, the father of his only love, conjuring him, as he valued the peace of mind of an old and well-nigh heart-broken man, to come instantly and visit his daughter, who was then dying, and who had expressed an earnest wish to see her David before she died. He rose from the table, he scarce knew what he did, but, within half an hour, he was posting down into Wales. He reached the house, her parents received him with tears, and he was conducted into the room where the dying maiden lay. She knew his voice as he approached.

"He is come!—he is come!—he loves me still!" cried, or rather shrieked the poor thing, endeavouring to raise herself upon her elbow.

David approached the bedside—he burst into tears, he bent down and kissed her pale and wasted cheeks, over which death seemed already to have cast its shadow.

"Ann! my beloved Ann!" said he; and he took her hand in his, and pressed it to his lips, "do not leave me,—we shall yet be happy!"

Her eyes brightened for a moment—in them joy struggled with death, and the contest was unequal. From the day that he had been sent from her father's house, she had withered away, as a tender flower that is transplanted to an ungenial soil. She desired that they would lift her up, and she placed her head upon his shoulder, and gazing earnestly in his face, said, "And David still loves me—even in death?"

"Yes, dearest, yes!" he replied. But she had scarce heard his answer, and returned it with a smile of happiness, when her head sank upon his bosom, and a deep sigh escaped her. It was her last! Her soul seemed only to have lingered till her eyes might look on him whom she had loved so truly. She was removed a corpse from his breast; but on that breast the weight of death was still left. He became melancholy—his ambition died with him—she seemed to have been the only object that stimulated him to pursue fame, and to seek for fortune. In intense study he sought to forget his griefs—or rather he made companions of them—till his health broke under them; and, in

the thirtieth year of his age, died one who possessed talents and learning that would have adorned his country, and rendered his name immortal. During his short but brilliant career he had saved enough to enable his mother to purchase an annuity, which kept her in comfort the remainder of her days. A grandson of hers now lives at Nantgaredig, in the parish of Abergwilly, who is also called David.

REMARKABLE CASES OF FRAUD AND IMPOSTURE

No. XX—Book II.

NEARLY one hundred and twenty years ago—that is to say, in 1731—the following astonishing exhibitions were enacted in Paris

Deacon Paris was a humble-minded, worthy man, who, having appealed against the bull *Unigenitus*, thought it his duty not to receive priest's orders, renounced his patrimony, and retired into the Faubourg St. Marceau, the most beggarly part of Paris, where he supported himself by making stockings, and shared his earnings with the poor. The austerities which he practised in this obscure and charitable course of life are believed to have accelerated his death. The younger brother, to whom he had resigned his inheritance, erected a monument to his memory in the churchyard of St. Medard. The grave of the pious and penitent deacon, as he was then called, was visited as much in gratitude as in devotion, by the infirm, and sick, and poor, to whom he had administered alms and spiritual consolation; and some there were who affirmed that their bodily ailments had been relieved while they were engaged in praying there. This might easily have been feigned or fancied; and there were strong motives both for credulity and fraud; for he who could allege that he was the object of miraculous favour, appealed, with sure effect, to the charity of those who believed him. At length it was asserted that a girl, who was both blind and lame, had been cured at his grave. This was so commonly believed, that the Archbishop of Paris deemed it expedient to institute a judicial examination, the result of which was to show that the girl had never been either lame or blind.

A certain Abbé Becheraud, who had one leg shorter than the other, declared that, after he had prostrated himself on the grave, he found a sensible though not a visible elongation of the defective limb; at length it was reported that the leg had elongated an inch; this was disproved by measurement; still, however, he proclaimed that he felt the miraculous aid which he sought, though nobody could see it, and the multitude believed him. He became, in consequence, so great an object of veneration, that the

Government thought proper to cut the deception short by confining him in St. Lazare.

This did not suffice; other patients rapidly presented themselves to deceive others, and be deceived themselves. One woman, with a short leg, went to have it stretched by dancing upon the grave at the end of some months a calculation was made that at the same rate of elongation the cure would be perfected when she should have capered there for fifty-four years! A Spaniard, who had received a blow in the eye, applied the apothecary's prescription with a rag of the Deacon Paris's shirt, and the cure was attributed to the relic.

The churchyard now became a scene of the strangest extravagance. Magistrates in their robes, men and women of rank, priests, monks, and doctors of the Sorbonne, were to be seen there, mingled with the vulgarst rabble, as admiring and believing spectators, while impostors and dupes were exhibiting themselves upon the grave, dancing, jumping, jerking, whirling, or writhing in the contortions of real or pretended convulsions, Folly and fanaticism are always contagious enough; but there was more than the natural contagion of these moral endemics here: the deacon had been a confessor in the cause of Jansenism, and the Jansenists were as ready as the Jesuits, their opponents, to obtain credit by promoting any delusion in their own favour. They appear to have looked upon fraud as lawful in the support of their cause, and to have made no scruple of deceiving the people, when they had, by the delusion, to confirm and propagate their peculiar opinions.

Government at last shut the churchyard. In an earlier stage of the frenzy, such an interference might have proved effectual. It had been delayed too long. The earth from the churchyard, the water from the well of which the deacon used to drink, were now said to operate miraculous cures. And while the prisons were crowded with those who, in defiance of the police, presented themselves at the churchyard, extravagances infinitely worse than those which had been suppressed were committed in private houses. That which had begun in enthusiasm, accident, and intrigue, now passed into the hands of wretches, in whom villany predominated. It no longer sufficed for the patients to invoke the blessed deacon, and expect relief by means of convulsions, which the fervour of their devotion produced. The *Convulsionnaires*, as they were called, stood in need of human succour for regaining his miraculous aid. These succours were administered by men, the persons who required them being generally women; and they consisted in blows with a stick, a stone, a hammer, a poker, or a sword. One woman would lie down to be threshed like a bundle of wheat; another stood upon her head; a third forming a half

circle, by bending her body back, remained in that frightful position, while a stone, fifty pounds weight, fastened by a rope to a pulley in the ceiling, was repeatedly let fall upon the abdomen; a fourth had a plank placed across her while she lay on her back, and bore the weight of as many men as could stand upon the plank.

These disgusting practices were reduced to a system; there were the great and the little succours; among the former the exercise of the spit was classed. It is affirmed that one woman was fastened stark naked to a spit, with a pullet tied behind her, and a brother, as the male assistants were called, turned the spit before a fierce fire, till the bird was fairly roasted. (The salamanders, who have displayed their art in England, show that this might be possible for any one flagitious enough to become the subject of such an exhibition.) But even the indubitable accounts which have appeared of what the Indian "Yogues" inflict upon themselves would hardly obtain belief for the fact, that women presented themselves to undergo actual crucifixion in these accursed displays of fanaticism and juggling, obscenity and horrors, if it were not established beyond all possibility of doubt. Baron Grimm has preserved an account of two of these exhibitions, from notes taken on the spot by M. de Condamine and M. de Gistel. Sister Rachel and Sister Felicie, who were both between thirty and forty years of age, were moved in spirit to present the lively image of our Saviour's passion, and they were actually nailed through the hands and feet to two wooden crosses, and so continued for upwards of three hours. It was evident that they suffered the severest agony, especially when the nails were driven in, and when they were taken out, this occasioned muscular shrivellings and writhings, which it was impossible to suppress, but with extraordinary fortitude they withheld every indication of suffering over which the mind had power. And to keep up the delusion of their admirers, and aid the deceit of their spiritual directors, who were affirming that they felt the most exquisite delight, they affected sometimes to slumber as if in a beautiful trance, and sometimes addressed the spectators in the fondling and babyish language of the nursery. When they were taken down, the wounds, which bled freely, were washed and bandaged, after which they sat down quietly to eat in the midst of the assembly. There was no fraud or imposture in all this, nor were the women themselves guilty of any other deception than that of encouraging the belief that they had endured unutterable pleasure while they were suspended. They were pitiable fanatics, acting under the direction of consummate knaves and villains.

If any delusion could possibly be suspected

in the above case, the circumstances at the second exhibition were such as to put its reality beyond all doubt. In this also, two women, Sisters Françoise and Marie, were crucified. M. de Condamine examined the nails when they were driven in and when they were taken out, they were rough square nails, more than three inches long, and entered about a half-inch into the wood of the cross. Marie could not conceal the agony she felt when they were driven in, and in less than an hour cried out that she must be taken down, for she could bear it no longer. Being accordingly unfastened, she was carried away senseless, to the great confusion of her associates. Sister Françoise was of a stronger fibre, and remained on the cross upwards of three hours, during which time its position was frequently altered. This woman had announced that she had received a divine command to have the gown burnt off her back that day, and had been assured of receiving much comfort from the operation. The directors, supposing that she was properly prepared for such an ordeal, caused her to be set on fire, but on her part all had been pure insanity, unalloyed with rancor, and this was a trial against which no illusion of mind could strengthen her; she shrieked for help, water was poured upon her, and she was carried away half scorched, half drowned.

A few individuals, who had not wholly abandoned themselves to fanaticism, or the not less deleterious influence of party-spirit, might be awakened in time by such decided proofs of delusion as these. But neither absurdities, nor horrors, nor the obscenities which soon mingled themselves with these atrocious exhibitions, could undeceive the thorough-paced believers. "That in an era of learning and penetration," says Mr. Butler, "in a large capital, abounding with men of learning and discernment, under the eye of an enlightened and active society, ardently anxious to detect it, and in the face of a most despotic and vigilant police, bent on the destruction of the party for whose benefit the scene was exhibited, such an imposition could so long have been practised, is one of the most remarkable phenomena in the history of the human mind. It shows that when the imagination of the multitude is inflamed, their general testimony is entitled to no credit, and that in such circumstances the testimony even of well-informed individuals should be received with distrust." Such are the reflections of one of the most judicious and candid of English Catholics upon these transactions. But the truth appears to be, that all was not imposition, and that the strong agency of enthusiasm had called forth powers both of mind and body the existence of which had not, at that time, been suspected by psychologists, and of which, now their existence is known, the nature and extent are alike mysterious.

A LESSON TO PRIDE;

OR, THE BASKET-MAKER.

In the midst of that vast ocean commonly called the South Sea lie the *Islands of Solomon*. In the centre of these lies one not only distant from the rest, which are widely scattered round it, but also larger beyond proportion. An ancestor of the prince who now reigns absolute in this central island has, through a long descent of ages, entailed the name of *Solomon's Islands* on the whole, by the effect of that wisdom wherewith he improved the minds and polished the manners of his people.

A descendant of one of the great men of this happy island, rapidly increasing in wealth and power, became so inflated with prosperity as to despise the good qualities which had originally ennobled his family, and thought of nothing but how to support and distinguish his dignity by the pride of an ignorant mind, and a disposition devoted to pleasure. He had a house on the seashore, where he spent great part of his time in hunting and fishing; but sometimes found himself embarrassed in the pursuit of those important diversions, by means of a long slip of marsh lands, overgrown with high reeds, that lay between his house and the sea. Resolving, at length, that it became not a man of his quality to submit to a restraint in his pleasures for the ease and convenience of an obstinate mechanic, and having often endeavoured in vain to buy out the owner, who was an honest poor basket-maker, and whose livelihood entirely depended on working up the flags of those reeds in a manner peculiar to himself, the gentleman took advantage of a very high wind, and commanded his servants to burn down the barrier.

The basket-maker, who saw himself utterly undone, complained of the oppression in terms more suited to his sense of the injury than to the respect due to the rank of the offender; and the reward this imprudence procured him was blows, reproaches, and every kind of insult and indignity.

There was but one way to a remedy, and that was by going to the capital with the marks of his hard usage upon him. He threw himself at the feet of the king, and procured a summons for his oppressor's appearance; who, confessing the charge, proceeded to justify his behaviour by the poor man's unmindfulness of the submission due from the vulgar to gentlemen of rank and distinction.

"But, pray," replied the king, "what distinction of rank had the grandfather of your father, when, being a cleaver of wood in the palace of my ancestors, he was raised from among those vulgar you speak of with such contempt, in reward for an instance he gave of courage and loyalty in defence of his master? Yet his distinction was nobler

than yours: it was the distinction of worth, not of fortune. I am sorry that I have a gentleman in my dominions base enough to be ignorant that ease and distinction of fortune were bestowed on him but to this end,—that, being at rest from all cares of providing for himself, he might apply his heart, head, and hand for the public advantage."

Here the king, discontinuing his speech, fixed an eye of indignation on the sullen resentment of men which he observed in the haughty offender, who muttered a dislike of the encouragement such maxims must give to the commonalty, who, he said, were beneath the regard and consideration of men who were born to be honoured.

"Where a right judgment is wanting," replied the king, with a smile of disdain, "men must learn their defects in the pain of their sufferings. Yankama," added he, turning to a captain of the galley, "strip the injured and the injurer; convey them to one of the most barbarous and remote of the islands, get them ashore in the night, and leave them both to their fortune."

The place in which the gentleman and the basket-maker were landed was a marsh. Under cover of the flags the gentleman was in hopes of concealing himself, and escaping from his companion, whom he thought it a disgrace to be near, even in this desolate situation; but the lights in the galley having given an alarm to the savages, a considerable body of them came down, and discovered in the morning the two strangers in their hiding-place. Settling up a dismal yell, they surrounded them; and advancing nearer and nearer, raised their formidable clubs in a threatening manner, and seemed determined to dispatch them without mercy.

Here the gentleman first began to discover that the superiority of his nature was imaginary, for between the consciousness of shame and cold, under the nakedness he had never been used to, his terror of the savages, and his total ignorance of any art whereby to soften or divert their asperity, he crept behind the poor sharer of his calamity, and with an unmanly and apprehensive mien, gave up the post of honour, and made a leader of the very man whom, an hour before, he had thought it a disgrace to consider even as a companion in misfortune.

The basket-maker, on the contrary, to whom the poverty of his condition had made nakedness habitual—to whom a life of pain and mortification represented death as not dreadful—and whose remembrance of his skill in mechanical arts, of which these savages were entirely ignorant, gave him hopes of becoming safe by demonstrating that he could be useful, moved with a bolder and more open freedom; and having plucked a handful of the flags, sat down on the ground, and making signs that he would show them something worthy of their attention, fell to work with smiles and noddings,

while the savages drew near, and gazed with eager expectation of the consequence.

It was not long before he had wreathed a kind of coronet of pretty workmanship, and, rising with respect and fearfulness, approached the savage who appeared the chief, and placed it gently on his head; whose figure, under this new ornament, so charmed and delighted his followers, that they all threw down their clubs, and formed a dance of welcome and congratulation round the author, who valued a favour.

There was not one of the savages who now showed not the marks of his impatience to be made as fine as the captain, and the poor basket-maker had his hands full of employment; and the savages presently observing one captive stand entirely idle, while the other was so busy in their service, seized their clubs, and began to lay on arguments in behalf of natural justice.

The basket-maker's pity now effaced the remembrance of his wrongs and sufferings: he rose and rescued his oppressor, by making signs that he was ignorant of the art, but might, if they thought fit, be usefully employed in fetching flags for his supply as fast as he should want them.

This proposal luckily fell in with a desire which the savages expressed to keep themselves at leisure, that they might crowd round and mark the progress of a work they took such pleasure in. They left the gentleman, therefore, to do his duty in the basket-maker's service, and considered him from that time forward as one who was greatly inferior to their benefactor.

Men, women, and children, from all corners of the island, came in multitudes for coronets, and setting the gentleman to work to gather boughs and poles, they constructed a fine hut to lodge the basket-maker in, and brought down daily from the country such provisions as they lived upon themselves, taking care to offer the gentleman nothing till his master had done eating.

Three months' experience and reflection in this mortified condition gave a new and just turn to the gentleman's ideas; inasmuch that, lying weeping and awake one night, he thus confessed his sentiments to the basket-maker:—"I have indeed been to blame, and wanted judgment to distinguish between accident and excellence. When I should have estimated nature, I looked but to vanity. The preference which fortune gives is empty and imaginary, and I perceive, too late, that only useful qualities are naturally honourable. I blush when I compare my malice and injustice with your kindness and humanity. But if the gods should please to call me to a repossession of my rank and happiness, I would divide all with you in atonement for my justly-punished arrogance."

He promised, and performed his promise; for the king soon after sent the captain who

had landed them with presents to the savages, and orders to bring them both back again. And it continues to this day a custom in that island, to degrade all gentlemen who cannot give a better reason for their pride than that they were born to do nothing; and the word for this due punishment is, *Send him to the Basket-maker.*

—C

FRENCH PRIDE.—In the preamble to the Salic law, the French thus characterise themselves—"The excellent nation of the Franks, whose author is God himself, valiant in the field, secured at home by alliances, profound in council, in person majestic, strong, active, handsome, and hardy."

A shopkeeper at Doncaster had, for his virtues, obtained the name of the *Little Rascal*. A stranger asked him, why this appellation was given him? "To distinguish me from the rest of my trade," quoth he, "who are all *Great Rascals*."

STRANGE COINCIDENCE.—After Prince Joinville surveyed our southern coast, in March, 1844, he reported Newhaven, Sussex, as a most opportune spot for a foreign foe to make a descent upon England. In March, 1848, his father landed there a fugitive, seeking an asylum for himself and exiled family.

IRISHMEN ABROAD.—Count Von Taffe, a descendant of one of the followers of the cowardly James, has been appointed a minister of justice to the new Austrian ministry, and in France there is every chance of Althor O'Connor being elected to a seat in the National Assembly, in which case, as being senior member, he will be appointed president. Mr. O'Connor is in his eighty-sixth year. This gentleman is, we believe, the uncle of Mr. Feargus O'Connor.

A FRENCHMAN'S OPINION OF ENGLAND.—I will not deny that this England is a very great nation. Her face is towards Europe—towards Dunkirk and Antwerp. All other capitals—Russia, Austria, Italy, Spain, and France—have their capitals in the west, towards the setting sun. England alone, the great European ship, her sails bellying to the wind, has her bow towards the east, as if to brave the whole world; *unum omnia contra*. This extreme land of the old world is the heroic land—the eternal asylum of bandits, of men of energy. All those who have ever fled servitude—Druids persecuted by Rome, Gallo-Romans expelled by barbarians, Saxons proscribed by Charlemagne, lounging Danes, greedy Normans, Flemish industry oppressed, vanquished Calvinism, have all crossed the sea and found refuge and a country in the great island; *Beati petamus erga, divites et inuiles*. Thus England has fattened on calamities, has grown great out of ruins.—*Michelet's History of France.*

CYCLOPÆDIA OF PRACTICAL
RECEIPTS.

THE author, or rather compiler, of the "Cyclopædia of Practical Receipts," Mr. J. C. Cooley, has done the public good service by the publication of his work, for it contains directions for the preparation of several thousand articles of interest and utility, together with their properties, uses, and doses, and generally, the means of ascertaining their purity, and detecting their presence in other compounds. The book forms, in fact, a compendious Dictionary of Reference for the manufacturer, the tradesman, and the amateur, as well as the heads of families. We have collected the following recipes from various parts of it.

MEAT PICKLE.—Moist sugar, two pounds, bay or common salt, four pounds; saltpetre, half a pound; fresh ground allspice, two ounces; water, six to eight quarts, dissolve. Used to pickle meat, to which it imparts a fine red colour, and a superior flavour.

IMITATION OF EBONY.—Pale-coloured woods are stained in imitation of ebony, by washing them with or steeping them in a strong decoction of logwood or galls, allowing them to dry, and then washing them over with a solution of the sulphate or acetate of iron. When dry they are washed with clean water, and the process repeated if required. They are lastly polished or varnished.

TO HASTEN BLOWING OF FLOWERS.—The following liquid has been used with great advantage for this purpose.—Sulphate or nitrate of ammonia, four ounces; nitrate of potash, two ounces; sugar, one ounce; hot water, one pint; dissolve and keep it in a well-corked bottle. For use, put eight or ten drops of this liquid into the water of a hyacinth glass or jar, for bulbous-rooted plants, changing the water every ten or twelve days. For flowering plants in pots, a few drops must be added to the water employed to moisten them. The preference should be given to rain water for this purpose. A similar fluid, sold by Mr. Potter, under the name of "liquid guano," is an excellent article to promote the growth and early flowering of plants.

VARNISHED FURNITURE.—This may be finished off so as to look equal to the best French polished wood, in the following manner, which is also suitable to other varnished surfaces. Take two ounces of tripoli powdered, put it into an earthen pot, with just enough water to cover it, then take a piece of white flannel, lay it over a piece of cork or rubber, and proceed to polish the varnish, always wetting it with the tripoli and water. It will be known when the process is finished by wiping a part of the work with a sponge, and observing whether there is a fair even gloss. When this is the case, take a bit of mutton suet and fine flour, and clean the work.

SIR H. DAVY'S CORN SOLVENT.—Potash, two parts; salt sorrel, one part; each in fine powder. Mix, and lay a small quantity on the corn for four or five successive nights, binding it on with a rag.

DR. BAILEY'S MIXTURE FOR INDIGESTION.—Epsom salts, three drachms; infusion of roses, half a pint; tincture of cascarrilla, half an ounce.—*Dose.* Two or three table-spoonfuls at noon and in the evening.

TO PRESERVE FURS FROM MOTHS, &c.—Place a little colocynth pulp (bitter apples), or spices, as cloves, pimento, &c., wrapped in muslin, among them; or they may be washed in a very weak solution of corrosive sublimate in warm water (ten or fifteen grains to the pint), and afterwards carefully dried. Furs, as well as every other species of clothing, should be kept in a clean, dry place.

PORCABLE GLUE.—Best glue, one pound; water sufficient; boil in a double glue-pot, and strain, add fine brown sugar, half a pound, and boil it pretty thick; then pour it into moulds; when cold cut into small pieces and dry them. This glue is very useful to draughtsmen, architects, &c., as it immediately dilutes in warm water, and fastens the paper, without the process of dampening, and may be softened for many purposes with the tongue.

TO REMOVE FLIES.—The best way to remove flies is to expose in a plate a mixture of one tea-spoonful of black pepper, two tea-spoonfuls of brown sugar, and one table-spoonful of cream; or a solution of sugar in a strong decoction of quassia, may be used instead. Flies, and other insects, may be kept from attacking meat by dusting it over with pepper, powdered ginger, or any other spice, or by skewering a piece of paper to it on which a drop or two of creasote has been poured. The spices may be readily washed off with water before dressing the meat.

GINGERBREAD.—Flour, one pound; carbonate of magnesia, quarter of an ounce; mix, add treacle, half a pound, moist sugar, quarter of a pound; melted butter, two ounces; tartaric acid, dissolved in a little water, one drachm; make a stiff dough, then add powdered ginger and cinnamon (cassia), of each, one drachm, grated nutmeg, one ounce, set it aside for half an hour or an hour, and put it in the oven. It should not be kept longer than two or three hours, at the utmost, before being baked. It produces superior thin gingerbread.

IMITATION OF GROUND GLASS.—The frosted appearance of ground glass may be very nearly imitated by gently dabbing the glass over with a piece of glazier's putty, stuck on the ends of the fingers. When applied with a light and even touch, the resemblance is considerable. Another method is to dip the glass over with this white paint, or flour paste, by means of a brush, but this is much inferior to the former.

POPULAR PASTIMES.

SOLUTIONS TO THE RIDDLES, CHARADES,
AND CONUNDRUMS IN OUR LAST.

ANSWERS TO CHARADES
 1—Carnp-bell (Author of the Pleasures of Hope).
 2—Parrot.
 3—Black-lead.
 4—Bed-room.
 5—Chatham.
 6—Cat-a-strophe.
 7—Wellington.
 8—Mur mur

9—When they are in doors (in-doors)
 10—He is short of patient's (patience).
 11—It is said to purify the hair (air).
 12—He would be Timid (timid)

RIDDLE

1—Ten-net.

ANSWERS TO OUR KINGS
AND QUEENS.

ANSWERS TO CONUNDRUM

1—Purl (purl)
 2—A elog

3—It is a flower (flower).
 4—She is guided by a minister.

5—When it is a child
 6—When it is an ladge (knowledge).

7—Because it is not "all hail!"
 8—When it has a dry den (Dryden).

1—Will-I-am.
 2—Henry

3—Stephen
 4—The hard.

5—J ohn
 6—Ed-ward.

7—Mary
 8—Elizabeth.

9—James.

RIDDLES.

1.—What ladies with a grace may do,
 What, when you're dress'd, sits well on you;

What many a man who has a wife
 Submits to, for a quiet life.

2.—A riddle of riddles! it dances and skips,
 It is read in the eyes, though it cheats
 in the lips.

If it meet with its match it is easily
 caught,

But if money will buy it, 'tis not worth
 a groat.

3.—At me crowds assemble.
 At me thousands tremble;

I'm gaiety's friend,
 I to life put an end,

In the air hurled on high,
 Fraught with ruin I fly,

For dancing I'm famed,
 For murder oft blamed,

I'm frequent in duels,
 I oft display jewels;

I describe the whole earth,
 I occasion much mirth

That I'm found in your eye
 And your thumb, don't deny.

4.—I am small, but, when entire,
 Of force to set a town on fire;
 Let but one letter disappear,
 I then can hold a herd of deer:
 Take one more off, and then you'll find
 I once contain'd all human kind.

CHARADES.

1. Where you place your child is my first,
 what you make your child is my second, and
 a great ornament is my whole.

2. My first is equality, my second is inferiority,
 my whole is superiority.

3. My first is a man of the most exalted state; my second, though industrious and inured to hardships, is generally a man of low condition, expert at a catch; my whole is a pretty little animal, which, the poets say, was a beautiful though unfortunate lady.

4. My first is to be seen every day in the firmament, my second conquers kings and queens, and my whole is what I would offer to a friend in distress

'Twas night, and fiercely howl'd the wind,
 Huge billows mounted high;
 A ship was borne before the blast,
 Anon she sank in caverns vast,
 'Then seem'd to touch the sky.

To launch their long-boat on the wave

The gallant crew now try;

They leave their ship, though dark the night,

With hopes to steer their course aright,
 And "help!" they loudly cry

At length my first appears to view,
 Through darkness glimmering bright;
 And finding now that aid is near,
 The shipwreck'd crew each other cheer
 And hail it with delight.

The inmates of my second hear,
 Though loud the billows roll,
 They launch the life-boat to their aid,
 And soon the helpless crew convey'd
 In safety to my whole

GUIVER.

FACTS AND SCRAPS.

NICHOLAS THE FISH.—Towards the end of the fourteenth century, there lived a famous Sicilian swimmer and diver, named Nicola, or Cola. He was surnamed 'Pesce' (the fish) on account of his expertise in diving. Frederic II, king of the Two Sicilies, employed him, and encouraged his feats. The most incredible stories are told of him, it is said that he passed whole hours under water, and whole days in the water; that he used to swim from Sicily to the Lipari Islands, carrying letters and despatches in a leathern bag, &c. The truth seems to be that he was a most expert swimmer, and that he could remain longer under water than any other person on record. He had been accustomed, from his boyhood, to dive for oysters and coral along the coast of his native country. It is reported that King Frederic once asked him to dive into the sea off the point of Faro, where the current forms a whirlpool, known by the name of Charvdis, and as Pesca hesitated, the king threw a golden cup into the sea, when Pesca plunged in, and after remaining a considerable time under water, brought up the cup, to which the king added a purse of gold as a gift. Pesca was induced to repeat the experiment, but he never rose again from the sea.

HOMER.—Peter Le Loyer pretended to find in Homer whatever he pleased. He actually boasted, and in print, that he found there, in one single line, his Christian name, his surname, the name of the village in which he was born, the name of the province in which that village was situated, and the name of the kingdom of which that province was a part. *M. de la Harpe.*

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.—There is nothing in the world which is so remarkable as the character of parents. Nothing so intimate and endearing as the relation of husband and wife, nothing so tender as that of children; nothing so loving as those of brother and sister. The little circle is made one by a single interest and by a singular union of affection.

ORIGIN OF HONEY MOON.—It was the custom of the higher orders of the Teutones, an ancient people who inhabited the northern parts of Germany, to drink mead, or metheglin (a beverage made with honey) for thirty days after every wedding; from this custom is derived the phrase, "to spend the honeymoon."

TRUE LOVE.—"Hast thou not observed, Doris, that thy future husband has lame feet?" "Yes, papa," said she, "I have seen it; but then he speaks to me so kindly and so piously, that I seldom pay attention to his feet." "Well, Doris, but young women generally look at a man's figure." "I, too, papa," was her answer; "but Wilhelm pleases me just as he is. If he had straight feet, he would not be Wilhelm Stilling, and how could I love him then?"

OAK TREES FOR SHIPPING.—It is asserted, in the "Life of Bishop Watson," that a 74-gun ship requires to build it 200 oak trees of two tons of timber each, and supposing 100 such trees growing on an acre, clears 20 acres of woodland. An acre of oak trees is generally reckoned at 6,700 square yards, or nearly half as much more as the common acre. Mr. Wood observed in the House of Commons lately, that it took 150 men a twelvemonth to build such a ship.

DR. FORDYCE.—The author does not tell this story: perhaps it is one we have heard of the worthy doctor, who, after getting home highly primed from a dinner-party, was called out to see a lady taken dangerously ill. "So," said the doctor to his man, "I can't go at all; if I do, you must lead me." He was led to the room, and the patient stretched upon a bed. The doctor got fast hold of a bell-post with one hand for a balance, and with the other seized upon the lady's wrist; but, alas! all attempts to note the pulsation were vain, and he could only mumble out, "Drunk, by Jove! drunk!" "Ah, madam!" cried the Abigail, as soon as the physician had staggered out, "what a wonderful man! how soon he discovered what was the matter with you!"

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DISTRAINING FOR RENT, by WILKIE.

On Saturday, May the 27th, will be published, *prices One Halfpenny*, as a supplement to "THE TRACTS FOR THE PEOPLE," and as a companion to "The Rent-Law," a splendid engraving on wood, from Wilkie's celebrated picture, "DISTRAINING FOR RENT." These finely executed engravings will form a set well adapted to the portfolio, &c. to be framed.

MIDAS (Manchester).—Our riddle-master begs you will accept his best thanks.

YOUNG GRIFFIN (Wood).—Your Three Letters to the People, have been received, and will appear in the Tracts. Accept our best thanks for the favours conferred.

M. M. T.—Does our correspondent wish to make an April-fool of us, by sending us a song from the old farce of "The Rival, or, the Wags of Windsor?"

G. M. S. (Southampton).—The title-page is only for the volumes. There will not be a title-page until the end of the year for the numbers.

DICKY SAM.—You will see the article you were kind enough to send us in a week or two. Thanks.

J. BROWNLOW.—There will be a title-page and index at the end of the year, for those who keep the numbers for binding. The title-page we have published as only for our volumes.

T. P. J. (Greenock).—Accept our best thanks for your contribution. We have no doubt but our "master of riddles" will use them.

HENRY JOHN C. JUNE.—Thanks for scraps. **S. J. MANFIELD.**—Your writing is good enough for the situation you mention. You can live as cheap in London as anywhere.

A. Z. W.—We shall be glad to hear from you, when you have a good subject.

R. KIRK.—Thanks for receipts. The theatre you name was originally "the King's Concert Room," and afterwards called "the Tottenham street Theatre;" then "the Queen's." It was, we believe, at one time, called "the Regency." We cannot answer your other question.

PIZZA.—Thanks for your favours. Plaster-caster! we will enquire for you. To your second question *Good-bye.*

NORDA.—You will find the information you require in a recent number, among our Answers to Correspondents.

VIZ (Liverpool).—Thanks. **I. H. C.** ditto. **JACK-A-LA-MODE.**—Accept our best thanks: in a week or two we shall be able to find room for what you have forwarded.

ROSALIA.—You have really imposed a task, which we cannot answer, but we sincerely hope you have no intention of entering a concert.

F. G. (Hull).—Many thanks for your contribution.

C. O. T.—We are much indebted to you for your friendly advice, but we have said of "THE TRACTS" with the intention of making them "amusing and instructive." Should we alter our plan, we fear it would decrease our present very great sale.

W. H. (Southampton).—Suppose the person having the knives to hire, should take the third by the hidge! We are obliged, but do not see the fun of your trick.

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All correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, No. 114, Strand.

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TRACTS

for the People,

A WEEKLY MISCELLANY OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE AND AMUSEMENT

No 21 Vol III]

SATURDAY, MAY 6, 1848

[PRICE ONE HALFPENNY



[FLORA'S FESTIVAL.]

MAY-DAY MERRY-MAKINGS.

COLLECTED FOR THE TRACTS BY W C

HAIL to thee once again, fair *May* -
most gentle Pleiad! - Spenser, in his account
of the month, thus introduces May :-

"Then came faire May, the fairest mayd on
grounhd,
Deck't all with dainties of her season's pryde,
And throwing dow'rs out of her lap around."

As our present number vull appear only
a few days after the First of May, we may

be allowed to indulge ourselves with a few observations upon the ancient customs and pleasantries of that fairest day in all the year. We shall be affording our readers some amusement, perhaps, as well as doing ourselves a service, by showing, as our very clever artist (Mr. H. Fitz-Cook) has done in his illustration of May, that we, as well as himself, have some relish for gentle sports, and that we can, once in a way, cast a thought upon the month of flowers.

All our associations with May are delightful. It is the time of congratulation and of hope: we rejoice that the winter has passed away, and welcome the summer approach us with his softest glance and most buoyant step; we forget the festivities of Christmas, and the scorching glance and sultry breath of June, and recollect only that bitter frosts and dark days are the companions of the one, and that the other has bright colours and the richest odours, and sunset lights and evening winds, to make us happy.

The first of May was a day pleasant to gods and men. It shone as welcome on Olympus as, at Rome and in the valleys of Tirol. We have high intimation that Aurora was a patroness of the day, or, at any rate, that she mingled in the revelry. Who, when he hears of

"Zephyr with Aurora playing,
When I met her once a-morning,"

can hesitate to admit into the calendar of his holidays the one which was observed by such bright and airy deities?

Maia (May) is traced by some to the word *Majores*, and is said to have been adopted by Romulus out of respect to his senators, who were called *Majores*. We prefer the pleasanter derivation, and acknowledge rather its origin in the starry *Maia*, one of the Pleiades, and mother of the feather-footed *Hermes*.

The Romans, who generally showed a good deal of animal propensity in their amusements, observed May-day with but unseemly rites; they exhibited loose sports and extravagant postures, to stimulate the degraded appetite of Rome, in the same spirit that they administered to their own pampered vanity, by proclaiming all the world barbarians except themselves. These sports were acted in honour, as it was pleasantly called, of the goddess *Flores*, who (ousting Pomona from her golden seat) was worshipped as the deity of *fruits* and *flowers*.

"*Floribus et fructibus puerat*"

The ancients esteemed the month of May unfavourable, while the moderns deem it favourable, to love. Shakespeare, who may be considered as the best authority on points of this sort, speaks of

"Love, whose month is ever May."

May-day was formerly celebrated, as was fitting, by the young. They rose shortly

after midnight, and went to some neighbouring wood, attended by songs and music, and breaking green branches from the trees, adorned them with wreaths and crowns of flowers. They returned home at the rising of the sun, and made their windows and their doors gay with garlands. In the villages they danced during the day around the May-pole, which afterwards remained during the whole year untouched, except by the seasons, a fading emblem and a consecrated offering to the Goddess of Flowers. At night the villagers lighted up fires, and indulged in revellings, which sometimes were perhaps "after the high Roman fashion," and might, indeed, have vied even with those religious festivities with which the "True Believers" are still accustomed to reward themselves for their pious abstinence during the fasts of Ramadan.

By the Highlanders of Scotland, and also by some of the nations of Italy, May-day was observed, as well as by us. With us, indeed, it had the additional recommendation of being called "Robin Hood's day;" and persons representing Robin and Maid Marian were wont to preside on these occasions, accompanied by villagers in the true Sherwood green. Even our Eighth Harry, who was such a gallant in his youth and such a tyrant in his age, once rode "a-maying" with his wife Katharine, from Greenwich to the high ground on Shooter's-hill, accompanied by the lords and ladies of his court. This must have happened in the earlier period of his life; and we can well believe that the man who trod "the field of the cloth of gold," and had qualities which enabled him to understand and return the courtesies of his brother king at Arden, could relish the pleasures of the first of May.

Thus, then, have the first of May, and the "flow'ry month of May," been spent by our ancestors and celebrated by our poets. Now there is scarcely a garland to be seen; the song is silent, and the dance is over; the revelry has ceased; and vulgar pursuits usurp the place of those pleasant pastimes which seemed a sort of first-offering to gentleskies, and were consecrated by the smiles of the tender year. If we were dwellers in the country, we would try to revive these things, for they are worth revival. They are landmarks of happiness, to which the peasant was wont to look; he enjoyed them in anticipation and remembrance; they stimulated his exertions and rewarded his toil. The introduction of these customs would render luxuries "of little worth" and less desired, and might charm back many a spirit to its pure and early simplicity. But, alas! for the good old customs, they are now known to us only by name. Formerly the poor chimney-sweepers in London, with their shovels, and brushes, and finery, were wont to make right merry on this their brightest day of the year. To them the first of May

in jute; gaudy dapp; they still cast aside their sooty garbs, and wash their faces by way of a *revet*—a treat which we believe they only indulge in "once a year," though we fear that their dancing is not now altogether spontaneous. However, they are now the sole "lords of holiday"—the only sporters and revellers in the spring. They are, indeed, splendid instances of gaiety. They have crowns, and garlands, and merry looks, and sometimes even pyramids of flowers, and a Jack-in-the-Green. They disdain man's every-day attire, and come forth in the morning to run their course, decked out in all the paraphernalia of their order, their visages grotesquely painted (our artist would say begrimed) with Dutch pink.

Formerly, these merry parties were always presided over by a *lord* and a *lady*, most splendidly attired in flowers, knots of ribbons, and bedizened with gilt and coloured paper, who led off the merry dance with much burlesque gracefulness, but, alas! "Othello's occupation's" (nearly) "gone." Latterly, the observance of May-day by the sooty class has been considered *unfashionable*. Parliament has put a stop to getting up the *flue*, and since the "Sweeping Act" came in force, the pride of the sweep's May-day has *flowed*. Well, let us hope that the observance of the day has been at least turned to a *better* purpose, and that means have been employed to better their moral and religious condition.

Monday, May the First, according to the floral "Court Circular," should, we think, be styled,

FLORA'S FIRST DRAWING-ROOM DAY

Her Serene Highness Queen Flora should hold her first "Drawing-room" for the season on that day (wind and weather permitting); and who can doubt but it would be numerously attended?

Let us suppose a fairy floral scene the court opened soon after sunrise, the royal band, which consisted of most of the feathered tribe, were in attendance at an early hour to welcome in the company; the favourite air of the morning was, "Lo! hear the Gentle Lark." There was a full attendance, and the young Ladies Daisy, in their yellow terry-velvet bodices, trimmed with white-feather fringe, were amongst the earliest to appear; they would have been attended by the Countess of Crocus, and the modest Ladies Snowdrop, but owing to the (*revolutionary*) *raze* of the previous month, they left town early in April. The Misses Violet were presented on their return to the country—these modest and unassuming ladies having passed through the recent storms (abroad) unscathed. Their re-appearance in the gay circle was truly refreshing; they were introduced by the Ladies Primrose. The amiable and modest appearance of the former

was much noticed; the costume of each party was considered highly becoming, and skilfully assorted to set off the charms of both. The Duchess of Heartsease was supremely attired in purple and gold. This truly magnificent lady is a great favourite at some courts, though there are some people who do not scruple to say she carries "two faces under her hood," and goes so far as to say (on the sly), "Jump up and kiss me."

The Dowager Lady Tulip wore a body and train of the richest crimson and gold; this truly magnificent costume attracted unusual attention, and had a superb effect. The beautiful Germander family, with their never-to-be-forgotten "eyes of heavenly blue," were the admiration of all beholders. The comely daughters of the Countess Cowslip were presented; it has been the fashion to call these ladies the "pretty rustics," but they were most graciously received, and the delicate propriety of their dress and manners was greatly admired. The Lady Cadammon was plainly attired in white. The Baroness Bluebell and her daughters were dressed in robes of azure tissue, and were the theme of admiration for the sylph-like elegance of their forms. The numerous family of Anemones paid their devotions early. These *élégantes* were variously habited—some wore rich crimson, purple, and lilac bodices, with ample trains of emerald-green, the younger branches wore robes of white and green, and almost surpassed in beauty their more splendid relations. The lovely Lady Lily of the Valley in her snow white body and green train, looked the perfect picture of innocence. The two Misses May came in white and pink, shedding rich odour as they passed along. The Rose family were expected, owing to the fierceness of the weather, but only those that were *forced* condescended to venture abroad so early.

Queen Flora was attended by the following gentlemen, who are always in *waiting*, at this season—Count Cherrut, Baron Broom, and the Hon. Messrs. Lime, Oak, Birch, and Ash. Sir Lincoln Idine, Sir Benjamin Blackhorn, Sir Philip Pear, and the Hon. Anthony Apple, as they crowded round their sovereign, eager to pay their dutiful homage, made a magnificent show, in their rich suits of white, red, and green. The court, after partaking of a few *drops of comfort*—probably "mountain dew"—a light and refreshing beverage—broke up; but not before the Nightingale—not the "Swedish one"—had been entreated to favour the company with a song. That well-bred lady instantly complied, from her favourite *Land-on* tree, and poured upon the ears of her delighted auditors one of her most thrilling melodies; it was thought the air resembled "Home, sweet Home," for the company, upon hearing it, appeared most anxious to get home to their beds.

MARY BEATON;

OR, THE MAID OF HONOUR.

"HA! ha! Sir Duncan, seest thou how the saucy knaves drive the burghers from the causeway? By our Lady! 'tis a bold youth who leads that clump of spears."

"'Tis not well, my lord of Lindsay," replied the other; "'tis not well that every gallant who comes to the Queen's court with armed men at his heels should bear him thus."

"He is a seemly youth, Sir Duncan, and I'll warrant of right noble lineage. Now I would stake a gold purse to a tester there will be blood spilt on the causeway ere that stripping enters the palace-gates."

"Stand fast! ye false burghers!" shouted Sir David Beaton to the citizens. "Stand fast! and give not place to that beardless boy. Saint Mary, will ye suffer every youth that wears spur and feather to ruffit' it thus?"

"Give way! give way! ye craven knaves!" cried the men-at-arms, pointing their lances at the citizens; who now ran together, leaving space enough for the young knight to pass with his train, when Sir Duncan Beaton, standing in his path, exclaimed, "Sir knight, think it meet bearing, in sight of the Queen's palace, to cause bare steel to be pointed at the breasts of honest craftsmen on their own high street?"

The youth reined in his champing steed at this unexpected address, and replied haughtily—"I have won my spurs fair, sir, and need hardly be tutored in what is seemly in knightly bearing. Pass on, an't please you, for my errand brooks no delay. Pass on, or, by my father's hand, thy grey hairs will not protect thee for meddling in what concerns thee not."

"My hair is grey, proud boy," replied the old knight, "but my arm is strong enough to shield my head; nor, while I can wield a blade, will I see a countryman oppressed, whether he wear silken scarf or curled hose, or blue bonnet and hoddin grey."

"Long live Sir Duncan Beaton!" cried the citizens, drawing their short swords, and clustering round him, as if ready for a fray. "Long live Sir Duncan Beaton!"

"Give way, my good friend, and not a brawl in the street," said Lord Lindsay, endeavouring to lead the old knight from the causeway. "'Sdeath! these men have long hands, and plate armour. Give way, Sir Beaton; for God wot there has been blood enough spilt in these idle frays."

But Sir Duncan was not so easily moved, and the youth, who had hitherto with difficulty restrained his followers, was now himself fast losing patience, and had drawn his sword, as if about to give the signal for an onset, when a young maiden mounted on a white palfrey rode hastily up, attended by servants of the royal household. The citi-

zens immediately dropped their blades; and the general cry of "Mary Beaton" informing the youth that it was the Queen's favourite Maid of Honour, with the chivalrous courtesy of the times, he bowed before the lovely girl, until his long hair mingled with his horse's mane.

"And does it sort well," inquired the maiden, with a flushed cheek and a sparkling eye,—"does it sort well with thy knighthood to lead men-at-arms against peaceful citizens and leal subjects of the Queen?"

"By mine honour, fair maiden, there is small peace among those whom thou findest in array against me. I have been but brief space in the city, and have already been thrice assailed—twice for the gold cross I wear, and now for what cause I know not. Saint Bride! if I had not more patience than the holy pilgrim, yonder churls, and he who leads them—"

"He who leads them," proudly interrupted the maiden, "owns thee neither boon nor grace for thy forbearance."

"By Saint Andrew! thou'rt my own child," cried the old knight. "But get thee gone, Mary—there is no need for thee or thy attendants here comes the city guard."

"Give place, worthy Donald Weaver! Stand back, worshipful Deacon Glover! Put up thy whinger, good Walter Souter! Keep the peace, my masters! keep the peace in the Queen's name!"

The citizens slowly dispersed at the command of the guard: and ere the youth had well recovered his surprise, he found himself riding by the maiden's side, followed by their respective trains, towards the palace of Holyrood.

"There has been small favour, fair lady," said he, "in our first greeting; but the morning is often a faithless herald of the day; and if it be our fate to part at yonder gate, I trust it will not be in anger."

"Nay," replied the fair Beaton, "I am neither thy friend nor foe; although," added she, glancing at his retainers, "thou comest to the palace in somewhat warlike guise."

"By the rood! I have found these stout knaves of good service in passing through the lowland country, and it seems there is no slight occasion for them even in this city. But canst thou tell me if I am likely to get an audience of thy royal mistress?"

"Nay," replied the girl, "that I cannot tell. What is thy passport to the Queen?"

"The name of Gordon," replied the youth proudly. "There were times, lady, when it could have thrown open the gates of any palace in Scotland."

"Yes, but those times are altered; and if thou knowest no better road to royal favour, thine errand is likely to be a bootless one. Half of thy clan is even now under attainder and banishment."

"It is but too true, fair maiden; nor am I exempted from the doom of my house."

But, by St. Agnes! it will go hard if I quit Holyrood without seeing the Queen. As kinsman of the Earl of Huntly——"

"Worse and worse!" cried the maiden. "His very name ensures your fate. You are rushing, Sir Knight, on your own destruction."

"I have a sister in danger—in the power of my deadliest enemy," replied the young knight, with some emotion, "and something must be dated."

"A sister!—said'st thou a sister?"

"Even so; and one for whom I would blithely dare a great peril. She is now a prisoner in the nunnery of Bute, the abbess of which is sister to the Lord of Gowrie."

"The Lord of Gowrie!" cried the maiden hastily; "the friend of Earl Murray! There is indeed an unequal warfare."

Slightly bending her head, she continued for some time silent, as if in thought, until at length, throwing back her tossing ringlets, she suddenly exclaimed—"Sir Knight, I will get thee an audience of the Queen."

"Thanks, noble lady!" cried the youth. "He were a bold man who opposed my path with such eyes as thine to cheer me on," involuntarily grasping his sword-hilt as he spoke.

"Nay, nay!" said the maiden, in some alarm at his vehemence; "if you seek the success of thine errand, play not with thy weapons here. Dismiss thy followers, too, for they may not enter the palace-gates."

The maiden then dismounted from her palfrey, which was led away by one of her attendants; and the youth, leaving his horse to the care of his nearest retainer, followed her into the court-yard. The knights and galleants that thronged the place gave courtly obeisance to Mary Beaton, although they looked with inquiring eyes on him who accompanied her. Entering the building, she trode lightly through the long, vaulted passages, unchallenged by the guard, until she reached a large and crowded ante-chamber, where, telling her companion to wait, until summoned into the royal presence, she disappeared by a small door that was half hid by the tapestry.

Many and varied were the figures that trode this lofty hall, and these the young knight had now leisure to observe. Here stood a group of clergymen, their close-cut beards, square caps, and Geneva cloaks, showing that they were of the reformed church. There stalked a northern chief, dressed in the costume of his clan, his troubled looks and restless movements showing how ill he bore the onerous task of a courtly suitor. At another place stood some of the city magistrates in their robes of office, talking gravely and in whispers together; while nobles, courtiers, and officers of the household were moving about, laughing at the passing jest, or smiling at the anxious looks of those who surrounded them. By

these the young knight was soon singled out, having already incurred their notice, from having been seen in company with Mary Beaton, the acknowledged beauty of the court; nor did their interest subside when they perceived, by his scarf of silken tartan, the clan to which he belonged. "A Gordon! a Gordon!" was whispered round, and many even forgot their own affairs to gaze in surprise on the banished knight, who thus ventured to appear in the royal halls. In a short time, however, he was summoned to the presence of the Queen.

The summer sunbeams were streaming through the painted windows of the lofty apartment in which the young Scottish Queen sat, surrounded by her haughty barons, the soft light falling upon the rich tapestry, and blending well with the gloomy grandeur of the place. Fair dames and mitred churchmen were also near the throne, and the proud eye and noble brow of her who occupied it lost none of their majesty by the delicate beauty of her features or the soft lines of her finely-moulded form. Her dark brown hair was bound with braided pearls, a carunclet of brilliants sparkled on her neck—her robes were rich and elegant; the little foot that escaped beneath them and rested on the silken cushion, the white jewelled hand that reposed on the chair of state—all, all were perfect, and each added its nameless grace to the harmony of the whole. Immediately behind her stood her four "Maries," daughters of noble Scottish houses, and esteemed the fairest maidens of the day. Among these, young Gordon failed not to perceive, as he approached the Queen, her to whom he owed his admission to the royal presence, arrayed now in a more courtly garb, and looking, as she really was—if chroniclers are true—the loveliest of the lovely group.

"Sir Knight," said the Queen, after the youth had paid his homage, "we are told ye are come on a pressing errand to Holyrood."

"Even so, my liege lady," replied the knight. "I am come to seek redress for many injuries done to my house and kindred, under the false sanction of your royal name."

"And what are those, and of whom dost thou complain?"

"The foulest treachery;—the betrayal of friends, the tampering with the holy church, and oppressing a ruined and noble house. I accuse of these, one against whose acts to the house of Gordon all Scotland cries shame, the Earl of Gowrie, the friend and confederate of my Lord of Murray."

"How now, minion!" cried both earls at once. "This youth," continued Murray, addressing the Queen, "is one of the banished Gordons,—banished from Scottish ground, and yet thou hearest him bandy words at the foot of thy throne."

"And thinkest thou," said the Queen, as she addressed the young knight, "thinkest thou, that by thus braving our commands and entering our presence, ye may reverse the forfeiture of thy name and clan? There is not a Gordon who wears thy tartan but lately was in arms against his Queen. If thy house is ruined, thou own hand has compassed it."

"And ruined in truth it is," said the youth mournfully. "The grass grows and the hare sleeps where our halls had stood, our vassals are hiding in the rock, and the doors of the very fane we have founded are shut against us. From Dee to Spey there is no sound but mourning, and no sight but what is desolate. Ruined in truth we are, but I may not say our own hands have compassed it. No, it has been done by those who sought to divide the broad lands of Gordon, because the son of Hufley dared to love—why should I scruple to say so?—dared to love his Queen. But his life paid the penalty of his rashness, and yet a nobler heart never beat beneath a plaid than his, who was sacrificed to those against whom I now seek redress."

"These are idle reproaches," replied the Queen, "and methinks were hardly worth putting thy life in peril for by journeying to Holyrood."

"The Cook of the North has had his wings clipped," observed the Earl of Morton, "but while a Gordon has a single clump of spurs at his command, we may hardly look for quiet days in Scotland."

"In sooth thou sayest well," rejoined Murray, "for I am told this gallant's train even now assaulted a party of servants of the palace, that attended one of the maids of honour."

"Now," said Mary Beaton, coming quickly forward, though with a blushing cheek, "thou hast been falsely informed, my Lord of Murray; there was neither assault nor insult given to the servants of the Queen."

"Nay, Mary," said the Queen, smiling, "we will even let the youth defend himself. But saddest thou not he sought our aid to rescue a sister from captivity?"

All eyes were now turned upon Mary Beaton, who blushed yet deeper crimson at being thus detected as the mediator of the youth with the Queen. Gordon, however, promptly replied, "It is on such an errand I am come to Holyrood. The lands may be wrested from us, and the spurs struck from our heels: of these I reckon not,—I only seek the royal license to bear Mary Gordon from the nunnery of Bute, where she is now a prisoner, placed there by the Lord of Gowrie, and in pretended obedience to your royal command."

"My Lord of Gowrie!" cried the Queen in surprise, "how sayest thou?"

But Gowrie had evidently been uneasy from the first moment the youth entered the apartment, and he now replied, with a sullen air,

"Fire and sword I carried into the Gordon's lands, and methought a nunnery was more fitting for the maiden than a heartless hall or greenwood tree."

"False lord!" cried the youth, sternly; "darest thou breathe a whisper against her who has thine scorned thy proffered hand, and even now would rather take the veil than kneel with thee at the altar! Thy hand was red with her father's blood when ye first sought her for thy bride; and now thou hast foully abused the name of the Queen, to get the maiden into thy power."

"The lady had a fair escort from Gight Castle, her father's tower, to the nunnery of Bute. The Queen's name was hardly needed in such a case."

"It has, however, been employed; and it is that alone which has made the paltry cloisters of thy sister the prison-house of mine," said the knight, drawing a paper from his girdle, and handing it to the Queen.

"How now, my lord!" cried the Queen, starting up, "hast thou dared to affix the name of Mary Stuart to a warrant like this?"

Gowrie turned deadly pale, and his lip quivered, but he spoke not.

"My Lord of Murray!" said the lovely Queen, with a flushed cheek and an angry eye, "at thy request we bestowed the lands of this knight upon thy friend of Gowrie: we will now dispose of them as please ourselves. Sir Knight, the lands of Gight are thine own again, and the attendant reversed from thy name. For thee, my lord," said she, turning to Earl Gowrie, "we shall tax thy homage no further by attendance at Holyrood."

"My noble mistress," said young Gordon, kneeling and kissing the proffered hand of the Queen, "it were a happy land, were no acts committed in thy name but those which you knew and sanctioned."

"Had I known what was thine errand to Holyrood," said Sir Duncan Beaton, approaching, and grasping Gordon's hand, "I had not opposed thy path as I did this day."

"It you have done so, Sir Duncan," observed the Queen, smiling, "it has been amply repaid by the good offices of thy daughter. This Mary Gordon must be brought to court; so that, should any of my Maiesea desert me, I may have another to fill her place. Already, my fair Beaton," continued the Queen, looking at the blushing girl at her side, "already I have misgivings of losing thy services."

And the Queen's conjecture was not without foundation. Ere many months had glided by, young Gordon led the lovely maiden to the altar, and her place at court was supplied by Mary Gordon, a black-eyed beauty, whose charms had been celebrated in many an ancient ballad. Soon after, through the mediation of Mary Beaton and her lord, the whole house of Gordon was again taken into favour; and the unfortunate Queen, with in

her good and evil days, and none who so stoutly adhered to her cause as that family which, at the early period of her reign, had well nigh fallen a sacrifice to the malice of a faction, from which they were rescued by the generous intervention of a "Maid of Honour."

HINTS ON MARRIAGE, FOR THE FAIR SEX

"The mate for beauty should be a man—not a money-chest."—*Sir E. Bulwer Lytton's "Richieu."*

THERE is seldom an event in the life of a young female that proves so decisive of her future happiness or misery as the choice of a husband, and yet how often is the judgment led astray in this important particular by a mistaken appreciation of character, by a passion for the grand and glittering, rather than the substantial, or, more unhappily, by the cupidity of parents, or the avarices of worthless men! Those who become the victims of avarice, or of deceit, claim our utmost commiseration; and, though the bond of matrimony is of a nature to preclude interference for their relief, their fate should be a lesson to guardians, and urge the young female to a sense of her proper dignity and independence, that she may resist unjust dictation on the one hand, and avoid, on the other, the insidious advances of admirers who ingratiate themselves by flattery, and conceal their vices and their defects under the garb of sincerity and virtue. That the sex is prone to be entrapped by exterior appearances is too truly manifested by the favours so generally obtained by fops and showy impostors.

Amidst the multifarious characters who offer themselves as candidates for the favours of the ladies, not the least successful are—the man of mere elegant person, and the man of mere money, and it may not be irrelevant to contrast these, according to their respective merits, with the man of mental endowments, but of plain exterior, and devoid of what is termed wealth.

We will first take out of his handbox, "perfumed like a milliner," the man of personal attractions without mental endowments. He is well-formed, fair complexioned: he is, indeed, "a prettyman;" but there is no speculation in his eyes. Nothing springs from his head but his hair, which he delights to dress and arrange. He is incapable of enjoying the refined delights of those whose cultivated minds are so attuned to harmony, that the delicate finger of sympathy and feeling will ever find a kindred chord that will vibrate to its touch. His heart is dull to the finer touches of humanity, insensible to the sublimities of science. It bounds not indignant at the tale of oppression; it swells not at the song

of triumph; it melts not at the voice of pity. What quality in such a person can we discover, that shall fairly win and fairly retain the heart of a woman of refined manners and sensibility? Affection builds not her nest in a field barren of mental delight; and could such a man call from the wilderness of his mind a wreath acceptable to a dignified female? Away! he is too much delighted with himself to confer delight upon others. Like the painted butterfly, he admires at his toilet his lily hands, his unsunned cheeks, and his fair proportions, the reflection of which is as shadowy as himself. But his beauty will soon fade: it is like that of the ice-built palace of the Russian princess; the noon-day sun reflected from its sides a thousand beautiful gems, and painted its walls with a thousand rainbows, but all within was cold and comfortless, and the breath of spring melted away its beauties, and left "not a wreck behind."

But who is he who comes, surrounded by crowds of adulators, who bow to him in reverence, as if he were a god? He is an ordinary looking, oldish fellow, with an unmeaning gaze; but he has a bag of gold under his arm, and that solves the enigma. Can you, gentle ladies, reject such a suitor? Can you resist the delights of the splendid mansion, the route, the ball, the pomp and pagantry which such a lover can supply? Can you resist the pleasure of dashing along in the glittering vehicle, scattering the vile phlegms on each side of the envious and admiring streets? What though you should sit, cheek-by-jowl, with one who has the form of a man, without those attributes that assimilate him to an angel, the heart of a man without its energies or generalities, the world will good-naturedly say, you wedded his riches, not his intimities! What! no overtures! no advances! Not one! and he may betake himself to his closet, and gloat upon his coin, for, as the British fair who have cultivated minds will not be bribed out of their affections, he shall never gaze upon the cheek of beauty, or recline his head upon her lap.

Let us now observe the man of mental endowments, even though humble in circumstances, and devoid of commanding personal attractions. His appearance is plain and modest, but manly and intelligent; or perhaps he is absorbed in meditation, and wears a countenance that does not usually indicate talent. But when such a man opens the rich volume of his mind, we are unexpectedly overpowered by the display of his various and dignified acquirements. What before might appear repulsive, gradually disappears, and all becomes pleasing and attractive; we see before us one on whom it seems as if

"Every god had set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man."
And shall not one who can thus marshal

energy, integrity, fidelity, and eloquence into the field, successfully besiege the very citadel of love—the heart of the fair? Assuredly such a man can command a genial interest in the breast of a virtuous female. Despite the mere beauty of one ignorant rival, and the mere riches of another, it is he who shall secure the respect, and then the love, of the fair. The others may, indeed, aided by circumstances, gain the hand, but he alone shall achieve the heart.

BUSY-BODIES.

THE POLITICAL BUSY-BODY.

In our fourth number of "THE TRACTS," we gave our readers a short sketch of the "Canting Busy-Body." We now, to suit the "temper of the times"—for they are sadly out of joint—present to their notice another of the busy-meddling body.

The Political Busy-Body is a man born with an innate perception of the moving principle of all his actions, viz., that *whatever is is wrong*. It matters not whether the sphere of those actions be the parish or the parliament, the club or the cabinet, the body politic or a body corporate, or whether the Busy-Body is whig, reformer, radical, or conservative. To intermeddle is his vocation; to make the world better than it is, the condition of his existence; to overturn, to destroy, and to change, an "absolute necessity of his nature;" and ten to one but at bottom revolution is not unfrequently uppermost in his thoughts. The Political Busy-Body knows but one language, the language of craft; speaking to the passions, not the reason, of men. He knows, too, but one rule of right; his own inordinate self-conceit, which impels him, on all occasions, and upon all subjects, to substitute his own notions of what should be, for what *is*. Former ages may have produced great men—that is, men good enough for the times in which they lived—and our forefathers may have counselled wisely, or acted nobly, according to their beighted conceptions of true wisdom and exalted glory; but what are the mighty thinkers and sagacious actors of antiquity, compared with the Political Busy-Body of the year one thousand eight hundred and forty-eight? Even as they themselves are, mere dust, in the balance!

Is there discontent? The Political Busy-Body inflames it into rebellion. Is there a part of the whole, which all men agree demands to be reformed? The Political Busy-Body takes the part for the whole, and would sweep away the good with the bad. Does he live in a town, or village, or neighbourhood, where tranquility and content have hitherto been the presiding guardians of the place? No sooner does the Political Busy-Body fix his abode there, than families are divided; friends arrayed against

each other; the poor taught to complain; the rich to interfere; the very women to prate of rights and privileges; while the schoolmaster dare hardly flog a turbulent urchin unless he is prepared to show that the law of birch is consonant to the law of nature. Tithes become robbery, extorted from the hard earnings of industry to pamper luxurious churchmen; taxes are tyranny, levied to supply the profligate expenditure of corrupt rulers; and submission to authority is no longer the positive duty of a good citizen, but the policy merely of men who are seeking redress, and are too craftily instructed to give their enemies an advantage by premature resistance.

Of all God's creatures, the Political Busy-Body is upon the best terms with himself; and by the aid of that intuitive faculty which he possesses, he is enabled to understand every one's business better than the individuals themselves. But he never swerves from his fundamental maxim, "Whatever is, *must be wrong*." That is a point which admits of no dispute; and when he has succeeded in convincing others of its truth, he leaves them to find out what is right. In this respect he resembles the atheist, who unsettles the principles of his disciples, robs them of their happiness, takes from them the comfort "more precious than rubies," and having rifed the casket of their faith, gives them nothing, or worse than nothing, in lieu of what he has stolen. The Political Busy-Body and the atheist have this in common, that they both impugn what they do not comprehend; both sport with the dearest interests of their fellow-creatures; and both abandon their dupes to the bitter consequences of confidence betrayed.

It is held, however, by moralists, philosophers, and divines, that the Creator permits nothing to exist which has not its use, though our purblind faculties cannot always discern the proof. The Political Busy-Body has his use. Were there no poisons, human science would never have discovered antidotes. Were there no vice in the world, we should be without the example of illustrious virtues by which it is controlled and counteracted. It is not for us to inquire *why* good and evil are thus placed, as it were, in necessary collision with each other. The fact is coeval with the world itself. If, then, the race of Political Busy-Bodies were extinguished, what would become of society? We should rust in sloth. We should rot in inglorious ease. We should die of a plethora of felicity. We should not know the value of the things we possess, nor feel the necessity of preserving them, but for your industrious Political Busy-Bodies who seek their destruction. Above all, we should be crushed beneath the weight of an overgrown population; for it is the Political Busy-Bodies of every age who get up wars,

foreign and domestic; who embroil states; fan the flame of civil strife; nurse treasons; instigate seditions; and provoke rebellions, thus drenching whole countries with the blood of mighty hosts, and gorging the green ocean with the slain in naval conflicts, besides feeding their gallows with miserable wretches who reduce their theories to practice; and thus, by a compendious process, accomplishing more than ever Malthus and the whole tribe of political economists will accomplish by their writings, the lowering of population down to the level of the means of subsistence.

One word in conclusion Shakspeare, who knew human nature in all its phases, has given us two lines which should be the motto of every Political Bony-Body, whether he labours vainly to improve the world, or finds, like all great benefactors to it, its base ingratitude. They are these:

"The times are out of joint. Oh, cursed spite!
That ever I was born to set them right!"

REMARKABLE CASES OF FRAUD AND IMPOSTURE.

BOOK III.—No. I.

In 1704, there was published, in London, a history of the island of Formosa, illustrated with numerous engravings of the manners and customs of the inhabitants, their houses, modes of travelling, &c. &c., accompanied by an extraordinary narrative of the author, who went under the name of George Psalmanazar, and who, from the idolatries of his own country, represented himself to have become a convert to Christianity. There appeared subsequently, by the same author, "A Dialogue between a Japanese and Formosan," about some points of the religion of the times.

Both of these works were "scandalous impositions" on the public, although the belief was almost general, at the time, of their truth. Psalmanazar had actually invented a Formosa language and grammar, into which he translated several prayers and short sentences; also a vocabulary for the benefit of those who should visit that island. He at last, however, confessed that the whole was a forgery from beginning to end, at the same time deeply regretting the imposture. His will thus commences:—"The last will and testament of me, a poor, simple, and worthless creature, commonly known by the assumed name of George Psalmanazar." After a prayer to the Supreme Being, and directing that he may be buried in the most humble manner, he says: "The principal manuscript that I felt myself bound to leave behind was a faithful narrative of my education, and sallies of my wretched youthful years, and the various ways by which I

was in some measure unadvisedly led into the base and shameful imposture of passing upon the world for a native of Formosa, and a convert to Christianity, and backing it with a fictitious account of that island, and of my own travels, conversion, &c., all or most part of it hatched in my own brain, without regard to truth or honesty." The document bears date in 1752.

In the posthumous memoirs above alluded to he studiously concealed who he really was. It appears, however, that he was born about 1679, in the south of France; and, having been guilty of some great excesses in the university where he was receiving his education, he found it necessary to take to flight, and wandered through a great part of Europe. Finding it both troublesome and hazardous to preserve his *incognito* as a European, he determined on the plan of imposture which ultimately led him to write his fictitious history of Formosa. The latter part of his life was spent in the practice of the most unfeigned piety. He supported himself by his literary labours, and was the author of a considerable portion of the "Ancient Universal History." His death took place in 1763.

A curious and extraordinary forgery was committed at Palermo in 1793. A work was published with the title "Libro del Consiglio di Egitto, tradotto da Giuseppe Vella, Arab. et Ital.," which pretended to relate the public acts and agreements between the Caliph of Egypt and the Norman princes, Robert and Roger Guiscard. The Sicilian government was deceived by the imposture, but, on its detection, rigidly suppressed the work, and sentenced the author to ten years' imprisonment, during which he died.

The eighteenth century was closed with the following literary fraud, concocted in Germany. So little was then known of the interior of Africa, that anything which seemed likely to add to the knowledge upon the subject was sure to excite attention. Public curiosity was, therefore, raised very highly on the announcement of a work with the captivating title of "Travels in the Interior of Africa, from the Cape of Good Hope to Morocco, from the years 1781 to 1797; by Christian Frederick Dambergel." Translations of a work which promised to remove the veil that had so long covered central Africa were immediately undertaken in England and in France. The book, however, was soon discovered to be the manufacture of a printer of Wittenberg, by name Zachary Taubmanus, who had before tried his skill in forging a "Voyage to the East Indies, Egypt," &c. &c.

In 1823 a native of America named Hunter, during his stay in this country, published a work purporting to be his own adventures, under the title of "Memoirs of a Captivity among the Indians of North America, from Childhood to the Age of Nineteen; &c."

Anecdotes descriptive of their Manners and Customs." The book contains a romantic narrative of the alleged wanderings of the author with various tribes of the Red Men, and was for a time prized as a faithful picture of Indian life. The society of Hunter was eagerly sought by many people, who were eager to assist him in that which he professed to be his grand object,—namely, to devote himself to the civilisation of the savages, to avert the destruction which seemed to impend over them. After his departure from England, however, convincing evidence was brought forward, showing that the story was, in great part, if not wholly, nothing more than a clever fabrication.

In the year 1824 the extraordinary popularity which Sir Walter Scott's novels had acquired in Germany gave occasion for the perpetration of a fraud on the part of some German booksellers. A novel was published by them, with the title of "Walladmor," which professed to be a new production of Scott. The spurious "Simon Pure" soon made its appearance in an English dress. Though the author must undoubtedly be classed among knaves, he was not a fool, several parts of the work being by no means contemptible.

Occasionally there has occurred a partial suppression in the statement of historical facts, for the purpose of serving some particular party. Another fraud upon posterity is sometimes committed by interpolating lies. Camden told Sir Robert Filmer that he was not suffered to print all his annals of Elizabeth; but he providently sent these expurgated passages to Dr. Thou, who printed them faithfully. Milton, in composing his History of England, introduced, in the third book, a very remarkable digression on the characters of the Long Parliament. From tenderness to a party then imagined to be subdued, it was struck out by command; but it has been preserved in a pamphlet published in 1681. One of our most important volumes of secret history, "Whitelock's Memorials," was published by Arthur, Earl of Anglesea, in 1682 who took considerable liberties with the manuscript; another edition appeared in 1732, which restored the many important passages through which the earl appears to have struck his castrating pen. It is suspected that our historical antiquary, Sowerby, owed many obligations to the learned Hugh Broughton, for he possessed a vast number of his manuscripts, which he burnt. Why did he burn? If persons place themselves in suspicious situations, they must not complain if they are suspected. Leland's invaluable manuscripts were left at his death in the confused state in which the mind of that writer had sunk, overcome by his incessant labours, when he was employed by Henry the Eighth to write our national antiquities. His restored manuscripts were

long a common prey to many who never acknowledged their fountain-head; among these suppressors and dilapidators pre-eminently stands the crafty Italian, Polydore Virgil, who not only drew largely from this source, but, to cover the robbery, did not omit to depreciate the father of our antiquities—an act of a piece with the character of the man, who is said to have collected and burnt a greater number of historical manuscripts than would have loaded a wagon, to prevent the detection of his numerous fabrications in his History of England, composed to gratify Mary and the Catholic cause.

Serassi, the writer of a very curious life of Tasso, was guilty of an extraordinary suppression in his zeal for that poet's memory. Galileo, in early life, was a lecturer at the university of Pisa: delighting in poetical studies, and therefore of a critic than a philosopher, he had Ariosto by heart. He caught the literary mania which broke out about his time, when the Crusceans began their "Controversie Tascache," and raised up two poetical factions, which infected the Italians with a national fever. Tasso and Ariosto were perpetually weighed and outweighed against each other. Galileo wrote annotations on Tasso, treating the bard with great severity. Our critic lent his manuscript to Jacopo Mazzoni, a concealed Tassoist, who contrived that the work should be absolutely lost! The philosopher descended to the grave, and the tumour of such a work long floated on tradition. Two centuries had nearly elapsed, when Serassi, among his researches in the public libraries of Rome, discovered a miscellaneous volume, in which he found deposited the lost manuscript of Galileo. Serassi's conduct on the occasion was at once political, timorous, and cunning. He cautiously, but completely, transcribed the manuscript, with an intention, according to his memorandum, to unravel all its sophistry. But he persevered in his silence, often trembling lest some other exploiter of manuscripts might be found as sharp-sighted as himself. He was so cautious as not even to venture to note down the library where the manuscript was to be found, and to this day no one appears to have fallen on the volume. On the death of Serassi, his papers came to the hands of the Duke of Ceri, a patron of literature, the transcript of the yet undiscovered original was then revealed, and this secret history of the manuscript was drawn from a note on the title-page written by Serassi himself. To satisfy the urgent curiosity of the *literati*, these annotations on Tasso by Galileo were published in 1793. Here is a work which, from its earliest stage, much pains had been taken to suppress; but Serassi's collecting passion inducing him to preserve what he himself so much wished should never appear, finally occasioned its publication!

The personal interests of Bryan Edwards,

who composed the first accounts of Mungo Park, were opposed to the abolition of the slave-trade, and he would not, therefore, suffer any passage to stand in which the African traveller had expressed his convictions of its inhumanity. Park, among confidential friends, frequently complained that his work did not only not contain his opinions, but was interpolated with many which he utterly disclaimed!

In 1686, at Bourdeaux, the New Testament was translated from the Latin into French, by certain divines of Louvain. At that particular period the controversies between the Protestants and Catholics ran very high, and this translation was published with the attestation of the Archbishop of Bourdeaux to its accuracy. It was evidently intended to refer the people to it for the truth of the Roman Catholic doctrines, and for this purpose they corrupted and perverted the text of Scripture. For example, chapter 13 of "Acts," verse 2, "or comme ils offroient au Seigneur le sacrifice de la messe," &c.* In the 1st Epistle to the Corinthians, after "il sera sauvé," they added, "*par le feu de purgatoire*,"† and in a similar manner throughout. Bishop Kidder exposed it in a very elaborate tract. The indignation excited against this abominable corruption of the sacred text induced the parties concerned in it to suppress and destroy the work, and now only eight copies are known to exist.

Napoleon was guilty of some frauds in endeavouring to obliterate his Corsican origin, and to pass for a Frenchman. He was accustomed to state that he was born on the 15th of August, 1769. This was incorrect, for his baptismal register proved him to have been born on the 5th of February, 1768. He also altered his own christian and surname. He falsified the date of his own birth, because Corsica was not united to France so early as February, 1768, so that he was not born even under the French dominion. That union took place in the beginning of 1769, and therefore Napoleon shifted his birth into that year, and he chose the 15th of August probably because it was the day on which Louis the 13th had dedicated France to the Virgin, and, consequently, a national festival. As to his name, which he wished to have spelled and pronounced Bonaparte, its true orthography was decidedly, Italian, Buona-Parté. He told O'Meara, his physician at St. Helena, that "when he first commanded the army of Italy, he used the U. to please the Italians; that after his return from Egypt, he dropped it; that in fact the chiefs of the family, and those who had been highest, had spelled their names with the U." Now, so far is it from being true that he used the u to please the Italians, on obtain-

ing the command of the army of Italy, that the very pages of the *Moniteur* contradict him. At the siege of Toulon he was Buona-*parte*. On the 13th Vendémiaire, Barras first brought him to public notice as General Buona-*parté*; soon after he was appointed second in command of the army of the interior by the name of Buonaparte; and no document, written or printed, has ever been produced of the word Bonaparte, until he began to form his plans for mounting to the sovereign power, and wished to persuade his intended subjects, who would, perhaps, have despised a *tiensse Corsican*, that he was a Frenchman.

EXTRAORDINARY INSTANCE OF TOUCHING THE BODY.

THE following account of an extraordinary case of murder in Hertfordshire was found amongst the papers of that eminent lawyer, Sir John Maynard, one of the Lords Commissioners of the Great Seal of England.

"The case, or rather history of a case, that happened in the county of Hertford, I thought good to report here, though it happened in the fourth year of King Charles I., that the memory of it may not be lost by misarrangement of my papers or otherwise. I wrote the evidence which was given, which I and many others did hear, and I wrote it exactly according to what was deposed at the trial at the bar of the King's Bench, viz. —

"Johan Norkett, wife of Arthur Norkett, being murdered, the question was, how she came by her death? The coroner's inquest on view of the body, and depositions of Mary Norkett, John Ockman, and Agnes his wife, inclined to find Johan Norkett *felo de se*; for they informed the coroner and jury that she was found dead in her bed, the knife sticking in the floor, and her throat cut; that the night before she went to bed with her child, the plaintiff in this appeal (her husband being absent), and that no other person, after such time as she was gone to bed, came into her house, the examiners lying in the outer room, and they must needs have seen or known if any stranger had come in; whereupon the jury gave up to the coroner their verdict, that she was *felo de se*. But afterwards, upon rumour among the neighbourhood, and their observance of divers circumstances which manifested that she did not, for, according to those circumstances, could never possibly murder herself; whereupon the jury, whose verdict was not yet drawn into form by the coroner, desired the coroner that the body, which was buried, might be taken out of the grave, which the coroner assented to; and thirty days after her death, she was taken up in the presence of the jury, and a great number of the people, whereupon the jury changed their verdict. The

* Literally, as they offered to the Lord the sacrifice of the mass.

† Literally, he shall be saved by the fire of purgatory.

persons being tried at Hertford assizes, were acquitted; but so much against the evidence, that Judge Hervey let fall his opinion that better an appeal were brought, than so foul a murder escape unpunished; and Pascha, 4th Car., they were tried on the appeal, which was brought by the young child against his father, grandmother, and aunt, and her husband, Okerman; and because the evidence was so strange, I took exact and particular notice, and it was as follows, viz:—

"After the matters above related, an ancient and grave person, minister to the parish where the murder was committed (being sworn to give evidence according to custom), deposed, 'that the body being taken out of the grave thirty days after the party's death, and lying on the grass, and the four defendants present, they were required each of them to touch the dead body. Okerman's wife fell upon her knees, and prayed God to show tokens of her innocence, or to some such purpose; her very words I have forgot. The appellees did touch the dead body, whereupon the brow of the dead, which was before a livid and carrion colour (that was the verbal expression in *terminis* of the witness), began to have a dew or gentle sweat arise upon it, which increased, by degrees, till the sweat ran down in drops upon the face, the brow turned and changed to a lively and fresh colour, and the dead opened one of her eyes, and shut it again, and this opening the eye was done three several times; she likewise thrust out the ring or marriage finger three several times, and pulled it in again, and the finger dropped blood on the grass.' Sir Nicholas Hyde, chief magistrate, seeming to doubt the evidence, asked the witness 'Who saw this besides you?'—*Witness*. 'I cannot swear what others saw; but, my lord,' said he, 'I believe the whole company saw it; and if it had been thought a doubt, proof would have been made of it, and many would have attested with me.'

Then the witness, observing some admiration in the auditors, he spake further:

"My lord, I am minister of the parish, and have known all the parties, but never had any occasion of displeasure against any of them, nor had to do with them, nor they with me; but as I was minister, the thing was wonderful to me; I have no interest in the matter, but as called upon to testify the truth, and that I have done.'

"This witness was a reverend person; as I guessed, was about seventy years of age; his testimony was delivered gravely and temperately, but to the great admiration of the auditory; whereupon, applying himself to the chief justice, he said, 'My lord, my brother, here present is minister of the parish adjacent, and, I am assured saw all done that I have affirmed.' Therefore that person was sworn to give evidence, and deposed

in every point, viz., the sweating of the brow, changing of its colour, opening of the eye, and the thrice motion of the finger, and drawing it in again; only the first witness added, that he himself dipped his finger in the blood which came from the dead body, to examine it, and he swore he believed it was blood. I conferred afterwards with Sir Edmund Powell, barrister at law, and others, who all concurred in the observation; and for myself, if I were upon oath, I can depose, that these depositions, especially the first witness, are truly reported in substance.

"The other evidence was given against the prisoners, viz., the grandmother of the plaintiff, and against Okerman and his wife, that they confessed they lay in the next room to the dead person that night, and that none came into the house till they found her dead the next morning. Therefore, if she did not murder herself, they must be the murderers; to that end further proof was made:—

"1st. That she lay in a composed manner in bed, the bed-clothes nothing at all disturbed, and her child by her in bed.

"2ndly. Her throat cut from ear to ear, and her neck broken; and if she first cut her throat, she could not break her neck in the bed, *nor contra*.

"3rdly. There was no blood in the bed, saving there was a tincture of blood on the bolster where her head lay, but no substance of blood at all.

"4thly. From the bed's-head there was a stream of blood on the floor, which ran along till it ponded in the bondings on the floor to a very great quantity; and there was also another stream of blood on the floor at the bed's-foot, which ponded also in the floor to a very great quantity, but no continuance or communication of either of these two places from one to the other, neither upon the bed, so that she bled in two places severally; and it was deposed, turning up the mats of the bed, there were clots of congealed blood in the straw of the mats underneath.

"5thly. The bloody knife was found in the morning sticking in the floor, a good distance from the bed; but the point of the knife, as it stuck, was to the bed, and the haft from the bed.

"6thly. There was a print of a thumb and forefinger of a left hand.

"Sir Nicholas Hyde, chief justice, said to the witness, 'How can you know the print of a left hand from the print of a right hand in such a case?'—*Witness*: 'It is hard to describe; but if it please that honourable judge to put his left hand upon your left hand, you cannot possibly put your right hand in the same posture. Which being done, and appearing so, the defendants had time to make their defence, but gave no evidence to any purpose. The jury departing from the bar, and returning, acquitted Okerman, and found the other three guilty; who being severally demanded what they

could say why judgment should not be pronounced, said no more than 'I did not do it! I did not do it!'

"Judgment was given, and the grandmother and the husband executed, but the aunt had the privilege to be spared execution, being with child."

"I inquired if they confessed anything at their execution, but they did not, as I am told."

USEFUL RECIPES.

PORTABLE LEMONADE.—Tartaric or citric acid, one ounce; finely-powdered loaf sugar, half a pound; essence of lemon, twenty drops; mix; two or three tea-spoonfuls make a very pleasant glass of extemporaneous lemonade. Or, powdered sugar, four pounds; citric or tartaric acid, one ounce; essence of lemon, two drachms; mix well. As last. Very sweet and agreeable.

GINGER-BEER POWDERS.—Powdered white sugar, two drachms, powdered ginger, five grains; carbonate of soda, twenty-six grains; mix, and wrap in blue paper; tartaric acid, thirty grains in white paper. For use, dissolve each separately in half a glass of water, mix, and drink while effervescing.

MIDDLEBURY'S SODA POWDERS.—These are made by mixing one-eighth of a grain of tartarised antimony to each paper of acid.

SEIDLITZ POWDERS.—Tartrate of soda, two drachms; carbonate of soda, two scruples; mix, and put in a blue paper, tartaric acid, thirty-five grains, to be put in a white paper. For half a pint of water, as ginger-beer powders.—*In one bottle.* Tartrate of soda, twelve ounces; carbonate of soda, four ounces; tartaric acid, three and a half ounces; white sugar, one pound; all in fine powder; dry each separately by a gentle heat; add essence of lemon, twenty drops, mix well, pass it through a sieve, and put it at once into clean dry bottles. A dessert-spoonful to a tumbler of water.

ORGEAT.—Pound very fine one pound of Jordan and one ounce of bitter almonds together in a marble mortar, adding one table-spoonful of orange-flower water, to prevent oiling; then mix with them one pint of rose, and one pint of spring water; strain through a fine cloth; add to these one pound of white sugar in fine powder; when perfectly dissolved, bottle close for use. Before use, shake the bottle. One table-spoonful is sufficient for a tumbler of water; a little capillaire will much improve the flavour.

IMPERIAL.—Take cream of tartar, two ounces; the juice and pael of two lemons; pour on these six quarts of boiling water; stir and cover close; sweeten with loaf sugar to your taste; then strain, bottle, and cork tight; before bottling, add half a pint of the best rum to the whole quantity.

TOAST AND WATER.—Toast slowly a thin piece of bread till extremely brown and hard, but not the least black; then plunge it into a jug of cold water, and cover it over an hour before used.

SPRUCE-BEER POWDERS.—As ginger-beer powders, substituting essence of spruce, three or four drops, for the powdered ginger.

SODA POWDERS, OR EFFERVESCING POWDERS.—Carbonate of soda, thirty grains in each blue paper; tartaric acid, twenty-five grains in each white paper; dissolve each separately in half a glass of water, mix, and drink immediately.

PREVENTION OF CORROSION.—The best means of preventing the corrosion of metals is first to dip the articles into very dilute nitric acid, and afterwards to immerse them in linseed oil, allowing the superfluity of oil to drain off; they are by this means very effectively preserved from rust or oxidation.

BEAUTIFUL LEAD OR SILVER TREE.—Dissolve half an ounce of acetate of lead in a pint and a half of water. Shake it well, and let it stand till clear. Pour off the liquid, and throw away the sediment. Partly fill a vial with the former, and fix a wire through the cork of the bottle, having at the bottom a piece of zinc, the size of a horse-bean. Set it carefully by, where it will not get disturbed. In a few hours the lead will crystallise round the zinc in the form of moss, and soon after will branch out into silvery leaves running up the wire, and spreading in every direction. To obtain the zinc of a convenient form, melt it in a tobacco-pipe, and run it into sand, flour, or powdered chalk in holes made with a black-lead pencil. Stick a wire in the middle. If sand be used, be careful to have it dry, otherwise steam will be formed, and the hot metal will be driven, perhaps, into the face. The zinc may be re-melted and used again.

A LITTLE BIT OF TRUTH.—"Sam," said Minister Hopewell, "do you know what universal suffrage means?" "To be sure I do," says I; "it's every man havin' a vote and a voice in makin' those laws that are to govern him; and it comports with reason, and stands to common sense." "Well," says he, "what's all that when it's tried? Why, it amounts to this, and nothin' more nor less:—Now, men of property and character make laws to govern rogues and vagabonds; but, by your beautiful scheme of universal suffrage, rogues and vagabonds will make laws to govern men of property and character."

Oliver Cromwell sat for his picture to Sir Peter Lely, and while sitting said to him, "Mr. Lely, I desire you would use all your skill to paint my picture truly like me, and not flatter me at all, but remark all these roughnesses, pimples, warts, and every thing you see in me, otherwise I will never pay a farthing for it."

POPULAR PASTIMES.

SOLUTIONS TO RIDDLES AND CHARADES.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES.

- 1.—Anything
- 2.—The heart.
- 3.—Ball.
- 4.—Spark—park—ark.

ANSWERS TO CHARADES.

- 1.—Lap-pet.
- 2.—Peer-less.
- 3.—King-fisher.
- 4.—Sol ace.
- 5.—Light-house.

ENIGMAS.

1.—My whole is a native of the north of Africa; transpose me, and I am part of a house.

2.—My first is a vehicle; my second is a preposition; my whole is part of a vessel.

3.—My whole is a verb signifying to harvest; transpose me, and I am a fruit, transpose me again, and I am a seed.

4.—My first is a part of the body; my second is an European river; my third is the same as my second; my fourth, reversed, is a piece of household furniture, my fifth is a personal pronoun; and my whole is a monstrous quadruped.

5.—My whole is one of Shakspeare's most celebrated characters; transpose me and I am a coin, transpose me again, and I am a title.

6.—I am an English possessive pronoun; transpose me and I become a French ditto.

RIDDLES.

- 1.—What trade is the sun?
- 2.—What did Adam first plant in his garden?
- 3.—What binds two, but only touches one?

4.—Why is an inn like a churchyard?

5.—A little wood;

A little wire;

A little house

Without a fire?

6.—What smells most in a doctor's shop?

7.—In what month do ladies talk least?

8.—What is smaller than a mite's mouth?

9.—If a pair of spectacles could speak, what ancient historian would they name?

10.—If a blunt penknife could speak, what order of fairs would it name?

11.—There is a word of five syllables, from which, if you take away one, no syllable remains.

12.—Why ought Ireland to be the richest country in the world?

ANAGRAMS.

1.—Do rich sharps.

2.—March on.

3.—Golden land.

4.—Best in prayer.

5.—Nine thumps.

6.—Lo! I dress.

CHARADES.

1.—My first keeps time; my second speeds time; my whole tells time.

2.—My first is a colour, my second is rough, My whole is a story you know well enough.

3.—When my first is with trouble oppressed, Oh! could but my second be found! My first would no more be distressed: My whole rises out of the ground.

4.—My love for Eliza shall never know the first; neither shall it be my second; but it shall be my whole.

5.—My first, whatever be its hue, Will please, if full of spirit; My second critics love to do, And stupid authors merit.

6.—My first is the reverse of wild, in its comparative degree; my second is a narrow street or way; my whole was a celebrated Tartar chief, who made the Turks feel his power.

LUCKLA HILL.*

By T. Y.

I stood upon thy summit green,
The mountain's feather bloom'd around,
With awe and gladness I beheld the smiling scene,
And beauteous wild-flowers strew'd the ground
The evening lark from azure sky
Sent down his carol, wild and shrill,
Till echoes glen and hill reply,
And music all the valleys fill.

The golden sun in glory shone,
And beaming bright o'er land and sea,
While far his spreading beams were thrown
In beauty o'er the distant sea.
And cottages stood smiling fair,
With sparkling streams and lonely dell;
And every charm lay cluster'd there
That bard could sing or tongue might tell.

How sweet it were in yon lone cot
To pass a calm, contented life;
By all the busy world forgot
Far from its tumult and its strife!
My Jeanie! if thy tender heart
Would of such gentle life approve,
Oh! we should never, never part,
But live to all the joys of love!

The sun is set, his fading gleam
Hath sunk in twilight's darker ray;
Blest hour for love's enchanting dream,
And for the poet's fervent lay!
My parting steps must bid adieu
To smiling cot and winding rill;
Farewell! blest scenes so sweet to view,
And fare-thee-well, dear Luckla Hill.

FACTS AND SCRAPS.

WATER-DRINKERS.—There is a curious passage in one of Dr. Franklin's letters in regard to wine. He pleasantly observes that the only summer's created to drink water are those who, from their conformation, are able to lap it on the surface of the earth; whereas all those who can carry their hands to their mouth were destined to enjoy the juice of the grape.

* About five miles north from St. Andrew's, in Fife, commanding a view of the most beautiful and varied scenery.

PUNISHMENT FOR POISONING.—In the reign of Henry VIII., Rouse, the Bishop of Rochester's cook, poisoned seventeen people: in consequence of which, poisoning was made treason, and the punishment boiling to death.

THREE OBJECTS DISCERNIBLE ONLY WITH BOTH EYES.—If you fix three pieces of paper against the wall of a room at equal distances, at the height of your eye, placing yourself directly before them, at a few yards distance, and close your right eye, and look at them with your left, you will see only two of them, suppose the first and second; alter the position of your eye, and you will see the first and third; alter your position again, and you will see the second and third, but never the whole three together.

A MAXIM.—Intellectual research, if pushed too far, always meets with a check. There is a bound beyond which we cannot go; and the loss of intellect has frequently been the consequence of too great efforts to get beyond that bound.

TENACITY OF VEGETABLE LIFE.—An instance of this kind occurred some few years ago in the Royal Park of Bushy. Some small portion of it was broken up for the purpose of ornamental culture, when immediately several flowers sprung up of the kinds which are ordinarily cultivated in gardens. This led to an investigation, and it was ascertained that this identical plot had been used as a garden not later than the time of Oliver Cromwell, more than 150 years before.

SAGACITY OF A CAT.—Not long since, one of our neighbours, who keeps a shop in Little Underbank, was much surprised at the conduct of his cat. He was standing in his shop, when pussy put a paw on his trousers, and endeavoured to pull him towards the cellar leading out of the shop. He took no notice at first, but this she repeated three times; and in order to see what could be the cause of her thus troubling him, he took her in his arms and carried her into the cellar, where he kept a large quantity of leather. Pussy immediately sprang from him, and jumping upon a piece of leather, began to look underneath it, as if in search of something. Her master raised the leather, and he there found a boy of twelve or fourteen years of age concealed under it. On bringing the young rascal from his hiding-place, he naturally asked him what he was doing there? The reply was, that he had not money to pay for a lodging, and thought he might stay there till morning. The worthy shopkeeper made him remember that a feather-bed was preferable to a leather one, by inflicting summary punishment on the offender. Thus the sagacity of this cat most probably saved the premises from being robbed, and its master perhaps from being murdered.—*Stockport paper*

Dear Laura, when you were a flirting young Miss,

And I was your dutiful swain,
Your smiles could exalt to the summit of bliss,

Your frowns could o'erwhelm me with pain.

You were *dear* to me then, love; but now you're my wife,

It is strange the fond tie should be nearer,
Yet when I am paying your debts, 'pon my life,

You seem to get *dearer* and *dearer*.

POVERTY.—Poverty is, except where there is an actual want of food and raiment, a thing much more imaginary than real—the shame of poverty the shame of being thought poor: it is a great and fatal weakness, though arising in this country from the fashion of the times themselves.—*Cobbett.*

A French court of justice seem apprehensive lest guilt should escape punishment. An English judge and jury are fearful lest innocence should be condemned.

An English lady on arriving at Calais, on her way to make a grand tour, was surprised and somewhat indignant at being termed for the first time in her life "a foreigner." "You mistake, madam," said she to the libeller, with some pique, "it is you who are foreigners, we are English."

The following appeared in a French paper:—"Citizen Editor: Malevolence has attributed to me language which I have not used. It is false that I have demanded 800 heads. There exists no branch of trade or manufactures which has more need of heads than mine.—*GAZALAS, Hatter.*"

"Oh! Nanny, wilt thou gang wi' me?" as the man said when he stole the goat.

LEAVE US A LOCK OF YOUR HAIR.—A scene took place at one of the most violent of the democratic clubs in Paris, a few evenings ago, which is rather characteristic of the mixed gaiety and ferocity of the French character. An ardent Republican, in addressing the meeting, with more than ordinary violence, worked himself up to such a pitch of rage against aristocrats, monarchists, and conspirators, against the Republic, that he at length exclaimed, "The Republic will not be safe till at least 300,000 heads have fallen." This proposition was received with loud murmurs, and cries of "Turn him out!" But at length one of the members rose and said, "The sentiment is a noble and patriotic one; I should like to have a lock of that citizen's hair." Loud applause followed, and the lock of hair was promptly in the hands of the demander. Presently another admirer of patriotism expressed his wish for a portion of the citizen's locks, and hundreds followed. The end of it was, that the ardent democrat, who was so anxious for 300,000 aristocratic heads, was turned out of the meeting without a single hair on his own.

TO MAKE A RING SUSPEND BY A THREAD,
AFTER THE THREAD HAS BEEN BURN'T.—
Soak a piece of thread in common salt and
water; tie it to a ring, not larger than a
wedding-ring. When you apply the flame
of a candle to it, it will burn to ashes, but
yet sustain the ring.

An honest Hibernian, in a company who
blamed the clergy for taking a tenth part of
the people's property, exclaimed, "Aye! and
they would take a twentieth if they could."

LINES ADDRESSED TO THE PORTRAIT OF A BELOVED FRIEND

By MARY M. CLARK.

SWEET mimic portraiture of one I prize,
Must I then view thee with averted eyes?
Oh! must I feel my once sought friendship
spurned?

By thee, who fann'd the flame and cherished it to
burn!

Oh! tell me, must I turn my every thought away.
No longer dream by night, no longer gaze by
day!

Oh! for that balmy draught fond memory to
sleep,
And hide each vain regret in dark oblivion deep!

Must I no longer—never gaze at thine,
No longer note the painter's wondrous skill,
Those features beaming into fancied life,
Those sunny eyes, those lips with smiling rife?

Oh! tell me, canst thou wish me to resign
A fond memento more endeared by time?
Oh! think—'tis no new passion of a day,
Which, when the object's absent, dies away

Full well thou knowest even when a child,
With thee, I shrank not from adventures wild;
Friendship thus early formed will not decay,
And tho' long years roll on, still holds her gentle
way.

Should naphtha fortune frown, or less propitious
smile,
Should direful sickness compass, sorrows press
a while,
Should ever ill betide thee from high Heaven
above,
'Tis at that hour thou'lt find the depth of wo-
man's love.

I do not care to join the gay, the giddy throng,
Where lips 'mid wealth alone can smile, and
raise the echoing song,

Oh! let me share with those I prize life's cold
and varied hours,
And I will strive to crush the thorns, and nur-
ture lasting flowers

Methinks I see thy lips unclose to smile upon my
face,

And fancy lends her magic voice, and breathes,
"Thou still art dear—"

Still dear as when our young faith met, all happy,
joyous, gay—

Then think no more of blighted hopes, oh, chase
the thoughts away."

And I will do as fancy bids, for well I know the
strain
Is thine, to cheer the drooping heart, and banish
care or pain;

I still will gaze on this fond prize, portray'd so
faithful—true,

Let worlds reproach, I'll heed them not, but love
it next to thee.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DISTRAINING FOR RENT, by WILKIE.

On Saturday, the 27th of May, will be pub-
lished, price only ONE HALFPENNY, as a
supplement to 'THE TRACTS FOR THE
PEOPLE,' a splendid engraving on Wood
from Wilkie's celebrated picture, "DISTRAIN-
ING FOR RENT." This beautiful engraving
will be printed on superior paper, and will
form an admirable companion to Sir David's
"RENT-DAY." The lovers of art will hail
with delight this extraordinary sample of the
perfection of wood-engraving (equally suited
to the portfolio and the frame), which will be
offered to our subscribers at the low charge of
ONE HALFPENNY!

TYRO.—All Fools'-day. *Les Poissons d'Avril*, we
cannot inform you. To your second question, we
will inquire

ENQUIRER.—About 400,000*l.* per annum. Prince
Albert's salary is 30,000*l.*, besides other sums—
pay as a field marshal, and a colonel in the army.
JEWELLER.—Time, that is life, creeps upon us
without any assistance from ourselves. Our little
life is rounded by a sleep.

MARTIN P.—Sir Isaac Newton died on the 20th
of March, 1727, aged 85 (we believe at Kensington).
There is a statue erected to his memory, at Trin-
ity College, Cambridge: it is by Roubilliac

JOHNS.—The son of the late Emperor Napoleon
is dead. He died on the 22nd of July 1832.

S. T. R. (Lambeth).—The established religion
of France is Roman Catholic, but the Protest-
ants have equal rights. M. Guizot, the late
minister of France, is a Protestant

THOMAS L. (Manchester).—If you make a mis-
deal at Loo, you are not too'd the amount on
the table. If your game is "eighteenpenny Loo,"
you will have to pay eighteenpence for a mis-deal.

T. B. L.—We know of no means of procuring
the situation you wish for, but by interest. If
you advertise for the situation, beware to whom
you intrust the money you are willing to give for
it. You will have plenty of answers from
sharpers

PATO.—We have given some excellent receipts
for ginger beer, and other summer drinks. We
will oblige you if we can

CLARA L. (Manchester).—We know of no
remedy that would suit a lady. We will inquire
for you.

SPECTANDUM.—No premium—interest alone
will procure the situation. We cannot say what
the pay is.

POLKYNMUA.—We will find a corner for you in
a few weeks' time.

L. P. S.—Thanks for your hints.

MACBETH.—There will be a title page at the
end of each year.

E. B. (Leeds).—We are always thankful for
any contribution. Whatever you send will be
inserted if approved of. We are greatly in-
debted to you for the interest you take in our
little work. It may be two or three weeks before
you can receive an answer to any communica-
tion, as we always print two numbers in advance.

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TRACTS

for the People,

A WEEKLY MISCELLANY OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE AND AMUSEMENT.

No. 22. Vol. III.]

SATURDAY, MAY 13, 1848.

[PRICE ONE HALFPENNY]



[ETON COLLEGE.]

ETON COLLEGE.

THIS venerable and illustrious seminary, which, for nearly four centuries, has planted the seeds of piety and learning in the expanding mind of youth, and the record of whose favoured alumni contain a host of names distinguished for their renown in the field, the cabinet, and the varied pursuits of literature, was founded by Henry VI. In

September, 1440, that monarch purchased the perpetual advowson of the parish of Eton, for the purpose of founding a college; and by two charters, dated October 11, 1440, and March 11, 1441, endowed it with sufficient funds for its maintenance. The building was commenced in the following year, and, when completed, contained accommodation for twenty-five poor grammar scholars, and twenty-five poor and infirm men to

pray for the king; with the requisite number of tutors and ecclesiastical attendants. The new establishment was decided upon the plan of William de Wykeham, the founder of Winchester College, its statutes being transcribed without any very material alteration. In 1461 a treaty of union and mutual defence was concluded between Eton, Winchester, and King's College, Cambridge. The first head master was William Waynflete, Bishop of Winchester, afterwards provost of the institution, and founder of Magdalen College, Oxford. Fostered by the hand of royalty, even during the stormy period of the Reformation and the subsequent fluctuations in the established religion of the country, the infant establishment made rapid progress, and speedily numbered in its list of provosts the most celebrated men of the age. Among them was Sir Henry Saville, who founded professorships of astronomy and geometry at the University of Oxford; Sir Henry Wootton, Bart., an eminent statesman at the court of James I., by whom he was frequently employed in embassies to foreign states; Provost Steward, Clerk of the Closet to Charles I.; Francis Rowse, whose principles became so decidedly puritanical as to procure him a seat in Cromwell's upper house of parliament; and many others, equally eminent, of later date than the preceding.

The present establishment consists of a provost, vice-provost, six fellows, a master, under master, assistants, seventy scholars, seven lay clerks, and ten chorists, besides the inferior officers and servants for the domestic offices of the collegians. The scholars on the foundation are distinguished by wearing a black cloth gown; the others are termed *opidani*, the expense of whose education and maintenance is defrayed by their relatives, and who are boarded in private houses within the precincts of the college; the total number is upwards of 600. The annual election of scholars to King's College, Cambridge, takes place at the latter end of July, when the twelve senior scholars are put upon the rolls to succeed to King's as vacancies may occur: four or five generally take place in the course of a twelvemonth, and the students succeed to the fellowships at three years standing. Upon the day of election the provost of King's College, accompanied by two poets, attends at Eton, when the candidates pass through an examination; on this occasion the senior scholars deliver public orations, in the upper school, selected from the classics and the best English authors. Eton likewise sends two scholars, denominated post-masters, who originally officiated as choristers, to Merton College, Oxford, and has several exhibitions of twenty-one guineas each, for the benefit of the scholars who are superannuated, which,

by the statutes of the college, they become at nineteen years of age.

The singular custom triennially celebrated at Eton on Whit-Tuesday, and which had the title of *Montem* (but now fallen into disuse), appears to have been coeval with the foundation of the college, although both its design and mode of observance have been entirely changed since that period. It consisted of a procession formed by the whole of the school, to a small mount, supposed to be a Saxon barrow, near a village on the Bath-road, called Salt-hill, where the remainder of the day was spent in festivity. The chief object of the ceremony was to make a collection for the captain of the scholars on the foundation, preparatory to his leaving Eton for the university, which is accomplished by having all the spectators and passengers under a contribution, demanded as money for "salt," they receiving in return a ticket with an appropriate motto.* The origin of this custom, notwithstanding much antiquarian research, has not been clearly ascertained; but it has been supposed to derive its title from a monkish procession taking place annually to this mount, at which time consecrated salt was sold to the spectators. The spectacle partook somewhat of a military array; the major part of the boys were habited in uniforms, and the senior scholars wore the dresses of a marshal, captain, lieutenant, and ensign, the latter of whom carried the college flag, inscribed with the motto, "*Pro more et monte*," which was waved with much form on the summit of the mount at Salt-hill. The two principal collectors were termed salt-bearers, and were assisted in the duties of the day by several more of the upper boys, who had the title of servitors; their dresses were rich and fanciful, chosen according to the taste of the wearer, so that it was by no means unusual to witness these youths habited in the costumes of every clime and period. The collection generally amounted to between 800*l.* and 1,000*l.*

The buildings of the college form two large quadrangles, and, with the exception of the chapel, are built of brick, having the roof battlemented; the principal front faces the Thames, a neatly-ordered garden extending to the bank of the river. The outer quadrangle is formed on the east side by the clock tower and apartments of some of the masters; on the north by the lower school, above which is the Long Chamber or dormitory for the scholars on the foundation; on the west by the upper school, which, with the stone arcade beneath it, was built by Sir Christopher Wren, at the expense of Dr. Allcot, provost of the college after the

* One of the *Montem* tickets, for 1834, was quaintly inscribed "*Mos pro lege*." "Custom for law." The last was, "*Pro more et monte*, 1834. *First Regina*."

Restoration; and on the south by the chapel. In the centre of the courtyard is a bronze statue of Henry VI. on a marble pedestal, inclosed within an iron railing; the monarch is in his full robes, wearing a cap of state, and having the sceptre in his right hand, and the globe and cross in his left. It was executed by an artist named Francis Birt, in the reign of George I.

The chapel is a very handsome Gothic structure, supported on each side by massive buttresses, but fitted up internally in a style of great plainness and simplicity. It is 175 feet in length, including an ante-chapel at the west-end, separated from the remaining part by a handsome screen of the composite order, above which is a neat organ gallery. The sides of the principal part of the edifice are wainscoted to a considerable height; the lower tiers of seats rising from the floor are appropriated to the scholars generally, above which are stalls seats for such noblemen as are pupils, the masters and heads of the college sitting on the uppermost row. The original stone altar-piece, corresponding to the Gothic character of the building, enriched with canopied niches, is concealed from view by a wainscot screen, supported by Corinthian columns, erected from a Grecian design by Sir Christopher Wren which, although elegant in itself, seems misplaced in the present edifice. The ante-chapel contains several objects worthy of observation: the roof is supported by Gothic arches, the corbels being sculptured with cherubim, who are displaying the royal arms richly emblazoned. Below the west window is a marble statue of Henry VI., in his robes of state, crowned with the regal diadem, on the left of the figure is a circular pillar ornamented with the royal arms, and supporting the ends of statues and charter of the college, surmounted with a beautiful model of the chapel, on which the left arm of the monarch is reposing.

On the south of the ante-chapel is a bronze reading-desk, nearly five feet in height, ornamented with several scriptural devices, and supposed to be coeval with the conservation of the chapel. On two lofty piers, one above this reading-desk, and the other over a marble font on the opposite side, are the statues of King Henry and St. George; the monarch is represented with a palm-branch in his right hand. Near the font is a gravestone to the memory of Richard Grey, Lord Grey, brother-in-law to Henry VIII., who died October 28, 1521; a brass plate, engraved with a figure of the noble baron in complete armour, is let into the centre of the slab.

The library is on the south side of the cloisters, and consists of three fine apartments, divided by fluted Corinthian columns. It contains a very large and valuable collection of books and manuscripts, having been at various times enriched by the munificent bequests of Dr. Waddington, Bishop of

Chester; Mr. Mann, master of the Obsequy house; R. Topham, Esq., keeper of the records in the Tower; and Anthony Stowe, Esq., whose collection of books and paintings bequeathed to this library were valued at 8000*l.*: a portrait of this gentleman and bust of the late John Penn, Esq., of St. Paul's Park. The apartments are surrounded by galleries, which, while materially adding to the convenience of the place, greatly contribute to its pleasing appearance. A fine portrait on panel of Henry VI., is over the fire-place in the centre division, and above the vestibules leading from the gallery staircase is a small marble bust of the same monarch.

Among the literary curiosities of this collection, a Chinese map of the city of Peking, some Egyptian manuscripts written on papyrus, several beautifully illuminated missals, and an extensive collection of orient manuscripts, are deserving particular notice. The latter valuable record of eastern lore comprised 550 volumes, the arduous labour of Mr. Pote while residing at Peking, and devoted several years to its formation, and presented half of them to King's College Cambridge, and half to the present library.

In the apartments appropriated to the provost are portraits of several individuals who have filled that distinguished station: a fine view of Venice, and half-lengths, Queen Elizabeth and Sir Robert Walpole. There is also a portrait on panel, said to be that of Jane Shore, on the authority of tradition that a provost of Eton College was her confessor, and that this painting was taken by his direction; the hair auburn, and the forehead large, but the face has not that claim to beauty it is so generally imagined to have possessed.

A small postern gate, luxuriantly mantled with ivy, forms an opening from the cloister into the playing fields—an extensive tract of ground, shaded by several lofty trees, as bounded on one side by the Thames. The young gentlemen educated here are great attached to aquatic amusements, and twice during the summer (on the 11th of June, in commemoration of the birthday of George III., and on the last Saturday in July, when the senior scholars are elected to King College, Cambridge) splendid regattas take place. On these occasions they go in procession, habited in fancy dresses, in several long-boats, ornamented with flags, and accompanied with music, to a meadow opposite Surley-hall, about three miles up the river, where a cold collation is provided and on their return, a brilliant display of fireworks is exhibited on an eyot, at the distance above Windsor bridge. This spectacle has been frequently graced with the presence of several members of the royal family, and annually attracts a considerable number of distinguished visitors.

THE GARDEN FOR MAY.

in planting out annuals and other plants borders, be careful to preserve the fibres the plants. The ground may be tilled for dahlias, and a few may be planted, but only in such situations as will enable you to shelter them from frost. A few may be safely trusted to the covering of glass flower-pots; but not so many as to be subject, if lost. Polyanthus seed, carnation, rosette, pink, and auricula seed may be sown in boxes or pans of light mould, and care should be taken that the compost is never; for when the seed begins to germinate, give hours' warmth, without moisture, and destroy it. Nothing tender can be permanently set out, and scarcely anything should be planted in the borders in quantity, if more are put out than can be protected by artificial means (such as covering with glass-pots, hand-glasses, or otherwise) will probably suffer. Tulips near the wall are backward; so much so, that blooms are in colour, and still fewer full than, even of the earliest kind. Destroy weeds in the garden. The most important and serious part of the kitchen-garden business, and it is equally necessary between the rows of young trees, shrubs, &c. Greenhouse plants want all the air that can be given, except that those which are blooming may be covered from too much wind. All those which have passed the prime of their bloom should be placed out of doors, but it should be in a sheltered and shaded situation. Examine newly-grafted trees and shrubs, take the composition of all such as have made joints, and loosen the ties or bandages, at the borders, and place sticks to the sides of such blooming plants as require support. Take off slips of choice double flowers, and strike them under glasses. Be the sticks to carnations and picotees the bloom-stems rise, water strawberry-syringe wall-fruit trees and roses, clear them of vermin, destroy snails, &c.

MAGNETISM OF THE EX-ROYAL FAMILY.

The following is strange, if true. Dr. —, to whom was confided the management of the royal children, is one of the best medical men in Paris. Having occasion last the ex-royal family at Neuilly, as it is called, the case when he is present, the conversation turned upon magnetism. He told many wonderful tales concerning the clairvoyance of some of his patients, and their extraordinary power in foretelling the future. Being pressed by the king, he looked out to see if any among the company showed outward signs of any great susceptibility to magnetic influence. "There is one person," said the doctor, "who possesses,

in a most extraordinary degree, every symptom of this peculiar facility. Madame la Princesse de Joinville would, I am sure, astonish us, would she but submit to the trial." After some little reluctance, the fair princess consented. In a moment, and I believe with no other ceremony than the placing of his thumb against hers, did she realise the doctor's prevision, and fall into as deep a magnetic slumber as it was possible to witness. There was a deep silence, and the doctor turned to demand which member of the family would like to consult her in the name of the rest. Madame Adelaide it was who volunteered, and to her questioning did the patient reply with such truth concerning the past, that she felt emboldened to consult her with regard to the future. "I give you my honour as a gentleman," added my informant, "that in that space of time every event which has happened with such fearful rapidity to astonish and confound us all was foretold with most awful precision. The day, the hour of the flight, was named, as well as the despoilment of the Tuileries, the secreting of the diamonds once belonging to the crown of the emperor by a person about the court (they have not been found), and a second catastrophe not far distant, and which concerns the Orleans family alone. "You name me not," said Madame Adelaide; "with whom am I to fly?" "You will remain calmly and peacefully in France," replied the somnambule, at which observation the king laughed, and said that this last prophecy was sufficient to betray the fallacy of the whole, as his sister would be incapable of deserting them in the hour of peril. I have heard this story from two or three individuals, and from one who declares himself to have been an eye-witness to the scene, and have no reason to doubt its accuracy.

COPPER TREE.—Place a farthing in a cup or tumbler, and pour upon it a small quantity of nitric acid. A violent effervescence will take place, and the surface of the coin will be dissolved, staining the liquid of a bright blue colour. As soon as the effervescence has subsided, pour it off, and dilute it with eight times its quantity of water. Half fill a phial with this, and suspend a piece of zinc in it, as for the lead or silver tree. In a little time, the copper will be precipitated upon the zinc, wearing the appearance of green moss, which, in a few days, will change to a copper colour.

AN ARTFUL QUESTION.—Dominico, the harlequin, going to see Louis XIV. fixed his eyes on a dish of partridges. The king, who was fond of his acting, said, "Give the dish to Dominico." "And the partridges too, sire?" Louis, penetrating his art, replied, "And the partridges too." The dish was gold.

CAROLINE CROCHARD, THE EMBROIDERESS.

I.

CAROLINE CROCHARD seemed to have been born for love and gaiety. Love had painted two perfect arches over her half-closed eyelids, and had endowed her with so thick a forest of chestnut locks, that under her simple tresses she could have concealed herself as securely as under a tent, impenetrable to a lover's gaze. The gaiety of her heart was apparent by the constant agitation of her restless nostrils, and in the dimples of her fresh and laughing cheeks,—a gaiety which made her forget every care, and which, like hope, threw a ray of sunshine over the arid desert of life, and made her view, without apprehension, its unpromising perspective.

The young girl's graceful head was always arrayed with a marvellous and elegant simplicity. According to the custom of the Parisian sempstresses, her toilet was complete when she had carelessly arranged her tresses, and twisted into two bows the dark-brown locks which crowned each temple, and by which the pure whiteness of her complexion was enhanced.

II.

The stranger who, every morning and evening, passed by the window where Caroline was constantly at work, appeared to be about thirty-five years old. He was tall, slenderly formed, pale; was always dressed in black, and walked with a steady, stately step. On his austere and sad features Caroline discovered the traces of long and patient suffering of heart. His early wrinkled brow, his slightly hollowed cheek, bore the signet which sorrow imprints upon its offspring, as if to leave them the consolations of recognising each other by a fraternal resemblance, and of uniting together to bear up against its influence. It, at first, the gaze of the young girl was animated by an innocent curiosity, it assumed, by degrees, a sweet expression of sympathy and of pity, as the stranger receded daily from her sight, like the last friend who closes the mournful procession of a funeral.

III.

One evening during the inclement winter of 1816, the stranger passed by Caroline's residence at midnight, and heard the grumbling tones of the poor girl's mother, intermixed with the sobs of her daughter, busily employed as she was embroidering some roses on a splendid muslin dress. He slackened his pace, and, at the risk of being taken for a robber, crept close to the window, and closely scrutinised both mother and daughter through the crevices of the shutters. A sealed strip of parchment was upon the table between them, which he guessed to be a summons; and the lamentations of the mother, and the melancholy,

yet caressing consolations of Caroline, affirmed him in his thoughts.

"Why do you vex yourself so, my mother? Our landlord cannot possibly sell our furniture, or attempt to turn us out of doors before I have finished this dress. In two days I shall carry it home to Mada Chignard."

"And if, as usual, she makes you wait for payment? But, in any case, will it pay a baker's too?"

The stranger who witnessed the scene was accustomed to read the emotions of the heart upon the features, and he distinguished much ill-nature and raucous in the old woman as truth in the quiet sorrow of the girl. He disappeared silently and swiftly, and turned before half an hour had elapsed.

When he again looked through the crevice Caroline was alone, her mother having retired. The indefatigable girl was leaning over her work, and her slender fingers were moving to and fro with inconceivable dexterity. On the table, by the side of the embroidery, was a plate, with a slice of bread, her nourishment during the night, which was to employ in her task.

The stranger was agitated with tenderness and sadness. He held in his hand a purse, which contained twenty golden écus. He drew aside the shutter, and flung it through the paper pane of the window, so that it should fall at the girl's feet, without stopping to notice her surprise. He fled away with beating heart and crimsoned cheeks.

The next morning the sad and tacit stranger passed on his usual way, affected by an abstracted and pre-occupied demeanor, but he could not escape the recompense which awaited him. Tears were rolled down Caroline's cheek, as she pretended to be employed in removing the snow from the window-sill, a palpable and ingenious pretext, which sufficiently indicated to the stranger that she did not desire that she should again see her only through the window.

She bowed to her lofty and silent predator in a manner that seemed to say, "I can only repay you with my heart."

He affected not to understand this maternal acknowledgment of a true and heartfelt gratitude. On his return in the evening Caroline was employed in repasting a sheet of paper on the broken sash. She smiled upon him with the smile of an angel, and, so doing, showed, as a promise and a pledge, the white enamel of her snowy and lustrous teeth.

IV.

In newly-built houses in Paris, there are apartments which seem expressly designed for recently married people to spend their honeymoon. The paintings and paper are as fresh as the enamoured couple, and the decorations

first blossom. All is in harmony with young desire, and the purple light of love.

In one of these mansions of the Rue du Helder, was a suite of rooms which had been occupied for about a month by a young female. She had found every thing furnished and arranged for her by one of those modern upholsterers whose genius, taste, and tact entitle them to the appellation of artists.

A succinct description of one chamber will suffice to afford an idea of the wonders of elegance and refinement which this charming and mysterious spot presented to its new mistress on her installation there. The walls were hung with hangings of dove-coloured satin, relieved by figures of green silk. The furniture was covered with sky-blue cassimere, and was fashioned in the lightest and most graceful forms which the latest caprice of the mode had devised. A wardrobe of rosewood, exquisitely polished, contained the treasures of her dress, and a writing-table, of similar material, was furnished with every necessary for tender correspondence. The bed, with its drapery disposed after the antique fashion, inspired an idea of voluptuous ease, by the graceful and seducing folds of its skillfully arranged muslins. Curtains of grey silk with green stripes, hung down across the windows, to intercept the glare of light, and at the same time softened shade into the room. The clock on the marble mantel-piece represented Love crowning Psyche, and a thick carpet, with gothic figures upon a crimson ground, brought into bolder relief all the accessories of this chamber of delight. Opposite a gorgeous marble statue of Psyche was a dressing-table, at which was seated a young lady, who was impatient at the slow progress of her coiffeur.

"Do you really intend to finish dressing my hair to-day?" inquired she.

"I should have done so long ago, madame, only your hair is so long and so thick," replied the celebrated *Platon*.

The lovely girl could not help smiling. The flattering excuse of the artist, no doubt, awakened in her heart the recollection of her beloved's admiration of the beautiful woman which he adored.

The door of the room was opened, and a gentleman hurried in, seized the lovely creature in his arms, and clasped her to his heart, with that effusion of tenderness which always accompanies the meeting of two persons who love each other passionately, and see each other but seldom. He led her, or rather they walked by one impulse, although entwined in each other's arms, toward that bridal and balmy apartment. An ottoman before the fire received the fond pair, and they gazed upon each other in silence, while the warm pressure of their hands expressed the rapture of their meeting; and the fervid feelings of their hearts were communicated

by the speechless intensity of their mutual gaze.

"Yes," she said, "it is him! It is my Eugene! Do you know, sir, that it is two days since I saw you; two entire days? Two centuries rather? But what is the matter? Something has vexed you."

"My poor Caroline."

"O! is that all? your poor Caroline."

"Do not smile, for we cannot go to the opera this evening."

Caroline pouted her rosy lips for an instant, but she quickly recovered her serenity. Her face became radiant, and she said:

"How very silly I am! How could I think of any other spectacle when I have you to gaze upon? What deader pleasure can I enjoy than to look upon him I love? And she amused herself with passing her taper and caressing fingers through the dark and perfumed locks of her Eugene.

"I am obliged to attend the head of our department about an affair of moment. He met me at the palace, and engaged me to dine with him; but you my darling can go to the opera with your mother, and if the conference does not delay me, I will join you there, and escort you home."

"Go to the opera without you!" she ejaculated, with astonishment. "Partake of a pleasure in which you don't share! Oh, Eugene, you do not deserve this kiss!" added she clinging to his neck with an artless and tender emotion.

"You must not detain me, silly one. I am compelled to go!"

"(True!)"

"Caroline! I must dress to attend the minister. It is some distance from here to the department, and the business—"

"Take care what you say," interrupted Caroline. "my mother has told me that when gentlemen begin to talk about business, they have already commenced to tire of us. But never mind, my good Eugene, I will spend the evening in working, and while I amuse myself with my embroidery, I will dream over again those former days, when you passed by my window without speaking, but not without glancing at me. Those happy days, when the thought of your kind looks kept me sleepless all night. You do not know," she added, seating herself on the knees of the stranger, who, overcome by irresistible emotion, had sank into a chair. "Listen to me—what I earn by my embroidery I will give to the poor, for you have made me so rich!" Oh, how I love that beautiful little estate of Bellefeuille! not so much on its own account, as that it is your present! Listen," she said again—"I can sing my sonnets like an angel." And while her fingers ran over the wry keys, she felt herself caught by her waist, and clasped to her loved one's breast.

"Caroline, I ought to be far away by this time!"

"You wish to be away; very well, go; for what you wish is my wish too." She said this pointedly; but as she looked at the clock, she smiled and cried—"At all events, I have detained you a quarter of an hour longer!"

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE FESTIVAL AT RICHMOND.

A TALE OF OTHER TIMES.

"Richmond! Ben now
Thy living land-scapes spreads beneath my feet,
Calm as the sleep of infancy

The river, wafting many a graceful bark,
Glide gently onward like a lovely dream,
Making the scene a paradise."

SHENE, or Beautiful, was the name of a splendid palace, which, in former times, stood near the green at Richmond, a small portion of it still remains. Edward the Third and Henry the Fifth made additions to it, and it was the residence occasionally of Henry the Seventh, who held here a grand tournament, in which a knight was slain. In 1489, while the king was at this palace, it was destroyed by fire, but he rebuilt it in 1501, "in a style of much gothic magnificence and elegance." It was on this occasion that he changed the name of Shene to that of Richmond, he having been Earl of Richmond, in Yorkshire, at the time of his accession to the throne. Henry the Seventh died here in 1509. It was the occasional residence of our eighth Henry, who held a tournament here, on which occasion he, for the first time, took a part in the exercises.

It was the eve of a right royal festival in this palace of King Henry the Eighth of England. The splendid marble halls were flooded with a blaze of light, and all within was mirth and revelry. Princes, wearing their peculiar badges of royalty—foreign ambassadors—clergymen, in their richly-brodered robes—warriors, with the broad red cross of England on their breasts—haughty lords and ladies—fair maids of honour—gay gallants—waving plumes and glittering jewels,—all told that the choicest flowers of English nobility were there to grace that festival, given in honour of the Lady Anne Boleyn, that day created Marchioness of Pembroke.

"What boots it that pleasure may bloom in this hour,
And care from the heart for a while may be driven
It blossoms at best but a peevish flower—
Twill fade with the first chilling frost-wind of heaven."

In a spacious saloon, hung with cloth of gold, and furnished with all that art could create or wealth command, were assembled the most brilliant and distinguished of that long-remembered festival. There was the learned and celebrated Sir Thomas More, and his friend, the venerable Bishop Fisher (both

shortly after beheaded for refusing to acknowledge the king's supremacy in matters of religion),—there was Mary, of blessed memory, a princess yet young in years, but already wearing on her features the spirit of intriguing ambition and cruelty,—there was the beautiful but unprincipled Lady Rochford flirting with a young noble, whose very hands and face bore the legible lines of vice and ability,—and, arm-in-arm with the polished and princely Duke of York, came a princess of Portuguese blood. A proud and stately beauty was she, but her cheek flushed deeper, and her black eye softened, and her curled lip relaxed its haughtiness, whenever her companion addressed her. Oh! lovely love! truly art thou a beauty and a mystery, for thou makest all things gentle.

But let us on to the upper end of that gilded hall. Here, beneath a gorgeous canopy of golden damask, were assembled the chief favourite of the Queen of England, the noble Earl of Sussex and Surrey—the high-born, talented Edith de Gray—Percy, the lover and betrothed of Anne Boleyn, and the graceful, gifted Duke of Buckingham. This group were conversing, seemingly on one subject, in low, serious tones; and so earnestly engrossed were they, that they did not perceive the approach of two persons just entering at the upper end of the canopy. One of these was a man, undoubtedly the most extraordinary of his time. Every feature of his face wore the undeniable stamp of the penetrating and powerful mind that was at one time the wonder of all Europe. He might have been about sixty—tall, stately, erect, and grandly proportioned. The brow was remarkably broad and lofty, the lip firmly moulded, and the large full eye was dark, keen, and flashing with the light of a mighty intellect. A scarlet robe, with tassels of royal purple, fell in graceful folds round his regal form, and as he stood, half leaning against a silk pillar, he would have made a model for the most perfect sculptor. Reader, does not this feeble portraiture claim slight acquaintance with your memory, as belonging to one whose fierce ambition affords a striking and melancholy example of human vanity—whose rise, progress, power, and fall are well recorded on the page of English history? This man was the Cardinal Wolsey:—

From his cradle
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one;
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading;
Lofty and sour, to them that lov'd him not,
But to those men that sought him sweet as summer."

But the day of his triumph and influence was even then near its close, a dark cloud was hanging over the star of his greatness—he read the startling assurance in the cold and restrained manners of the courtiers around. Yet his eye was as proud, and his step as firm as when he trod the king's cabinet in the height of his power:—

—“His Sovereign frown, the train of state
Mark the keen glance, and watch the sign to
hate.

Where'er he turns, he meets a stranger's eye
His suppliants scorn him, and his followers fly.”

The cardinal's companion was a female in the summer of life, and distinguished by the remarkable beauty and queenly grace of her person, and the perfect elegance and dignity of her manners. One glance at her dark, eloquent eyes, and the splendidly arched brows, told you that she belonged not to the fair-haired of England, but was a daughter of the south, though she was fairer than are usually the children of a sunny clime. Her dress too contrasted strangely with the gilded tiaras, jewelled plumes, and robes that surrounded her—she being simply attired in a robe of black silk velvet, ornaments only with a zone, bracelets, and necklace of orient pearls. The glossy raven hair was laid back from the ample intellectual forehead, and braided in a circle of pearls, while the exquisitely-formed hand was without ornament, save a silver glove wrought with the same pure gems of the sea. Many a distinguished courtier and high dame whispered together when they looked at that lady, but none at that festival required the outward badge of loyalty to recognise Catharine of Arragon, the first wife of Henry VIII of England.

“The beautiful have vanished,
And return not.”

The general expression of Queen Catharine's countenance was calm, calm and bright—while on every lineament of her majestic face was stamped her high mental superiority and the lofty qualities of her character. But on this festival eve, on close inspection, you might have observed a dim shadow of care stealing over the usually serene features, brooding a mind ill at ease. Yet there was a constant smile on the finely arched lip, but it was not one of happiness—it was a smile in which regret, pride and wounded affection, were painfully blended. But what trouble could win Catharine of Arragon's thoughts, from the splendid scene and the brilliant guests around her? Alas! she eyed least of all for the present and she dared not lift the veil from the shadowy future. Thought was far away on the wings of memory, tracing the long winding avenues of the past and pausing at every forsaken niche to linger over remembrances and associations once pleasant but now bitterly painful. Link by link she united the long chain of scattered recollections, until all her vanished joys stood in distinct review before her. She thought on the time when the gallant monarch of England had brought her to the palaces of his fathers, a triumphant and beautiful bride of the time when she had been a happy wife and mother, the idol of her husband's heart, his glory and his pride, as she had ever de-

served to be. But she had been doomed to experience the withering blight of change and the coldness of neglect from the sole object of her heart's idolatry, and more than all, the gradual and now final transfer of his affections to another. She knew that Henry now regarded her as a troublesome weed, that would in a few days be plucked out and cast from his bower for ever. She knew that the object of his most passionate attachment was one over whom she herself had watched from youth to girlhood, and from girlhood to woman's opening prime—whose counsellor, guide, and friend she had been, and whom she even now regarded with sincere affection. Catharine of Arragon knew all this yet she loved her husband with a tenderness, purity, and singleness of devotion, rarely, if ever, equalled.

Neither the interests of the kingdom nor the welfare of her subjects required a divorce, for never was queen more beloved of her people—never were the affairs of the nation so prosperous, and never was there a more exemplary wife. But King Henry, after a union of eighteen years, had found it convenient for the fulfilment of his own purposes to be troubled with certain smittings of conscience regarding the lawfulness of their marriage—she having been his brother Arthur's wife.

Glancing the festival, and merrily checked the wain-wap, the song, and the jest. But where was the Queen of the Festival—the divinity to whom now all thoughts were turned? The soft, brilliant beams of a full summer moon streamed clearly and beautifully through the trellised vines and rose-leaves of a comely bower in the palace gardens of Richmond. The bower itself was filled with rare and beautiful exotics seldom seen in the chilly clime of England; strange-plumed birds from other lands sent forth their notes of ravishing sweetness, there was a fountain's silvery fall, and the rich perfumes of the East breathed their soft and delicious fragrance to the still air within. But the moonlight fell not alone on fount, and flower, and vine. In a recess of that bower, on a cushion wrought with crimson and gold sat two figures—the one a female, young and oh! how lovely—the other a courtier of noble and gallant mien. The costliest jewels flashed from the superb robe of the lady, and the dazzling belt that girded her waist was of the most precious stones. But these were as star-light to the sun, compared with her beauty. Seldom hath poet's dream or sculptor's chisel imaged a form and features so faultless as were those of that lady. She was tall, very slightly and very beautifully shaped, and hand and foot were infinitely small and perfect. The luxurious hair was of the richest golden hue, braided with diamonds round the small distinguished head, and fell in bright curls on each side of the smooth,

radiant, snowy brow Eighteen summers could not have passed over her—for her large deep eyes wore yet the violet blue of childhood and their black lashes shaded a cheek dimpled and wearing the earliest flush of the ruse—but while the lip scintillated and fine in its outline was that violet softness. Not we say that this fair young creature was Anne Bolyn and that he who knelt before her murmuring his hopes in the eloquent language of passion was her royal lover!

It was not in vain that the still life-mannered monarch poured into the ear of his beautiful mistress the eloquence of a mind rich in the earliest treasures of the knowledge of the time. It was not in vain that he addressed her young and ardent imagination in kindly phrase and repeated again and again his vows of adoration. Alas! could that fated child then have unveiled the future!—could she have dreamed that in two little years the deep rich voice that now thrilled her as a nerve with its melodious sweetness would harshly order her to the fire? could she have dreamed that the tremulous hand now so passionately clasping her own would without a sigh of regret sign her death warrant to make room for another Marcellin? Could she have dreamed it? But Anne Bolyn thought long & sorrowfully in her betrothal to the generous and noble Percy of Northumbria!—she thought long and remorsefully on the affection and unfeigned kindness of Catharine of Aragon—but the affection of a king was off real her—a wild dazzling dream of future greatness was before her, and next to love for Henry ambition was her ruling passion. And when the king held forth the dazzling and rare diadem, she thought how well a crown for her brow and a throne for hers it would become her, and there was a winning smile on the beautiful mouth—an expression of content in the sparkling eye—and thus King Henry crowned his victim.

REMARKABLE CASES OF FRAUD AND IMPOSITION.

NO XXII.—BOOK SECOND.

LOUIS BRABANT, who had been *valet de chambre* to Francis the First fell in love with a rich and beautiful heiress but was rejected by her parents as an unsuitable match for their daughter. On the death of her father, Louis paid a visit to the widow, and he had no sooner entered the house than she heard the voice of her deceased husband addressing her from above—“Give my daughter in marriage to Louis Brabant who is a man of large fortune and excellent character. I endure the inexpressible torments of purgatory for having refused her to him. Obey this admonition, and give

everlasting repose to the soul of your poor husband.” This awful command could not be resisted, and the widow announced her compliance with it.

As our impostor however, required money for the completion of his marriage, he resolved to work (also by means of *ventriloquism*) upon the fears of one Cornu, an old banker at Lyons who had amassed immense wealth by usury and extortion. Having obtained an interview with the miser, he introduced the subjects of demons and spectres, and the torments of purgatory, and, during an interval of silence the voice of the miser and father was heard complaining of his dreadful situation in purgatory, and calling upon his son to rescue him from his sufferings by enabling Louis Brabant to redeem the Christians that were enslaved by the Turks. The awe-struck miser was also threatened with eternal damnation if he did not thus expiate his own sins, but such was the grasp that the banker took of his gold, that Louis was obliged to pay him another visit. On this occasion not only his father but all his deceased relatives appealed to him in behalf of his own soul and theirs; and such was the loudness of their complaints that the spirit of the usurer was subdued and he gave the successful impostor ten thousand crowns to liberate the Christian captives. When the miser was afterwards undeceived he is said to have been so mortified that he died of vexation.

M. St Gille, a priest of St Germain-en-Laye had occasion to shelter himself from a storm in a neighbouring convent where the monks were in deep mourning for a much-esteemed member of their community who had been recently buried. While lamenting over the tomb of their deceased brother the slight honours which had been paid to his memory a voice was suddenly heard to issue from the roof of the choir, bewailing the condition of the deceased in purgatory, and reproving the brotherhood for their want of zeal. The tidings of this event brought the whole community to the church. The voice from above repeated its lamentations and reproaches, and the whole convent fell upon their faces and vowed to make a reparation of their error. They accordingly chanted in full choir a *De Profundis* during the intervals of which the spirit of the departed monk expressed his satisfaction at their pious exercises. The prior afterwards inveighed against modern scepticism on the subject of apparitions, and M. St Gille had great difficulty in convincing the fraternity that the whole was but an innocent imposition executed by means of ventriloquism.

On another occasion a commission of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Paris, attended by several persons of the highest rank, met at St Germain-en-Laye to witness the performances of M. St Gille. The real object of their meeting was purposely withheld from

a lady of the party, who was informed that an aerial spirit had lately established itself in the neighbourhood, and that the object of the assembly was to investigate the matter. When the party had set down to dinner in the open air, the spirit addressed the lady in a voice which seemed to come from above their heads, from the surface of the ground at a great distance, or from a considerable depth under her feet. Having been thus addressed at intervals during two hours, the lady was firmly convinced of the existence of the spirit, and could with difficulty be undeceived.

When Captain Lyon was among the Esquimaux of Igloolik, one of them endeavoured to impose upon him through his extraordinary ventriloquising powers. We shall give the anecdote in Captain Lyon's words:—"Amongst our Igloolik acquaintances were two females and a few male wizards, of whom the principal was Toolemak. This personage was cunning and intelligent, and, whether professionally or from his skill in the chase, was considered by all the tribe as a man of importance. As he invariably paid great deference to his opinion on all subjects connected with his calling, he freely communicated to me his superior knowledge, and did not scruple to allow of my being present at his interviews with Tornga, his patron spirit. In consequence of this, I took an early opportunity of requesting my friend to exhibit his skill in my cabin. His old wife was with him, and by much flattery and a display of a glittering knife and some beads, she assisted me in obtaining my request. All light excluded, our sorcerer began chanting to his wife with great vehemence, and she in return answered by singing the *Aumut-agut*, which was not discontinued during the whole ceremony. As far as I could hear, he afterwards began turning himself rapidly round, and in a loud powerful voice vociferated for Tornga with great impatience, at the same time blowing and snorting like a walrus. His noise, impatience and agitation increased every moment, and he at length seated himself on the deck, yawning his tones, and making a rustling with his clothes. Suddenly the voice seemed smothered, and was so managed as to sound as if retreating beneath the deck, each moment becoming more distant, and ultimately giving the idea of being many feet below the cabin, when it ceased entirely. His wife now, in answer to my queries, informed me very seriously that he had died, and that he would send up Tornga. Accordingly, in about half a minute, a distant blowing was heard very slowly approaching, and a voice, which differed from that at first heard, was at times mingled with the blowing, until at length both sounds became distinct, and the old woman informed me that Tornga was come to answer my questions. I accordingly asked several questions of the

sagacious spirit, to each of which inquiries I received an answer by two loud claps on the deck, which I was given to understand were favourable.

"A very hollow, yet powerful voice, certainly much different from the tones of Toolemak, now chanted for some time, and a strange jumble of hisses, groans, shouts, and gabblings like a turkey, succeeded in rapid order. The old woman sang with increased energy, and as I took it for granted that this was all intended to astonish the Kabloona, I cried repeatedly that I was very much afraid. This, as I expected, added fuel to the fire, until the poor *innocent*, exhausted by his own might, asked leave to retire.

"The voice gradually sunk from our hearing as at first, and a very indistinct hissing succeeded, in its advance it sounded like the tone produced by the wind on the brass cord of an Indian harp. This was soon changed to a rapid hiss like that of a rocket, and Toolemak with a yell announced his return. I had held my breath at the first distant hissing and twice exhausted myself, yet our conjurer did not once respire, and even his returning and powerful yell was altered without a previous stop or inspiration of an

"Light being admitted, our wizard, as might be expected, was in a profuse perspiration, and certainly much exhausted by his exertions, which had continued for at least half an hour. We now observed a couple of bunches, each consisting of two stipes of white deer-skin, and a long piece of snow, attached to the back of his coat. These we had not seen before, and were informed that they had been sewn on by Tornga while he was below."

ANGLING AND IZAAK WALTON.

Oh, the gallant fisher's life!
It is the best of any,
'Tis full of pleasure, void of strife,
And 'tis beloved by many.

May is born—and the fishing season is now come on, they who find pleasure at the waterside, in tender green meadows, or at the troublesome tul of a noisy mill, may leave the busy, crowded parts of the earth, and betake themselves to the solitary streams to diet off that "content and pleasure" which only angling gives. "Oh, the gallant fisher's life!" What can compare with it? The huntsman's is a maddening and a fearful sport; the shooter is but an armed pedestrian, the cocker feeds on a vicious joy; only the angler parleys with nature, and cultivates that skill which "breeds no ill." He is your only pure liver! He it is who, according to his own account, contemplates Heaven in the clear rivers, who tuncs his lile so the calmness of their course, and who asks no other society but—

The silver scaled fish that softly swim
Within the sweet brook's crystal watery stream.

Happy must that man be, the thread of
whose life is "a silken line;" who finds
nothing more crooked in existence than the
hook upon which he wreathes his fly; and
who covets but

— To meditate his time away,
And angle on, and beg to have
A quiet passage to a welcome grave

There are two kinds of anglers, as there
are two kinds of poets. There is the angler
who adores the artless pursuit for its own
sake, and who finds its own exceeding
great reward in it; and there is the angler
who has read himself into a water-inspi-
ration, and who comments himself to his
lines because he sees so much beauty in the
art, as laid down by those who have tenderly
expounded it. There are very few honest
brothers of the angle in this world, we really
believe; for to be a real fisherman a man
must be rarely made about the heart, and
innocently, not craftily, qualified in the
mind. He must be quiet, persevering,
passionless. He must be healthy, and un-
wearying. He must love early hours at
night and morning. He must be no specu-
latist, and yet greedy of solitude. The true
angler must be one who can quit his warm
bed when the morning covers the streams
with its frosty periwinkle light, whose rest is
quietly about his house, drink his last with
a crust and a cup of claret, and hang his
basket at his back and sail forth alone to
rivers.

— How he fishes
His household is his midnight

He must be able to *plod* about in the wet
reeds, and the long dank grass in the mea-
dows, toting after the prowling pike or the
daring trout. He must be willing to dis-
avow himself from the hum in voice, from
the social pleasures of life, and be satisfied
with returning in the evening, hungry and wet,
and with spreading on the grass one or
two fast-fading, spangled trout, fished at
a second time, with difficulty, out of their bed
of wet and fresh scented grass. A man thus
qualified must surely, like the poet, be born
and not made; it is he would be angler, as
well as the would-be poet, that is imper-
fectly built out of books.

Izaak Walton has much to answer for in
the way of converting men into anglers. He
is at the head of that sect of water-Quakers
who profess peace and simplicity, and who
covet none but drab coloured pleasures.
He gave the epithet of "gentle" to anglers,
and set forth the patient contentment of the
art in language that readeth like artlessness
itself. He it was who showed how neces-
sary it was for a man to pass his life by the
side of a winding river, or up to his ankles
in the shallows, in order to the well fitting
his mind for virtuous and soothing contem-
plation. He was the wight who proved that

truth did not lie in a well, but in running
waters. It is next to impossible for a man
to read "Walton's Complete Angler," and
not to sigh for a day by the Lea River; a
struggle with "a logger-headed chub," a
discourse on the dressing of a silver eel, and
a taste of honest Maudlin's voice, in one of
her sweetest milking songs—"that smooth
song which was made by Kit Mallow." The
language of the book is not mere language,
nor poor dead words, but words living and
winding as the silver Dee, for the very
babbling of the waters seems to have crept
into it, and the air of fresh fishing-days
breathes in every sentence.

The latest edition of Walton's artless
book is perhaps one of the most interesting
publications that has appeared since that
honest old man was wont to leave his
rickety house in Fleet-street, and to un-
thread the lazy, silent Lea for days together.
All that could be done to make it the com-
plete angler has been done. Every thing in
the book is of the fish-fishy. The simple
gills of Master Izaak bask quietly beneath
the shadow of the firstal, and every honest
angling character, fishing spot, or trolling
incident, is illustrated by the artist in
graven pictures, which hold the subjects in
lignes, fine and powerful as those which the
fisher casts over the gallant river. The
trout, the pike, the perch, and the salmon,
never had their portraits taken at full
length before. They come diving, and just out
of the water, and tuck on their fresh leaves
in the lower of the angle to look at. The
spots the stream, the pike's lustre of life
is upon them, and if old Izaak could see
himself so painted he would strive to find
fish so well and cunningly dressed. The
views of Axmill, of the Lea River, Ware,
and the sketch of Box-Dale, have a spirit
and beauty in their worth of the spirit and
beauty which mark the descriptions in the
work itself. Nature was herself reflected
in the book as in a brook, and no reader
can help angling about the pages, so long as
the smallest vignette remains to be caught.

W.

PERSUASION.—Wherever you see perse-
cution, there is more than a probability that
truth lies on the persecuted side.—*Bishop*
Leimner.

LATE OF ENGLISH ARTISTS.—Mr. Barry,
who painted the great room at the Adelphi,
was struck from the list of Academicians,
and obliged to support himself by working
for engravers. Mr. West left his family his
three last great works, unpurchased by
Government, and died embarrassed. Mr.
Fusell escaped from want into the Profes-
sorship of the Royal Academy. Mr. Pro-
ctor, who gained both prizes for sculpture
and painting, was starved to death in an
obscure lodging in Clare-market.

LETTERS TO THE PEOPLE.

BY YOUNG CHETWOOD

No. I.—BOOKS

READING may be compared to eating: persons indulging only in the lighter trifles, and rich pleasant viands, soon will become satiated and unwell, while those who partake constantly of a plain and wholesome diet, relieved occasionally by a dainty, can appreciate the value of either, and reap their benefits unclouded. Therefore it is advisable, when reading, not to skim over the pages superficially, picking out the most interesting portions, and leaving the more solid matter. Solid reading should be the staple food, and romance the luxury. Though novel reading is very generally derided, I hardly think it is so deserving of censure. Most novels, in the present day, are written with some moral view, and if such is not absolutely intended by the author, those who read may profit by considering the faults or virtues of the characters depicted: if they be true to nature, many lessons may be learned therefrom. It is a very mistaken notion that a work written avowedly for the instruction of mankind, and crammed with moral maxims (be it understood that I would not condemn such works, but merely wishing each to stand in its proper place), is beyond all comparison superior to a novel which contains a correct view of life and human nature. A person possessing a little discrimination may easily perceive a moral hanging by each chapter of joy and sorrow, each thread of the narration representing the customs or follies of man. A book of advice will guide you through, and a novel will teach you in some measure the troubles so various in life. Some authors have a happy method of blending a little moralising with the subject, and while awakening the passions, slip in a little good advice confidentially to the reader. Such are all our best writers—Scott, Bulwer, Dickens, Eugene Sue, Lever, &c.; though Sue, as well as the generality of the French school, are too loose in their writings for the English taste. But of all books, defend us from that mawkish, fiddling, trashy class of productions known to our grandfathers as a “modern fashionable novel,” that unmeaning, love-stuffed species which turns the heads of boarding-school misses, and sets them a-longing for Lord Mortimers, or to be placed in the highly romantic situation of some Lady Celestina Rosalthea, who escapes from a high chamber-window into the arms of her lover. Tinsel and bombast! Infidelity is to be much guarded against. Seldom advocated openly by any author of merit, in a work on an indifferent subject it will, serpent-like, glide in, in the shape of surmises, doubts and distant hints. It is as well to be aware of the principles of the author before perusing, that you may

judge with what spirit it is written. When you are interested in a pleasant book, you do not stay to examine with what justice certain covert sneers and insinuations are obtruded. Cunning writers! In a boldly written book it is to the contrary, you are at once aware of its nature, and are upon your guard the man avows his opinions, gives his arguments. You think, and with common sense are prepared to combat them. Not so in the other case; the pernicious influence is instilled, as it were, drop by drop, into the scarcely sensible mind, it there takes root you know not how. Of these beware. A new era is also commencing with our juvenile friends—good, sensible, interesting books are continually being introduced for them. Farewell “Blue Beard,” “Jack the Giant-Killer,” and “Cinderella!” The children’s halfpenny may now be better employed. We have eleven halfpenny publications for young and old. The halfpenny is ennobled. Our friend of youthful days may purchase stores of knowledge inexhaustible. And look at the morality of the respectable cheap press. Compare them with the more expensive periodicals. Are they not more chaste? Is not this the result of your examination? What is *there* inserted would not be tolerated *here*. Why, it would be a lasting excuse for reviling all cheap productions. The poets will be found interesting reading for indulging in occasionally. Wordsworth is a steady thinker; his works will bear much examination. Simple as they seem, they will gradually open more paths for thought as they are further looked into. Byron is the reverse of this. His poetry displays talent and brilliancy even at the first glance, but his imagination is wild and frenzied when compared with the firm quiet tone of Wordsworth. Each have taken a different path, and each have succeeded. Study the poets in hours of quiet and ease when the mind is untroubled and serene. It is possible to acquire a taste for reading. If you do not relish a long dry dissertation, try something and humour yourself; then try something more solid, varying your reading at times to prevent monotony. Many books might be recommended to the reader, but it requires little thought upon the subject to make a choice for yourself.

A PAINTER was employed in painting a West-Indian man in the Thames, on a stage suspended under her stern. The captain, who had just got into the boat alongside to go ashore, ordered the cabin-boy to let go the painter (the rope that held the boat.) The boy instantly went aft, and let go the rope by which the painter’s stage was held. The captain, surprised at the boy’s delay, cried out, “Confound you for a lazy dog! why don’t you let go the painter.” “He’s gone, sir!” replied the boy, “po’s and all.”

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

HEALTHY SKIN.—Mr. Erasmus Wilson's work with the above title is a valuable addition to the books which may be said to form "The People's Library." Its object is expressed in its title, which is suggestive of an important truth, namely, that *the health of the skin exerts a powerful influence over the health of the body*. As most seasonable, we make the following extract from the chapter "On Disorders affecting the Colour of the Skin:"

"The colouring principle of the skin occasionally offers varieties in its tint, dependent, probably, on a difference of chemical composition, such difference being referrible to states of constitution of the individual. Thus, when persons of a light complexion are exposed to the influence of the sun and heat during the summer season, numerous round or oval-shaped, yellow spots, similar in appearance to stains, are developed in the skin, these spots are popularly termed 'freckles,' or *summer freckles*, and generally disappear during the darker and colder months of the year. There are, however, other freckles which have no dependence on light and heat, which are equally vivid in the winter as in the summer season, and are, in point of fact, of constitutional origin. These are the *cold freckles*, they offer some variety in colour, being sometimes brightly yellow, and sometimes green, and are not confined, like the summer freckles, to persons of a light complexion. Another discoloration, occurring in the form of patches of various tints of hue, are 'saffron spots,' 'sulphur spots,' and 'liver spots.' In essential nature, these are the same as freckles, but they are not always permanent. They often appear suddenly under the influence of some general disturbance of the system, they are attended with some degree of itching, and they fade away gradually when the cause which excited them is removed.

"The treatment of the family of discolorations involves surgical as well as domestic means. The only safe and certain mode of getting rid of moles is a surgical operation. For the other forms of stain, the best local application is the following cerate, which should be well rubbed into the affected skin at night:—Elder-flower ointment, one ounce; sulphate of zinc, twenty grains; mix well. In the morning, this is to be washed away with abundance of soap, so as to secure the entire removal of the grease, and the following lotion is then to be applied:—Infusion of rose-petals, half-a-pint; citric acid, thirty grains; mix. The yellow spots and liver spots will quickly disappear under this treatment, and, in most instances, the freckles will be ameliorated, if not removed. Should the remedies give rise to any unpleasant irritation or roughness of the skin, the following lotion

will counteract such effects:—Almond emulsion, half-a-pint; Goulard's extract, half-a-drachm; mix.

"If, associated with the discoloration of the skin, there is any constitutional disturbance, that will call for the direction of the medical man.

CARVACROL.—THE NEW REMEDY FOR TOOTHACHE.—Dr. Bushman gives (in the *Medical Times*) the following account of this new compound, which, though well known in Germany as a quick and effectual cure for one of the most worrying ills "that flesh is heir to," is now for the first time published in England. Carvacrol is an oily liquid, with a strong taste and unpleasant odour. It may be made by the action of iodine on oil of caraway or on camphor. A few drops applied on cotton wool (to a decayed and painful tooth) give immediate relief. Carvacrol much resembles creosote in appearance, and is used in similar cases of toothache, but its effect is much more speedy and certain.

SIR A. COOPER'S CHILBLAIN LINIMENT.—One ounce of camphorated spirit of wine, half-an-ounce of liquid subacetate of lead, mix and apply in the usual way three or four times a day. Some persons use vinegar as a preventive, its efficacy might be increased by the addition to the vinegar of one-fourth of its quantity.

BUBBIE AND SQUEAK.—Cut into pieces, convenient for frying, cold roast or boiled beef, pepper, salt, and fry them, when done, lay them on a hot drainer, and while the meat is draining from the fat used in frying them, have in readiness a cabbage already boiled in two waters, chop it small, and put it in the frying-pan with some butter, add a little pepper and salt, and keep stirring it, that all of it may be equally done. When taken from the fire, sprinkle over the cabbage a very little vinegar, only enough to give it a slight acid taste. Place the cabbage in the centre of the dish, and arrange the slices of meat neatly around it.

COLD RICE PUDDING.—Over cold rice pudding pour a custard, and add a few lumps of jelly or preserved fruit. Remember to remove the baked coating of the pudding before the custard is poured over it.

APPLE TART.—Cut into triangular pieces the remains of a cold apple tart, arrange the pieces around the sides of a glass or china bowl, and leave space in the centre for a custard to be poured in.

COLD PLUM PUDDING.—Cut into thin round slices cold plum pudding, and fry them in butter. Fry also Spanish fritters, and place them high in the centre of the dish, and the fried pudding all round the heaped-up fritters. Powder all with lump sugar, and serve them with wine sauce in a tureen.

POPULAR PASTIMES.

SOLUTIONS TO THE RIDDLES, CHARADES,
AND CONUNDRUMS IN OUR LAST.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

- 1—Moor, transposed,
room
2—Cabin
3—Reap—pear—rape.
4—Hippo—potam—on
5—Leah—real—earl
6—Englishman and French
man

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES.

- 1—A tabor
2—His foot
3—A wedding-ring
4—He receives the
world's traveller
5—A bridge
6—His nose
7—February, if con-
sidered only 28 or 29
days
8—That which goes
into it

- 9—Luscious (you see
how?)
10—Mendicant (mend I
mean)
11—Monosyllable—no-
syllable
12—Discomfited (askways
Dub in (doubtful))

ANSWERS TO ANAGRAMS.

- 1—Harpischorde.
2—Monarch
3—Old England
4—Presbyterian
5—Punishment
6—Soldiers.

ANSWERS TO CHARADES.

- 1—Watchman
2—His beard
3—His wife's case
4—His loss
5—His wish.
6—Finner-lane.

CHARADE.

- 1—My first at times will open to our view
A canopy of bright ethereal blue,
But ask the change! how altered is it
now,
With due portensions hanging o'er its
bow
Again its hush'd in silence deep and
still,
Though nought is heard till sunbeams
paint the hill,
Then is my second on the wing—and
long
He charms the village with his matin
song,
And like my whole pours forth his soul
in prayer
In boldest strains, a spirit of the air,
Or hymns to nature's universal King,
And makes the arch of heaven with
music ring.

VILLS.

- 2—Without my first all living things would
die
That have their being 'neath the spa-
cious sky,
My next his master's call will quickly
heed,
And far from him the timid hare will
speed,
My whole the wounded game, or flying
man
Would quickly cease, if in pursuit he
ran.

GIVER.

NAMES OF POPULAR NOVELS ENIGMA-
TICALLY EXPRESSED.

Scott.

- 1—Myself, a vehicle, and a gardener's im-
plement.
2—A colour, lean, and to permit.
3—A Christian name, a rock, and a shal-
low water.

Bulwer.

Ainsworth.

- 4—A bird, and a forest.

Eugene Sue.

- 5—A fairy's baton, a vowel, a circle, and
a Hebrew.

Dumas.

- 6—Friendly conversation, a liquid (in
French), a consonant, and a proviso.

Victor Hugo.

- 7—A precious stone, adding two letters.

Cooper.

- 8—Two-thirds of a culinary delicacy, and
a quantity.

Goldsmith.

- 9—Two-thirds of "to contend," a light
vehicle, a preposition, to rouse, and a mea-
dow

Marryatt.

- 10—The centre, a conveyance, a human
being, and very comfortable.

Cockton.

- 11—Four-fifths of "to remain passive,"
a picture, and a bird

James.

- 12—A raised passage, a winged insect,
and two-thirds of "to mistake."

Jackson.

- 13—To choose, and part of a candle.

Lover.

- 14—A consonant, three-fourths of a party
name, an exclamation, and something
greater

CONUNDRUMS.

- 1—When is a quarrelsome man like
starch?
2—When is a man going to a foreign
place like another going to be married?
3—Why is a question like a mutilated
organ of vision?
4—Why is Berlin like a man who is drink-
ing and neglecting his business?
5—Why ought Bulwer Lytton to be tired
of writing?
6—When is a turnpike like a dog's tail?
7—Why is Chancery-lane like your eye?
8—Who is that general that goes through
all countries without soldiers, takes up his
quarters in any capital, raises money from
every village, and is welcome to the house of
every man?
9—When is a gooseberry-pudding not a
gooseberry pudding?
10—What key is the hardest to turn?
11—When is a nose not a nose?
12—What three letters express the Archi-
pelago?

RIDDLE.

- 1—Direct, I very small appear;
Transpose, and then some news is near;
Subtract a letter from my name,
To please a boy, the rest remain;—
Or which, if they be backward read,
Will please a drunkard in his stead.

FACTS AND SCRAPS.

A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN.—According to Fontenello, "a beautiful woman is the hell of the soul, the purgatory of the purse, and the paradise of the eyes."

PENITENT.—The term penitencer originated from this circumstance: it was usual, when persons who had long served the state by flogging at a desk became superannuated, to settle an annuity upon them for the remainder of their lives. Finding the comforts of ease, they threw aside the pen, and hence such were denominated *pen-shunners*.

BELIEF IN A FUTURE STATE.—The doctrine of a future state is not a mere speculative proposition to serve as a subject of metaphysical investigation, or to be admitted merely to complete a system of philosophical or theological belief. It is a truth of the highest *practical importance*, which ought to be interwoven with the whole train of our thoughts and actions. Yet how many are there, even of those who bear the Christian name, who are incessantly engaged in boisterous disputes respecting the nature of faith, who have never felt the influence of that faith which is 'the confident expectation of things hoped for, and the conviction of things which are not seen,' and which realises to the mind, as if actually present, the glories of the invisible world? If we really believe the doctrine of immortality, it will manifest itself in our thoughts, affections, and pursuits."—*Duke's Philos.*

At the late riots, a very little man, with an air of considerable importance, was sworn in as special constable. Happening to have strayed from his companions, one of the mob, who well knew him by sight, caught him up in his arms, and bore him in triumph amongst the crowd. This produced considerable laughter, which was increased by the little man screaming at the top of his voice, and brandishing his truncheon, '*If you don't put me down, I'll take you up!*'

M. Quérard has published a work on "Literary Impostures," in which he proves that M. Damas has not written the works by which his fame is established. What I not even "Monte Christo?" No! says M. Quérard, and he proves it. "Monte Christo" is in two parts; and these two parts have two different authors.—P. A. Fiorentino for the first, and M. Augustus Magnet for the second. The *Athenæum*, writing on this subject, says—"Alexandre's friend, the Duc d'Orleans, wishes Alexandre to compose a history of the French army. '*Volontiers*, what more easy! I know nothing of the subject, it is true; but you offer me eight thousand francs a volume—as that price I would know anything.' The bargain is closed, the money paid; and Damas, full of the historical affluence, orders his secretary, M. Pascal, to compose the book, which he does!"

MORALITY.—By the heathen philosophers, even the ablest and best of them, *morality* is only darkened and debased. They discerned neither the nature nor the limits of vice and virtue. Against the former, indeed, they inveighed, and the latter they outgloried with a vigorous eloquence; yet they very often exposed virtue and adorned vice; and alternately enjoyed and prohibited both, with a confusion of thought and a depravity of heart, which make their instructive means of corruption merely, and never of reformation. The scriptural writers, on the contrary, enjoin virtue only, prohibit only vice, and define both in a manner so exact, and yet so obvious, that a child need not mistake them. Their *way of holiness is a highway*; and *wayfaring men, though fools, will never necessarily err therein*.

A HAKISOMP PRESENT.—The Duke of Abrantes was extremely kind to his servants, and it was well known in Paris that they robbed him to a considerable amount. "They may take a few bottles of wine or a few pounds of meat, I believe," said Jannot, when his friends referred to the circumstance; "but the real robber is my steward, and I do believe he plunders me by wholesale." "Then why not get rid of him?" "It is of no use," said the duke, "he is in other respects a good man; he is attached to me, and has rendered me some services; besides, if I were to dismiss him, I should be cheated in the same way by another." On the first day of the war, a grand day in France, the numerous servants belonging to the duke came to offer customary congratulations. On each of them he conferred a gift. "As to you, sir," addressing the steward, "I will make you a present of every thing you have robbed me of during the past year." The steward made a low bow and retired.

TRUE NOBILITY OF SOUL.—In one of the sanguinary battles fought by the Duke d'Enghien, two French noblemen were left wounded on the field of battle. One, complaining bitterly of his pains, the other, after a long silence, thus offered him consolation: "My friend, whenever you are, remember that our God died on the cross, our king on the gallows, and, if you have strength to look at him who now speaks to you, you will see that both his legs are still a-wo." When the Duke d'Enghien was about him, shot, he looked severely at the speaker as they took aim at him, and addressing him, said: "Grenadiers, lower your arms otherwise you will miss or only wound me." To two of them, who proposed to tie a handkerchief over his eyes, he said: "A loyal soldier, who has been sixteen exposed to fire and sword, can see the approach of death with naked eyes, and without fear."

A little girl, happening to hear her mother speak of going into *half-mourning*, said, "Why are we going into half-mourning, mamma? are any of our relations *half-dead*?"

HINTS TO BACHELORS.—If your object is to be happy, never marry a rich woman without rank, or a lady of rank without riches; the former will taunt you with your poverty before marriage, and the latter will taunt you with the poverty you feel after.

A young lady in Washington, America, having committed suicide in a fit of *love-phrensy*, the coroner's jury brought in the following verdict:—"Died by the visitation of Cupid."

"What did Mr. --- die of?" asked a simple neighbour. "Of a complication of disorders," replied his friend. "How do you describe this complication, my dear sir?" "He died," answered the other, "of two physicians, an apothecary, and a surgeon."

"Where the --- do you come from?" said Wilkes to a beggar in the Isle of Wight. "From the lower regions." "What is going on there?" "Much the same as here." "What's that?" "The rich taken in, and the poor kept out."

A countryman going into an office in which the wills are kept at Doctors' Commons, and gazing at the large volumes on the shelves, asked, whether they were all *Bibles*. "No, sir," answered one of the clerks, "they are *Testaments*."

A farmer in the neighbourhood of Doncaster was once met by his landlord, who told him he had some thoughts of raising his rent; to which the farmer replied, "I am very much obliged to you, sir, for indeed I cannot raise it myself."

LIFE AND DEATH.

By W. G.

Methought one night I sat among the dead,
And merrily ran to spirits gone before,
Then fancy led me to the sick man's bed,
Doomed to look on the world with joy no more.

And then visions arose of the spirits of those
Who had paid nature's debt long before,
Which showed how impartial was Death towards
man.

For he pitied not rich above poor

But still I saw men tramp on men,
Their fellows in God's equal eye—
And thousands in profusion live,
Whilst legions of starvation die.

I saw the earth, and it was fair,
And nature oft was playing there,
And all around God's bounteous hand
Had scattered blessings o'er the land.
His justice meant that man should share
His blessings in a manner fair,
Not few to feast, while many die,
Nor want to reign triumphantly.

And then my thoughts flew back again,
To their first starting-place,
And Death in rince gaun and grim
Appeared before my face.

"In truth," said he, "thou'rt in the right,
This is man's doings. In God's sight,
The poor are equal to the great,
And so they'll find, if they await
The time when I with vengeful frown,
Come with my scythe and mow all down.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DISTRAINING FOR RENT, by WILKIE.

On Saturday, the 27th of May, will be published, price only ONE HALFPENNY, as a supplement to 'THE TRACTS FOR THE PEOPLE,' a splendid engraving on Wood from Wilkie's celebrated picture, "DISTRAINING FOR RENT." This beautiful engraving will be printed on superior paper, and will form an admirable companion to Sir David's "RATTLE-DAY." The lovers of art will hail with delight this extraordinary sample of the perfection of wood engraving (equally suited to the portfolio and the frame), which will be offered to our subscribers at the low charge of ONE HALFPENNY.

A POOR MAN—We cannot recommend the work alluded to, or any of that class. Periodicals, pamphlets, and pictures, intended for the million, should have no immoral or indecent tendency.

J. W. R. (Manchester)—We feel obliged by your kindness, but do not think the lines quite up to the mark.

T. B. W. & W. A. C.—(Generally ten—one or two must have more, certainly not.

TYRO—Will find his contributions inserted in a week or two. Thanks.

T. Y. (Edinburgh)—Your very pretty poem shall have a corner. Many thanks.

W. C. (Preston)—If what you have been kind enough to send us is considered worthy a place in 'THE TRACTS,' our master of the riddles will no doubt cause them to be inserted. If not, they will be consigned to the flames.

H. LARA—Thanks,—we have a copy of the "Marseillaise Hymn," but have no wish to encite it. You will have the same title page to each of the volumes.

G. P. R. (Leeds)—Barleycorn is used to denote a long measure, containing in length the third of an inch. Sir John Barleycorn may, we think, apply to spirit, beer, or ale, made from malt.

J. S. (Lambeth)—The greatest number of names attached to a petition to Parliament was, we believe, to the "Reform Petition."

F. P. L.—Peat is used as fuel in Ireland, under the name of turf. It is dug from the bogs, and makes a cheerful fire.

W. H. (Glasgow)—Read our first notice to correspondents this week.

JOHN PAIRCE—The greatest proof of a nation's happiness is, the education of her poor. When we consider that education removes prejudices and vice of every description, improves the mind, perfects the morals, and exalts the soul, when we consider that the learned are esteemed, can retire to their closets with consolation, and boldly face ignorant upstarts, shall we not delight to find knowledge in the minds of our fellow-creatures, and justly infer that in the country where it is disseminated there will be found devotion, morality, and refinement? Educate the masses properly, we say, by all means.

MRS. F. J.—Send us the verses; if they are approved of, we shall be happy to insert them.

All correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, No. 334, Strand.

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TRACTS

for the People.

A WEEKLY MISCELLANY OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE AND AMUSEMENT.

No. 23 Vol III.]

SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1848.

PRICE ONE HALFPENNY.



THE HUNDRED STEPS.

WINCHESTER TOWER WINDSOR CASTLE

"Of all the palaces so fair,
Built for the royal dwelling,
Throughout the world beyond compare—
Old Windsor is excelling."—Scott.

—Song by David Lindsay of the Mount,
"Lion King-at-arms, or Scott for him,
of Linlithgow, as compared with all other
castles in Scotland (for which we have sub-
stituted (and who shall say us nay?) Wind-
sor—against the world! If this be a feeling
natural to English pride at any time, how
much more so at present when the flag
which is reared on Windsor Keep, and which
has braved the battle and the breeze a thou-
sand years waves o'er the head of a sovereign
whose sex, virtues, and graces heighten and
refine our loyalty into a chivalrous devotion.
Speaking the older language of the more im-
mortal architect, Windsor confessedly excels every

other regal residence; its associations are no less rich in tender and solemn memories; and whatever of grace the sacredness of the past lends to its sovereign lady, she largely repays by the present romance with which she gilds its time-honoured walls. That the castle is beyond compare, has long been the Briton's glory; that its royal mistress is so, is a creed indelibly imprinted in his heart.

Instead of revelling in the ideas which the castle, considered either in the spirit of poetry or antiquarianism, conjures up, instead of musing on the scenes its walls have witnessed—the triumphs and the despair of kings, the stirring tournaments and solemn pageants, the songs of the victor and the wail of the captive, the bright forms and brave hearts in whom the pulse of life has beaten wildly and high, the gay crowd, "like notes in the symphony," who have issued thence to sport in the forest with hawk and hound; the merry tales told round the winter fire of "errant knights, queens, lovers, lords, ladies, giants, dwarfs, and goblins"—in short, instead of indulging the imagination, we must come to matter of fact, and say something about the castle. Well, then, we are told that—

"This majestic structure, so justly termed an emblem of the British constitution, is built upon the summit of a hill, on the declivity of which the town stands, and 'Tut, this guide-book narrative will never do, let us try again'—

"Windsor Castle enjoyeth a most delightful prospect round about, for right in the front it overlooketh a vale, lying out far and wide, garnished with corn-fields, flourishing with meadows decked with groves on either side, and watered with the most mild and calm river Thames; behind it arise hills everywhere, neither rough nor over-high, attired, as it were, with woods, and even dedicated, as it were, by nature, to hunting and game." His bravely spoken, Master Camden, with a true and simple sense of the beauties of nature. Thy language is prosaic in form, but poetic in feeling. The influences of the place all breathe of poetry. Here, "noble Surrey felt the sacred rage," here Scotia's royal poet James the First, forgot the weary hours of imprisonment in the spells of love, and soared far from the dungeon-keep on the wings of the soul.

According to the best authorities we find that Edward the Confessor granted the site of both the town and castle of Windsor to the abbey of St. Peter, at Westminster, but the eligibility of its situation as a military post being perceived by William the Conqueror, that monarch exchanged it with the abbey for some lands in Essex, and constructed a fortress of considerable size. Henry the First greatly enlarged the building, and erected a chapel, where, in 1122, he celebrated his marriage with his queen, Adelaide of Lorraine. Henry II. held a parliament

in the castle in 1170, which was attended by all the great English barons, William, King of Scotland, and his brother David. During the contest between King John and the barons, which terminated in the grant of Magna Charta, the former took refuge in the castle. During the reign of Henry III. the castle was alternately in possession of both the contending factions, but, being eventually surprised by Prince Edward, was made the rendezvous of the royal party. Edward I. and Edward II. made Windsor their principal residence; it was likewise the birth-place of several of their children, the most celebrated of whom was that prince so famous in history and of great renown; afterwards Edward III. The attachment the enterprising monarch bore to his native place was exemplified by the attention he paid to the improvement of the town and castle, the latter of which was entirely rebuilt by him, with the exception of three towers at the west-end of the Lower Ward. The Royal Chapel of St. George was erected by Edward III., on the site of a smaller structure built by Henry I. He designed it expressly for the inaugurative and other religious offices connected with his newly established and favourite Order of the Garter, and never did arms and religion unite under a more imposing form. The successors of the warlike monarch have made many additions, improvements, and restorations, down to our own times; yet, magnificent as it now is, we would yield them all for a faithful picture of the appearance it presented when first his hardy knight-companions assembled in it around their sovereign founder. It was in the year 1344 that Edward proclaimed, as well in Scotland, France, Germany, Flanders, Spain, and other foreign countries, as in England, that he designed to revive the Round Table of King Arthur, offering free conduct and courteous reception to all who might be disposed to attend the splendid feasts to be held on that occasion at Windsor Castle. But the jealousy of Philip de Valois, the French king, was so far excited by the announcement of this solemn festival, that he not only prohibited his subjects to attend, but proclaimed a similar Round Table, to be held in opposition, at Paris. Owing to this interference, Edward's festival, which he continued to hold annually for some years, was partially eclipsed, and this induced him to establish the memorable Order of the Garter; a step no less politic than dignified, since by selecting a number of champions, chosen from the whole body of chivalry, to form an especial fraternity under the immediate patronage of the sovereign, it held out a powerful incentive to the courage and exertion of the bold, the valiant, and the ambitious. Such indeed was its effect throughout Europe, that the various Courts vied with each other in instituting Orders—

none of which, however, have rivalled their prototype.

At Windsor Castle, as we have already stated, James of Scotland, unjustly made prisoner by our Henry IV., at the tender age of eleven, was detained a captive eighteen long years, but here, looking from his prison window, he beheld the Lady Jane Beaufort, daughter of the Earl of Somerset, and a princess of the blood royal of England beholding, he loved; and loving, he became conscious of a new and better existence. The course of his true love ran smooth. As his passion for the Lady Jane was the solace of his captivity so it facilitated his release. The court imagined that the connexion would bind him to the English interest, and after he had espoused the lady of his heart, he was restored to his liberty and crown rich boons these, but her enduring and devoted affection a richer. He saw her first in the garret which still flourishes at the foot of the Round Tower, and occupies what was once the moat of the Keep. "Time, which delights to obliterate the sternest memorials of human pride, seems to have passed lightly over this little scene of poetry and love, and to have withheld his desolating hand. Though some parts of the garden have been separated by dividing walls, yet others have still their arbours and shaded walks, as in the days of James and the whole is sheltered, blooming, and retired." Edward IV. rebuilt upon an enlarged scale, the chapel of St. George, in which his remains were subsequently deposited, as well as those of his unfortunate rival, Henry VI. Henry VII. made several additions to the chapel, and Upper Ward, and his successor rebuilt the principal gate of the building. On the 3rd of August, 1544, Queen Mary and her consort, Philip II. of Spain, made a grand public entry into Windsor from Winchester, where their marriage had been solemnized. A very important addition was made to the edifice by order of Queen Elizabeth, in the formation of a terrace on the north side of the castle. This noble promenade (which was subsequently enlarged by Charles II., and carried round the east and part of the south front) is 1,870 feet in length. It is crowned with a rampart of freestone, and commands a finely-varied and extensive prospect.

The ill-fated Charles I. resided in the castle at the commencement of his reign, and held occasional courts in those apartments which, towards the close of his eventful career, he was compelled to inhabit as a prisoner. Soon after the Restoration, Charles II. adopted Windsor Castle as his favourite residence, and commenced a series of alterations, the good taste and propriety of which have been since justly questioned. The ancient Gothic windows, so much in unison with the character of the edifice, were replaced by circular French ones, and

the general chaste simplicity of the building violated by the introduction of a foreign ornamental taste. It is, however, but just to add, that the interior was greatly improved by the liberality of that monarch. William III. and Queen Anne improved the parks, planting several avenues of elm and beech trees, and enclosing the Little Park with a brick wall. George I. frequently resided at the castle, where, every Thursday, he dined in public—a fashionable custom at that period in continental courts. With the exception of trifling occasional repairs, the building remained as it was left by Charles II. till the reign of George III., who selected Windsor for his principal residence. Under his direction, and in great part from his private purse, the north front of the Upper Ward was partly restored to its original appearance, St. George's Chapel completely repaired, and several minor improvements executed. The lamented illness of the king suspended the progress of the undertaking during a period of eleven years, but, shortly after his decease, public attention became directed to the propriety of renovating the edifice, upon a scale of grandeur commensurate with its ancient magnificence. In 1823 the alterations were commenced by the demolition of two buildings, called Augusta Lodge and Queen's Lodge, the latter of which was erected by Sir William Chambers as a domestic residence for George III. and Queen Charlotte, and the younger branches of the royal family; neither of these fabrics were distinguished by any architectural beauties, and the situation of the Queen's Lodge, in particular, having been ill chosen, as it excluded the fine view of the Great Park and Long Walk from the south front of the castle, their removal gave general satisfaction. The Upper Ward is now completed. Prince Alfred, the son of her present Majesty, was born at Windsor.*

A full description of even the exterior of Windsor Castle would occupy far too great a space for one number of the TRACTS, we shall therefore only point attention to that portion and illustration of which appears in our first page.

On the north of the great cloisters is a communication with the inner cloisters, which are inhabited by the prebendaries of the chapel. The library, consisting principally of ecclesiastical writers and some of the earlier English classics, is in these cloisters. On the north side are "The Hundred Steps," a descent of eighteen stone stairs in the castle wall, at the foot of which is a postern gate, studded with iron bolts, opening upon a small platform, whence a flight of 122 steps winds round the brow of the hill, leaving another gate at the bottom, communicating with Thames-street. This entrance is only opened from sunrise to sunset. We are not aware that any romantic episode

in the history of the castle is attached to this proud portion of the old pile, which our artist has most faithfully delineated.

It will be seen by our short description of Windsor Castle, that from the Norman Conqueror down to the present time there have been few of our sovereigns who have not contributed, either by alterations or additions, to the improvement and renovation of this their favourite palace. In each age the celebrated architects, painters, &c. have been summoned to lend the aid of their talents to the works; and the present appearance of this magnificent provincial palace of our Sovereign's would well justify the poet's apostrophe to the "gentle height" of Windsor Hill.—

"Made only proud,
To be the basis of that pompous load,
Than which a nobler weight no mount can bear;
But Atlas only, which supports the sphere."

—Collected for the "TRACTS" by Wm. Collier.

SKETCHES IN LONDON.

THE MEDICAL MAN.

HE hath a dignified air, and walketh very upright and fast; if you speak to him, he will tell you that he hath a very urgent case to attend to in the next street, and then hurry on faster than before. Occasionally he carrieth a small mahogany box like a miniature desk, with his initials engraved thereon. Now and then he meets one of his patients, to whom he bows in a very condescending manner. If the patient be one who is not likely to object to a large fee, the bow is repeated, or the health of the patient's family is enquired for as a sort of bonus. When the medical man goeth out in the early part of the day, he rideth in a sort of respectable cab without any number to it, and driven by a coachman in a brown great-coat, with a multiplicity of capes attached thereto. When he arriveth at the patient's door, the footman, after having touched his hat to his master, violently pulleth the bell labelled "Visitors," and when it is answered, the medical gentleman, with one long stride across the pavement, findeth himself firmly landed in the garden of his patient. He then putteth into his pocket the *Lancet*, which he hath been trying to read; however, he is unable to accomplish his object, as his horse is a restive one, and the road has just been covered with lumps of granite, whereby making his carriage a sort of shaking machine. During his visit to the patient, his footman talketh to the maid-servant in the next garden (with whom he has become acquainted through frequent visits and walks), and maketh arrangements for another walk on the following Sunday—the coachman occasionally thrusting his tongue into his cheek, accompanied with a wink of the left visionary

organ. On the medical man's return to his carriage he quickly jumpeth in, and telleth the coachman whither he wishes to go, which is responded to by that functionary by touching the fore-part of his hat.

When the medical man is called out of church on Sunday, his wife has orders to slam the door to show the people there assembled the extent of his practice, and in what extraordinary requisition his services are held. He knoweth every person in the neighbourhood either by name or sight, and the number of every house. He also can give you the domestic information as to how many children there are tenants in the same houses. He is, in fact, a walking "post-office directory for any year."

He giveth a large party once a year to the children of his patients, at which he ineffectually attempteth to be agreeable.

He also giveth a large party to his patients in general, at which he appears dressed in a plaid velvet waistcoat, with large gilt buttons, and a very stiff neckcloth, much to the annoyance and irritation of his chin and neck. The party passeth off well, and increaseth his practice during the next year, which gives him confidence and pleasure. His patients are increased, fees pay for the sumptuous viands, and his patients' children get the stomach-ache, and require more medicine.

I. G. L.

LAW—All the machinery of law seems intended to delay the progress of a cause. It is like a watch, where all the wheels are intended only to check the motion of the main one. An *Simonde*, when asked what God was asked first for a day to consider—then another—another, and so on, without end—a whole life being too little, as he thought, to study out this question in—so does the judge, when called upon to say what the law is, require postponement after postponement, till he dies, leaving the great question undecided.

MAXIMS.

Patch by patch is good husbandry; but patch upon patch is plain beggary.

Every cook praises his own stew.

A clean glove often covers a dirty hand.

The worth of a thing is best known by the want of it.

A soldier, fire, and water, soon make room for themselves.

Spend not where you may save; spare not where you must spend.

The best throw upon the dice is to throw them away.

Take heed of an ox before, an ass behind, and a monkey on all sides.

Search others for their virtues; thyself for thy vices.

A small pot is soon hot.

G.

CAROLINE CROCHARD,
THE EMBROIDERESS.
(Concluded from our last.)

FIVE years after the installation of Mademoiselle Caroline de Bellefeuille in the pretty mansion of the Rue de Heider, there took place another of those domestic scenes which tighten so closely the bonds of affection which unite those who love.

In the centre of a saloon richly furnished with blue hangings, and which opened on a balcony, a boy, about four years and a half old, was shouting and lashing his rocking-horse, which did not go fast enough to suit the taste of the young cavalier. His beautiful face beamed with an angel's smile upon his mother, as she whispered to him, "Not so loud, Charles, or you will wake your little sister."

Caroline was at this time in her twenty-fourth year. A happiness unclouded, and an uninterrupted scene of pleasures, had developed all her beauty, and she was in the full perfection of female loveliness. The slightest wish of her Eugene had been a law to her, and she had succeeded in acquiring all the accomplishments in which she was deficient. She played and sang divinely. Unacquainted with the usages of a society which she had always shunned, mindful of the axiom which says—"a happy woman will not mix with the world"—she had not acquired that empty polish, nor caught that tone of fashionable talk, so full of words and destitute of thoughts and feeling, so much prized in good society.

During these six years of happiness and transport, her moderate wishes had never, by any misplaced ambition, wearied the heart of Eugene, that real treasure of kindness. She had never sighed for a costly diamond, or an extravagant dress. She had declined the twenty times repeated offer of a carriage—and to wait upon the balcony for Eugene's arrival, to go with him to the opera, or to ramble about the environs of Paris in lovely weather—to look for him when absent, to bask in the sunshine of his presence, and to begin again to look for his return when he departed—these were the joys of her whole life, which, though destitute of events, was full of love.

Caroline, on this occasion, arranged the fair damask linen which was to serve for the repast at which Eugene was expected; she saw that the dessert was in order, and when, with overflowing heart, she had seen that nothing was wanting that might conduce to his comfort, she placed her infant in its cradle, and stepped out upon the balcony to look for Eugene's arrival.

She did not wait long before she discerned the well-known caïquet. Eugene hastened into the saloon, and when the first burst of his Caroline's and the little fellow's caroles

had subsided, he went to the cradle, contemplated the slumber of his daughter, and kissed her smooth brow. Then drawing from his pocket a long slip of paper, covered with lines of figures—

"Caroline, here is a portion for that little beauty."

Madame de Bellefeuille took the acknowledgment of her daughter's fortune, which was an inscription in the public funds in her name.

Caroline was fair and fresh as a newly-opened lily, her tresses falling around her neck in thousands of chestnut curls, surrounded her head as if with a dark mass of foliage, and the attempered softness of the light from the lamp brought out all her graces in strong relief, multiplying upon her, about her, and throwing on her vestments and those of her infant, those picturesque effects produced by the combinations of light and shade. The mother's calm and tranquil visage seemed infinitely gentler than ever to Eugene, who gazed with tenderness upon those soft and vermilion lips, on which the accents of discontent had never murmured. The same thought shone in Caroline's eyes, who furtively scrutinised Eugene's features, either to enjoy the effect which she produced upon him, or to guess at the future which would succeed these examples of love.

Her companion discerned the innocent coquetry of that sly and exquisite glance, for he observed with counterfeited sadness—

"I must go now, I have an important matter to decide upon, and I am waited for even now. Duty before everything else, my dearest."

Caroline looked at him with an air both of sorrow and sweetness, but with that resignation which shows that the amount of the sacrifice is felt while it is submitted to.

"Adieu," she said—"go now, go at once—for if you stay an hour longer, I shall never be able to part with you."

"My angel," he smilingly replied, "I have three days' leave of absence, and at this moment I am supposed to be twenty leagues from Paris."

The scene of domestic happiness was complete.

VI.

In the first week of December, 1829, a gentleman, whose scowly look announced that he was more oppressed by sorrows than by years, for he scarcely seemed more than fifty, was pacing at midnight along the Rue de Heider.

He stopped before a house of very humble appearance, and gazed fixedly at one of the garret windows, the paper panes of which were scarcely transparent by the feeble glimmer of light within. The pensive look at the wavering and sickly flames, with an indefinite feeling of curiosity

and interest, when a young man came out hurriedly.

"Ah, Monsieur le Count," said the young man with surprise, "is that you—alone—on foot—and at this hour so far from the Rue St. Lazare? Allow me the honour of offering you my arm. The pavement is so slippery this evening, or rather this morning, that, if we do not support each other," said he, as if to spare the self-love of the old nobleman, "we shall find it difficult to escape a fall."

"But, my dear Mr.," said the Count de Grandville, "I am, unhappily, only fifty; and a physician of your reputation ought to know that at that age a man is in the vigour of life."

"In that case, you must be engaged in some intrigue, for it is not your custom, I believe, to move about Paris at foot. If I had such a magnificent equipage as you—and I have no doubt that you have a large sum of money about your person! Are you not aware," said the physician, "that it is an invitation for the dagger of the prowling robber?"

"They are my slightest apprehension," replied the count, with a sad and indifferent tone. "But you have even let me act the part of a spy. At whatever hour of the day or night I pass this house, on foot or in my carriage, for some time past, I have never failed to observe the shadow of a person at that gutter window, who appears to I know with a more heroic and persevering courage. At these words the count paused as if he was struck by a sudden pang, but he instantly added, "Do you know I find it much interest in this garret as a citizen of Paris takes in the completion of the Palais Royal?"

"Ah!" said the young man, eagerly, "I am enabled to inform you that."

"Do not interrupt me," said the count hastily, interrupting the young physician. "I would not give a sou to know whether the shadow that glimmers through your tinted curtain is that of a male or female, or whether the inhabitant of that garret is contented or miserable." It was surprised to perceive that no one was at work this evening, and if I stopped to hear, it was only to please myself in forming those hundred trifling conjectures which make the business of an idle and unemployed man. For the last two years I have ceased to wonder that old men take so much pleasure in cultivating flowers and planting trees, the roots of their lives have sunk so deep that they put no trust in human affection, and for some little time past, I, too, have become old—and, with the like feelings, I would not allow myself to become attached to anything but to animals that cannot reason, to plants and flowers—in fact, to the external world; and I only love to gaze upon the surface of things, without exposing myself

to the disappointment and misery of examining too closely. The motions of Taghioni are of more consequence to me now than any human sentiment. I am tired of a world where I am alone. Nothing," added the count, with an expression which made his companion shudder, "can agitate or interest me further."

"But you have children?"

"Children!" rejoined he, with a bitter accent. "Yes, my daughters are all well married. They love, and are loved by their husbands. They have then household matters to attend to, and the son-in-law supplies the father! As to my sons, they are distinguished in the world, and the oldest is even now at the head of the law; but they have their affairs, their cares, and their inquietudes, and they too know how to calculate—at this moment they are anticipating my fortune."

"How could they have taken possession of your mind, my lord?—you who are so good, so generous, so humane! In truth, were I not myself a living example of that noble and extensive benevolence—"

"It was only for my own pleasure," energetically responded the count. "I pry for a sensation, as I would give a pound weight of gold to-morrow for the most painful excitement, if it could only stir my numbed heart. I succumb my fellow creature from selfishness, and for the same reason that I go to the gaming-table; but I no longer count upon the gratitude of anyone. Ah, young man, the incidents of life have swept over my heart like the lava stream of Vesuvius over Herculaneum. The city exists still, it is true, but it is dead!"

"These persons have much to answer for who reduce so tender and warm a heart as yours was to such a point of insensibility."

"Say not in that word on that subject," said the count, with a trembling voice.

"You have a disorder, my lord," said, observed the youth, with emotion, "which you must permit me to cure."

"Have you any remedy for death?" inquired the count, impatiently.

"I would lay any wager that I could warm that heart which you fancy is so petrified."

"Are you equal to Talma?" demanded the Count de Grandville, ironically.

"No, my lord count. But nature is as superior to what Talma was, as Talma surpassed me. The great in which you are interested is inhabited by a female about thirty years of age, and a youth not twenty. In her heart love is a sort of fanaticism. He is a gambler, and I know not whether he is more addicted to win than to lose amours. This unhappy woman has sacrificed for him a splendid career, and abandoned a man who adored her. But what ails you, count?"

"Nothing at all! Continue your narration."

"She has allowed him to waste a handsome fortune. She would give him the world if she possessed it. She works night and day, and she frequently witnessed the wretch, to whom she is so passionately attached, snatch from her the hard-earned money which she has destined for the clothing and nourishment of her children. Three days ago, she cut off the most silky and the longest tresses I ever beheld, and sold them for fool. He came, and before she had concealed the money, he demanded it of her, and for a smile, a caress, she surrendered to him the means of procuring subsistence and tranquility for herself and children for a fortnight. It is both horrible and sublime. But incessant toil has begun to trace furrows in her cheeks, and the cries of her children have pierced her heart. She felt sick, and is now lying insensible on a bed of straw. This very evening she had no time to eat, and her children were worn out and exhausted with crying. When I came to visit them, it was an affecting picture."

The young physician ceased. At the moment, the Count de Grandville, as if mechanically thrust his hand into his pocket.

"I perceive, my young friend," said he, "and if you took her in charge, she might yet survive."

"Poor creature!" said the physician, "who would not succor her? I wish I was rich, than I am. I would try and cure her of her phrenetic delirium."

"But," rejoined the count, "having from his pocket a small bundle which he held up to the light, he said, 'nothing the less, I would pay your eyes, whose blood I trust I would purchase at the cost of all my resources. This woman feels, and then she suffers, her excitement is vain. Would not I, as the fifteenth willingly surrender his brief kingdom to see again from the coffin, in thirty-three days, north of the Alps?'"

"Then," cried the count, "said the physician."

At these words, the Count de Grandville trembled. He clutched the arm of the physician, who thought that it was a corpse in an iron vice.

"Is her name Caroline Crochard?" asked the count, in a voice whose gasping tones were scarcely intelligible.

"Do you know her?" inquired the astonished young man.

"You have, indeed, kept your word with me," replied the noble, "for you have given my heart with the most vivid regret on it can feel as it crumbles to dust."

At this moment the count and the physician had reached the corner of the Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin. There one of the children of darkness and poverty, with a wicker-basket at his back, and an iron crooked stick in his hand, was leaning against the lamp-post when De Grandville approached. The count addressed the rag-collector:

"Do you ever find bank-notes for a thousand francs in your researches?" asked he.

"Sometimes, sir."

"And do you ever restore them?"

"That's according to the reward offered for their recovery."

"Here, then," said the count, "is one of them. Take it—but remember the condition on which I give it. Get you to the tavern—spend it in drinking, brawling, and rioting; beat your wife, and outrage your friends. That will bring the watch and the surgeon—perhaps the gendarmes, the lawyers, the tailor and the judge. Mind you attend to all I order."

To give a true idea of this nocturnal scene, the painter should possess the crayon of Chabot and Ciot, and use the pencils of Teniers and Rembrandt. Painting only can express it.

"I have now had some pleasure for my money," said the count, pointing to the emaciated and stupefied rag-gatherer. "As for Caroline Crochard," resumed he, "let her perish by the horrors of hunger and thirst, and the despairing cry of her perishing children still more causing the utter baseness of him for whom she abandoned me! I would not give a sou to save her from the extremities of misery, and I will never see you again because you have assisted her!"

So saying, the count left the motionless physician, and disappeared on his way to his dreary and cheerless mansion in the Rue St. Martin.

THE HAUNTED INN.

IN the small town of D— there were two inns, the "Ship" and the "Blue Pig,"—the former being a well-built commodious house, and the latter a small dirty, desolate-looking place scarcely fit to turn a dog into, much less a human being. The "Ship," on account of its numerous attractions, &c., was considered by well-faded the other, on the contrary, was always empty. Now the circumstance was that the proprietor of the "Blue Pig" was very jealous of the "Ship," and at least the great patronage which it received, and always tried his best to injure its proprietor in every possible manner; but, however, he always began to give it up when he saw all his efforts fail.

One night the "Ship" was crowded to overflowing; there was no bed-room unoccupied in the whole building—but great was the grief of the proprietor when next morning all his guests were the inn was haunted, and every one expressed his wish to quit immediately, which, with the exception of one man, they all did. (Now this man had only come in the day before and ordered a bed for an unlimited period.) The poor landlord was frantic at all his guests so suddenly leaving him. He swore and raved, but all to no purpose,—all his former customers

had taken up their abode at his rival's, the "Blue Pig," where they were perfectly untroubled by ghosts. They all wondered at the unprecedented temerity of the man who would, spite all the ghosts, stop at the "Ship."

About a fortnight after the alarm caused by the ghost, a traveller put up at the "Ship," determined to brave all goblins, and ordered his room and a bed for the night. This, of course, delighted the poor landlord, who had not seen a customer (saving the permanent one in his place for a fortnight. He gave him the best of everything, and assured him he would find his house a most comfortable one, if chance ever threw him that way again. The traveller was shown his room, and retired for the night, and was soon absorbed in

"Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep."

He, however, was destined not to continue in this state long, for he was soon awake by a low moaning sound, which came nearer and nearer every moment; at last the curtains were gradually drawn aside, and a tall figure habited in white discovered itself to our traveller: it is true, he was rather alarmed at having his slumbers disturbed by so unmannerly a visitor, but his courage overcame his flight; he leaped out of bed and seized the ghost by the collar, who, being dreadfully afraid of mortal restraints, fell on his knees, and addressed the traveller, as follows:—"I ask mercy of you, whoever you be, and I will freely confess all, but mercy! I intreat. I am no ghost, but merely a poor boots! and am serving my master, who is the landlord of the "Blue Pig;" he made me act the ghost to suit his own interests; this inn was once full, and my master's empty; he schemed for a long while how to get the custom of this place, and at last hit upon the following. He sent one here under the disguise of a traveller, and provided me with a sheet, and commanded me to put it over me every night, and go into the bed-rooms, and frighten the people by moaning. 'And,' said my master, 'if that does not send the people here, I'll be hanged, that's all.' Well, sir, I did as he directed me, and succeeded so well, that next day there was not a person but myself and the landlord's household in the place. I stopped here a fortnight without any one coming, and was just thinking of going back when you came, sir; but it seems you were too wide awake for me, and I have not succeeded; but, sir, I hope you will pardon me."

Little now remains for us to relate; suffice it then to say, the landlord of the "Blue Pig" and his "Boots" were put into prison, or rather sent to the treadmill, and the "Ship" enjoys a capital patronage again. The "Blue Pig," on the other hand, is now no more, it was sold and pulled down shortly after its landlord was sent to the treadmill.

"DICKY SAM."

REMARKABLE CASES OF FRAUD AND IMPOSTURE.

No. XXIII.—BOOK SECOND.

THE following case occurs in the "Life" of Madeiroselle Bourignon. The patience of the man to study and learn mysticism, in order to speak its language, and his perseverance in associating himself for *whole* years with the thoughts of the pious maiden, are somewhat extraordinary. We shall let the lady tell her own story, only promising that, having just become an heiress, she was thinking about laying out her wealth in endowing convents, and in other similar acts.

"Being one day in the streets of Lille, I met a man whom I did not know, who said to me as I passed, 'You will not do what you wish; you will do what you do not wish.' Two days after the same man came to my house and said 'What did you think of me?' 'That you were either a fool or a prophet,' replied I. 'Neither,' said he, 'I am a poor fellow from a village near Douai, and my name is Jean de St Sautien; I have no other thought but that of charity. I lived first of all with a hermit, but now I have my curé, Mr. Roussel, for a director. I teach poor children to read. The sweetest, the most charitable act you could do, would be to collect all the little female orphans—they have become so numerous since the wars! The convents are rich enough.' He spoke for three hours together with much union."

I inquired about him of the curé, his director, who assured me that he was a person of a truly apostolical zeal. (We should observe that the curé had tried at first to catch this rich heiress for his own nephew; the nephew not succeeding, he employed one of his own creatures.) Saint Sautien frequently repeated his visits, speaking divinely of spiritual things. I could not understand how a man without any preparatory study could speak in so sublime a manner of the divine mysteries. I believed him to be really inspired by the Holy Ghost. He said himself that he was dead to nature. He had been a soldier, and had returned from the wars as chaste as a child. By dint of abstinence he had lost the taste of food, and could no longer distinguish wine from beer! He passed the greater part of his time on his knees in the churches. He was seen to walk in the street with a modest air and downcast eyes, never looking at anything, as if he had been alone in the world. He visited the poor and sick, giving away all he possessed. In winter time, if he saw a poor man without a garment, he would draw him aside, take off his own coat and give it him. My heart overflowed with joy to see that there were still such men in the world. I thanked God, and thought I had found the counterpart of myself. Priests

and other pious persons put the same confidence in him, went to consult him, and receive his good advice.

"It was quite foreign to my feelings to quit my peaceful retreat, and establish the asylum for children that Saint Saulieu had recommended to me. But he brought me a tradesman who had begun the same thing, and who offered me a house where he had already located a few poor little girls. I took possession in November, 1653. I cleaned these children. They were shockingly dirty; but after a great deal of trouble I cleaned them myself, having nobody with me who liked the occupation. But at last I made a rule, and followed it myself, putting every thing in common, and making every one eat at the same table. I kept myself as retired as I could; but I was obliged to speak to all sorts of persons. Friars came, as well as devotees, whose conversations did not much please me. I was frequently sick to death.

"The house in which Saint Saulieu taught having been destroyed, and himself sent away, he went to live with the tradesmen of whom I have already spoken. They solicited me to make an asylum, like mine, for boys. In order to raise a necessary fund, Saint Saulieu was to take an office in the town on lease, that brought in two thousand francs a-year, and the revenue was to be applied to this foundation, myself being security for him. He received the produce of one year, and then said it was necessary, before any thing was done, to receive for another year, to furnish the house. This made four thousand francs; and when he had got six thousand, he kept the whole, saying it was the fruit of his labour, and that he had well earned it!

"I had not waited for this to make me distrustful of the man; I had had some strange inward misgivings on his account. One day methought I saw a black wolf sporting with a white lamb. Another day, it was the heart of Saint Saulieu, and a little Moorish child with a crown and sceptre of gold sitting upon it, as if the devil had been the king of his heart. I did not conceal these visions from him; but he grew angry, and said I ought to confess myself for thinking so badly of my neighbour; that he could not be a black wolf; for, on the contrary, the more he approached me the more pure and chaste he became.

"One day, however, he told me that we ought to be married, only for spiritual love; and that such a union would enable us to do still more good. To this I answered, that marriage was not requisite for such a union. He made me, however, little demonstrations of friendship, to which, at first, I paid no attention. At last, he suddenly threw off the mask, told me he loved me desperately; that for many years he had studied spiritual books, the better to win

me; and that now having so much access to me, I must be his wife, either by love or force—and he approached to caress me. I was very angry, and commanded him to go. Then he burst into tears, fell on his knees, and said, 'The devil tempted me.' I was simple enough to believe and to pardon him.

"This was not the end of the affair; he was always recommencing his attack, following me every where, and entering my house in spite of my girls. He went so far as to hold a knife to my throat to force me to yield. At the same time he said every where that he had gained his suit, and that I was his promised wife. I complained in vain to his confessor; I then appealed to justice, who allowed me two men to guard my house, and began an inquiry. Saint Saulieu soon absconded from Lille, and went to Ghent, where he found one of my girls, who was a great devotee, and passed for a mirror of perfection; he lived with her, and she became *inceste*. The way he arranged the Lille affair was this:—He had a brother among the Jesuits—and they employed their friends so well, that he got off by paying the costs of justice, retracting his calumny, and acknowledging that I was an honest woman."

Such adventures do not appear to have been rare at this period. Moliere, a few years later, wrote his celebrated drama, the *Tartuffe*, founded on an event very similar to that preserved in Mdlle. Bourignon's works, and presented above.*

MARRYING FOR LOVE.

"WELL, Harry, I suppose it will not be long before you are married? You have now found a girl suited to your taste, and it will be an easy matter to settle all preliminaries and be made one before summer."

"I am pretty sure, Charles, that you are not in earnest. To speak of marrying in such a trifling way! When I marry, it shall be to one I love and—"

"But you do love Mary? and moreover, she loves you." And those who are acquainted with you both, agree that your marriage would be a most excellent match. Why, not long ago, when I was speaking with Miss Dawson, her very intimate, and, I believe, confidential friend, she told me that she should be glad to see the marriage take place, but could not just then spare Mary's company. Everybody seems to take an interest in her; and then for you to tell me you will marry one you love! Who else is that but Mary?"

"Charles, I believe you to be one of my best friends—certainly my only confidential

* We have abridged and united the two accounts given by Mdlle. B.— See at the end of vol. 1. of her *Œuvres* (Amsterdam, 1693), pp. 368 and pp. 125-127.

friend. You know my pecuniary condition, and when you spoke to me I was in a serious mood, and disposed to speak of marriage as a serious matter. I appreciate your kindness, but rest assured, that if I ever get married, it will not be for some years to come. I love Mary too well to marry her now, should she be foolish enough to accept my offer. That offer shall not be till I am able, with my heart and hand, to give her a comfortable home."

"Just what I should do," thought Chriss to himself.

But he was determined to fathom his friend's mind fully, and still continued the conversation.

"You can give her a loving heart, and a willing pair of hands, and what more will a girl want?"

"Oh! I can give those to her without being married. I can love her, and do, and wish, and yet that does not oblige me to marry her at once. Come, come," said Henry, desiring to turn the conversation, "you have not yet convinced me of the necessity of being married."

"You believe she loves you. I will not deny it. But is there not a possibility that she might love some one else?"

Charles meant to tease his friend a little. But Henry had too much good sense to suffer such a question to disturb him. He replied:

"I think you put the question too severely. She might, to be sure, but then I wouldn't want her for a wife. If she were my wife she might love another but in neither case do I think she would! This is why I love her; for her virtue, kindness, and undeviating affection. I can read those in every look, in every word and action. She is not so very beautiful, but she has a sweet smile that is sunshine to my soul, eyes beaming with love and kindness, words that are like 'pearls of great price,' falling from her ruby lips; a mind as pure and unclouded as her snow-white brow; that can expand with mind, and contemplate the visible manifestations of Divine Providence; that can imagine, like the poet, the obscure, yet even glorious and resplendent realities of a hidden world. This can only be done by a virtuous, a pious, heavenly mind. This is she whom I love! Do you think I would dare link my sorrow, misery, poverty, and worthlessness, with such a creature? Do you know me? I think you do, and you will at once admit that as it is right. Her happiness, next to my hope of heaven, is now the first object of my existence. And not until Providence blesses me (and I pray for such blessings only for her sake) with the means, will I think of marriage. If, after that, misfortunes come, she can endure them with heroic Christian fortitude. Then I would be exonerated in my own mind, and could not accuse myself of having knowingly

brought to sorrow one who should only live to be supremely happy!"

"Give me your hand, Henry. I find your mind, as I always have found it, is pure and noble. I admire your principles, and feel assured that He 'who blesses the upright in heart' will not neglect you. I know your mind full well. Mary loves you, and in her centres your happiness. To win her honourably and give her a comfortable home (and a warm, loving heart she deserves), is your ambition. You aim well, and will win the prize!"

Henry grasped his hand in friendship. He could not speak, his heart was full. Real gratitude cannot fully be expressed in words. Ah! 'tis bliss to have a faithful friend!

We must now turn back, and give the kind reader some information respecting Henry Borton and his love for Mary.

He was the only son of a man who had once been one of the wealthiest merchants of the city. At the age of sixty-five, however, he became a bankrupt through the perfidy of others, and was compelled to quit the splendid mansion in which, for many years, he had resided. He fixed his abode in a small house, the rent he expected to pay through his son Henry. It was hard for him to deny himself the luxuries in which from his youth he had indulged. This, together with the cares of his family and his reduced condition, pressed so severely upon his mental and physical energies, that in a few years he was taken by the welcome hand of death to that bourne from whence no traveller returns.

He left behind a lone widow, who, for a time, struggled against the unpropitious course of events. She, however, survived her husband only for a few years. Henry was left alone in the world. Former friends and acquaintances forsook him, for now that his means would no longer permit him to share in their extravagance as in former years, they regarded him as a troublesome, unwelcome companion.

This gave him little anxiety; but he was in love; engaged to one with whom the reader is already acquainted. All his visions of happiness were, for a time, dispelled by these sad reverses, and, at the age of twenty-two, he was compelled to start afresh in business—to undergo the same toil and anxiety which he had calculated would be over long ere this period. When he sought employment he could find none, which to him was the least satisfactory. He became sad and desponding, and resolved to leave his friends, and one to whom he applied a much dearer appellation, to seek prosperity in a distant city.

A few months after the death of his mother he received a communication from a firm abroad, with which his father in more prosperous days had been connected in business, offering him a situation as assistant

book-keeper, preparatory to filling the place of the first clerk, who was to leave in a few months. He at once resolved to embrace this offer.

Mary, his affianced bride, was the first to whom he made known his determination. They had loved each other long and well, and the thought of a separation, for a time, bereft Mary of her senses. Her face was the picture of distress. A thousand fears for his safety—and that she might be forgotten—at once rushed upon her imagination. Her cheeks were pale as death, her lips were colourless and parted, exposing her clenched teeth. Her eyes were riveted upon him, as though she would his very soul. Both for awhile remained silent and immovable. Mary knew his poverty and the peculiar delicacy of his mind, and she almost fancied his desire was to tear himself from her, and forget her.

Henry was the first to break the painful silence with his affectionate and impassioned words.

"My dear Mary, oh! why thus yield to gloomy and unfounded fears? Do you doubt my love—my constancy? Can I ever forget my own and your happiness as to break the solemn engagement I have made with you?"

"No, no; I believe. But oh! Henry—why I cannot tell—I feel an unaccountable foreboding of some sad event. Say you will stay with me—will not leave me!"

"But, my dear, consider what you ask. I do not desire to leave you for my benefit, but rather for your own. It will pain me exceedingly to part with you even for a while, and I shall never be happy till I return. It is for your sake that I desire to leave this place,—say that you will consent to my departure."

He stopped for a while. Agitating thoughts flashed through his bewildered mind. The grief of the fair young girl was more than he could endure, and in anguish of spirit he was about to give way to her request.

"If you doubt my love," he said,—if, after the assurances I have given you still dread to part with me I will stay."

This generous offer made Mary ashamed of her momentary selfishness. Henry was willing to sacrifice everything to her—should she be less devoted?

"No, no," she said, "go, and God bless you." Tears prevented her saying more.

Henry soothed her, and expatiated on the advantages of his absence, so that Mary soon became fully reconciled to his separation. She knew that it was only for her sake that he left her, and that, if the Providence of God did not interfere, he would return and bestow upon her his hand and heart. This was all she asked. Riches she coveted not, nay, she regarded them, in many instances, rather as a curse than a blessing. Her tears ceased. The heavy sighs no longer escaped

her agitated bosom; and as she looked fondly upon her lover she smiled. Ah! happy was he,—she smiled approvingly upon him. He understood that lingering look, and in the ecstasy of the moment he pressed her to his heart. And now the thought of parting grieved only him. A tear which stood in his eye was hastily dashed aside, and the lovers were calm, contented, and happy, forgetting the sorrows of a separation, and looking forward to a felicitous meeting.

I will not detain the reader with a description of the parting. Suffice it to say, Mary manifested a confidence and attachment to Henry, which endeared her to him more than all the caresses and flattering words which he had spoken in the days of his prosperity. Adversity is the true test of attachment.

Every month brought Mary a full, closely written letter. How eagerly she read them may be divined by those in similar situations. It was the most delightful task Henry had, to write out his thoughts to her he loved, knowing the pleasure which their perusal afforded her. And he was thrice happy in being able to communicate, in every letter, renewed indications of prosperity in his career. In three months he became principal book-keeper, and by assiduity and attention he acquired the estimation of the firm under which he served, which was duly increasing his business. Thoughts were entertained of sending Henry to England to open an establishment in connection with the firm, in which he was employed.

In less than twelve months after Henry had communicated this intelligence to Mary, she received a letter, from which she learned that a rich uncle of hers had died abroad, and bequeathed all his property to her. The writer engaged to secure it for a reasonable compensation.

The project of the firm with which Henry was connected was put into execution. Henry's prospects were now highly promising, and his friend Charles urged upon him more than ever the propriety of being married. Mary's consent was easily obtained. Henry was at once possessed of all he desired, and both were happy in the consciousness that their constancy had been well tried, and proved unchangeable. Henry only regretted that his father and mother did not live to share his happiness. He often said—

"Mary and I love each other all the better for our resolution not to marry until better times—God helps those who help themselves—but to court poverty by a hasty and rash marriage is sinful. Let those who love determine to succeed and wait in patience. Providence, in its own good time, will make all right."

A PRINCETON Jew is said to have left three millions of francs to the Pope.

LETTERS FOR THE PEOPLE.

BY YOUNG CHEETWOOD.

* NO. II.—THE CHOICE OF A WIFE.

FAIR readers and young men, no doubt you imagine that I have arrived at a very ticklish question, and so it is.

You may shake your heads, young lovers; you may smile, ye fair. But I shall endeavour to explain unto you clearly your duties to yourselves and others. Young men, make a good choice: * not one of your sighing, die-away young ladies who would faint at the sight of a mouse; who cannot mend a stocking, make a pie, or cook a dinner. Your circumstances are good? Well, so much the better, we can make a fine lady of her afterwards; you will require all your wealth when you get a family about you. Crave not a wife who is fond of fine dresses and the adornment of her person; look for one who will make you a tidy house, who will make your home to be a home, who will cheer it with her lively smiles, — one of kind and unruffled temper. Take a woman who is careful and cleanly, to look to your house as though she was aware that she had an interest in your welfare as well as her own, and considering your two interests united, she will not wish for servants to work for her, striving to economise the earnings of her husband, and will consider that the best way of securing his regard is to fulfil her duties at home, and deserve his confidence when he is abroad. What a sweet loving wife must that elegant lady be, who leaves all her domestic affairs to be conducted by strange hands, fearful of soiling her beautiful taper fingers by a visit to the kitchen, who will consign her children to be carried off by a nurse, she knows not where or in what company: she cannot tell. Such a woman is a puppet like a pretty waxen doll—merely to be looked at. She is contemptible when placed beside the open, good-hearted, willing lass, who can look her husband in the face, and in answer to his commendations say, "I have but done my duty." When a young woman is given to reading, it shows a desire for knowledge and a taste for information. True, novel reading does not argue much for any young lady's acquirements as a wife; but a moderate partiality to light literature, if it does not interfere with her domestic duties, may be considered as a token of a refined taste. And I pray you in your anxiety to be freed from the toils of an "accomplished lady," fall not into the other extreme, and place your affections upon a vulgar, ill-educated girl who cannot speak her own language correctly; and how many are there, pretending to respectability, who are deficient

Seek one intelligent, well-informed, unim-bued with vulgar prejudices, patient and docile; who, though possessing her own opinions, will hear those of her husband with deference, and strive to be convinced. And above all, give your hand to one who will do what few ladies are said to relish (I would willingly believe it an aspersion on the sex), obey her husband. But to secure that good quality you have only to choose one who truly loves you, and that mostly depends upon yourself. I have but two more subjects to speak of—viz Beauty and Pride; rather doubtful qualities, perhaps you may think, but it is for you presently to determine. Beauty, I am fully aware, has turned many a poor young lady's head giddy; but few lovers, I imagine, would be content to dispense with it. It is a pride to a young man to think that so much loveliness is his, and only his, it is a flattering homage paid by her. I would not advise you to marry a reigning star, who is the admiration of thousands of gay worshippers. It may be a triumph, but such a one will not be the gentle wife for you. A little pride is also good, when springing from the proper source, — a consciousness of the value of her position, a pride of her husband, her children, and a support of her own dignity in an in-offensive manner, is all that possibly can be required. Any other pride may be termed ignorance. "But," you may exclaim, "where is this prodigy to be found?" Anywhere, I answer; do but search, be patient, and you will not find your research fruitless.

SPRING.—There is nothing, earthly, more delightful than to walk into the field of nature on a morning in spring, when the sun is just hanging his golden fringes on the horizon, and the dew-drops are suspended, like so many pearls, from every object, and millions of happy insects swarm the air, and the woods echo with the music of the birds; when the lark, "that messenger of morn," lifts his shrill voice, and awakens the thrush and the woodlark, with their length of notes, the blackbird and the responding bullfinch, and "innumerable songsters," to aid the fall concert, and fill the air with the universal song of rapture. And our pleasure is still heightened as we inhale the balmy sweetness and fragrance, truly aromatic, which pervade and impregnate the very atmosphere around. It is, indeed, as if heaven and earth were not only glad at heart, but also as if they vied to raise our very being, and compose our souls into a serene state. It is for man, as the poet has told us, in strains of exquisite beauty, that "the raving spirit of the wind blows spring abroad;" it is for man that "the teeming clouds descend in glaucous plenty o'er the world," and that "the sun sheds its kindest rays."

* By a "good choice" I do not mean, as certain prudent guardians would have it, "secure to yourselves wealth, beauty, and fashion."

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

THE ART OF PICKLING.

THIS week we have to introduce to our readers Mr. Robinson's valuable work, entitled, "The whole Art of Curing, Pickling, and Smoking Meat and Fish." It is the production of a practical man, and the directions given are clear and distinct. We can state positively that if the formulae be strictly observed, the articles will not fail to reward the labour and trifling expense bestowed in their production.

PICCALILLI.—Take a closely-grown, sound-hearted white cabbage, and cut it in slices across; a sound white beet root, cut, in slices; a cauliflower, divided into several small branches, a few clear gherkins, and some radish-pods; also kidney or French beans. Lay them in a sieve, with two or three handfuls of common salt scattered over them, and let them be exposed to the sun, or placed before a fire four days. When you think all the water is extracted from them, put them into a large pan of stoneware: (I object to glazed vessels for these processes), mixing them well, and scattering plenty of good sound mustard seed amongst them as you go on. Then, to each gallon of best vinegar, add—garlic, peeled and sliced, three ounces; turmeric, an ounce and a half. Boil these, and skim them well, and pour the liquor white hot over the vegetables, and let them lie ten days, at least, with strong paper tied over them, near a fire, until they have become a fine yellow colour, and have imbibed a fair quantity of the vinegar. Make then a pickle of the following ingredients.—Best white wine vinegar, three quarts; white pepper, an ounce and a half; mace, an ounce and a half; long pepper, half an ounce; nutmeg, half an ounce; cloves, half an ounce. Let them boil ten minutes, and skim them well, and pour all over the pickles. Tie up the jar with bladder and leather.

NASTURTIUMS.—These should be gathered within a week after the blossoms have fallen off. Take a gallon of them, and throw them into a pail of salt and water, cold, in which you must keep them, changing the water three times at least three days and nights; then lay them in a sieve to drain, and rub them perfectly dry between cloths. Then take white wine vinegar, one gallon; mace, one ounce; nutmeg, one ounce; white pepper-corns, two ounces; four shallots, sliced; common salt, four ounces. Boil them ten minutes; skim them well, and when nearly cold, pour the whole over the fruit placed in jars, and tie them close.

CAULIFLOWERS.—Choose the whitest and closest grown. And separating them into bunches, lay them on dishes, and strew salt equally all over them; so let them remain three days and nights. Then place them carefully in jars, and pour boiling water

over them; tie them close from the air, and let them stand twelve hours; then take them out to dry on a sieve, after which you may put them in your jars or glasses, and fill up with best white wine vinegar, and tie bladder and leather over them.

ASPARAGUS.—Choose the largest asparagus, cut off the white ends so far as you think they would be tough, and lay the green parts in cold water, in which they must be carefully washed, then taken out, and put in fresh cold water, where they must remain three hours. Put into a stew-pan some cold spring water and a small quantity of salt, and when it has boiled, take it off the fire, skim it, and lay in the asparagus heads with caution, or you will break them. Let them be just scalded (one minute will suffice) on the fire, and with an egg-dice take them out and lay them between cloths to cool. Put them in jars, and make the following pickle.—best white wine vinegar, one gallon; bay salt, one ounce; nutmeg, one ounce; mace, quarter of an ounce; white pepper, half an ounce. Let it boil ten minutes, skim it, and pour it over the asparagus while hot. Tie doubled linen over the jars, and let them stand six days; then boil up the pickle again, and pour it over a second time. When cold, tie your jars over with bladder and leather.

GHERRINS.—Immerse a quarter of a hundred and gherkins in a pickle of two and a half pounds of common salt to one gallon of water, and let them lie three hours therein. Put them in a sieve to drain, wipe them separately, and place them in a jar. Prepare a pickle thus.—Best white wine vinegar, one gallon; common salt, six ounces; allspice, one ounce, mustard-seed, one ounce; cloves, half an ounce; mace, half an ounce; one nutmeg, sliced; one stick of horse-radish, sliced. Boil twelve minutes, and skim it well, and pour it, when cold, over the gherkins, and let them stand twenty hours covered up close, then put them altogether into a pan over the fire, and let them simmer only until they attain a nice green colour; put them into jars, and pour the liquor and spices over them, and tie closely with bladder and leather.

SILVER ONIONS.—Procure the smallest clear onions, and after peeling, immerse them in cold salt and water, and let them lie so for ten days, changing the pickle daily. Drain them on a sieve, and, putting them into a jar, pour a newly-made brine of salt and water boiling hot over them, and let them stand closely covered, until cold. Repeat the scalding with new pickle, and when cold and well drained, put them in bottles or jars, with a slice or two of the best ginger, a blade of mace, and a bay leaf; fill up with distilled vinegar, and be sure to add sweet salt oil to float on the top; then tie close, and, if bottled, cork and seal down for store.

POPULAR PASTIMES.

SOLUTIONS TO THE RIDDLES, CHARADES, AND CONUNDRUMS IN OUR LAST.

CHARADES.

- 1—Sky-lark.
2—Blood-hound.

RIDDLE.

- 1—Stop-post-top-pot.

ANSWERS TO POPULAR NOVELS, &c

- 1—*Van-hon*.
2—*Red-gaunt-let*.
3—*Paul Clifford*.
4—*Book wood*.
5—*Wander-Jew*.
6—*Chat-eau d'it*.
7—*E (s) merald (a)*.
8—*Palut*.
9—*Vicar of Wake-field*.
10—*Mid-ship-mann Lass*.
11—*Stanley Thorn*.
12—*Step-moth-er*.
13—*Pick-wick*.
14—*Rory O'More*.

ANSWERS TO CONUNDRUMS

- 1—When he raises your
choir (collar).
2—When he is going to
Havana (Have
Anna).
3—Because it is a query
(queer eye).
4—It is on the *Spreck*.
5—He has written
"Night and Morn-
ing".
6—When it stops a wag-
gon (wagging).
7—It is on the Temple
(General Post).
8—When it's a little
tart.
9—A dun-key.
10—When it's a little
reddish (radish).
11—E G. and C. (t'gean
sea).

CONUNDRUMS

- 1.—When would a farmer be most opposed
to a general disturbance?
2.—What tribe answered Joshua when he
spoke to them, by its own name?
3.—Why is it of no use sending a message
by the electric telegraph?
4.—What animal ought you to place at the
head of the table?
5.—When are you most likely to see
through a man?
6.—When is a man not a man?
7.—Why are singers like cheese-curd?
8.—Who dare sit before the Queen with
his hat on?
9.—What is that which we often see made,
but never seen after it is done?
10.—Why is a spectator like a bee-hive?
11.—Why are your nose and chin con-
stantly at variance?
12.—What is every one doing at the same
time?

CHARADES

1.—My first is equally friendly to the thief
and the lover, my second is light's opposite,
though they are frequently seen hand in
hand, and their union, if judicious, gives
much pleasure. My whole is tempting to the
tongue, grateful to the sight, but fatal to
the taste.

2.—My first opposes you; my second en-
riches you; my whole is the delight of the
notable.

3.—Without my first I ne'er should see the
aid

Of Betty (simple soul!) the dairy maid,
My second (stark not, ladies) claims a
place

As well in yours as in the tiger's face!
My whole's elicited by Sol's bright ray,
To deck the bosom of sweet smiling
May.

4.—My first is a chief thing; my second is
lofty; my third belongs to a ship; my whole
is nothing but my third complete.

5.—My first is a beautiful sweet-scented
flower; my second is a woman's name; my
whole is a plant.

6.—My first affords science;
My second discomposes;
My whole's a bed where honour's head
Devotedly reposes

NAMES OF CELEBRATED MEN ENIGMATI-
CALLY EXPRESSED.

- 1.—A property protector, and a species of
dear.
2.—Diminutive, and a heavy weight.
3.—The covering of a fruit.
4.—One of nature's weapons, and a small
mountain.
5.—To sum up, a vowel, and a male child.
6.—A top, and a fortified house.

FACTS AND SCRAPS.

LOSING THE KEY.—Mrs. Billington, the
Queen of all English singers, came one night
to Drury Lane Theatre to perform *Mandane*
in *Atlixerxes*, so hoarse as to render it a
question as to whether it would be possible
for her to appear before the audience. To
add to her perplexity, her maid had mislaid
the key of her jewel-box, but persisted that
her mistress must have got it with her.
"What can I have done with it?" said the
siren, "I suppose I must have swallowed it
without knowing it." "And a lucky thing,
too," said Wewitzer, "it may perhaps serve
to open your chest."

EXTRAVAGANT DEMANDS OF THE LA-
DIES.—The French ladies, says Major Beau-
mish in one of his notes, were extravagant
in their demands upon knightly valour;
none of them esteemed any knight as
worthy of her love, who had not given proof
of his gallantry in three several encounters.
Lord Herbert, of Cherbury, was much an-
noyed by a Mons. Baligny, who received
more attention from the ladies than he did;
they used one after another to invite him
to sit near them, and when a lady had had
his company awhile, another would say,
"Come, come, you have had him long
enough, let me have him now!" and the
reason of all this favour was, that he had
killed eight or nine men in single combat!

THE SCHEMATED TREE.—Into a large
glass jar inverted upon a flat brick tile, and
containing near its top a branch of fresh
rosemary, or any other such shrub, moistened
with water, introduce a flat thick piece of
heated iron, on which place some gum ben-
zoin, in gross powder. The benzoin, in con-
sequence of the heat, will be separated, and
ascend in white fumes, which will at length
condense, and form a most beautiful appear-
ance upon the leaves of the vegetable.

AN Irish officer, in battle, happened to bow—a cannon-ball passed over his head, and took off the head of a soldier who stood behind him. "You see," said he, "that a man never loses by politeness."

A COUNTRYMAN reading on a waggon the names of "Richard Fell and John Fell," exclaimed with a hoarse laugh, "He! he! he! then I suppose they both toombled together."

MR. BANNISTER, passing by a house which had been almost consumed by fire, inquired whose it was. Being told it was a *butcher's*, he said, "Ah! then the loss will be felt."

A TAILOR and a TAVERN-KEEPER, who each gave his custom to the other, mutually presented their bills. The tailor was in a rage, and returned his for correction, the tavern-keeper sent his back, with the following lines written underneath:

"If you quarrel with charges, my troublesome friend,

Pray, look to your own—'tis your business to mend;

Come, live and let live, without any re-pin-ning,

I pay for my doublet—pay you for your lining!"

PAINTERS' MISERIES.—Requesting a lady, who is the bearer of a squint, to oblige you for a moment by looking at you, in order to catch a peculiar expression, when she, half surprised and half angry, wondering at your stupidity, exclaims, "Why, indeed, sir, I have been looking at you this half hour."—Hearing a person say, "Well, to be sure, if it wasn't for the face, I should think that was meant for Miss E." It being intended for that identical person.—Painting an old gentleman, who the first hour grins and chuckles you out of all patience, and then, by way of making amends, falls asleep the second.

BOY'S HORNS BAD.—A poor tailor, in the following sketch from the *New Orleans Crescent City*, fared no better on one horn of the dilemma than the other:—"Will you pay me my bill, sir?" said a tailor in Charteress-street to a waggish fellow who had got into him about a foot. "Do you owe anybody anything, sir?" asked the wag. "No, sir," said the tailor. "Then you can afford to wait!" and he walked off.—A day or two afterwards the tailor called again. Our wag was not at his wife's end yet; so, turning on his creditor, he says, "Are you in debt to anybody?" "Yes, sir," says the tailor. "Well, why the devil don't you pay?" "Because I can't get the money." "That's just my case, sir; I am glad to see you can appreciate my condition. Give us your hand."

A certain gentleman was exercising his voice at his lodging, when the landlady came into the room, exclaiming, "Oh, what capital voice you are in this morning; But it is no wonder, for you slept last night in Jenny Lind's bed!"

THE LAND OF FREEDOM!—A constable succeeded in seducing a black from Pennsylvania to Baltimore, under pretence of getting him a situation. Upon reaching the latter place, the poor wretch was tortured by the lash into a confession of being a runaway slave, when the sum of 800 dollars was demanded of him, or the alternative of being sold. The Pennsylvanians raised the required ransom, and restored him to liberty.

A REGULAR BULL.—Mr. Richard Shaw, law clerk to the Bunbury Improvement Commissioners, has inserted an advertisement in the *Prison Guardian*, which states "that the fortnightly cattle fair heretofore held on Monday, will in future be held weekly on Thursday." [This reminds us of an announcement we saw a day or two ago in a country paper in reference to a local club, to the effect that the quarterly meetings of the club would in future be held every two months, and not every six weeks, as formerly.]

A FOOT FELLOW, whose person was supported by two wooden props, which acted as proxies for a pair of legs left on the "field of glory," was met by a son of St. Patrick, who thus addressed him:—"My dear fellow, I congratulate you upon having two wooden legs." "Why so?" said the astonished veteran. "Because you know that you can never catch cold in your feet."

ORIGIN OF HUGUENOTS.—Hugo Aubriet was appointed provost of Paris upon the accession of Charles VI. to the throne, which post he honourably filled by embellishing the city, and contributing to the happiness of the inhabitants. In everything he manifested zeal for the public good, but he offended the university, and that ruined him. The students indulged in the most scandalous excesses; but the provost, determined to suppress them, ordered the offending students to be arrested, and confined in the dungeons of the Chatelet. The students, resolved upon revenge, charged him with dreadful crimes before the ecclesiastical tribunal, which they succeeded, by intrigues, in convicting him as a bad Catholic, intemperate, debauched, the encourager of loose women, especially Jewesses—in short, as a Jew and a heretic. Had not the court interfered, he would have been burned alive. He was, however, obliged to mount the scaffold, and there, bareheaded, with a rope round his waist, and on his knees, ask pardon before the people. The Rector of the University and the Bishop of Paris, dressed in pontifical robes, assisted at the ceremony; and in conclusion condemned him to end his days in a dungeon, with nothing but bread and water for his support. Hugo Aubriet was the year following released by the same populace who had joyfully assisted at his punishment. From him the French Protestants have been called Huguenots, which denote them enemies of the church.

The intruders into the Tailories—men of the lowest order and worst possible character—have been dislodged from their possession. One witty rascal, on being asked what they had proposed to themselves on taking up their abode in the chateau, replied, "We intended to reign here for seventeen years, and afterwards to abdicate."

NEW MODE OF Taming LIONS—Some observations arose on the difficulty of taming lions, and the danger of keeping them as pets. I had a strong proof of that myself, said Timour (one of the Persian Princes who lately visited London, and of whose residence here, and subsequent adventures, Mr. Baillie Fraser has just published a narrative, from which we extract this anecdote), for I had once a pet lion, which I kept till it was between two and three years old. It was quiet enough, because it got enough to eat, but having heard that no lion can bear to be disturbed while at food, I was determined to try the experiment, and one day, when it was eating, I went and caught it by the tail and drew it away from its meal. The lion turned round in a great passion, whisked his tail out of my hand, and tried to get a hold of me with his teeth. I got him by the throat to preserve myself, and then we began a wrestling match. He got me under, and I began to think it was all over with me, but still kept my gripe of his throat, and that began to tell; for when he was half-strangled he fell, and I got on the top of him, and began to kick and beat him as well as I could. There was luckily a stick within reach, and, getting hold of it, I belaboured him till I was tired, and he was completely cowed; and ever from that time he knew his master, and trembled when he saw me, whether at meals or not.

HAPPY CHILDHOOD'S HOME.

WRITTEN BY ZIT.

I wander'd over deserts wild,
O'er northern fields of snow,
I've left those scenes a happy child
For lands of brighter glow.
Yet there's no palace of the east,
Or region on the earth,
Can to the heart recall the past,
Like the dear land of birth.
I've linger'd 'neath Italian skies,
And its gay vineyards bloom;
I've wander'd where Arabia sighs,
Fragrant and clad in perfume;
I've gazed on Swiss stern scenery,
Its snow-clad mountains high.
But happy childhood's home, for 'heo
I still in anguish sigh.

Farewell then all ye foreign climes,
I'll seek my village home,
Its ivy porch, its merry chimies,
And ne'er again will roam
I'll ne'er more seek for happier spots,
In other climes than mine;
For England's dear and happy cote
Are not surpass'd by thine.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DISTRAINING FOR RENT, by WILKIE.

On Saturday, the 27th of May, will be published, price only ONE HALFPENNY, as a supplement to "THE TRACTS FOR THE PEOPLE," a splendid engraving on Wood from Wilkie's celebrated picture, "DISTRAINING FOR RENT." This beautiful engraving will be printed on superior paper; and will form an admirable companion to Sir David's "RENT-DAY." The lovers of art will hail with delight this extraordinary sample of the perfection of wood engraving (equally suited to the portfolio and the frame), which will be offered to our subscribers at the low charge of ONE HALFPENNY!

J. W. (City).—We regret to say we do not know of any remedy for the offensive smell.

F. H. M. B.—We cannot inform you respecting the proprietor of Thong Castle, Bradford.

TYCOO.—Thanks for the riddles, &c.
BOB.—The tale is declined. Thanks from our riddle-master.

VOLUNA (Glasgow).—Our master of the riddles returns you many thanks.

L. B.—X (Hull).—In No. 8 you are requested (page 126) to shift the point from the end of each line, to the noun in the same line. We will, if possible, attend to your request.

MAZEPPA (Manchester).—You are right in your conjecture: you are a favourite. Many thanks. In about three weeks your communication will be inserted. See answer to H. A. in No. 18.

W. KINNEAR (Montrose).—Before you see this notice, you will have perceived that we have availed ourselves of the anecdotes. Much obliged.

W. J. H.—Thanks.

H.—We will read over your MS., and if satisfactory, it shall be inserted shortly. Thanks.

I. H. E.—See answer to Clara L.

X. Y. Z.—We will shortly avail ourselves of your favour.

R. RIDER (Bartholomew-square).—See answer to H. A. in No. 18.

TYFO.—We intend to keep our promise. Your suggestion shall be attended to.

J. G. (Exeter).—Thanks for the riddles, &c.

ST. GERHARD.—Many thanks. You cannot send them per post without payment. Your better way would be to get your friend in the country to order them from the nearest bookseller or newsmen.

A BROTHER AT HOME.—If your brother was in the service of the East India Company, and is still in India, you may gain some information at the East India House.

ST. MATY.—Thanks for your flattering letter. We may, by and by, avail ourselves of the poetry. As the first volume is in print, our advice is, change your bookseller.

C. WEST (Birmingham).—After an attentive perusal of your clever essay, we are compelled to inform you that it cannot be inserted in this work.

All correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, No. 334, Strand.

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TRACTS

for the People.

A WEEKLY MISCELLANY OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE AND AMUSEMENT.

No 24, Vol. III.]

SATURDAY, MAY 27, 1818.

[PRICE ONE HALFPENNY]



[THE DOG OF ST BERNARD.]

THE ST. BERNARD DOG.

SIR WALTER SCOTT said that he would believe anything of a St. Bernard dog. Their natural sagacity is, indeed, so sharpened by long practice and careful training, that a sort of language is established between them and the people of St. Bernard, by which mutual communications are made, such as few persons living in situations of less constant and severe trials can have any just conceptions of. When we look at the ex-

traordinary sagacity of the animal, his great strength, and his instinctive faculties, we shall feel convinced how admirably he is adapted to fulfil the purpose for which he is employed,—that of saving lives in snow storms.

The instinctive faculty of the St. Bernard dogs is shown by the curious fact, that if a whelp of this breed be placed upon snow for the first time, it will begin to scratch it, and sniff about as if in search of something. When they have been regularly trained, they

are generally sent out in pairs during heavy snow-storms, in search of travellers, who may have been overwhelmed by the snow. In this way they pass over a great extent of country, and by the acuteness of their scent discover if any one is buried in the snow-drift. When it is considered that Mount St. Bernard is situated about 8,000 feet above the level of the sea, and that it is the *highest habitable spot* in Europe, and that the road which passes across it is constantly traversed, the great utility of the dogs is manifest.

Mr. Matthews, in his "Diary of an Invalid," thus describes the conduct of the monks and of the dogs:—"The approach to the convent for the last hour of the ascent is steep and difficult. The convent is not seen till you arrive within a few hundred yards of it, it then breaks upon the view all at once, at a turn in the rock. The dogs belonging to the convent are of a large size, particularly high upon the legs, and generally of a milk-white or of a tawny colour. They are most extraordinary creatures. They are used for the purpose of searching for travellers who may be buried in the snow; and many persons are rescued annually from death by their means. During the last winter, a traveller arrived at the convent in the midst of a snow-storm, having been compelled to leave his wife, who was unable to proceed further, at about a quarter of a mile's distance. A party of the monks immediately set out to her assistance, and found her completely buried under the snow. The sagacity of the dogs alone was the cause of her deliverance, for there was no visible trace, and it is difficult to understand how the scent can be conveyed through a deep covering of snow. The monks themselves, when out upon search for travellers, have frequently owed their preservation to their dogs. The monks state some cases, where the dogs had actually prevented them from returning to the convent by their accustomed route, when it afterwards turned out that if they had not followed the guidance of their dog in his deviation, they would have been overwhelmed by an avalanche."

These dogs, however, do not always escape being overwhelmed by a sudden avalanche, which, falls, as is most usual, in the spring of the year. Two of the domestics of the convent, with two or three dogs, were escorting some travellers, and were lost in an avalanche. One of the predecessors of these dogs, which had served the hospital for the space of twelve years, had, during that time, saved the lives of forty individuals. Whenever the mountain was enveloped in fogs and snow, he set out in search of lost travellers. He was accustomed to run barking until he lost his breath, and would frequently venture on the most perilous places. When he found his strength was insufficient to draw from the snow a traveller benumbed

with cold, he would run back to the convent in search of the monks.

One day this interesting animal found a child in a frozen state between the bridge of Drognan and the ice house of Balsora. He immediately began to lick him, and having succeeded in restoring animation, and the perfect recovery of the dog, by means of his care-*ers*, he induced the child to tie himself round his body. In this way he carried the poor little creature, as if in triumph, to the hospital. When old age deprived him of strength, the prior of the convent pensioned him at Bernin by way of reward. He is now dead, and his body stuffed and deposited in the museum of that town. The little phial, in which he carried a reviving liquor for the distressed travellers whom he found among the mountains, is still suspended from his neck.

LOVE AND VENGEANCE.

A SICILIAN STORY.

CHAPTER I.

THE FIRST MEETING OF THE LOVERS.

ABOUT thirty years since, Sicily rang with the beauty of Carolina Visconti, the only daughter of the richest man in Catania. In Sicily, as in most other countries, among the aristocracy, alliances are commonly made by fathers and mothers without much consideration of the feelings and sentiments of their sons and daughters. But our heroines possessed more spirit and self-will than to take a husband on the recommendation of others; and the rejections which the whole tribe of the Catanese nobles received were felt by some of them as a stain upon their coats of arms, till they lay where Spallians write sonnets no more.

The man of her heart came at last, in the person of a gallant Milanese officer. He had made a summer excursion to the Calabrias; and, desirous of visiting the celebrated volcanic mountain *Ætna*, had come over to the island of Sicily. At a ball given at Messina, he saw Carolina Visconti. As belonging to the Italian guard, the stranger was received with due honour. Vivaldi was handsome enough for a soldier, lively, and had gained some honourable distinction in his campaigns. But he had higher merits; and a nobler heart did not exist in mortal man.

On this night his fate was consummated. He had loved and been loved by boats of the fairest daughters of Ere; he had sighed and sonnetted through every town in the kingdom of Naples, but his gale had never been lowered for a moment. On this eventful night, however, he returned home out of spirits—the arrow was shot to the head. He went to no more balls, but suddenly took a prodigious fondness for sighing.

walking in the woods, guile-playing at unreasonable hours, and the other recognised modes of desperate passion.

One evening, happening to be, contrary to his usual custom, at a masquerade, a note was thrust into his hand with the words, "You are in danger; make your escape as soon as possible from the island." But Vivaldi, despising the threatened danger and disregarding the warning, continued his romance. A few nights after, he was taken home bleeding from a shot fired at him under his mistress's window. The affair was inquired into; but as to arrest every would-be rival on this occasion would have been to seize half the noblesse, punishment was impossible. On her father's discovery that Carolina's love was unalterably fixed upon Vivaldi, and not upon the suitor whom he favoured, he ordered her to a neighbouring convent, to be carefully guarded from the lover of her choice.

There was a Marchese Spontini at that time in Sicily, a showy and expensive profligate. His connexion with a certain noble family gave him countenance among the Sicilians. But report assigned him a history of a very dubious kind. It was asserted that he had been an agent of the Directory in the republican conquest of Italy, and that he had figured among the Jacobin club of Paris. At Naples he next appeared like a potentate, and kept up an establishment that was probably fed by the principal plunder of the state treasury. But he had laid himself open to a charge of peculation; and the Directory, who were delicate enough not to suffer any plunderers but themselves, called him to an account. The witnesses, however, suddenly disappeared; and whether they were carried up the mountains, or were sent to feed the fishes in the bay, was never discovered. The marchese shone out on this escape like a snake that had cast its skin, more glittering than ever. But he was unluckily devoted to the fair sex; and for the consummation of his ill luck, he became enamoured of a lady who had already an adorer in Monsieur le General Commandant. The general felt insulted by the rivalry of any one in the creation; and a file of grenadiers walking into the marchese's bed-room one morning, delivered him up to a couple of mounted *gens d'armes* in the street, who never lost sight of him till he was placed on the other side of the mountains, and locked up in the fort of Biche.

On a change of affairs Spontini returned, lurked for a while in the precincts of the court of Naples, and then suddenly started up from beggary and obscurity into the full honours of a favourite. He was handsome, daring, plausible, and a scoundrel. To which of those qualities he owed his elevation, his honour greatness too much to say. But the country was then ruled by women; and Il Don Giovanni would have been prime

minister in any Italian court at the era of which we write. A younger or handsomer politician and profligate finally superseded the marchese, and he was honourably dismissed to be governor of the southern military division of Sicily.

His passion for so celebrated a beauty as Carolina Visconti was instantly excited; and, for the first time, he thought of shackling himself with the hated bonds of matrimony. But Carolina had the spirit that was pictured in her lofty countenance, and she refused the governor, and made no scruple of showing that she held him in the utmost contempt. The arrival of a dashing hussar of the guard was a topic among the idle; and the marchese thought it necessary to watch what impression he made. Carolina's dancing with Vivaldi sealed the new rival's death-warrant, and his steps were regularly haunted till the hour that he received the wound.

CHAPTER II.

THE CARDONARI.

THE Marchese Spontini was among the first to pay Vivaldi a visit of condolence on his misfortune, and the sea air being thought essential, Vivaldi at length accepted the invitation to make use of a suite of rooms under his excellency's roof. There he found himself in the midst of the profuse luxury of an Italian noble. Every day was a fete on a greater or less scale, all was high life, high spirits, and high play. The marchese was sometimes absent, and absent during the entire night, but the festivity, whatever it might lose in spirit, lost nothing in substance, and the absence of the showy entertainer was naturally excused by the press of business that was pouring hourly upon him from Naples, then on the verge of a convulsion.

Parties on the sea often followed the balls, for nothing was more grateful to the languid guests than to inhale the midnight breeze after the burning atmosphere of the day. One night, at supper, a fragment of paper was found under Vivaldi's cover, with the words, "*Swear not at all.*" This piece of unexpected morality was taken for a ruse of some of the fair enslavers, who set "the richest flowrets of the sea," and was laughed at as a pleasant prohibition of gallantry. The barges were announced, and the whole assembly went on the water.

There happened, whether by accident or design (all be seen by the sequel), to be no lady on board Vivaldi's barge, and he found himself embarked with strangers arrived that day from Naples, who soon commenced a political discussion. From words they almost came to blows, and Vivaldi endeavoured to interpose. He, however, found it impossible to reconcile the warring combatants; and one of them, an orator of

peculiar violence, insisted on being instantly put on shore.

On the barge's running in, a light glimmered from the rocks, and a shrill whistle was heard; and, to his astonishment, all the disputants made up their minds to land together. The landing-place was precipitous, and a large cave opened in front, into which the sea burst in a roar. Vivaldi remonstrated with the helmsman on his choice of a port; and on the fellow's answering him impertinently, stood up to reinforce his remonstrance by taking the helm into his own hand. At that instant a cloak of ample dimensions was thrown over him from behind, his hands were pinioned, and he was flung on the bottom of the boat. He felt it suddenly rush on, and, after a plunge among the breakers, reach smooth water.

The chillness and the dead silence alone told him that he had left the open sea. After a short, and, from the frequent shiftings of the helm, apparently an intricate navigation, he was set on his feet, and led through a passage so low that he was compelled to stoop. He was now startled by a strange and hollow voice pronouncing over him, "Let our brother lay his hand upon the mighty instruments of terror to tyrants, and of regeneration to their people."

His hand was grasped, and laid upon a sword and a pen.

The voice then uttered, "Let our brother hear the sorrows and the vengeance of the enslaved."

A pause ensued, and the air was filled with groans, execrations, and the clashing of swords. The voice then spoke for the third time,—"Let our brother behold the fruit of wisdom and of valour."

A distant roar of thunder was heard. The cloak was torn from over him; and he saw before him a representation of a prison, on which a thunderbolt had burst. Flames rose high over the roof, and it crumbled into ashes. When the smoke had cleared away, there was seen rising to the sound of music an altar, with the statue of Liberty, and covered with republican inscriptions.

But the assembly seated in this subterranean amphitheatre struck him as a still more remarkable sight. He might have imagined himself in the presence of a mighty necromancer who was summoning by his art all the heroes and patriots of antiquity from their graves.

He saw around him all the proud and marked physiognomies that have become familiar to us by busts and gems. Every figure wore some antique costume; and the fasces and the caduceus, the thunderbolt and the lyre, were hung at the sides of a central throne, on which sat a tall and majestic figure with the countenance of the younger Brutus.

Vivaldi was as bold and fearless a Hussar as ever drew sabre, and he was too well

accustomed to campaigning to have much to learn in matters of personal intrepidity. But, it must be confessed, he was not prepared for this imposing ceremonial.

His first idea, on being seized, was that he had fallen, by some unaccountable means, under the suspicion of *shewtaka*, and that he was about to be drowned or strangled. But, with his arms fastened to his back, his mouth covered close, and the consciousness that struggle would be utterly futile, he resigned himself to, what he thought, his inevitable fate.

The sudden emergence from total darkness into dazzling light, the voice, the strange half-spectral look of the assembly, and, perhaps still more, the rich narcotic odour that filled the air from the perfumes burning on the altar, quite bewildered him.

While he stood in this waking dream, unconscious yet whether he was to be the proselyte or the victim, the figure on the throne addressed a harangue to him on the hopes of Italian regeneration, in language wrapped in that mystery which is calculated to excite a powerful impression in an ardent spirit. The oration was closed by the speaker calling on Vivaldi to take the oath to the "Redemption of Italy."

"Advance, true brother," exclaimed he, "gallant warrior, generous sage, to the altar of your country, and in the names of the free and the brave, their mighty ancestors, who sit round you, by the names of Brutus and Poplicola, of Aristogiton and Timeleon, of that Socrates who brought philosophy down from heaven, and of that Plato who raised human wisdom to divine, by the fates of the glorious republics past, and the more glorious ones to come, swear to be faithful to the great cause, by day and by night, in wealth and in poverty, in health and sickness, in freedom and the dungeon, in peace and in battle, in the palace and the cottage, fit life and death—swear!"

A more brilliant light now environed the throne. The altar threw up a richer and more intoxicating odour. The air was filled with melodious sounds. The whole assembly rose from their seats with the slowness of rising apparitions, and the whole repeated, in a low murmur, "In the name of Italia, swear!"

Vivaldi, overpowered by the spell, tottered forward to the altar, and laid his hand upon the sword. At that instant a struggle was heard in the distance, and he heard the words "Swear not at all," followed by a faint scream. He recollected the previous warning at the feast, and started back from the altar.

The lights were suddenly extinguished; and without a sound the whole assembly were gone, as if they had sunk through the solid rock.

After a long pilgrimage through the bowels of the cavern, Vivaldi at last wound his way

out into the moonlight, and found himself in one of the pleasure-grounds of his entertainer's palazzo. Delighted to find that his adventures were not to be extended further, at least for the present, he betook himself to his couch with the thankfulness of a campaigner escaping a night's rest, where all the curtains are the clouds of heaven.

When he awoke next morning, he found the whole household in a state of confusion. In answer to his inquiries, he was informed that the marchese had received despatches from Naples during the night, ordering his immediate attendance, and that he had obeyed the summons. The court-yard soon became cleared of the equipages of the noble guests; and, among the rest, Vivaldi, who had seen no one with whom he could communicate the mysterious incidents of the preceding night, returned wondering to his home.

(To be continued in our next.)

THE PAINTER'S REVELATION.

"I cannot paint it!" exclaimed Duncan Weir, as he threw down his pencil in despair.

The portrait of a beautiful female rested on his easel. The head was turned as if to look into the painter's face, and an expression of delicious confidence and love was playing about the half-parted mouth. A mass of luxuriant hair, stirred by the position, threw its shadow upon a shoulder that but for its transparency you would have given to Itys, and the light from which the face turned away fell on the polished throat with the rich mellowness of a moonbeam. She was a brunette—her hair of glossy black, and the blood melting through the clear brown of her cheek, and sleeping in her lip like colour in the edge of a rose. The eye was unfinished. He could not paint it. Her low, expressive forehead, and the light pencil of her eyebrows, and the long, melancholy lashes, were all perfect, but he had painted the eye a hundred times, and a hundred times he had destroyed it; till, at the close of a long day, as his light failed him, he threw down his pencil in despair, and resting his head on his easel, gave himself up to the contemplation of the ideal picture of his fancy.

I wish all my readers had painted a portrait, the portrait of the face they best love to look on—it would be such a chance to thrill them with a description of the painter's feelings. There is nothing but the first timid kiss that has half its delirium. Why, think of it a moment? To sit for hours gazing into the eyes, you dream of! To be set to steal away the tint of the lip and the glory of the brow you worship! To have beauty come and sit before you, till its spirit is breathed into your fancy, and you can turn away and paint it! To call up, like a rash

enchanter, the smile that bewilders you, and have power over the expression of a face, that, meet you where it will, laps you in Elysium! Make me a painter, Pythagoras!

A lover's picture of his mistress, painted as she exists in his fancy, would never be recognised. He would make little of features and complexion. No, no, he has not been an idolator for this. He has seen her as no one else has seen her, with the illumination of love, which, once in her life, makes every woman under heaven an angel of light. He knows her heart too—its gentleness, its fervour; and when she comes up in his imagination, it is not her visible form passing before his mind's eye, but the apparition of her invisible virtues, clothed in the tender recollections of their discovery and development. If he remembers her features at all, it is the changing colour of her cheek, or the droop of her curved lashes, or the witchery of the smile that welcomed him. And even then he was intoxicated with her voice—always a sweet instrument when the heart plays upon it, and his eyes were good for nothing. No, it is no matter what she may be to others, she appears to him like a bright and perfect being, and he would as soon paint St. Cecilia with a wart as his mistress with an imperfect feature.

Duncan could not satisfy himself. He painted with his heart on fire, and he threw by canvases after canvases, till his room was like a gallery of angels. In perfect despair, at last, he sat down and made a deliberate copy of her features—the exquisite picture of which we have spoken. Still the eye haunted him. He felt as if it would redeem all if he could give it the expression with which it looked back some of his impassioned declarations. His skill, however, was as yet baffled, and it was at the close of the third day of his unsuccessful effort that he relinquished it in despair, and, dropping his head upon his easel, abandoned himself to his imagination.

Duncan entered the gallery with Helen leaning on his arm. It was thronged with visitors. Groups were collected before the favourite pictures, and the low hum of criticism rose confusedly, varied now and then by the exclamation of some enthusiastic spectator. In a conspicuous part of the room hung "The Mute Reply, by Duncan Weir." A crowd had gathered before it, and were gazing on it with evident pleasure. Expressions of surprise and admiration broke frequently from the group, and, as they fell on the ear of Duncan, he felt an irresistible impulse to approach and look on his picture. What is like the affection of a painter for the offspring of his genius? It seemed to him as if he had never before seen it. There it hung like a new picture, and he dwelt upon it with all the interest of a stranger. It was, indeed, beautiful. There was a bewitching loveliness floating over the features...

figure and air had a peculiar grace and freedom; but the eye showed the genius of the master. It was a large, lustrous eye, moistened without weeping, and lifted up, as if to the face of a lover, with a look of indescribable tenderness. The deception was wonderful. It seemed every moment as if the moisture would gather into a tear, and roll down her cheek. There was a strange freshness in its impression upon Duncan. It seemed to have the very look that had sometimes beamed upon him in the twilight. He turned from it and looked upon Helen. Her eyes met his with the same, the self-same expression of the picture. A murmur of pleased recognition stole from the crowd whose attention was attracted. Duncan broke into tears—and awoke. He had been dreaming on his easel.

"Do you believe in dreams, Helen?" said Duncan, as he led her into the studio the next day to look at the finished picture.

A STORM AT SEA.

THE following description of a storm at sea we have taken from an interesting work by Captain Sir James Clark Ross, R.N., recently published by Mr. Murray. It occurred during a voyage of discovery and research in the southern and antarctic regions.—"To prevent the ships separating during the fog," (says Captain Ross) "it was necessary to keep fast to the heavy piece of ice which we had between them as a fender, and, with a reduced amount of sail on them, we made some way through the pack; as we advanced in this novel mode to the south-west, we found the ice became more open, and the westerly swell increasing as the wind veered to the N.W. at midnight, we found it impossible any longer to hold on by the floe-piece. All our hawsers breaking in succession, we made sail on the ships, and kept company during the thick fog by firing guns, and by means of the usual signals: under the shelter of a berg nearly a mile in diameter, we dodged about during the whole day, waiting for clear weather, that we might select the best leads through the dispersing pack; but at nine, P.M., the wind suddenly freshened to a violent gale from the northward, compelling us to reduce our sails to a close-reefed main-top-sail and storm stay-sail. The sea quickly rising to a fearful height, breaking over the loftiest bergs, we were unable any longer to hold our ground, but were driven into the heavy pack under our lee. Soon after midnight our ships were involved in an ocean of rolling fragments of ice, hard as floating rocks of granite, which were dashed against them by the waves with so much violence, that their masts quivered as if they would fall at every successive blow; and the destruction of the ships seemed inevitable from the tremendous shocks they received. By backing

and filling the sails, we endeavoured to avoid collision with the larger masses; but this was not always possible. In the early part of the storm the rudder of the *Erabus* was so much damaged as to be no longer of any use; and about the same time I was informed by signal that the *Terror's* was completely destroyed, and nearly torn away from the stern-post. We had hoped that as we drifted deeper into the pack we should get beyond the reach of the tempest; but in this we were mistaken. Hour passed away after hour without, the least mitigation of the awful circumstances in which we were placed. Indeed, there seemed to be but little probability of our ships holding together much longer, so frequent and violent were the shocks they sustained. The loud crashing noise of the straining and working of the timbers and decks, as she was driven against some of the heavier pieces, which all the activity and exertions of our people could not prevent, was sufficient to fill the stoutest heart, that was not supported by trust in Him who controls all events, with dismay; and I should commit an act of injustice to my companions if I did not express my admiration of their conduct on this trying occasion throughout a period of twenty-eight hours, during any one of which there appeared to be very little hope that we should live to see another, the coolness, steady obedience, and untiring exertions of each individual were every way worthy of British seamen.

"The storm gained its height at two P.M., when the barometer stood at 28.40 inches, and after that time began to rise. Although we had been forced many miles deeper into the pack, we could not perceive that the swell had at all subsided, our ships still rolling and groaning amidst the heavy fragments of crushing bergs, over which the ocean rolled its mountainous waves, throwing huge masses one upon another, and then again burying them deep beneath its foaming waters, dashing and grinding them together with fearful violence. The awful grandeur of such a scene can neither be imagined nor described; far less can the feelings of those who witnessed it be understood. Each of us secured our hold, waiting the issue with resignation to the will of Him who alone could preserve us, and bring us safely through this extreme danger; watching with breathless anxiety the effect of each succeeding collision, and the vibrations of the tottering masts, expecting every moment to see them give way without our having the power to make an effort to save them.

"Although the force of the wind had somewhat diminished by four P.M., yet the squalls came on with unabated violence, laying the ship over on her broadside, and threatening to blow the storm-sails to pieces; fortunately they were quite new,

or they never could have withstood such terrific gusts. At this time the Terror was so close to us, that, when she rose to the top of one wave, the Erebus was on the top of that next to leeward of her; the deep chasm between them filled with heavy rolling masses; and, as the ships descended into the hollow between the waves, the main-topsail-yard of each could be seen just level with the crest of the intervening wave, from the deck of the other: from this some idea may be formed of the height of the waves, as well as the perilous situation of our ships. The night now began to draw in, and cast its gloomy mantle over the appalling scene, rendering our condition, if possible, more hopeless and helpless than before; but at midnight the snow, which had been falling thickly for several hours, cleared away as the wind suddenly shifted to the westward, and the swell began to subside; and although the shocks our ships still sustained were such that must have destroyed any ordinary vessel in less than five minutes, yet they were feeble compared with those to which we had been exposed, and our minds became more at ease for their ultimate safety.

"During the darkness of night and the thick weather, we had been carried through a chain of bergs which were seen in the morning considerably to windward, and which served to keep off the heavy pressure of the pack; so that we found the ice much more open, and I was enabled to make my way in one of our boats to the Terror, about whose condition I was most anxious, for I was aware that her damages were of a much more serious nature than those of the Erebus, notwithstanding the skillful and seamanlike manner in which she had been managed, and by which she maintained her appointed station throughout the gale.

"I found that her rudder was completely broken to pieces, and the fastenings to the stern-post so much strained and twisted, that it would be very difficult to get the spare rudder, with which we were fortunately provided, fitted so as to be useful, and could only be done, if at all, under very favourable circumstances. The other damages she had sustained were of less consequence; and it was as great a satisfaction as it has ever since been a source of astonishment to us to find that, after so many hours of constant and violent thumping, both the vessels were nearly as tight as they were before the gale. We can only ascribe this to the admirable manner in which they had been fortified for the service, and to our having their holds so stowed as to form a solid mass throughout.

"I was much gratified to learn from Commander Greger that the conduct of the officers and crew was most admirable; and certainly it is hardly possible to conceive a situation in which calmness and firmness were more necessary. or, I believe, more generally displayed."

THE SOMNAMBULIST;

OR, THE WOOD-CUTTER.

LAURENT, a small farmer of Uzel, on the property of Monsieur L—, made a hard bargain with the owner of the forest of Lorges to fell a very large number of trees within a fixed time.

Some particular circumstances (principally the failure of his crops and the necessity of raising the means to pay his rent from other sources) which were pressing upon this poor man's pecuniary means, rendered the speedy completion of his task a most important matter to him.

Every evening he reckoned how many trees he had felled, and how many still remained to be cut down; and suffered intense anxiety from the apprehension of failing in his engagement.

One morning, arriving at a very early hour at the forest, he was astonished to find that there were more trees cut down than he had counted the preceding evening; but he rejoiced at what he persuaded himself was an unaccountable mistake on his part. The work did not advance as he had hoped during the day; but he laboured hard, invoking every saint he thought likely to assist him.

When the evening came, Laurent marked exactly the number he had cut down, and what remained to be done.

The next day he found a large oak, that would have occupied him the greater part of the morning, cut down remarkably well, and many small trees round it had been prostrated with the same dexterity; but, strange to say, instead of feeling a comfortable assurance that the saints—or possibly the Dryads, or Homodryads (though, by the way, he knew nothing of these sylvan deities)—had heard his invocation, and aided him. He felt terribly afraid that the agency of the devil was traceable in the work, and was perfectly miserable in consequence.

Two days previously he would have been delighted to have seen the trees laid low by any means whatever—now he was unhappy because they fell as if by enchantment. In short, Laurent threw away his axe in a perfect bewilderment, consulted his wife, and then went for advice to the cure.

The cure went to the wood with his breviary under his arm, exorcised the evil spirit, and all his adherents, forbade the trees from falling, or even from tottering or nodding in any degree by any other agency than that of the axe of Laurent, and left him and his family easy in their minds, and the assembled crowd tranquillised. And lest any mistakes or devilry should occur, Laurent numbered the trees, both cut down and standing, with the utmost precision.

The following morning, certain that all demons of the wood had been sent about their business, the cure and three farmers

of his parishioners were there at an early hour. But amazement, and horror upon horror! more trees had fallen during the past night than during any of the preceding ones!

The case made such a noise that the mayor was obliged to interfere. That dignity, the cure, the churchwardens, and vergers went in procession to the forest. But the mayor did not content himself with another exorcism from the cure, nor with counting the trees, but set a watch, and remained with it himself.

Fortunately the night was one of full moonlight, so that any beings, whether flesh and blood, or of the spiritual world, provided they assumed even the faintest outlines of form, could be clearly distinguished, may even if a troop of merry little goblins, but six inches high, had appeared at work with their elfish axes and saws, they would have been discerned. The mayor and his *conseil*, ecclesiastical and laical, kept their eyes and ears in a state of nervous vigilance and superstitious terror, and their tongues unmoved until the clock of the neighbouring village sounded the midnight hour, in apprehension lest that solemn sound from the venerable time-keeper should be "a certain sign that fate would frown."

A certain sign! It was not down. At the first stroke they saw—they saw, clothed in white, a goblin figure at a considerable distance, which appeared at first of gigantic stature; but as it approached, they thought it was diminished gradually to the size of a man with a blood-coloured turban which covered the head even to the nose, so as to suggest the horrible idea that the creature had no eyes. "Sathane!" cried out the rector and the curate together, in breathless agitation. They looked in vain to see if the mayor and his attendants would advance nearer to the monster-fiend with the crimson head and white body. Hark! there was a sound; another and another. It was that of a mortal axe—the nocturnal workman was cutting away bravely; every stroke told upon a tall tree, which creaked, toppled, and then fell, and the voice of the woodcutter was heard to exclaim, "Ha!"

The mayor rushed forward, so did his men, and the cure did not stay behind. The town-bellman, Laurent—for it was he—was secured, and then the mystery was solved.

The poor fellow had been so nervously intent on finishing his laborious contract, that he regularly dreamt of it; and his imagination became so excited that he had walked out in his sleep repeatedly, and worked all night without once awaking. Some impulse led him to return to his bed after he had unconsciously laboured for some time before daybreak, and no one had missed him from his own house, as he opened and shut his cottage door with as much precision as he had been broad awake. The strength,

activity, and correctness with which he executed his work at night far exceeded his performance by day; a fact which I do not mean to analyse on principles of physiology. Perhaps some unlearned person may assert, without the aid of metaphysics, that a man who was working all night would not be quite so strong or disposed to labour on the succeeding day. H—B—Y.

A GEOGRAPHICAL JOKE.—Horace Walpole mentions that when Whiston predicted that the world would be burnt in three years, the Duchess of Bolton packed up all her effects, and declared she was off to China, to get out of danger.

CHIVALRY.—A remarkable meeting took place between eleven Spanish and as many French knights, in consequence of some disparaging remarks of the latter on the cavalry of their enemies, which they affirmed was inferior to their own. The Venetians gave the parties a fair field of combat in the neutral territory under their own walls of Frank. A gallant array of well-armed knights of both nations guarded the lists, and maintained the order of the fight. On the appointed day, September 20, 1502, the champions appeared in the field, armed at all points, with horses richly caparisoned, and barded or covered with steel panoply like their masters. The cross and battlements of Frank were covered with spectators, while the lists were thronged with the French and Spanish chivalry, each staking in some degree the national honour on the issue of the contest. Among the Castilians were Diego de Parades and Diego de Verra, while the good Knight Bayard was most conspicuous on the other side. As the trumpet sounded the appointed signal, the hostile parties rushed to the encounter. Three Spaniards were borne from their saddles by the rudeness of the shock, and four of their antagonists' horses slain. The fight, which began at ten in the morning, was not to be protracted beyond sunset. Long before that hour all the French, save two, one of them the Chevalier Bayard, had been dismounted; and their horses, at which the Spaniards had aimed more than at the riders, disabled or slain. The Spaniards, seven of whom were still on horseback, pressed hard on their adversaries, leaving little doubt of the fortune of the day. The latter, however, entrenching themselves behind the carcasses of their dead horses, made good their defence against the Spaniards, who in vain tried to spur their terrified steeds over the barrier. In this way the fight was protracted till sunset: as both parties continued to keep possession of the field, the palm of victory was adjudged to neither, while both were pronounced to have demeaned themselves like good and valiant knights.—*Frederick's History of the Reigns of Ferdinand and Isabella.*

REMARKABLE CASES OF FRAUD AND IMPOSTURE.

NO. XXIV.—BOOK THIRD.

On the 12th of August, 1678, while Charles II. was walking in St. James's Park, he was accosted by one Kirby, a chemist, who told him that his enemies had a design upon his life, and that he might be shot in that very walk. Charles stepped aside, and appointed Kirby to meet him at the house of Chiffinch, where his majesty was accustomed to meet a very different kind of company—his panderers and his women. There Kirby informed him that two persons, named Grove and Pickering, had engaged to shoot him; and that Sir George Wakeman, the queen's physician, had undertaken to poison him. All this intelligence Kirby affirmed he had received from his friend Dr. Tonge, a divine of the Church of England, who was well known to several persons about the court. Charles agreed to have an interview with the doctor, and Tonge presented himself with an immense roll of papers, which contained the full particulars of the plot drawn out under forty-three heads. This was too much for the lazy and indolent king, who referred the parson with his papers to the Earl of Danby, the treasurer and prime minister. The earl asked Tonge who had written the papers. The doctor answered that they had been secretly thrust under his door, and that, though he guessed, he did not exactly know by whom. After a few days, however, Tonge informed the minister he had ascertained that his suspicions respecting the author of the papers were well founded; that he had met the individual in the streets, who had given him further particulars of the horrible conspiracy, desiring at the same time that his name might be concealed, lest the Papists should murder him. Danby went to the king, and proposed the instant arrest of the alleged assassins; but Charles, who is said to have believed from the beginning that the whole thing was a gross imposture, declined taking this step, and requested that the matter should be kept secret even from his brother, James, Duke of York—saying that it would only create alarm, and might perhaps put the notion of murdering him into some head that otherwise would never have thought of it.

The king's wishes were not attended to; for Tonge soon waited upon Danby with information that there was a terrible packet going through the post-office to Bedingfield, the Duke of York's confessor, then at Windsor. Danby posted down to Windsor to intercept this packet; but he found that the letters were already in the king's hands. Bedingfield had shown them to his penitent, who had delivered them to his brother; and the king, the duke, and the Jesuit, having examined them together, his majesty had

been convinced that they were forgeries sent on design to be intercepted, to give credit to the revelations of Kirby and Tonge. The duke's enemies, however, gave out that he had got some hints of the discovery of the real plot, and brought those forged letters as a blind to impose on the king; while the real Jesuit letters were destroyed as soon as received by his confessor and himself.

The king would still have treated the whole story as an imposture, had not James, seeing that the Jesuits, and even his own confessor, were excused, insisted upon a searching inquiry. Kirby, who had warned the king in the Park, appeared repeatedly at court; and, failing to attract attention there, the mysterious friend of Dr. Tonge, who had written the forty-three articles, presented himself to Sir Edmondbury Godfrey, a well-known magistrate of Westminster, and not only made his affidavit to those charges, but also to thirty-eight more articles, which had been added to the original list. Godfrey, perceiving that Edward Coleman, secretary to the duke, and a personal friend of his own, was set down as a chief conspirator, immediately warned his friend, and Coleman communicated with his master.

It was now impossible to keep the business a secret; and Dr. Tonge being summoned before the council, was commanded to produce his informant. Thereupon, on the 28th of September, TITUS OATES appeared before that board. With the most marvellous self-possession and fluency, he commenced and continued his incredible story. He stated that the pope claimed possession of these kingdoms on account of the heresy of the people, and had delegated his supreme authority to the society of Jesuits; that the Jesuits had undertaken to expel this heresy, and re-establish the Catholic faith; that, in furtherance of this plan, some of the society were employed in Ireland, some in Scotland, some in Holland, and some in England, where they were not only plotting the murder of the king, but of the duke also, if his highness should oppose their attempt or refuse his concurrence; that the Jesuits had 100,000*l.*; that they were in the receipt of 60,000*l.* a-year in rent; and had obtained 10,000*l.* from the confessor to the French king, and the promise of an equal sum from the provincial of New Castle; that a man named Honest William, and Pickering, a lay brother of the order, had been repeatedly commissioned to shoot the king, and had been punished for their neglect; that, in the preceding month of April, a grand consult of Jesuits from all parts had been held at the White Horse Tavern in the Strand, and had there provided three sets of pistol-assassins; and had, besides, offered 10,000*l.* to Sir George Wakeman, the queen's physician, if he would do the thing quietly by poison; that, if the king would not be

some R. C. (*See Catholics*), he should no longer be C. R. (*See Catholics*); that the Jesuits had been the authors of the great fire of London, and were now concerting a plan for the burning of Westminster, Wapping, and all the shipping in the river; and that the pope had already, by a secret bull, filled up all the bishoprics and dignities in the Church, and the chief officers in the state.

To account for the means by which he was let into all these dangerous secrets, Oates affirmed that, as a convert to the Catholic religion, he had been admitted into the Jesuits' houses abroad; and this part of his story was true. His real and infamous history appears to have been simply this:—Titus Oates was the son of an Anabaptist preacher, but had been sent to the University of Cambridge, and afterwards had taken orders in the Established Church. Being obscure and friendless, he could obtain no living; and he pined on the scanty pay of a country curate. When in this condition he was twice convicted of perjury. He was afterwards chaplain on board a man-of-war; and from that situation he was dismissed for unnatural practices. Being reconciled to the Church of Rome in 1677, he was sent as catechumen over to the continent, and was admitted into the Jesuits' College at Valladolid in Spain. There Oates stayed about five months, when he was disgracefully expelled. He recrossed the Pyrenees, and appeared as a mendicant at the gate of the Jesuits' College at St Omor, and was entertained there for some time, during which he lived among the students and novices. But he was again expelled with shame, and then he came home without coat or cassock, and either made or renewed an acquaintance with Dr. Tonge, rector of St. Michael's, in Wood-street, a great Protestant alarmist. Tonge and Kirby supported him while he was writing out his plot; and they bought him the clerical gown and new suit in which he appeared before the council.

The members of that board heard his revelations with astonishment; but the Duke of York pronounced them a most impudent imposture. There were, however, several members of the council, moved by different motives and feelings, that were resolved to proceed with the inquiry. They asked Oates for documents,—for letters or papers of some kind. He, who pretended to have been the bearer of Jesuit despatches and letters innumerable, had not a scrap to produce! but he engaged to find abundance of documentary evidence if they would assist him with warrants and proper officers. The council agreed to let him have both.

On the morrow, Oates was again brought before the council, the king being present. Charles, who still was incredulous, was afraid of opposing his ministers in such a matter as this; but on one or two occasions

he could not wholly conceal his feelings. He desired that Oates might be made to describe the person of Don Juan, to whom, as he said, he had been introduced during his travels. The informer said, that Don Juan was tall, thin, and swarthy. Here Charles turned to his brother, the duke, and smiled; for their old acquaintance, Don Juan, was short, fat, and fair. Charles also asked where Oates had seen the king of France's confessor pay down the 10,000*l*. The informer replied, "In the Jesuits' house, just by the king's house." Charles, who was well acquainted with Paris, exclaimed, "Man, the Jesuits have no house within a mile of the Louvre." But notwithstanding all this, Charles posted off to Newmarket races, leaving the council to make what it would of the plot, and Oates to be lodged at Whitehall under his royal protection.

Those writers who have devoted their talents to the elucidation of the subject which now engages our attention, are of opinion that Danby, if he did not help to originate the plot, was anxious to encourage the ferment raised by it, in order to prevent or delay the impeachment with which he was threatened in the next session of parliament. In ordering the arrest of Coleman, the minister gave instructions that his papers should be seized; and, although Coleman had absconded after the warning given to him by Sir Edmondbury Godfrey, and had destroyed or removed some of his papers, yet enough were left and secured to prove that both he and his master had been engaged in a dangerous correspondence with the French king, with that king's confessor, Father la Chaise, and with the Pope's nuncio, at Brussels, and that they had solicited money for the purpose of changing religion in England. So that the framers of the plot must have felt, in the end, something like the conjurer, who, while attempting to delude some old women by raising a sham devil, suddenly saw the real fiend grinning at his elbow.

A few days after the discovery of these really important papers, the popular ferment was increased tenfold by the disappearance of Sir Edmondbury Godfrey, who had taken the deposition of Oates, and who was supposed to have received confidential communications from Coleman. Godfrey left his house at Westminster, on the morning of the 12th of October, and never returned more. He had been for some time greatly depressed in spirits, and had entertained apprehensions that he would be the first martyr in this plot. As soon as he was missed, the people hurried to the conclusion that he had been trepanned and murdered by the Papists; and the Papists, in self-defence perhaps, but certainly to the injury of their own cause, gave out that he had run away for debt,—that he had withdrawn to contract an indiscreet mar-

riage,—that he had run away with a harlot,—and, at last, that he had killed himself in an excitement, working upon an hereditary disposition to insanity. His brothers and numerous friends made search in all directions, but no traces of him could be found, until the evening of the sixth day, when his body was discovered in a ditch by Primrose Hill, not far from Old Saint Pancras Church: it was pierced through and through with his own sword, which came some inches out at the back, behind the heart. There was no blood on his clothes, or about him; his shoes were clean, as if he had not walked to that (then) country spot; his money was in his pocket, and his rings were on his fingers; but there was nothing about his neck, and a mark was all round it as an inch broad, which showed he had been strangled; his breast, also, was marked all over with bruises, and his neck was broken. There were many drops of white wax on his breeches, which he never used himself; and since only persons of quality, or priests, used these lights, this circumstance made all people believe in whose hands he must have been. The coroner sat for two whole days on the body, and the finding of the inquest was—that Sir Edmondbury Godfrey had been barbarously murdered by some person or persons unknown. To those who reflected coolly upon all the circumstances of the case, Godfrey's murder must have appeared then, as it has ever since remained, a perplexing mystery; but, in that universal excitement, few or none were cool, while there were many who, for selfish or political ends, were resolved to fasten the murder upon the Catholics. The ghastly body was carried from Primrose-hill to the habitation of the deceased, and there exhibited to many thousands, who shuddered and wept over the Protestant martyr, as they termed him. The funeral was attended by an immense procession, having at their head seventy-two Protestant divines in full canonicals. Dr. Lloyd, a friend of the murdered man, preached the funeral sermon, having, as Roger North states, "two other thumping divines standing upright in the pulpit, one on each side of him, to guard him from being killed, while he was preaching, by the Papists. And at this time so widely had the panic spread, that all Protestants, clergy or lay, considered their lives in danger, and, in many instances, adopted the most ridiculous persecutions against an unseen enemy.

It was in this state of the public mind, when "reason could no more be heard than a whisper in the midst of the most violent hurricane," that, on the 21st of October, the Parliament re-assembled. What took place there, and afterwards, will be found in our next number.

A CHAPTER ON STICKS.

BY CRAB.

"*Arms strumque Can(e).*"

BOYS have their playthings, so have men. We have found this to be a truism, for our schoolmaster once dusted our Spenserian garment with our own rattan; and since we were able to bear a Cane, we've seldom been without it. The order of things is now reversed—we have not "cut our stick," but cut the cane, which many a time and oft cut us. In youth we disport ourselves with guns, drums, whips, and a variety of other toys; but the moment we begin to verge upon manhood, we put aside such childish things, and confirm the conceit of our manliness and self-importance by sporting sticks. On important occasions, we have been known to carry a "staff of office," to denote our special calling.

To carry a stick is almost presumptive evidence of a man's being a gentleman; because, in the first place, it implies his being respectably if not even well dressed; in which latter case, his stick has some sort of showy pretensions about it, otherwise it is perfectly plain, and, like his clothes, none of the newest; the only reason he has for carrying it being that he cannot divest himself of the habit, and that it is a cheap mode of cherishing his love to those minor gentilities in which, in the days of his prosperity, he used to indulge more expensively. Those were the palmy days for sticks, when our connoisseur had one to suit every dress he wore, for country rambles and town rambles, for visits of ceremony, and for all the various places of amusement he was in the habit of frequenting, indeed, meet him where you would—except, perhaps, at church—you always saw him with a stick.

Now a man of this sort would be almost miserable without his stick; he would feel himself degraded, would lose every degree of self-confidence when talking to you, and would be perpetually at a loss to know what to do with his hands. Perhaps he is naturally of a vivacious disposition, and never knew what it was to keep his hands perfectly quiet; or perhaps he is nervous, and, if it was not for his stick, would unconsciously annoy everybody by a habit of scratching his head, or some other display of restlessness equally disagreeable. But we are wandering from the subject, "cutting our sticks," we might say,—a fault which shows us to be volatile, and almost needs a stick by way of correction.

Mere youths sport whips or switches, young men canes, and those who are either not young or positively old patronise sticks. A boy prefers a switch, on account of its pliability and the sense of power it affords him, either in cutting off the heads of nettles, or cutting down the tails of all the dogs he meets with; but

when he has grown older, old enough as he thinks to claim the dignity of a man, one of the first purposes of his pocket-money is applied to is the purchase of a cane—a piece of foppery, perhaps, in one so young, but still much more excusable than his betraying any approach to carelessness on the score of external appearances.

We are not prepared to say at what particular period these pretty playthings for grown-up people first came into use, but we should think it very likely to have been during, or perhaps prior to, the reign of Elizabeth, when the useful and ornamental in dress, and everything else, were gracefully and judiciously blended. At a later period, the cane seems to have been patronised as much, if not more, by old folks than young ones; among medical men especially, all of whom prided themselves on sporting gold heads to these baubles, and paying extremely high prices for them. We may, even now, occasionally get a glimpse at a degenerated specimen of one of these old fashionable canes in the hands of footmen behind the carriages of some of our aristocracy, a circumstance from which one might be led to suspect that the very spicy thing of all—the essence of the quintessence of bygone dandyism—was to keep a footman to carry your cane for you; although we question whether this display of stateliness was not confined almost entirely to females. Nor was the use of canes restricted entirely to gentlemen; old ladies carried them, though not for show, but as a “crutch” to support them under their infirmities. If works of art are to be taken as records of fashion, we need only remind our readers of the portraits which have been handed down to us of those three immortal old ladies, Mother Goose, Dame Trot, and Mother Hubbard, all of whom are represented carrying crutch-handled sticks; but women of greater affluence had their “crutch” made of cane. The reader may find numerous full-length portraits of other old ladies who sported sticks and canes, should he doubt the authenticity of the memorials we have referred to. But canes, like other things, have had their day, for the silver-headed, silk-tasseled toys patronised by our modern dandies, and bearing the name of canes, cannot properly be designated by any other term than sticks, inasmuch as they are solid, substantial sprouts of trees, and will not lovingly wind round the waist of a delinquent whose misconduct demands such wholesome correction. The kind of sticks now in use, which we most admire, are those called partridge-caness; their colour and graining bearing some resemblance to the plumage of a partridge. Those made of ebony we do not like, although they are in good keeping with a suit of sable; gentlemen who are so fond of black, want nothing but a black dog to walk behind them, and these, perhaps, their happiness would be

complete. These kind of sticks are mostly patronised by middle-aged people; your old gentleman sticks to his oak or blackthorn; something with a smooth round knob at the end of it, stout enough for him to lean his full weight on, and sufficiently strong and heavy to supply the want of that vigour of muscle which, in his younger days, he was fully content to rely on. The supple-jack is a good-looking, serviceable kind of stick; but if you want something to bring down your man at one blow, there is nothing to compete with a sprig of iron-wood, indigenous, we believe, to the shores of Botany Bay. Let a man “cut his stick” there, say we, and he will find his account in it,—a hazardous observation of ours, by the bye, which clearly elucidates the meaning of a certain slang phrase intended to pass for genuine facetiousness. It sounds oddly enough, certainly, but is really nothing more than what one boy would say to another, who found it difficult to select a switch that pleased his fancy.

So much for sticks! And now, gentle reader, with all due submission, we will “cut our own stick”—Vale.

THE TENTH.—Goode, the common councilman, was a varden of his own company, the Merchant Tailors. At one of their festivals, he took with him, to the dinner, a relation, an officer of the Tenth Foot. By some blunder, the soldier was taken for one of the fraternity, but Goode hastened to correct the mistake, “Gentlemen, this isn’t one of the ninth parts of a man—he’s one of the tenth!”

AN ATHEIST.—Vasini, a Neapolitan, was a professed atheist. He was first a preacher, but relapsed. According to Father Mersenne, he confessed that at Naples he had agreed with thirteen of his friends to go through the world to sow the doctrine of atheism, and that France had fallen to his lot. He wrote a book called “The Amphitheatre,” and some “Dialogues,” in which he takes no pains to disguise his irreligion, and concludes it with declaring that all the time is lost that is not spent in love! We are informed by Guy Patin, that Vasini, finding himself shunned by everybody, and reduced to the lowest poverty, wrote to the Pope that if he had not a good benefice bestowed upon him, he would in three months’ time overturn the whole Christian religion. Having been detected in infusing his impious opinions into the minds of his scholars, he was seized at Tolouse, tried, and condemned to be burnt to death, which was executed Feb 19, 1619: a shocking way, it must be owned, of curing atheism.

Among the peasants in the villages of Holland, distance is computed by the smoking of their pipes; and they tell you that from a village to a village is about a pipe and a half, two pipes and a half &c.

DOMESTIC MEDICINE.

MR. JOHN SAVORY has given to the world, under the title of "A Compendium of Domestic Medicine," a very valuable work. It fully bears out what it professes to do—namely, "to enable unprofessional persons to obtain at one glance information regarding the effects and uses of the substances employed in medicine, and the best mode of combining them for administration in the various diseases in which they have, by long and well-established experience, been found useful; as well as to distinguish such diseases as are dangerous in their nature and rapid in their progress, in order that proper assistance may be obtained without allowing that delay to take place which is so frequently the cause of many fatal results."

The following information has been derived from four of the sections into which this work is divided :

CITRIC ACID.—The solution of this acid in water, in the proportion of nine drachms and a half of the crystals, half a drachm of tincture of lemon-peel, and one pint of water, will answer nearly all the purposes of recent lemon juice, and is even preferable for forming the common effervescing draught with carbonate of potash. One scruple of this acid triturated with a little sugar and a few drops of the tincture of lemon-peel, and dissolved in a pint of water, forms a grateful refrigerant beverage, resembling lemonade, and is useful in febrile and inflammatory complaints, allaying heat and irritation, and reducing the pulse. Fifteen grains of the lemon acid in solution will saturate one scruple of carbonate of potash, and form an excellent substitute for soda water. *Saline mixture.*—Take of citric acid, bi-carbonate of potash, of each one drachm, syrup of orange-peel, spirit of nutmeg, of each one ounce; distilled water, twelve ounces. Mix. Two table-spoonfuls of this mixture may be taken every four hours in fevers and inflammatory sore throats.

BITE OF A MAD DOG, BITE OF SNAKES, VENOMOUS SERPENTS, &c.—The parts bitten should, if possible, be instantly removed by *excision*, then immersed in warm water; after which some caustic application should be made to the entire surface of the wounded part. Mr. Youatt strongly recommends the nitrate of silver, which can be used with great freedom. In the West Indies can do linc is much used as a caustic. Brandy, ammonia, and other stimulants, with opiates, should be given. In bites from snakes, the use of ligatures above the bitten part should on no account be neglected. They effectually check the progress of mischief.

GUM-BOILS.—A gum-boil is sometimes a primary disease, depending on an inflammation of the gums from accidental and common causes, in which case the lancet, or leaving it to nature, soon restores the gum to a healthy state; but it more generally

arises from a carious tooth, in which case extraction is necessary. If there be any constitutional disturbance about the face, leeches and purgatives and the usual means for subduing inflammation may be resorted to.

GARGLE FOR RELAXED SORE THROAT.—Take of cayenne pepper gargle, five ounces; infusion of roses, two ounces; syrup of roses, one ounce. Mix.

MIXTURE FOR DESTROYING FLIES.—Take of infusion of quassia, one pint; brown sugar, four ounces; ground pepper, two ounces. To be well mixed together, and put in small shallow dishes where required.

DR. BEATTY'S REMEDY FOR HOOPING COUGH.—Take of Huxham's tincture of bark, five ounces; tincture of cantharides, camphorated tincture of opium, of each half an ounce. Mix. Dose, from half a drachm to one drachm. This should not be used in the early stage of the disease.

LOTION TO PROMOTE THE GROWTH OF THE HAIR.—Take of Eau de Cologne, two ounces; tincture of cantharides, two drachms; oil of rosemary, oil of lavender, of each ten drops.

RHEUMATIC EMBROCATION.—Take of spirit of turpentine, spirit of hartshorn, liquid opodeldoc, of each one ounce.

DR. BLAKE'S REMEDY FOR TOOTHACHE.—Take of alum, in powder, two drachms; spirit of nitre, seven drachms. Mix, and apply it to the teeth.

APERIENT MIXTURE.—Infusion of senna, one ounce; mint water, half an ounce; calcined magnesia, one scruple; manna, two drachms; syrup of roses, two drachms. Mix. The above is a very efficient general purgative for children, and may be given in doses of from one to four drachms until the bowels are relieved.

THE COMMON BLACK DRAUGHT.—Infusion of senna, ten drachms; Epsom salts, ten drachms; tincture of senna, compound tincture of cardamoms, compound spirit of lavender, of each one drachm.

DRAUGHT AND CAMPHOR PILL FOR AN ATTACK OF SPASM.—Camphor julep, one ounce; Hoffman's ether, compound tincture of camphor, of each one drachm; tincture of henbane, syrup of poppies, of each half a drachm. Mix. *The Pill.*—Camphor, one grain; carbonate of ammonia, three grains; mucilage of gum arabic, sufficient quantity to make one pill.

STOMACHIC MIXTURE.—Camphor julep, one ounce; sweet spirit of nitre, half an ounce; compound tincture of cardamoms, spirit of aniseed, of each five drachms; oil of caraway, twelve drops; syrup of ginger, two drachms; peppermint water, two drachms. Mix. A table-spoonful occasionally in flatulency and dyspepsia.

FOR A SUDDEN HOARSENESS.—Mix one tea-spoonful of sweet spirit of nitre in a wine-glassful of water. This may be taken two or three times a day.

POPULAR PASTIMES.

SOLUTIONS TO THE RIDDLES, CHARADES, CONUNDRUMS, ETC. IN OUR LAST.

CONUNDRUMS.

- 1.—When he sees the rye attacked (riot not)
- 2.—Eh! sir! (Aser)
- 3.—Because after all it must come through the post
- 4.—A cow, because she can calve (carve)
- 5.—When he's got a pain (jane) in his stomach
- 6.—When he's a good deal bored
- 7.—They require peace
- 8.—A coachman
- 9.—A bow
- 10.—He is a beholder (bee-holder).

- 11.—Words are constantly passing between them.
- 12.—Crowing older

CHARADES

- 1.—Night shade.
- 2.—Barbain
- 3.—(wasp)
- 4.—Main & sail
- 5.—Rose & my
- 6.—Ham mock

NAMES OF MEN &c

- 1.—Lockhart
- 2.—Littleton
- 3.—Pier
- 4.—Hornhill
- 5.—Adrian
- 6.—Brainfort

NAMES OF MILITARY AND NAVAL IN-
CAGEMENTS ENIGMATICALLY EXPLAINED

- 1.—A vowel, a spirit, and a narrow passage
- 2.—A jolly man the French word denoting "wine," and a hundred
- 3.—A planet, a weight and an African
- 4.—Seven tenths of a reptile, and two sixths of one of the signs of the zodiac
- 5.—A liquid, and a game
- 6.—Two-thirds of a pinch, and half a metal
- 7.—Three-fourths of part of a church, a vowel, and a vulgar name for money
- 8.—An abbreviation of company, an instrument for writing, a witch, and two-thirds of conclusion
- 9.—Half of a vision, half of a bird, and half of a well known plant

CONUNDRUMS

- 1.—What is that which you destroy by naming?
- 2.—What English monosyllable is there which, being deprived of its first two letters, leaves a word of two syllables?
- 3.—When was B the first letter of the alphabet?
- 4.—What is that which a coach cannot go without, and yet is not the least use to it?
- 5.—What part of the globe resembles a key dancing?
- 6.—Which is the heaviest play on record?
- 7.—Why is a church easier to burn than a chapel?
- 8.—When is a policeman like a watch that is not keeping time?
- 9.—Why is a person who has dropped five shillings like Louis Philippe?
- 10.—When a coal-miser visits the theatre, what part of the house should he go to?
- 11.—Why is a church-yard like charity?
- 12.—Why are the TRACTS FOR THE PEOPLE her Majesty's ship the "Dauntless," then,

13.—Why is an inn-keeper the most wonderful person in existence?

14.—Why is a pretty girl like a muffin?

REBUS.

- 1.—Did you ever hear a fiddle,
Played by some one (not a Mordaunt*),
Sinking slowly into *my whole*,
As it sends forth sounds discordant?
Fitch my *caput*—you will view me,
As a web so fine, that through me
You may see I am much worn
By those who their kinsfolk mourn.
I sponge my front—gentle Mary
Hastens with me in her hand
To her own bird, the canary,
Who loath all her care command.
Reader, *over* more I solicit
You to cast me of my plate,
It I must be more explicit,
Once again decapitate
Of the "lord of the creation,"
Man I am an imitation,
My name tells you that I try
My superior to outvie

RIDDLE

- 1.—My contented mind desires,
The poor man has,
The rich requires
The miser spends,
The spendthrift saves,
And dead men carry
To their graves

CHARADES

1. *A river*—My first letter expresses my whole, so do my first and second; and so do my first second and third
2. *A bird*—My first letter expresses my whole, so do my first and second, and so do my first second, and third
3. *A shrub*—My first letter expresses my whole, so do my first and second; and so do my first, second, and third
- 4.—I am a word of ten letters, my 1, 2, 9, 3 is to cut down, my 3, 4, 10, is an execution, my 8, 9, 1, 2 is produced by trouble; my 6, 7, 5, 2, 6 is a slander, my 6, 4, 8, 1, 2, is said to be the root of all evil, my 6, 7, 9, 1, is a person generally suspected; my 5, 9, 9, 1 is a ferocious animal, my 6, 7, 8, 2, are filthy terms, my 6, 9, 10, 8, 2, is an instrument of war, my 8, 9, 10, 2, is an instrument of torture, my 5, 9, 6, 6, is a messenger of death, my 8, 9, 7, 10, is a murderer, and my 9, 5, 2, 6 is his victim. My whole is dreaded by every one who loves his sovereign

RECIPT—A spoonful of scraped horse radish put into a pail of milk, will keep it sweet many days longer than the ordinary period

* Lieutenant-Colonel Mordaunt, a celebrated performer on the viola.

FACTS AND SCRAP.

MURDER OF THE PHYSICIAN OF GEORGE III.—It is said that Dr. Willis, physician to George III., who, it was supposed, died suddenly in 1835, was murdered, and that his servant, who lately died, confessed to the murder. Dr. Willis was worth 300,000*l*.

COUNSELLOR WALLACE once said to a countryman in a smock-frock, who was undergoing his examination in the witness-box, "You in the smock-frock, how much are you paid for lying?" "Less than you are, unfortunately, or you would be in a smock-frock too." e

AGE OF ANIMALS.—A bear rarely exceeds twenty years, a dog lives twenty years; a wolf twenty; a fox fourteen or sixteen; lions are long-lived. Pompey lived to the age of seventy. The average age of cats is fifteen years; a squirrel and hare seven or eight years, rabbits seven. Elephants have been known to live to the great age of 400 years. When Alexander the Great had conquered one Phorus, King of India, he took a great elephant which had fought very valiantly for the King, and named him Ajax, and dedicated him to the sun, and let him go with this inscription—"Alexander, the son of Jupiter, hath dedicated Ajax to the sun." This elephant was found with this inscription 350 years after. Pigs have been known to live to the age of thirty years; the rhinoceros to twenty. A horse has been known to live to the age of sixty-two, but averages twenty-five to thirty. Camels sometimes live to the age of 100. Stags are long-lived. Sheep seldom exceed the age of ten. Cows live about fifteen years. ~~Cattle~~ considers it probable that whales sometimes live to the age of 1000 years. The dolphin and porpoise attain the age of thirty. An eagle died at Vienna at the age of 104 years. Ravens frequently reached the age of 100. Swans have been known to live 300 years. Mr. Mullerton has the skeleton of a swan that attained the age of 200 years. Pelicans are long-lived. A tortoise has been known to live to the age of 107.

ELEGANT STARVATION.—A thoughtless young gentleman of good family, although he had spent every shilling, and worn out every trace of credit, lived with the devoted partner of his poverty in a splendid villa near the Regent's Park. Jewels, books, wearing apparel, and every description of moveable, had long disappeared from this exquisite residence, to supply the common necessities of life. "Yesterday," our hero boasted to a confidential friend, towards the end of this ruin, "we supped off a pair of earrings. That case of champagne in the coal cellar is the production of some thirty very dry volumes of the 'Encyclopædia Britannica.' We have dined during the past week off my dress-coat; and this very day,

had it not been for my polished boots, we should have been obliged to breakfast without Bolognæ." Of course these fearful privations increased, till, some time after, they had reached a climax. One day the hopeful economist returned home about dinner time in a state of famishing hunger, and entreated his lovely housekeeper to order his dinner. "Dinner!" she repeated; "there is not a scrap in the house, or an article left to procure one with!" "Surely," exclaimed the other, slapping his forehead in despair, "something can be snatched from the wreck—I have it. We can yet avert from our countenances the horrid stare of starvation. 'Tis a desperate act, but it must be done!" "What?" inquired the lady, anxiously. "What? Why, fry the gold fish and roast the carpet!"

CATERPILLAR WEAVERS.—A number of years ago, M. Haberstrect, of Munich, an old officer, amused himself by directing the labour of caterpillars, and succeeded in producing an entirely new and curious fabric. These caterpillars are the larvae of a butterfly known by the name of *finca punctata*, or according to other naturalists, *finca padilla*. Their instinct leads them to construct above themselves a covering of extreme fineness, but nevertheless firm enough to be impenetrable by air, which covering can be easily detached from them. The inventor made these insects work on a suspended paper model, to which he gave exactly the form and size which he required. He thus obtained at pleasure, among other articles, equine shawls, of the dimensions of an ell; shawls, two ells in length and one in width, an aerostatic balloon, four feet high by two in horizontal diameter; a lady's entire dress, with sleeves, but without seam. When he wished to give to the fabric any prescribed shape, all that he found necessary was to touch the limits which ought not to be passed with oil, for which the caterpillars have natural repugnance so strong that they will not come in contact with it. The fabric, although perfectly consistent, surpassed the finest cambric in lightness. The balloon which we have mentioned weighed less than five grains. The warmth of the hand was sufficient instantly to inflate it; and the flame of a single match, held under it for a few seconds, was enough to raise it for a considerable height, whence it would not descend for half an hour. When a shawl of the size of a square ell had been well stretched, it was blown into the air by means of a small pair of bellows, and then resembled a light smoke, subject to the slightest agitation of the atmosphere.

Some sound beams, formed from the wood of the mulberry-tree, have been found in the ruins of Nineveh, where they are supposed to have been placed at least 700 years before the birth of Christ.

THERE'S MANY A SLIP 'TWEEN CUP AND LIP.

By EDWARD MORDAUNT SPENCER.

A wild white rose and a smart blue-bell
Fell deep in love in a fairy dell,
And there they whispered their songs of love,
While syrens carolled their lays above.

They loved, nor dreamt of any alloy,
But looked on earth as a heaven of joy;
Forgetting—a breath life's thread may slip,—
There's many a slip 'tween cup and lip.

The wild white rose and the smart blue-bell
Had the "banns proclaimed," the church books
toll;

But, alas! 'tis said the bridal morn
Found poor blue-bell with the blues forlorn.

King Frost in the night had claimed his bride,
Like many a flower the white rose died;
Remember a breath life's thread may slip,—
There's many a slip 'tween cup and lip.

4, St. Alban's Place,
St. James's Square.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS

DISTRAINING FOR RENT, by WILKIE.

GENERAL NOTICE.—We beg to inform our Subscribers that in consequence of the desire of our engraver to do justice to Wilkie's beautiful pictures of "DISTRAINING FOR RENT," the distribution of the engraving must be delayed a fortnight. So that the Second Supplement to the "TRACTS FOR THE PEOPLE," instead of being published on Saturday, the 27th of May, will not be delivered till Saturday, the 10th of June. We feel assured that the Subscribers, when they see the Engraving, will not be displeased at the delay.

G. F. W.—Reid's Rudiments of Chemistry, published we believe at 2s. 6d., and also at 1s.

ONE OF OUR FRIENDS.—Read our article on "Healthy Skin" in last number
HENRY L. (Macculloch).—Thanks for the valuable "observations." When next you favour us with a communication, please to write on one side of the paper only.

AS ADMIRERS OF TRACTS.—We should say, have them half bound at the end of the year.

A. J. S.—Declined with thanks
J. W. and ONE OF OUR FRIENDS.—We will do for you.

J. BARRETT.—The lines are not up to the mark.

THANKS.—Many thanks for your favour—we never forget our kind friends. If you have any particular wish to know, we will send you his answer.

P. C.—The lines do the youth great credit, but we must beg to decline them, with many thanks.

A CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER (Cheltenham).—The lines sent shall be kept. Some day or other we may find a corner for their insertion.

COWLEY.—Accept our best thanks.

MARY ATKINS.—If, as you say, the work is so good and rapid, that will account for its loss of popularity. To your second question—no To your third—we do not know.

T. EDWARDS.—Your kind favour shall be inserted at a convenient opportunity.

G. G.—Please to apply at the Office, 34, Strand.

H.—Many thanks for your contribution.

AGAN.—We cannot insert your address, as they would be interesting only to a few individuals.

C. DILLOX (Glasgow).—Oil of turpentine is sometimes called essence of turpentine.

FINLEY (Liverpool).—The specimens of letter-press printing you were kind enough to forward are very beautiful. We have been able only to decipher in the monogram the letters V and M.

VEXONA (Glasgow).—We shall be delighted to hear again from this correspondent.

E. C. DAVIES.—For your valuable contribution we return many thanks.

YOUNG COLLEGIAN (Belfast).—Accept our best thanks for the two communications.

A. G. PEROT.—There is room for considerable improvement in your handwriting.

YOUNG CHARTWOOD.—We have the pleasure of acknowledging a communication from you.

W. We beg to decline the proposed articles of the Classic Poets.

DIRECTOR (Southwark).—If possible, we will shortly give you the information under "Useful Recipes."

MAZEPA (Manchester).—We will endeavour, if possible, to oblige so valuable a contributor. Many thanks. The following is an excellent cement.—Dissolve shellac in enough rectified spirits to make a liquid of the consistence of treacle.

J. D. JUN (Exon).—Your charades have been received, and will, with pleasure, be inserted.

R. W. H. (Pondleton).—Your suggestion shall be attended to. No offence could be construed from so polite a letter. Thanks for the offer, and scraps.

A. H. G. (Middlesbro' on Tees).—Enquire of Messrs. Willats, opticians, 98, Cheapside.

ZODIAC.—Thanks; there is no probability of an outbreak at the place mentioned.

SANS CULOTTES.—The best book to assist you in French pronunciation is "Reynolds' French Instructor." It is impossible to acquire it from books alone.

E. M. (Dublin).—No size is required; the riddle will hardly suit.

SNOOPER (Manningtree).—An advertisement will have appeared, before this number is published, announcing another beautiful engraving. Thanks for the enigmas.

J. O. R. (Wakefield).—Such questions are very difficult to answer. We have no means of procuring the information. Thanks for good wishes.

INCORRITO.—We will give the receipt you require.

TIMOTHY TUGNOTTON (Croydon).—Thanks; have the kindness to alter your nom de guerre.

YOUNG CLEMENTS.—The Recording Office, Vincent-square, Westminster. From 1s.

H. LAKE.—The publisher has been induced, through the representation of numerous subscribers, to issue a title-page, at the charge of a halfpenny.

ANNA GRAHAM.—See answer to H. LAKE.

CONTRIBUTIONS RESPECTFULLY DECLINED.—Mathematical Questions, &c. X. Y. Z.; Oh! Why should Man Repine! H. Mayer; A Simple Story; A Page from the Diary of a Law Clerk, J. H. G.; Song on Gutta Serena, C. T. F.; To Alice, and The Four Wishes, Laura; Be Mine, Dear Maid, Jessie; Essay on the Influence of Christianity, C. West; Halfpenny Steamboat Readings, G. G.; In the Midst of Life we are in Death, R. Mansford; The Miniature, A. G. Perot; Scraps, Jane King; Diogenians; Essay on Habit, W. W. W.; How to Make the Best of It, C. G. B.

All correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, No. 34, Strand.

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TRACTS

For the People,

A WEEKLY MISCELLANY OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE AND AMUSEMENT.

No. 2, VOL. III.]

SATURDAY JAN 1 1848

[PRICE ONE HALFPENNY.]



[HERNE'S OAK.]

HERNE'S OAK, IN WINDSOR PARK

OF arborescent celebrities, none takes a higher rank than "Herne's oak." This arises from the wild legend attached to it,

and from Shakspeare's notice of it in the "Merry Wives of Windsor:"

"There is an old tale goes, that Herne the hunter,
Sometime a keeper here in Windsor forest,

Doth all the winter time, at still midnight,
Walk round about an oak, with great ragged
horns;
And there he blasts the tree, and takes the
castle;
And makes milch-kine yield blood, and shakes a
chain
In a most hideous and dreadful manner:
You have heard of such a spirit, and well you
know
The superstitious idle-headed old
Received, and did deliver to our age
This tale of Herne the hunter for a truth."

To discover the particular oak of the extract just given has been the desire of numerous individuals, and the differences of opinion resulting from the investigation have been a fruitful source of controversy. Mr. Charles Knight and Mr. Jesse are the latest combatants. The latter addressed the following letter to the editor of the "Times" newspaper, on the 29th of November, 1838, in support of the oak which he had figured and described as "Herne's oak," in his "Gleanings of Natural History."

"To set the matter at rest, I will now repeat the substance of some information given to me relative to Herne's oak, by Mr. Ingalt (Engall), the present respectable bailiff and manager of Windsor Home Park. He states that he was appointed to that situation by George III., about forty years ago. On receiving his appointment, he was directed to attend upon the king at the castle; and on arriving there, he found his majesty with 'the old Lord Winchilsea.' After a little delay, the king set off to walk in the park, attended by Lord Winchilsea; and Mr. Ingalt was desired to follow them. Nothing was said to him, until the king stopped opposite an oak tree; he then turned to Mr. Ingalt, and said, 'I brought you here to point out this tree to you: I commit it to your especial charge; and take care that no damage is ever done to it. I had rather that every tree in the park should be cut down than that this tree should be hurt. *This is Herne's oak.*' Mr. Ingalt added, that this was the tree still standing near Queen Elizabeth's Walk, and is the same tree which I have mentioned and given a sketch of in my 'Gleanings of Natural History.' Sapless and leafless it certainly is, and its ragged bark has all disappeared:

"Its boughs are mowed with age,
And high top bald with grey antiquity."

But there it stands—and long may it do so—an object of interest to every admirer of our immortal bard."

After careful consultation of other authorities, we are inclined to agree with Mr. Jesse's opinion, and have therefore given a beautiful engraving of his tree, from an original drawing.

THE LEGEND OF HERNE THE HUNTER.

ABOUT the middle of the reign of Richard Second, there was among the keepers of

the forest a young man named Herne. He was expert beyond his fellows in all matters of woodcraft, and consequently in great favour with the king, who was himself devoted to the chase. Whenever he stayed at Windsor Castle, King Richard would pass his time in hunting, hawking, or shooting with the long-bow; and on all these occasions the young keeper was his constant attendant. But in proportion as he grew in favour with the king, Herne was hated by his comrades, and they concerted together how to ruin him. All their efforts, however, were ineffectual, and rather tended to his advantage than injury.

One day, it chanced that the king hunted in the forest with his favourite, the Earl of Oxford, when a great head of deer was unharboured, and a tremendous chase ensued, the hart leading his pursuers within a few miles of Hungerford, whither the borders of the forest then extended. All the followers of the king, even the Earl of Oxford, had by this time dropped off, and the royal huntsman was only attended by Herne, who kept close behind him. At last, the hart, driven to desperation, stood at bay, and gored the king's horse as he came up, in such manner that it reared and threw its rider. Another instant, and the horns of the infuriated animal would have been plunged into the body of the king, if Herne had not flung himself between the prostrate monarch and his assailant, and received the stroke intended for him. Though desperately wounded, the young hunter contrived slightly to raise himself, and plunged his knife into the hart's throat, while the king regained his feet.

Gazing with concern at his deliverer, King Richard demanded what he could do for him.

"Nothing, sire—nothing," replied Herne, with a groan. "I shall require nothing but a grave from you, for I have received a wound that will speedily bring me to it."

"Not so, I trust, good fellow," replied the king, in a tone meant to be encouraging, though his looks showed that his heart misgave him; "my best leech shall attend you."

"No skill will avail me now," replied Herne, sadly. "A hurt from hartshorn bringeth to the bier."

"I hope the proverb will not be justified in thy case," rejoined the king; "and I promise thee, if thou dost recover, thou shalt have the post of head-keeper of the forest, with twenty nobles a-year for wages. If, unhappily, thy forebodings are realised, I will give the same sum to be laid out in masses for thy soul."

"I humbly thank your highness," replied the young man, "and I accept the latter offer, seeing it is the only one likely to profit me."

With this, he put his horn to his lips, and winding the dead snout feebly, fell back senseless. Much moved, the king rode off for

succour; and blowing a lusty call on his bugle, was presently joined by the Earl of Oxford and some of his followers, among whom were the keepers. They all hastened with the king to the spot, when the body was lying stretched out beside that of the hart.

"It is almost a pity his soul cannot pass away thus," said the king, gazing compassionately at him, "for he will only revive to saguish and speedy death."

"Your highness is right," replied the chief keeper, Osmond Crooke, kneeling beside him, and half-drawing his hunting-knife, "it were better to put him out of his misery."

"What! slay the man who has just saved my own life!" cried the king. "I will consent to no such infamous deed. I would give a large reward to any one who could cure him."

As the words were uttered, a tall dark man, in a strange garb, and mounted on a black wild-looking steed, whom no one had hitherto observed, sprang to the ground, and advanced towards the king.

"I take your offer, sire," said this personage, in a harsh voice. "I will cure him."

"Who art thou, fellow?" demanded King Richard, doubtfully.

"I am a forester," replied the tall man, "but I understand somewhat of chirurgery and leechcraft."

"And woodcraft, too, I'll be sworn, fellow," said the king. "Thou hast, or I am mistaken, made free with some of my venison."

"Make good thy words, fellow," replied the king, after a pause, "and thou shalt not only be amply rewarded, but shalt have a free pardon for any offence thou may'st have committed."

"Enough," replied Urswick. And taking a large, keen-edged hunting-knife from his girdle, he cut off the head of the hart close to the point where the neck joins the skull, and then laid it open, from the extremity of the under lip to the neck. "This must be bound on the head of the wounded man," he said.

The keepers stared in astonishment. But the king commanded that the strange order should be obeyed. Upon which the bleeding skull was fastened upon the head of the keeper with leathern thongs.

"I will now answer for his perfect cure in a month's time," said Urswick to the king; "but I shall require to watch over him myself till all danger is at an end. I pray your highness to command these keepers to transport him to my hut."

"You hear what he says, knaves," cried the king,—"do his bidding, and carefully, or ye shall answer to me with your lives."

Accordingly, a litter was formed with branches of trees, and on this the body of Herne, with the hart's head still bound to it, was conveyed by the keepers to Urswick's hut, situated in the wildest part of Bagshot

Heath. After placing the body upon a bed of dried fern, the keepers were about to depart, when Osmond observed to the forester: "Thou art Arnold Sheafe, who was outlawed for deer-stealing."

"It matters not who I am, since I have the king's pardon," replied the other, laughing disdainfully. "My name is Philip Urswick."

"Thou hast yet to earn thy pardon," said Osmond.

"Leave that to me," replied Urswick. "There is more fear that thou wilt lose thy post as chief keeper, which the king has promised Herne, than that I shall fail."

"Would the deer had killed him outright!" growled Osmond. And the savage wish was echoed by the other keepers.

"I see you all hate him bitterly," said Urswick; "what will ye give me for revenge?"

"We have little to give, save a fat buck on occasions," replied Osmond; "and, in all likelihood, thou canst help thyself to venison."

"Will you swear to grant the first request I may make to you, provided it shall be in your power?" demanded Urswick.

"Readily," they replied.

"Enough," said Urswick. "I must keep faith with the king. Herne will recover, but he will lose all his skill as an archer—all his craft as a hunter."

"If thou canst accomplish this, thou art the fiend himself!" cried Osmond, trembling.

"Fiend or not," replied Urswick, with a triumphant laugh, "ye have made a compact with me, and must fulfil it. Now begone! I must attend to the wounded man."

And the keepers, full of secret misgivings, departed.

At the time promised, Herne, attended by Urswick, presented himself to the king. He looked thin and pale, but all danger was past. King Richard gave the forester a purse full of nobles, and added a silver bugle to the gift. He then appointed Herne his chief keeper; hung a chain of gold round his neck, and ordered him to be lodged in the castle. About a week after this, Herne, having entirely regained his strength, accompanied the king on a hunting expedition to the forest, and they had scarcely entered it when his horse started and threw him. Such an accident had never before happened to him, for he was an excellent horseman; and he rose greatly discomfited, while the keepers eyed each other askance. Soon after this, a buck was started; and though Herne was bravely mounted on a black steed, bestowed on him on account of his swiftness by the king, he was the last in the chase.

"Thou art out of practice," said the king, laughing, as he came up.

"I know not what ails me," replied Herne, gloomily.

"It cannot be thy steed's fault," said the king; "for he is usually as fleet as the wind. But I will give thee an opportunity of gaining credit in another way. Thou wert a yon buck. He cannot be seventy yards off; and I have seen thee hit the mark at twice the distance. Bring him down."

Herne raised his cross-bow, and let fly the bolt; but it missed its mark, and the buck, startled by the noise, dashed down the brake, wholly uninjured. The king's brow grew dark, Herne uttered an exclamation of rage and despair, and the keepers congratulated each other in secret.

Again Herne went forth to hunt with the king, and his failures made him the laughing-stock of the party. Richard, at length, dismissed him with these words, "Take repose for a week, and then thou shalt have a further trial. If thou dost not then succeed, I must, perforce, discharge thee from thy post."

Instead of returning to the castle, Herne rode off wildly into the forest, where he remained till eventide. He then returned with ghastly looks and a strange appearance,—having the links of a rusty chain which he had plucked from a gibbet hanging from his left arm, and the hunt's antlered skull fixed upon his head. His whole demeanour showed that he was crazed. After committing great extravagancies, he burst from all restraint, and disappeared among the trees of the forest. An hour after this, a man found him suspended by a rope from a branch of an oak-tree (now known as *Herne's Oak*). Despair had driven him to the dreadful deed. Instead of cutting him down, the man ran to the castle, to relate what he had witnessed, and the keepers, satisfied that their revenge was now fully accomplished, hastened to the tree. But the body was gone; and all that proclaimed he had been there, was the rope hanging from the branch. Search was made in all parts, but without effect.

On that night a terrible thunder-storm occurred, and during its continuance the oak on which Herne had hanged himself was blasted by the lightning.

Osmond was immediately reinstated in his post of chief keeper, but he had little time for rejoicing, for he found that the same spell that had bound Herne had fallen upon him. His arrows went wide of their mark, his hounds lost their scent, and his falcon would not be lured back. Half frantic, he feigned illness, and left his comrade, Roger Barefoot, to take his place. But the same ill-luck befel Barefoot, and he returned in awful plight, without a single head of game. Four others being equally unfortunate, the whole of them resolved to consult Urswick, who, they doubted not, could remove the spell. Accordingly, they went to Bagshot Heath, and related their story to him. When they had done, he

said, "The curse of Herne's blood is upon you, and can only be removed in one way. As you return to the castle, go to the tree on which he destroyed himself, and you may learn how to act."

It was midnight, and pitchy dark, as they came up to the fatal oak. All at once, a blue flame appeared, flitted thrice round the tree, and then remained stationary, its light falling upon a figure in a wild garb, with a rusty chain hanging from its left arm, and an antlered helm on its head. They knew it to be Herne, and instantly fell down before him, while a burst of terrible laughter sounded in their ears. Without heeding them further, the spirit darted round the tree, rattling its chain, and uttering appalling imprecations. It then stopped, and turning to the terrified beholders, bade them in a hollow voice bring hounds and horses, as for the chase, on the following night, and vanished. They obeyed the spirit's command; when Herne called to Osmond to bring him his steed. In an instant the mysterious being vaulted on its back, and then cried,—*"To the forest—to the forest!"* With this he dashed forward, and the whole party, hounds and men, hurried after him. They had ridden at a furious pace for several miles over the Great Park, where Herne halted before a huge beech-tree, when he dismounted and pronounced certain mystic words.

A flash of fire burst from the roots of the tree, and the forester Urswick stood before them.

"Welcome, Herne," he cried; "welcome, lord of the forest! And you his comrades, welcome too! The time is come for the fulfilment of your promise to me. I require you to form a band for Herne the Hunter, and to serve him as leaders."

Not daring to refuse compliance, the keepers took a fearful oath to obey him. As soon as it was uttered, Urswick vanished, as he came, in a flash of fire. Herne now blew a strike on his horn, rode swiftly on, and a stag being unharboured, the chase commenced. Many a fat buck was hunted and slaughtered that night; and an hour before daybreak, Herne commanded them to lay the four finest at the foot of the beech-tree, and then dismissed them, bidding them meet him at midnight at the scathed oak in the Home Park. Night after night they thus went forth, thinning the herds of deer, and committing other ravages and depredations.

At last the king, getting intelligence of these strange doings, was determined to ascertain the truth of the statement. He therefore ordered the keepers to attend him one night in an expedition to the forest. Much alarmed, Osmond endeavoured, by representing the risk he would incur, to dissuade him from the enterprise; but he would not be deterred, and the keepers now gave themselves up for lost.

When the king and his attendants came to the oak, the figure of Herne, mounted on a black steed, was discerned beneath it. Deep fear fell on all the beholders, but chiefly upon the guilty keepers, at the sight. The king, however, pressed forward, and cried:

"Why dost thou disturb the quietude of night, accursed spirit?"

"Because I desire vengeance!" replied Herne. "I was brought to my present woful condition by Osmond and his comrades."

"But you died by your own hand, did you not?" demanded the king.

"Yea" replied Herne; "but I was driven to the deed by an infernal spell laid upon me by the malice of the wretches I have denounced. Hang them upon this tree, and I will trouble these woods no longer while thou reignest!"

The king looked round at the keepers. They all remained obdurate except Barfoot, who, falling on his knees, confessed his guilt and accused the others.

"It is enough," cried the king to Herne; "they shall all suffer for their offence."

Upon this a flash of fire enveloped the spirit and his horse, and he vanished.

The king kept his word. Osmond and his comrades were all hanged upon the scathed tree; nor was Herne seen again in the forest while Richard sat upon the throne. But he reappeared with a new band at the commencement of the rule of Henry IV., and hunted the deer at night. His band was destroyed, but he defied all attempts at capture.

THE LONE FARM-HOUSE.

ABOUT thirteen miles from Shrewsbury, on the main road to Ludlow, the long, straggling village of Church-Stretton occupies the centre of a narrow valley, shut in by low wooded heights, through which many a winding glen leads westward through the Longmynd hills towards Bishopscastle and the Superstoues. This part of the county is even now wild and barren, the haunt of grouse, and snipe, and screaming plover; but still some fields have been enclosed, and sundry farms marked off where, fifty years ago, all was soft marsh or green heather. Far in the centre of the waste, at least three miles from any village, there stood, at the time we speak of, a lone farm house, completely shut in by three round grassy hills, between two of which a cart-track led out to the high roads while between another pair a little brook trickled and trickled by, on its way to the distant Severn. In the hollow and on the hill-side were patches of barley and oats, and a few woods of potatoes; but all the rest was a bare mountain sheep-walk, without a tree or a corn-field to vary the monotony of grass. It was a desolate spot in winter, when the swollen stream rushed hoarsely down the

glen, and fierce blasts came raging and howling through one or other of the hollows.

John and Rebecca Morgan had been married three years, and located at Longhope, the farm-house just alluded to, when the following events occurred:—

For some time the good wife had done all the household work unassisted, until the birth of a child, in the second year of the marriage, obliged her to engage the services of a young girl, named Jesse Williams. In winter, two or three labourers and shop-herds were generally lodged about the farm, but in summer time it often happened that, for days together, there was no one at Longhope except the good wife, her child, and her maid. Both Morgan and his wife, from living so near the border, were half Welsh people, and both were kind-hearted and hospitable whenever opportunity offered.

Little Jesse, on her first arrival, had been quite dismayed by the loneliness and solitude, but habit and active employment, together with occasional visits from a village sweetheart, soon reconciled her to the change. It must be confessed that her admirer, young Harry Watkins, was by no means above the ordinary race of mortals, for he was slouching and lumpish in his appearance, a thought passionate, and as obstinate as a Kerry pig. On the other hand, he was a hard-working lad, who supported both himself and his aged parent; and he had somehow managed not only to settle in his own mind that Jesse should be his wife some time or other, but also to impress the same notion upon her, she scarcely knew how. It was therefore almost a matter of course on every fine Sunday afternoon for Watkins, in his bright red waistcoat, and Jesse, in her blue cotton gown and gipsy bonnet, to roam "over the hills and far away," or else to stand side by side in the aisle of one of the neighbouring churches.

But "the course of true love never did run smooth." Even in the solitude of Longhope, a rival intervened to disturb Harry Watkins's calm security. On various occasions Jesse had been sent to Church-Stretton, to procure household articles of woman's gear for Dame Morgan; and being a pretty, fresh-coloured lass, she had attracted the notice of Joe Garbett, or Larking Joe, as he was called, who was not long in making her acquaintance. In truth, Joe was by no means bashful, nor afflicted with doubts as to his personal merit. He was a slight, active fellow, with light brown hair and grey eyes, the left brow half closed, from a confirmed habit of winking. There was a knowing, jaunty air about him, which made him pass among the clodhoppers for "main clever," a character, which he laudably endeavoured to maintain by constantly taking them in. Numberless were the pints of beer he drank at their expense, by means of tricky wagers, or skillful

doses of flattery; yet Joe was always a welcome guest at the taproom of the Talbot or Buck's Head, where his songs or ready-witted jests gave life and animation to the circle of heavy-headed beer-drinkers. The old farmers, indeed, shook their heads, and prophesied that he would come to no good; but among the "lads of the village," and, we may add, the lasses, too, Joe was a universal favourite. He soon managed to establish himself in Jesse's good graces, who was greatly flattered by such a conquest—indeed, he might almost be considered as her first lover, for her old sweetheart she had known from a child, and the fiancee from a playfellow to a lover had been scarcely perceptible. Garbett, too, was so much more insinuating and attentive, constantly walking part of the way back with her, carrying her basket, and chatting with a gaiety which contrasted strongly with Harry Watkins's matter-of-fact conversation. He took great care, however, not to come near the farm and there was so little intercourse between Longhope and the neighbourhood, that Jesse's new lover might have remained unknown for a long time, if she herself had not given mysterious hints on the subject to Watkins. It was some time before he comprehended her, and when he did, his behaviour was so outrageous, and he treated Jesse so much like a criminal for daring to have another admirer, that her spirit rose against it, and she declared her determination not to be scolded by him any more—he need never come after her again, she added, for Joe Garbett was a hundred times kinder and handsomer, and away she bounced, like a Welsh pony when a stranger tries to catch him, leaving Watkins dumb with sheer amazement, his face ravelling in colour the scarlet wastcoat below.

The result was, that Harry Watkins, on the very next Sunday, went to Longhope, and told Dame Morgan his grievances. The good dame, knowing him to be a steady, respectable lad, and having heard that Garbett was the very reverse, spoke seriously to Jesse, and even insisted on her giving up this new acquaintance altogether. But her interference only made the damsel more obstinate than before, and more resolved both to be "off with the old love" and to be "on with the new." She was obliged, however, in future, to meet Larking Joe secretly, and that worthy himself took especial care not to be seen in the neighbourhood. Thus matters remained until the 22nd of August, 17—. On the morning of this day Farmer Morgan set out early with all his men across the mountains in Bishopscastle. As he intended to drive home whatever sheep he might purchase that same day, he was not likely to return before dark. As they were leaving the farm, one of the shepherds fancied he saw a man's face looking down on them from the hill top, but

it vanished too quickly, and the bumpkin cared too little about the matter, to think it worth mentioning to his comrades.

While the men-folk were away, the good wife and Jesse were busily engaged the live-long day in brewing a cask of home-made—and hard work it was to fill the copper from the brook, ladle out the hot wort, and set it to cool in the mash-tubs. But all was done before dusk; the cooled liquor thrown back again into the boilers to remain until Monday, the mash-tubs all cleaned up and turned over on the floor, and everything set in order, to the high satisfaction both of mistress and maid. Dame Morgan had just sung her little Johnny to sleep, and, leaving him in the bed, had returned to the large room, which, like the cobbler's stall, served for kitchen, and parlour, and all, when she saw three men enter the farmyard and approach the house. She went to the door immediately, when one of the three stepped forward, and very civilly asked her to give them a bit of bread and cheese and a cup of beer, as they had lost their way among the hills.

Such claims on her hospitality had frequently occurred in that wild country, and she made no difficulty about giving the refreshment they required; but not liking that the room she had just cleaned up should be dirtied again by these strangers, she called Jesse, and bade her carry some bread and cheese and ale into a sort of open shed across the yard, where, in fine weather, the shepherds commonly took their meals.

The moment Jesse set eyes on the men, or rather, one of them, she startled, and reddened, and cast such furtive glances at her mistress, that the latter guessed instantly that one of the men must be Joe Garbett. She felt a great inclination to pack the whole of them off without ceremony, for coming in that underhand way where they were not welcome, but, on second thoughts, she determined to wait until her husband returned, and leave him to deal with them. Jesse bustled about to hide her confusion, looked out a huge brown loaf and half a cheese, and, bidding the men follow her, she tripped gaily across the farm-yard.

She had not been gone a minute before a scream roused Dame Morgan's anger still more against the men, who, she imagined, had been rude to her little maiden, and brimful of wrath, she hurried to the door.

Ha! there is no romping there! Shrieking in wild terror, the blood gushing in streams through the hands that clasped her throat, Jesse was staggering out of the shed. Close at her back followed one of the men with a bloody knife, and, cursing fiercely, thrice he stabbed the poor girl with all his might. The blows forced her against the shed, and the smallest man of the three, springing forward with an oath, caught up a broken ploughshare, and drove it on the victim's head with crushing vio-

lance;—she dropt, and there was no more shrieking.

"Murder!" issued unconsciously from Dame Morgan's lips in a hoarse whisper—the next instant her own fearful danger flashed on her mind. To shut the door and down with the wooden bar was instinctive. What next? Alas! she could neither resist nor fly. There was not a moment to think. The mash-tub caught her eye—she flung herself down on the floor, pulled the tub over her, and had just time to coil herself round before the ruffians burst in with fierce execrations. She heard their horrible threats, the eager search made for her, the furious rage they showed when she was not to be found. All agreed that it was impossible she could have escaped, and again and again every hiding place was ransacked except the one—nay, two of them even sat on the tub, and reproached one another with having murdered Jesse too soon, as they wanted her to tell them the "old un's" hiding-place.

There she lay, coiled, knees, elbows, and head all jammed together, not three inches from them, in fear doubtless—in mortal, agonizing fear—but still with every faculty sharpened to a painful acuteness, and not without a silent hope that the good God would ever yet protect her.

"Oh, heart of proof, stand firm!" She heard one of the ruffians start up, and declare that he could soon find out where she was. Then there was a cry—the cry of her little Johnny—the mother's heart sprung to her lips, for she had not thought of danger to him.

"Ay, burn the kitten," said one, with a mocking laugh, "and the old cat will soon come out."

"Well done, Joe," replied another, "clap his toes to the bar."

Mercy's misery they are torturing her child! His shrill screams of pain ring in her ears—there is a hissing sound as of burning flesh—oh! she cannot bear it—the devilish practice will succeed—the tub rises—no, it falls again, and the miscreants have not seen it move.

"I can't save him, I can't save him," muttered the strong-hearted woman to herself, with maniac rapidity. She gnawed her arm to the bone, but it felt not, for she dared not stop her ears, and the piercing cries of her child thrilled through her brain with a bitter agony that mocked all other pain. Scarcely a scream continued, she knew not how long, and still, with absolute courage, she lay inert and motionless as the dead, baffling the hellish scheme of those bloody murderers. At length they too wearied of the poor infant's cries.

"Stop the reptile's squalling, Joe," said one, sarily;—the next instant there was a dull heavy sound, as of something soft-swing against the wall, and the cries im-

mediately ceased. Then the mother knew that her little boy was dead.

The ruffians must have proceeded to search the house for plunder, since the next thing the miserable woman remembered was the rattling of money over her head. They had actually chosen the bottom of the mash-tub as the place on which to divide their booty, and talk over their future plans! After counting out to each other the price of blood, which was, after all, an inconsiderable sum, they spoke of her own unaccountable escape and the danger there was that she might be able to recognise them. All agreed that they must quit that part of the country, but it was at last arranged before they went that they would, on the following Sunday night, break into the house of a Mr. Harper, near Longday, which had been marked by the gang for plunder on account of the quantity of plate it was known to contain. And then, with brutal oaths and grumbings at their scant booty, the miscreants went away, not dreaming that a just Providence had posted in the very scene of their crimes a living witness to work out the destined retribution.

In about an hour afterwards, when it was almost dark, the farmer and his men came down the glen, driving a large flock of sheep before them. But no cheerful blaze greeted Morgan's return. He rode a short distance ahead, and when he found the door of his house ajar, and no light within, he dismounted hastily, and entered in some apprehension. No one was there; he called out "Becky!" "Jesse!" but they came not. Dreadfully alarmed, he rushed to the smouldering fire, thrust in some sticks, and stirred it into a blaze. The quivering light fell strongly on a white bundle at his feet, streaked with red. He lifted it up—good Heavens! it is the bloody corpse of his child! His shout of horror brought in the shepherds, and all stood gazing in dumb consternation, when, to their infinite terror, a mash-tub which lay on the floor slowly rose up and the form of a woman gradually uncoiled itself into a kneeling posture, like one rising from the grave. The face was deadly pale, and the open eyes stared vacantly upon them. At this fearful apparition, the men shrank back in superstitious dread, and even the stout farmer quailed. "Becky!" at last he uttered, in a doubtful tone. She nodded. "Becky!" he said again, more confidently. She stretched out her arms, and Morgan, recovering his self-possession, caught her up like a feather, and vehemently demanded his child. The rough embrace roused her from the trance into which she had fallen.

"Johnny is dead!" she said, pitiously wringing her hands, "Johnny is dead!" and that was all she would answer.

"Search the place!" shouted the farmer, furiously, "there has been murder here!"

Add while the men, with lighted sticks, and what weapons they could find, hurried through the house and outbuildings, again Morgan questioned his wife as to what had happened. But it was in vain, and, carrying her to a seat by the fire, he was about to join the men in their search, when all at once she burst into a loud laugh which froze his very life-blood.

"They burned him—ha' ha! ha!" she yelled frantically—"they burned Johnny till he screamed so,"—and she imitated the poor child's cries with strange exactness, ending in a fit of violent convulsions. "It took four strong men to keep her down while it lasted, but afterwards she was so weak that Morgan carried her to bed without any opposition, and she lay quiet enough, muttering to herself incoherently."

The men had brought in Jesse's dead body and as it was quite clear that murder had been committed, one of the shepherds set off on horseback for Church-Stretton, to obtain assistance.

Within half an hour, all the men in the place had started for Longhope, and a rigorous examination was made, both on the farm itself and over the neighbouring hills, but nothing was discovered, and the only chance was that Dame Morgan might be able to give some clue to the mystery. The village surgeon had already bled her, and administered a strong opiate, so nothing could well be learned from her before the morning. Meantime, the rumour of what had happened spread far and wide, and during the forenoon of Sunday people kept pouring in from all the neighbouring villages in crowds. Among the foremost was Harry Watkins, to whom poor Jesse's late seemed most incredible. He shed a few natural tears on first seeing her dead body, but the sight of her gaping wounds roused his dogged temper, and all other feelings were absorbed in the one burning thirst for vengeance. As yet, however, no one could point out the murderer, and he stalked moodily about, with flushed face and set teeth, glaring without reply at any one who spoke to him.

At last it was buzzed about that Dame Morgan had awoke quite sensible, and that the constable was taking her depositions; upon which Watkins forced his way to the bed-room door, where his well-known connexion with the murdered girl procured him admittance. There were only four others present, consisting of the farmer, the constable, and his assistants, to whom Dame Morgan, propped up in the bed with pillows, was faintly telling her tale of horror.

"I could not save him, John, indeed I could not," she said, in a deprecating tone, as she spoke of their tortured child; and, in spite of her husband's kind assurances and hearty commendations, she looked up in his face again and again, repeating the same pa-

thetic appeal, "Indeed and indeed I could not save him!"

The intelligence she gave showed clearly that Joe Garbett had been one of the three men. Above all, the intended robbery at Longden was of the last importance, and the constable, enjoining on all present the utmost secrecy, hurried off to make arrangements for capturing the villains that very night at Mr Harper's. The crowd of idlers without, unable to gather any information from the man of office, closed round Harry Watkins with eager inquiries; but he only shoved them surlily aside, without noticing their questions, and strode away over the hills at a desperate pace. Meantime preparations were made, with the utmost caution, for seizing the three desperadoes. Mr Harper was warned of the intended robbery; one by one, the constables of Church-Stretton and Longhope, with four assistants, dropped quietly into his house. Morgan, too, would be present, in spite of all remonstrance; the family went to church as usual, and when the bell ceased tolling, three or four men hid themselves in the front-parlour, and the remaining three, with Morgan, in the drawing-room at the back. The house stood by itself, having pleasure-grounds both in front and rear, and stables and other offices at each side. Half an hour had scarcely passed before a pane of glass cracked in the drawing-room windows, one, two, three men were heard jumping in, and out burst the farmer on the foremost, with a huge oak stick in both hands, one blow of which beat the ruffian down in an instant. A second was also secured without difficulty, and Joe Garbett, the third, was seized by the collar at the same instant by the constable of Stretton and his assistant. But that alert villain threw off his coat in a twinkling, and sprang at one bound through the open window. The constable drew a pistol and blazed after him, then threw himself out headlong, closely followed by the men from the parlour. But the fugitive was lithe of limb as a greyhound—life, dear life, hung on his speed, and he would probably have got clear off but for an unexpected aid. A man jumped from the shrubbery right in Garbett's path, dealt him a dreadful cut with a broad axe which almost shivered his cheek off, and brought him heavily to the ground. Again the axe was raised in both hands, and down it came with full swing, not on Joe's head indeed, but so close that it grazed his left ear. Before a third blow could be struck, the pursuers came up, and found their new ally was young Harry Watkins. He was perfectly mad with rage, and they had great difficulty in wrenching away the axe, and preventing him from finishing Jesse's murderer at once. As soon as Garbett recovered his senses, the three miscreants were handcuffed, and carried off to Shrewsbury gaol, there to await their trial.

The sensation created in the neighbourhood by a crime so atrocious was intense, and nothing perhaps in the whole business excited greater horror than Joe Garbett's cold-blooded murder of poor Jesse, whose sweetheart he had professed himself. People asked each other if it was possible that Joe, larking Joe, whose songs and jests they had so often laughed at, could be guilty of such unheard-of cruelties. But in truth there was nothing wonderful in it; his native wit and high animal spirit concealed a character of selfish hardness, a mind utterly callous to all human sympathies. The very habit of jesting on every one and everything, both indicated the man's heartlessness, and tended to increase it. Still, there was undoubtedly an apparent contrast between his pot-house levity of manner and his atrocities at Longhope, which deepened the general feeling of abhorrence against him. When the trial took place, the jury, without leaving the box, returned a verdict of guilty. An immense crowd attended on the morning of the execution, and when the three prisoners appeared on the platform for the last time in this world, they were received with a mingled yell of exultation and abhorrence. It was the only thing that seemed to affect the wretched Garbett—that universal expression of bitter detestation by his fellow-men. Hardened as he was to all other considerations, the village favourite yet felt acutely, even at that fearful moment, the loss of his little world's applause.

The hangman's office was soon done—the white caps drawn down, the rope adjusted, the sheriff dropped his handkerchief as a signal, the bolts were drawn, the platform fell, and in a few minutes three lifeless carcasses swung in the breeze.

REMARKABLE CASES OF FRAUD AND IMPOSTURE.

NO. XXV.—BOOK THIRD.

WHEN Parliament met in October 1678, King Charles adverted to the plot, stating that it was his intention to leave it to be investigated by the ordinary courts of law. Both houses were dissatisfied with this off-hand manner, and they made up for the king's coolness by their own scorching heat. They called before them Titus Oates, who never appeared without making copious additions to his original list of horrors; they committed six Catholic lords to the Tower; they crammed the commoner prisons with Papists; they declared "that there hath been, and still is, a damnable and hellish plot, contrived and carried on by the popish recusants, for assassinating the king, for subverting the government, and for rooting out and destroying the Protestant religion; they proclaimed Oates the "Saver of the Nation," and procured for him a pension

of 1200*l.* a-year. Charles, yielding to the storm, and never struggling with it to the risk of his personal convenience and pleasure, assured the Commons that he would pass any bills they might present for present security against popery. A bill was thereupon passed, excluding Catholic peers from their seats, which their successors did not regain till the year 1829.

The trade of a Protestant witness had proved so profitable to Oates, that it was not likely he should be left in the monopoly of it. His first rival, who almost immediately became a partner with him in the business, was William Bedloe, a man, if possible, more infamous than Oates—a regular gaol-bud, a swindler, and a convicted thief. In his origin he was a stable-boy, but he had risen to be a gentleman's courier, and, still aspiring to higher things, he had put "Captain" before his name, and travelled on the continent, making "a shift to live, or rather to exist, by his cheats." He had been recently liberated from Newgate when the reward of 500*l.* was offered for the discovery of the Pinnock Hill murder.

On his first appearance before the council, Bedloe pretended to no acquaintance with Oates, and disclaimed all knowledge of the main plot, all that he came forward to speak to was the murder. He affirmed that he had seen the dead body of Godfrey at Somerset House, where the queen resided, that Le Ferre, a Jesuit, had told him that he and Walsh, another Jesuit, with the assistance of a servant of Lord Bellasis, and of a waiter in the queen's chapel, had smothered the magistrate between two pillows; and that several nights after the horrible deed, three of the queen's retainers had removed the body from Somerset House. But as Oates, in defiance of common sense and common decency had been allowed a regular *crescendo*, Bedloe proceeded to revel in the same indulgence, and on the very next morning, when introduced to the House of Lords, he recollected that the Jesuits, Le Ferre, and Walsh had spoken of commissions given to the lords Powis, Bellasis, and Arundel. He also changed the two pillows with which he had stated Godfrey to have been stuffed, into a linen cravat, as strangling answered better with the appearances about the neck exhibited by the dead body. In this way he altered, as well as added, with the least possible regard to verisimilitude.

Afraid of being outdone, Titus Oates now proceeded to accuse the neglected wife of Charles. He swore that he had seen a letter wherein Walsman stated that the queen had given her consent to the murder of her husband; and that he himself had heard her exclaim, "I will no longer suffer such indignities to my bed; I am content to join in procuring his death and the propagation of

the Catholic faith." When the witness told this new tale to the king, he certainly knew that a project of dissolving the royal marriage had been entertained before by several of the king's ministers, and he imagined that the king would eagerly grasp at the opportunity; but Charles had still some remnant of conscience, and he heard Oates with indignation. After the examination, he said to some of his friends: "They think I have a mind to a new wife; but, for all that, I will not see an innocent woman abused." Oates, however, swore to the new story before the council; and then Bedloe came in to corroborate it.* The Duke of Buckingham had once proposed to the king something very like the murder of his wife—that is, a plan for carrying off the queen to some plantation in the West Indies, and Charles ascertained that, in this particular matter, in accusing her majesty, the duke had been more busy than anyone. He had not courage to declare his conviction, and to proclaim Oates an impostor, and the mouthpiece of a foul calumny; but he ordered that his papers should be seized, and that no person should be admitted to communicate with him in private.

Charles, however, could not prevent the appearance of Oates at the bar of the House of Commons, where, on the 28th of November, he raised his voice, and became the solemnity of the matter, and said "I, Titus Oates, accuse Catherine, Queen of England, of high treason." But the Lords would not join the Commons in an address for the removal of the queen, and the accusation was allowed to drop.

The first victim of this horrible imposture was Stayley, a Catholic banker, who had not been mentioned by Oates and Bedloe, but who was denounced by a new witness,—one Carstairs, a destitute Scotchman,—as being guilty of telling a Frenchman, in a public tavern or eating-house in Covent-garden, that the king was the greatest rogue in the world, and that he would kill him with his own hand. Bishop Burnet, who knew the witness, informed the Lord Chancellor and the Attorney-general what a prodigal wretch he was; but Jones, the Attorney-general, took this in ill part, and called it disparaging the king's evidence; and the unfortunate banker was condemned and executed as a traitor at Tyburn.

Coleman was the next who was brought to trial. After sentence, many members of both houses offered to interpose in his behalf, but he would make a confession, but he resisted the temptation, saying that he would not procure life by falsehood and imposture. Father Ireland, who was said

to have signed, with fifty other Jesuits, the great resolution of killing the king, was then tried, together with Grove and Pickering, who were said to have undertaken to carry the resolution into effect. The jury, upon the perjured and contradictory evidence of Oates and Bedloe, returned a verdict of guilty against all three. The victims died professing their innocence, a circumstance which made no impression on the spectators; their being Jesuits banished even pity from their sufferings.

Hill, Green, and Berry, three obscure men, who were employed about Somerset House and the Queen's Chapel there, were now tried upon the evidence of another witness—one Miles France—for the murder of Godfrey, the magistrate, and though Bedloe's narrative and France's information were totally irreconcilable, and though their testimony was invalidated by contrary evidence, all was in vain, the prisoners were condemned, and executed at Tyburn, solemnly asserting their innocence. Berry, who was a Protestant, was respited a week, and might have had his life if he would have confessed, or have corroborated the tale told by France and Bedloe.

Whithead, provincial of the Jesuits, Fenwick, Gavan, Turner, and Harcourt, all of them of the same order, were next brought to their trial, and Langhorne, a famous Catholic lawyer, soon after. Besides Oates and Bedloe, Dagdale, a new witness, appeared against the prisoners. This man spread the alarm still farther, and asserted that two hundred thousand Papists in England were ready to take arms. The prisoners proved, by sixteen witnesses from St. Omer's, that Oates was in that seminary at the time he swore he was in London. But as they were Papists, their testimony could gain no manner of credit. All pleas availed them nothing, both the Jesuits and Langhorne were condemned and executed. Sir George Wakeman, the queen's physician, and three Benedictine friars, were, however, acquitted by the jury, after a trial in which Oates was convicted of barefaced perjury.

Lord Stafford, nearly two years after, was the last man who fell a sacrifice to these wretches. The witnesses against him were Oates, Dagdale, and Tuberville—a new witness, as deeply sunk in villany and infamy as either of the old practitioners. The old earl—he was, in his seventieth year—made an excellent defence, and by himself and witnesses proved discrepancies, flat contradictions, and perjury in the evidence of his accusers; yet the lords found him guilty by a majority of 55 to 31. Accordingly, the old nobleman was decapitated, on the 29th of December, upon Tower Hill.

* See the "Deposition of Titus Oates, implicating the Queen in the Popish Plot," in "The Correspondence of Henry Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, and Laurence Hyde, Earl of Rochester," edited by S. W. Singer, Esq. F. 51, et seq.

Nothing can be done without labour, and every thing may be accomplished with it.

LOVE AND VENGEANCE.

A SICILIAN STORY.

(Continued from our last.)

CHAPTER III.

THE FATHER CONFESSOR.

CAROLINA's strict seclusion in the convent had not impaired her firmness, and some subsequent overtures of the abhorred marchese were repelled even with additional scorn. These transactions were carried on through the confessor, and she had haughtily commanded the father who bore his ecclesiastical proposals never to appear again in her presence.

A more subtle confessor assumed the place of the dismissed one, and the ears of Carolina were disturbed no more by open proposals. One morning the father found her in the most nervous agitation, her radiant ringlets disordered, her cheek alternately burning and pale, her eye sunk into her head.

The reverend father had insinuated himself into her favour by various acts by bringing her news from home by the loan of books, and by obtaining for her some privileges not usually bestowed on those her prisoners. He now endeavoured to ascertain the cause of her anxiety.

"Daughter, I have called to day to comfort you, before I take my leave from time. I am ordered by the prior on a mission to Trapani."

Carolina looked at him, as if she had never seen him before.

"Come, my child," said the confessor, "there is some weight upon your mind; some poignant sorrow in your heart. Confide your secret to me, the humble servant of holy Church. She knows how to forgive and how to console."

Carolina was still silent, but paced the cell in deep perturbation.

"There is news abroad," said the father. "Insurrections are talked of, and troops are said to be under orders from Naples. He spoke at intervals, 'There have been powerful names whispered. I know might, the Montefiore, nay, the Butera—but the populace on those occasions say every thing. No man of rank can escape. It is even said that there were strange doings last night.'"

He slowly raised his cold grey eye to her countenance, and as she caught it, a flood of crimson spread down to her very bosom.

"Strange doings indeed," she unconsciously murmured; and then fell into musing, and stood with fixed eyes and clasped hands.

"You are indisposed—feverish, my child; the weather has affected you," said the father, in a soothing tone, "and you should have advice. But the aneco has been blowing all last night, and nothing can resist it."

I hope that this night will not be like the last."

"Santa Maria forbid!" hastily exclaimed the unhappy lady, sinking on her knee and lifting up her hands to heaven.

"Now, daughter, as my time draws to a close, I shall not go into a formal confession. Have you longed for the pomps and vanities of the world since you have been here?"

"Never for a moment," was firmly replied.

"Have you read any of those books that the heretic English and half-heretic French are scattering round the island?"

"None, holy father."

"Have you never regretted the equipages, the crowd, the attendants, the titles, the jewels, the universal homage that is paid to rank and beauty, perishing flower as it is—all the glories that would have been yours if you had accepted the—"

Carolina interrupted the name of her hated suitor by half rising from her knee, and with a look less like an acknowledgment than a solemn pledge, sternly pronounced, "Never! No poverty could be so poor, no humiliation so degraded, no suffering so bitter, as to make me ever form a wish to be the wife of that traitor and murderer."

Her eye flashed and her cheek glowed with lofty indignation. The holy father made no attempt to stem the torrent.

The crimson of her cheek had sunk into deadly paleness, and her eye had lost its lustre in tears, before the confessor again spoke.

Daughter, sometimes like those do you honour. With sentiments like those the holy virgins the pride and glory of the church went to the scaffold and the stake. St. Cecilia and St. Agnes had uttering such solemn vows. Faith mine with the wheel before her and the fire blazing round her, would not receive the impious proposals of the heathen. Blessed is that more than mortal purity that will own no earthly spouse, but like the flame that burns up all its earthly adjuncts above. But still they have loved this if their hearts were not as the hearts of those who neither marry nor are given in marriage."

He paused, and cast a glance upon the penitent, but he took escaped him—it was fixed upon the ground. He returned to the subject of his conversation.

"Could they have been the glory of the past and the light of the future, if they had stooped their thoughts to our perishing, worthless, and sinful nature? Your heart, my daughter, is like—"

"Oh! not like theirs, holy father," sighed the penitent as she bowed her face to the ground, with the long black tresses drooping over it, as cypress branches over a tomb. "Oh! not like theirs," he murmured.

"What do I hear, holy saints!" ejaculated the father, as he flung himself back in his chair, in well-designed surprise.

The penitent, with still deeper prostration, uttered the words: "Wretch that I am,—I love."

"Impossible!" exclaimed the father.

"Wildly, devotedly—for life and death."

"And not the Marchese Spoutini?—whom then? I command you to speak."

She shuddered, and seemed fainting: the confessor raised her from the ground, gave her some water, and, as she recovered, again inquired the name.

The name of Vivaldi appeared to astonish the father. He gave a deep sigh, yet acknowledged that he was human himself once, and that the eye of youth was not to be restrained by the cautious wisdom of age, however it might be by "holy seclusion."

"But, dear daughter, have you known this stranger long? Is his passion to be trusted? The habits of his life are those of change and caprice. May he not have loved others less lovely? Nay, may he not at this moment be following his giddy fancies among the fair daughters of the island?"

Carolina cast an instinctive glance at the mirror; and who that saw her could think of finding a rival? Before her was the perfection of Italian beauty. There was a victory in the radiant smile with which the vision of the mirror welcomed her.

The father confessor gradually obtained the whole story of their loves—the secret meetings—the serenades—the exchange of letters—the plans of retiring from Sicily to the Milanese, where Vivaldi's connexions were powerful and noble. The father listened to the whole detail, which Carolina gave with the delight that the heart long compressed takes in disburdening itself.

"And now," said he, rising from his seat, and in a voice of sudden authority, "I command you, daughter, to discard this man from your heart—for he is a VILLAIN."

(To be concluded in our next.)

XTRAORDINARY.—Charles X., King of France, was extravagantly strolled, but is exceedingly venerated. He exhibited extraordinary excellence in exigency, he was exemplary in externals, but intrinsic on examination; he was static under exhortation, extreme in excitement, and extraordinary in extemporaneous expressions. He was expatriated for his excesses; and to expiate his extravagance, exiled and expired in exile.

Mr. Canning and another gentleman were looking at a picture of the deluge, the ark was in the middle distance; in the foreground, or rather the fore-see, an elephant was seen struggling with its fate; "I wonder," said the gentleman, "that the elephant did not secure an inside place in the ark." "He was too, late," replied Canning; "he was detained packing up his trunk."

COOKERY AND DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

A LITTLE work, with the above title, deserves a place in our "Library of Useful Knowledge." It is well adapted for the use of housewives who study simplicity and economy in the preparation of food, and who require explicit directions for their guidance. Every recipe, — every advice, — every little piece of information appears to be the result of personal experience.

From the second part of this work we shall make some extracts.

CHOICE OF A HOUSE.—There are certain important points on which you should obtain satisfactory information, in making choice of a house. First, take care that it is not damp. Dampness may arise from several causes, but imperfect drainage, and a too close contact of the floors with the ground, are the principal. When a house is damp in any part, no matter from what cause, I advise you by all means to avoid it, for it may produce the most pernicious effects on the health of your family. Second, see that the house has a free open exposure for fresh air, and, if all other circumstances suit, prefer that which has an exposure to the south, and possesses the beneficial influence of the sun's rays. A house with a pleasant southern exposure enjoys a climate several degrees warmer than a house which is not so favourably situated. In general, too little attention is paid to this circumstance. Third, ascertain if there be a plentiful supply of good water in the premises, and if there be proper means at hand for drying and bleaching clothes. Fourth, learn whether the vents go well, and do not smoke. The inquiries you may make in reference to freedom from vermin and other particulars, I leave to your own judgment.

FURNISHING.—When you design to furnish a house, take care to set out on a right principle in the selection of articles. It is essential, for the sake of neatness, and for a pleasing effect to the eye, that there should be a harmony of colours, and also a similarity of style in the main articles of furniture. Therefore, if you do not exercise a little taste and judgment in your first selections, you may find that you have committed a blunder which will cost you much subsequent annoyance. For example, let the tints of the carpet, of the paper or paint of the walls, and of the window curtains, be all in harmony in each room—that is, either possess a general resemblance of colour, or various colours, in pleasing contrast and harmony with each other. If the colour of your curtains be scarlet, and the colour of your walls or carpet blue, a most inharmonious and unpleasant effect will be produced; but brown and green, or green and gold, will be in harmony, and may therefore be placed together. Carpets being the most

expensive articles, it is safest to buy them first, and then to let their colour lead the tone and style of curtains, paper-hangings, chair-covers, hearth-rugs, and all other articles. It is also a good economical plan to buy carpets of the same pattern for several rooms, because, in the event of removal to a house with different sized apartments, a piece of one carpet may be taken to use out another.

TABLES, CHAIRS, &c.—When you are bargaining for tables, chairs, and other wooden articles of a fine quality, take care to specify that they must be of a solid fabric, and not veneered. Veneering is only tolerable in a few articles which are not to be subjected to much tear and wear; nevertheless, a practice has begun of veneering articles in daily use, such as chairs and tables, and consequently they are soon destroyed. Examine closely the back and seat-frames of every mahogany chair, and reject it if it be veneered. In ordering sofas, you should also take care to bargain for genuine hair stuffing, for in many instances the stuffing is composed of what is technically called *jobb*, or a composition of tow, wool, and other kinds of rubbish. Likewise, the hair should be well baked or prepared. I have seen a hair sofa, for which the highest price was paid, swarming with a species of louse, shortly after being sent home from the upholsterers, in consequence of the animal substance about the hair not having been properly dried by baking.

EARTHENWARE AND CHINA.—In purchasing sets of earthenware articles for the table, also take care to set out on a right plan. Select that set which, in case of breakage, can at all times and in all places be easily matched. If you buy a set of tableware which is peculiar or rare in its pattern, and afterwards break several pieces, you may be put to a very great degree of trouble, or even find it impossible to restore them. Thus, a peculiar set of earthenware or china, however beautiful and cheap, may ultimately prove a source of vexation and considerable expense.

FIRE GRATES.—In choosing fire-grates or stoves for your rooms, do not buy those which have burnished steel fronts, as they require a considerable degree of care in cleaning, and are very liable to rust during summer when not in use. The best and neatest, as well as the cheapest, grates, are those which are made of cast iron, and of an ornamental pattern. Let the grates which you select be small or of moderate size in the fireplace. Wide, open grates, by admitting cold air into the chimney, are exceedingly liable to smoke. In almost every instance of smokiness in a chimney, it may be cured by contracting the fireplace.

GILDING.—Order all the gilding of your picture-frames and other articles to be done in oil. Oil-gilding is not susceptible of flat-

ting and burnishing like water-gilding, but it is infinitely more durable. You may wash an oil-gilt frame without injuring it, whereas one that is water-gilt cannot be cleaned, and is soon tarnished. I never knew a glider who would gilt in oil unless it was expressly insisted upon.

HOUSEKEEPING.—Every good housewife is expected to keep a regular and continuous account of her income and expenditure. When properly set about and methodically managed, there is little or no trouble in keeping the household accounts. The keeping of an account of receipts and disbursements is calculated to have the most salutary and agreeable effects. The tendency to over-expenditure, or living beyond the means, is constantly checked, or at least you are not deceived upon the subject, and in all likelihood much future distress in circumstances is avoided.

CONCLUDING ADVICE.—It is justly considered a proof of judgment in a woman when she glides calmly into the respectable and onerous duties of a married life, and with a modest firmness commences to act on her own responsibility. The sooner that she accommodates herself to her new and somewhat trying situation, and studies to perform well the character she now represents, the greater will be her own happiness and the happiness of those about her. A young housewife frequently finds occasion to take counsel of herself, and she should therefore cultivate as much as possible her own mental powers or resources. By this means she will acquire a firmness and independence of character, which she could never possibly attain if she continued to seek advice and assistance on all occasions from relatives or acquaintances.

TALKING AFTER CHURCH.—“Well, Laura, give me a short sketch of the sermon. Where was the text?” “Oh, I don’t know—I have forgotten it. But would you believe it? Mrs. A. wore that horrid bonnet of hers. I couldn’t keep my eyes off it all meeting time. Miss P. had on a lovely little pink one; Miss T. wore a shawl that must have cost fifty dollars. I wonder her folks don’t see the folly of extravagance. And there was Mrs. H., with her possum. It’s astonishing what a want of taste some folks exhibit.” “Well, if you have forgotten the sermon, you have not the audience. But which preacher do you prefer, this one or Mr. A.?” “Oh, Mr. A. He’s so handsome and so graceful! What an eye, and what a set of teeth he has!”

If we are to believe only what human reason can fully comprehend, we must reject many things as visionary, the reality of which is proved both by the senses and the understanding. Such a principle, if carried out, would inevitably sap the very foundations of knowledge, and surround us with the most bewildering uncertainties.

POPULAR PASTIMES.

SOLUTIONS TO THE RIDDLES, CHARADES,
CONUNDRUMS, ETC., IN OUR LAST.

NAVES OF MILITARY AND
NAVAL ENGAGEMENTS,
&c.

- 1—Agincourt.
- 2—Saint Vin-cent.
- 3—Mars-ton Moor.
- 4—Salaman-ca.
- 5—Water-loo.
- 6—Ni-le.
- 7—Nav-a-rino.
- 8—Co pen-ha-gen.
- 9—Tra-lal-gar.

CONUNDRUMS.

- 1—Silence.
- 2—Plague (ague).
- 3—In the time of no A
(Noah).
- 4—Noise.
- 5—America (a merry
key.)
- 6—The Iron Chest.
- 7—From the aisle (the oil
that is in it)
- 8—When he's off his
beat
- 9—He has lost a crown.

- 10—The pit
- 11—It covers a multi-
tude of sins.
- 12—They are sure to get
a long sale (sail).
- 13—As a lawyer, he is
often called to the
bar; as a mine-
ralogist, he is well
acquainted with
quartz (quarts),
as a necromancer,
he can raise up
spirits; and, as an
undertaker, he fur-
nishes beer (beers).
- 14—She is often toasted.

SENCE

- 1—Scrape—rape—apo

RIDDLE

- 1—Nothing

CHARADES.

- 1—D (Dee).
- 2—J (Jay)
- 3—T (Tea).
- 4—Republican.

REBUSES.

- 1.—If, gentle reader, thou my whole would'st know,
Arrange the names of females in a row;
Then, by a deed of depredation,
Abstract a single appellation.
My whole thus found, curtailed, you'll see,
An emperor of high degree;
Another link from my tail thrown,
An under graduate is shown;
Again curtailed, I then shall tell
What children oft love very well;
Yet, once again curtailed by you,
An adverb is held up to view!

MAZEPPA.

- 2.—A personage in heathen fable famed;
A rural poem, by great Virgil named;
An instrument which shoemakers em-
ploy;
One half of what all creatures here en-
joy;
An ancient enemy of Israel's race;
A canton, which to Switzerland you
trace;
A lovely female in verse paramount;
A story which our seamen oft recount.

Reader! observe the initials; they dis-
close,
The demon of innumerable woes:
Oh! let him not approach your health
for he
Is the sure harbinger of misery.
The final letters of each word display
The finger-post which marks the only
way
To heavenly regions of perpetual day.

MAZEPPA.

- 3.—An essence often misemployed;
Man's great prerogative and guide;
The glory of the human race;
A virtue that relieves distress;
The disposition of the mind;
Knowledge of elevated kind.

The poet's region of delight;
The ocean of eternal night;
A balm that re-creates the frame,
A spirit of infernal aim;
A sentimental dream of bliss;
A boundless sea, and vast abyss.

A raging fever of the mind;
The element we breathe refined;
A grace whose charms delight inspire;
A precious gem which all deare;
A contest in which all engage;
The glorious topic of the age.

Join the initials, and behold
The publication they unfold. J. S.

CHARADES.

- 1.—Along the garden's flowery path
My wealthy first is growing;
To reach my next the crew tries hard
When heavy gales are blowing.
And many a home-returning swain,
As fancy was beguiling,
Has reached my whole in England's
isle,
His home where friends are smiling.

VILAS.

- 2.—The sun had shone, in all his glory bright,
Full many a day on this terrestrial
ball,
When lo! a reverend band appeared in
sight,
And prayers were offered for my first
to fall.
Not by my next, an implement of war,
With which our ancient veterans were
slain;
But as the dew, beneath the morning
star,
In pearly drops upon the glittering
plain.

Their prayers were heard: ~~ethwart~~ the
changing sky
My whole presents a spectacle sublime,
And spans triumphantly the hills no
high,

A transient visitant from time to time.

VILAS.

RIDDLES.

- 1.—A part of the day,
If you spell it each way.
- 2.—Of an action, a name
Each way 'tis the same.

THE Pampas Indians believe that the
stars are their ancestors, drunk and reeling,
in their paradises.

FACTS AND SCRAPS.

FEAST OF THE BLOODY HEART.—The game being killed, chilies, salt, and limes (always carried to the field) are brought, the heart taken out, and with portions of the liver and inside of the thigh, is minced and eaten raw with these ingredients, the sauce being blood!—*Mundy's Borneo.*

OPINIONS OF PYTHAGORAS.—Nothing perishes in this world, but things merely vary and change their form. To be born is simply that a thing begins to be something different from what it was before, and dying is ceasing to be the same thing. Yet although nothing retains long the same image, the sum of the whole remains constant.—*Lyell's Principles of Geology.*

A young lady and her lover were sitting side by side upon a sofa, happy in each other's affection, when it suddenly struck Miss Amelia that her young brother (a six-year old) directed a very earnest gaze upon them. Lovers often feel embarrassed by the presence of a third party, even upon the most trivial occasions, and miss exclaimed "Bobby, dear! what are you doing? had you not better go to bed?" "No, sister, I am drawing." "Drawing! love, why you have neither paper nor pencil!" "Oh! yes I am, though," said the sagacious juvenile, with something that looked very like a wink, "I am drawing conclusions."

Genius, when not under the control of virtuous principles, is exceedingly apt to pursue a wayward course, to the injury not only of its possessor, but also of society.

Haller, the great physician, seems to have been making his very latest sensations, and the final struggles of his body, subjects of professional experiment and curiosity. "My friend," said he to his medical attendant, "the artery no longer beats,"—and expired. Few people, perhaps, have lived to announce such a fact of their own system.

True humility of mind imparts gracefulness to the character, and is particularly amiable in youth. On the other hand, pride or ostentation is always disgusting, especially when exhibited, as is often the case, by persons of slender knowledge and shallow intellect.

When Diogenes went to see his tutor, Antisthenes, the latter complained of his great sufferings. "Here," said the blunt and unceremonious pupil, presenting him with a knife, "this will relieve you of pain in a moment." "Ah!" answered the tutor, "it is not my life I wish to get rid of, but my pain."

On the eve of battle, an officer came to ask permission of the Marshal de Toiras to go and see his father, who was on his death-bed. "Go," said the general, smiling sarcastically, "you honour your father and mother, that your days may be long in the field."

EXTRAORDINARY SPECIMEN OF NEEDLE-WORK.—One of these products of ingenuity and perseverance which astonish ordinary persons, was exhibited at our office two days ago, by Mr. John Monroe, of Paisley. This individual, who was apprenticed to his uncle as a tailor, had a taste for drawing, and as he grew up he could find no better vent for his artistic "darning" skill than in designing and executing a most elaborate and beautiful counterpane in cloth. There have been employed in the making of this counterpane 3,670 pieces of cloth, of various colours; and not only are there in it curious combinations and contrasts of patchwork, but portraits of theatrical heroes and heroines painted and bedizened in their stage finery,—views of ships on several tacks, the rigging of which is executed in silk,—and a variety of animals. Despite the novel and limited means which the humble artist had at his command to produce his effects, he has succeeded in giving to his cloth paintings a vigour, brilliancy, and beauty, which are really remarkable. Mr. Monroe devoted to this specimen of his abilities all his spare hours for eleven years and four months. — *Manchester Examiner.*

The Spaniards do not often pay hyperbolic compliments, but one of their admired writers, speaking of a lady's black eyes, says, "They were in mourning for the murders she had committed."

Powell, the actor, was so hunted by the sheriff's officers for debt, that he usually walked the streets with his sword in his hand, sheathed in *terrorem* to his pursuers. If he saw one of them at a distance, he would cry out: "Get on the other side of the way, you dog," and the bailiff would most obligingly answer: "We don't want you now, Mr. Powell."

"Study has been for me the sovereign remedy against the disquants of life; I have never experienced a vexation which an hour's reading has not dissipated."—"To be fond of reading is to make an exchange of the hours of weariness, which we should have in our lives, for hours of exquisite pleasure."—*Montesquieu.*

A brilliant comet, known as Halley's, which only introduces itself to the notice of the world every hundred years, will, it is understood, make its appearance in the present year.

BEEET-ROOTS.—Select for pickling, roots of blood-red colour, wash them well, boil them until tender, then peel them quite clear, and cut them across in slices not too thin, from which you may make many different fancy shapes. Put them carefully into jars with a little mace, pepper-corns, cloves, horse-radish, table salt, and sliced ginger, and fill up with the best vinegar. Tie the jars close with bladder.

THE ROSE OF ELLESMERE.

DEDICATED TO MISS WENTWY, BY EDWARD MORDAUNT SPENCER.

Where floral gems, bedecked with dew,
Shed fragrance through the air,
A lovely flower of nature grew,
The fairest of the fair,
The type of worth in beauty's dress,
Whose charms knew no compeer,—
The star of truth and loveliness,
The Rose of Ellesmere,
But fairest flowers often fade,
Like summer leaves in autumn's shade,
As good, as fair as Adelaide,
The Rose of Ellesmere

I knew her well in childhood's years,
When all was fair and bright,
Ere smiles had melted into tears,
Ere morn had changed to night,
For ah! with summer's opening day
Came winter dark and dear,
The time of youth stole far away
The Rose of Ellesmere
Thus fairest flowers often fade,
Like summer leaves in autumn shade,
As good, as fair as Adelaide,
The Rose of Ellesmere

4, St. Albans Place,
St. James's Square.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS

DISTRAINING FOR RENT, by WILKIE.

GENERAL NOTICE.—We beg to inform our Subscribers that in consequence of the desire of our engraver to do justice to Wilkie's beautiful picture of "DISTRAINING FOR RENT," the distribution of the engraving must be delayed a fortnight. So that the Second Supplement to the "TRACTS FOR THE PEOPLE," instead of being published on Saturday, the 27th of May, will not be delivered till Saturday, the 10th of June. We feel assured that the Subscribers, when they see the Engraving, will not be displeased at the delay.

CLARA L. (Manchester).—All depilatories, or substances for removing hairs from the human skin, are dangerous. Almost all of them consist in the solution of a menstruum, so energetic as to penetrate the pores of the skin, and destroy the bulbous roots of the hairs. The following is a depilatory known as "Deleiroix's Poudre Subtile." Orpiment, one part, finely powdered guaiacum and starch, of each eleven parts, mix. It should be kept from the air. For use make it into a paste with a little warm water, and apply it to the part, previously shaved close. As soon as it has become thoroughly dry, it may be washed off with a little warm water.

AN INTENDING EMIGRANT.—We cannot give you our opinion respecting the emigration of individuals, who are entire strangers, of whom we know not their resources, their trades, professions, &c. C. Knight, Fleet street, has published an excellent book, full of information useful to emigrants to the United States; and Mr. R. Howitt is the author of a good book on Australia. Dr. Rhane's "Dictionary of the Farm" is a very valuable agricultural work. Certainly, swimming has been frequently cured by the means stated by you.

J. E. P.-P. (Cambridge).—The scrap is so very good, that we are compelled to decline its insertion.

W. SNAWHROSE (Manchester).—We beg to state to this correspondent (and we hope the notice will attract the attention of many others), that he must not expect an answer to any communication under three weeks. It is but seldom that circumstances will allow us to do so within a fortnight.

TIM R.—First size the engravings over two or three times with a solution of isinglass and water, carefully strained, then apply two or three coats of mastic varnish. Be particular that each coat of varnish is dry before you apply another. Use a flat camel-hair pencil.

R. V. A. O. (Preston).—We shall be delighted to receive the contribution alluded to.

E. C. DAVIES.—We have received both contributions, for which accept our warmest thanks. We regret to say we cannot inform you respecting the date of Mad. Vestris's birth; probably about 1788.

YOUNG GRASSHOP.—Either read Mr. E. Wilson on "Healthy Lin," or procure the advice of a medical man. Much room for improvement in your style of writing.

CYRUS (Southampton).—In Xlander's *Plutarch* there is a passage in Greek, relative to the "Feast of Fools," celebrated by the Romans, to this effect, "Why do they call the Quinquagesima the Feast of Fools?" Either because they allowed this day (as Jubal tells us) to those who could not ascertain their own tribes, or because they permitted those who had missed the celebration of the Fornacalia in their proper tribes, along with the rest of the people, either out of negligence, absence, or ignorance, to hold their festival apart on this day."

J. W. R. (Manchester).—Many thanks for the riddles, &c.

OMEGA.—Ditto

MAZEPPE (Manchester).—Much gratified in receiving the *Rebus*. If you will favour us with your address, we shall be able to communicate to you in less time than through the present medium.

E. G. H. (Birmingham).—Decidedly guilty of a breach of etiquette.

WELL WISHED (Birmingham).—Much obliged for the *Rebus*.

A CONSTANT READER (Rochdale).—As several of your queries require the knowledge of a practical engineer to be answered satisfactorily, we must decline an attempt. Tredgold on the "Steam Engine" will give you much valuable information.

. The following is a form for manufacturing black ink.—Take of Aleppo galls, bruised, one pound and a half; green vitriol, twelve ounces; powdered gum arabic, eight ounces; steeped logwood, eight ounces; soft water, two and a half gallons. Boil the galls and logwood in the water till it be reduced to two gallons, then add the remaining articles, and put the whole into a convenient vessel, stirring it several times during the day, for fourteen or fifteen days. At the end of which time it will be fit for use.

CONTRIBUTIONS RESPECTFULLY REQUESTED.—The Tempest, W. Fairley; Popular Fictions, G. O. J. Anecdotes, C. R. On the Death of a Counsel, H. H. Riddles, Midas; Advertisement, Extraordinary, J. D.; The Highland Bannock, Fairwell A Working Man.

. Correspondents who favour us with contributions are respectfully requested to write on one side of the paper only.

All correspondences must be addressed to the Editor, No. 334, Strand.

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TRACTS

For the People.

A WEEKLY MISCELLANY OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE AND AMUSEMENT.

No. 26. VOL III.]

SATURDAY, JUNE 10, 1848

[PRICE ONE HALF-PENNY]



[PRIORY OF ST. PANCRAS]

PRIORY OF ST. PANCRAS, AT SHOTOVER, LEWES.

THE monastic buildings of the Anglo-Normans have nearly disappeared, even as sinking antiquities. Bereft of their endowments by the reforming spirit of Henry the Eighth, the buildings connected with religious foundations, which that arbitrary prince bestowed on greedy courtiers, as rewards for their acquiescence in his mea-

sures, or sold for the gratification of his own avarice, were quickly despoiled of such constituent parts as were necessary to their preservation. Many of these deteriorated structures were disjointed, for the value of their materials, parts of some few were altered, and converted into dwellings for gentry subservient to the will of the monarch, and others, tenantless and friendless, were left to moulder quietly into dissolution; their materials affording help as

the agricultural builder, or to the mendicant of the roads, as occasion might demand.

In some instances, however, these deserted remains have proved too massive for fortuitous efforts at demolition or have escaped, through accidental chance, missing perhaps, from clinging to bits of ancient plot at the end (although rarely) from antiquarian reverence after wars. Such fragments unite with the crumbling masses of dismantled castles in adorning this country above all others with ruinous but impressive memorials of the manners of past ages. Pictorial in the irregular beauty of their decay they at once convey the impression and instruct the understanding. United with the half-extinct works of art that linger in parts, a lesson of passive mortality, and the buildings raised by superstitious faith, in the august spectacle of the progressive dissolution a sound practical knowledge of the instability of all human modes and institutions which depend on human art or power.

The Priory of St. Pancras was founded by William first Earl of Warren and his wife Gundreda; it was dedicated to St. Pancras the martyr, to whose honour a small chapel had existed on the spot previously to the Conquest.

It was probably begun about the year 1072, and completed at 1078, but so few and imperfect are the remains of this once magnificent structure, that it is impossible to form any tolerably correct notion of its original state. The building was probably an irregular one, varying in its form as the increase of its inhabitants demanded additional room. But though irregular, it was certainly a noble edifice, faced with Caen stone, and richly adorned by the chisel of the sculptor.

The monks placed in it were of the Cluniac order, a branch of Benedictines. They were ruled by a prior who in after times had a seat in parliament as a *monied* prior.

The endowment originally very rich, was constantly increased by the benefactions of wealthy nobles who devoted the prayers of the monks, and a burial place within their walls, until their manors, grounds, fisheries, meadows, woods, benches, mills, and nearly every other species of property, almost exceeded estimation. Lan o, the first prior, was a native of Burgundy, and he was brought over by the founders to initiate the monks in the discipline of those of Cluni. On that monastery this house was made dependent; while, in turn, many other convents in England were subject to the Priory of Lewes as *Cells*.

According to Dugdale there are very few of what may be called historical notices of the Priory. "The knight who by mischance lost Richard, the son of Robert, Duke of Hereford, with an arrow in the new

forest, took refuge there and became a monk."

In 1377, at the beginning of Richard the Second's reign, the French, who had made a sudden landing at Rottingdean, carried off the Prior of Lewes as their prisoner, leaving behind him an opposition to them with too small a force. At the dissolution of the religious houses by Henry the Eighth, the revenues of Lewes Priory were valued at 1091/9 61 sum equal to at least £2,000, now as in our own times. Cromwell, the last prior, surrendered the establishment into the king's hands, November 16th 1537, and the work of demolition speedily commenced. John Pottmire, a minion of Cromwell the king's steward, was sent down to demolish the conventual buildings, and he proved a very busy tool for his rapacious master.

Soon after the dissolution of the priory, a portion of the monastic buildings was fitted up as a residence for Gregory Cromwell, son of the vicar general who married Elizabeth Seymour, sister of Lady Jane Seymour, the Queen of Henry VIII. In an unpublished letter, (in the Brit. Mus.) this lady speaks in high terms of the convenience and stateliness of this mansion, and from another letter of the same period, it appears that the 'bluff' monarch meditated a visit to Lewes to see his kinswoman. Her husband, however, advises his majesty not to come, as the plague was then raging in the town.

Like most other early monasteries, this priory occupied a low site, contiguous to water. The ruins though picturesque and pleasing give no idea whatever of its ancient appearance. Of the size of the church—a building almost equal in magnitude to a cathedral—the chapter-house, the refectory, and other principal buildings, nothing is positively known nor is the nature of the uses to which the existing portions were applied at all clear. One or two curious facts, however, may be relied on. The conventual oven was seventeen feet in length. The pigeon-house, which stood to the S.W. of the existing ruins, and was raked down about forty years since, was in the form of a cross, and equalled in magnitude many a parish church; the pigeon holes were 3,223 in number.

On the 28th of October, 1845, the workmen employed in forming a cutting for the Brighton and Lewes Railway, through the ground formerly occupied by the priory, found, covered by slabs of Caen stone, two leaden chests containing the bones of the founders inscribed with their names. They are not coffins, but *cists* (or *chests*), and are both of similar forms and dimensions, ornamented externally by a large network of interlaced cords moulded in the lead.

The cist of William de Warren measures 2 ft. 12 in. long, by 1 ft. 3 in. broad, and

is 8 in. deep; and that of the princess, his wife, is 2 in. shorter and 1 in. deeper. It is obvious from the length of these receptacles that their bones have been transferred to them from some previous tombs, and it is not difficult to suppose that the chapter-house not being built at the time of their deaths, which took place in 1085 and 1088, the founders were buried elsewhere, until its completion, and that the bodies were then found so decayed, that their bones only remained for removal to a more distinguished situation, and were on that occasion placed in these very leaden chests. Of the genuine antiquity of these reliques, there cannot be the slightest doubt.—*Collected for the TRACTS by Francis Edwards.*

THE FAIRIES OF LOC-IL-DU.

Loc-IL-DU is a town in Brittany, surrounded by dry barren heath land, interspersed with large rocks rising above the surface, it was there that faeries dwelt under the away of the fair Arma.

This unearthly being had so sweet a countenance, that to see it was considered one of the greatest blessings of life: the fire of her eyes resembled the brightest light of the moon, and the sound of her silver-toned voice was the perfection of melody. She was clothed in a green robe, made of spiders' webs, and had on each finger a precious stone that twinkled like a star.

Arma had a palace of crystal on the summit of the mountain, and a hundred faeries submissive to her orders; she possessed a sickle of gold, with which she was able to transform every thing she touched: yet she was not happy, for her desires were bounded by things on earth.

One evening, Arma called the faeries of Loc-IL-Du, who had been dispersed over the valley. At the sound which she uttered they came like a flight of turtle-doves, or of bees summoned by the peculiar note of their sovereign; she was standing against an apple-tree bearing golden fruit, and wore intertwined with her beauteous hair a crown of mistletoe.

"What would you, lady?" said all the fées in a voice. "What are your demands for the evening is short. Shall we make rush baskets, and fill them with flowers? or had you rather see us dance on the green? shall we knock at the stone door of the Korigans, and order them to make their rounds on the heath, singing the days of the week? Is it time to go and seat ourselves on the waves of the sea?"

But the beautiful Arma raised her head and said, "What I wish is neither the sea, nor the Korigans, nor the dance, nor flowers, for I am sick at heart; what I wish is

nothing that my power can give; it is the love of the son of Pen-Ru, the Knight of Tre-Garantez. Which of you has seen Pen-Ru gallop over the sands on his brown horse? His locks, raven black, flowing over his shoulders, his countenance noble and manly, all he looks upon seem to be made only to serve him.

"It is long since my eyes have distinguished Marc-Pen-Ru among men whom my love has protected and still protects. When he returned home at night by unknown paths, and descending steep hills, I sent the Korigans to remove the stones that would have thrown down his horse; when he ran over the sandy down under the heat of the mid-day sun, I called forth the clouds. It was I who sowed the seeds of the golden-tinted flowers which grow in the clefts of the Donjon under Marc's window. It is I who wove his fishing-nets, who takes care of his bounds, who sends the sun and dew to moisten and ripen his crops. All these pleasures are derived from me, and yet Marc knows me not.

"He has listened to the words of the young nun from Hibernia, he has forgotten the gods of his fathers, for a new god that they call Christ, Marc passes with disdain the sacred oak, and the affection of a fairy is without any charm for him. But he seated himself a few minutes ago on the moss at the entrance of the beechwood. I have touched his eye-lids with my golden sickle, and he is asleep. Come, then, all of you, and transport him to my crystal palace on the top of the mountain, and he may become my husband."

All the faeries applauded Arma, and hastened with her to the glade where Marc slept. He was stretched under a bush of white thorn, not far from a sacred stone, upon his brown mantle. The faeries surrounded him like sea-birds, and began to sing in chorus.—

"January for snow,
February for ice,
March for hail,
April for buds,
May for green grass,
June for hay harvest,
July for hatching eggs,
August for corn harvest,
September for fogs,

October for cold and boisterous winds,
November for overblowing storms,
December for shavings."

While they were singing this, they had raised the mantle on which Marc-Pen-Ru lay, and carried him into the air towards the crystal palace, but behold, the young gentleman awoke on his way, and when he recognised the queen of the faeries of Loc-IL-Du, he exclaimed:

"What wouldst thou with me, lovely Arma?"

* A kind of Breton dance that was in use in the middle of the last century.

* The chant of the Breton fées, according to tradition.

Arma replied :

"Sleep, Pen-Ru, sleep, until thou hast arrived at my palace on the top of the mountain; then awake to love me, and be my husband."

"But," said Pen-Ru, in a firm voice, "this cannot be, Arma, for thou art a Pagan divinity, and I am a Christian. Leave me then, and allow me to return to the place where my father expects me."

The fairy replied

"Thou dost not know what happiness is in store for thee, Marc: I will give thee my crown and my sceptre over all the world of spirits."

"I love more," replied Pen-Ru, "the crown of stars that God gives to his elect, and a place in his paradise."

"Thou shalt eat like earthly kings, thou shalt drink the most delicious wines out of goblets of gold."

"I prefer black bread and water from the fountains that the sign of the cross has blessed."

"Thou shalt be clothed in velvet and decorated with the most precious jewels."

"I prefer a slint of sack-cloth or hair, such as hermits wear, and which makes them happy."

Then Pen-Ru took into his hand a holy relic, in the form of a cross, which he held firmly, and said—"This will conquer all your talismans."

Arma wished to strike the relic with her golden sickle, but the sickle broke into pieces, and Marc-Pen-Ru continued:

"Those whom I touch with this relic will be compelled to leave me."

Then Arma ordered the fairies to carry him still higher, and when the forests and the villages appeared like black specks, she said:

"Now, Marc, thou cannot use thy relic, for, if we let thee fall, thou wilt roll into the abyss below and die."

"Happy," replied Marc, "are those who die in the faith—God will receive them into his glorious kingdom."

He then touched all the fairies one after another with his relic; they uttered a piercing cry and fled away, and the mantle being no longer sustained, rolled in the space like a flake of snow, and Marc-Pen-Ru along with it.

Since that time Arma and all her fairies have quitted Loo-I-Du; the forests and groves are become barren; heaths and the meadows bare ravines. At the bottom of the valley, there still may be seen three stones covered with moss, near which grow some stunted oaks, so low that a child may gather the acorns, and thus they call the tomb of Marc-Pen-Ru.

H—B—Y.

ECLIPSE. — The celebrated race-horse "Eclipse" was sold for 1,500 guineas.

LOVE AND VENGEANCE.

A SICILIAN STORY.

(Concluded from our last.)

CHAPTER IV.

TREACHERY.

HAD a thunderbolt fallen at Carolina's feet, she could not have been more overwhelmed. She felt her senses failing her; and, as if she determined to know the whole depth of her misfortune, that she might carry it to the grave, she flew to the casement, and, gasping for air, bade him reveal the horrid secret.

The confessor then, in his smoothest accents, gave a highly-coloured detail of the festivities under the roof of the marchese. He described Vivaldi as the most animated of the party, and as repaying the general admiration of the signoras by the most particular attentions. The names of some women of equally elevated rank and dubious respectability were forced from the unwilling narrator; and before he left the apartment, the lovely penitent was in a state bordering upon that which no physician can cure—a broken heart.

In the evening he returned, for he had, as he informed her, "felt it impossible to leave her in that state of mind; and had prevailed on his prior to send another of the brethren to Trapani as his substitute."

He found Carolina, to all appearance, recovered from her dejection, but the fever of her heart appeared only to have been transferred to her brain. She had assumed a light and fantastic gaiety; talked of the morning's discovery with something of contemptuous ridicule, and wiping away a tear, which she declared was the last that she would ever shed for any thing so absurd as human regard, avowed herself tired of the monotony of the cloister, and desirous to return into the living world.

The confessor was "charmed with so salutary a renovation;" congratulated her on her just scorn of her faithless lover; lauded the marchese; and, while he regretted that "single blessedness should lose so fair an ornament," yet allowed that "convents were not made for all minds."

He now turned to an escutroire, to indite a note to her family, communicating the change. But he had scarcely written a line before his hand was arrested. The hand which seized it was as cold as ice. Carolina stood before him. Her face was of marble whiteness; her intensely black eyes shot upon him as if they could read his soul. The confessor deemed himself in the power of a lunatic.

"Can I have been deceived?" said she, in a shuddering tone. "There is treachery in every wind that blows over this island. There is treachery in the palace, but there

is tenfold treachery in the cloister. As you hope for mercy in your last hour, tell me, have I not been deceived?"

"Daughter," replied he, with much apparent commiseration, "I would not willingly add to your distress. You doubt my story of the guilt of that man, to whom, in an unguarded moment, you gave your innocent affections;—do you recognise this writing?"

She glanced over the papers with a burning look.

"It is the Signor Vivaldi's," was the answer.

"Then read what he has written."

It was a letter to a notorious personage, the Lady Aurelia Melzi, a widow of remarkable beauty. It concluded with some railery of Carolina, and a contemptuous description of her portrait, which appeared to have been one of the lover's sacrifices at the shrine of the new idol.

Carolina read the satire with a languid smile. At length she said with an effort: "This letter must be a forgery. My portrait could not have been given up to be insulted. He may have forgotten me, but he is not villain enough to have done this."

The confessor drew a small box from beneath his robe. She watched it with a dry dilated eye, as it was slowly unfolded from a succession of papers. But suspense at length grew agonising, she grasped it, tore open the last envelope, saw her own portrait, and with a loud laugh stood gazing. She did not faint; she uttered no exclamation; but stood looking on the fatal evidence until, as if she longed to indulge her indignation and grief alone, she waved the confessor away. She laid down the portrait, and said: "Now, sir, conduct me to the world—or to my grave; which you please."

But the confessor had another purpose in view. He remained with her for some time; and by alternate reasoning, and wily appeals to her insulted spirit, at length extracted an account of the scene of Vivaldi's encounter with the Carbonari, to which she had been conveyed blindfolded, she knew not by what path; and from which, after having been an eye-witness of the whole mysterious ceremony, she had been brought back, she knew not by whom. The confessor took down her evidence and withdrew.

During that night, Vivaldi was seized in his bed by order of the government, and thrown into a dungeon of a convent, which had for some time been used for the concealment of criminals whom it might be inconvenient to expose to the public knowledge. His arrest was accompanied with the notice that his affiliation with the Carbonari being ascertained by indubitable testimony, he was to be shot within twelve hours.

The life of a soldier is a bill of exchange, always payable on demand; and Vivaldi knew his duty. But he had made up his mind

to die on the battle-field; and this mode of leaving the world was not to his taste. He threatened all the monks, nuns, and nobles in the island with sudden extinction; promised the full vengeance of the regiment; and finally swore, that, though if he must die he must, if he ever got out again, he would take the quarrel of mankind upon himself, and demolish the monks and their convent together.

He raved in vain. He demanded that, however contrary to the course of Neapolitan law, he might be tried before he was shot. This, too, was in vain. He finally wrote a letter to his Carolina, while the priest attending divulged the whole intelligence upon him at once, that his beloved was the witness against him. This produced a renewal of his excitement. He called the reverend father a tool of liars and assassins, denounced the cruelty that could thus doubly strike the heart of a dying man; called down the vengeance of Heaven on the corrupt and sanguinary injustice of the tribunals; and demanded that, since he must be shot, it should be done as speedily as possible.

The priest withdrew. The door was again opened, and Carolina, in deep mourning, and scarcely able to stand, was led in. Vivaldi sprang forward, and flung his arms round her with wild delight. She stood silent, and no more resisted nor returned his embrace than if she had been lifeless. He drew back in wonder and alarm.

"My love," said he, "I did not think that our next meeting would have been here. But you look pale, and I fear that you have been unhappy."

She hung down her head, and sighed as if her heart were breaking. He pressed his lip to her forehead, and they remained for some time in the "deep rapture of sorrow." At length he broke the silence, and taking her hand, said, "My Carolina, as it was the hope of my soul that you should be my wife, here let us—aye, even in this dungeon—take hands, and pledge ourselves to Heaven."

She withdrew her hand with a convulsive motion.

"We can at least die together," murmured he, as he sought her retiring hand.

"It was to die I came," were the words uttered by her marble lips.

"Here then swear, my Carolina, that living or dying you will be mine, my love—my wife," and he knelt before her.

"Your wife!" she shrieked, recovering terrible conviction; "your wife—I who am your murderer!"

Vivaldi felt as if a ball had struck him, but Carolina had found with her confession her strength of mind. She made him sit down, and with a frightful composure, went through the whole detail of what she called her "treachery."

They sat together for an hour, during which time Vivaldi had vainly attempted to reconcile Carolina to existence, and had only increased her desire to die with him, by clearing up the mystery of the letters and miniature, the one having been forged, and the other stolen. There was in all this a strange mixture of delight and agony, and their passion never burned with a brighter flame than when it was so near extinction for ever.

The roll of a muffled drum struck the ear Carolina understood the sound, and flinging herself into her lover's arms, determined not to be separated from him, even in the grave. A husky step was heard at the door, at which a masked and muffled figure had been long listening unseen in the gloom of the dungeon.

"The time is come," said the figure, "yours, signor, to die the death of a traitor, and yours, signora, to obey the will of your friends."

He attempted to force her away. Vivaldi sprang furiously upon him. In the struggle he struck off the intruder's mask, and saw the marchese. He exclaimed:

"Spontini!"

"Have you discovered me, then?" muttered his antagonist, drawing a pistol from his belt. Vivaldi grasped it, and with Carolina fainting on his arm, had yet the vigour and dexterity to wrest it from his hand. Spontini, foaming with wrath, drew another; but, before he could pull the trigger, Vivaldi had fired—the roof was covered with the villain's brains.

Vivaldi stood bewildered, but the wits of women are quick. The door lay open. Carolina put the dead man's mask on her liver, muffled him in the cloak, and, with the undischarged pistol in her hand, led him from the vault. All impediment seemed to have been carefully removed. They met neither monk nor soldier in the house. The garden gate was open. At a short distance were grooms with horses; they made signs to them to approach. The measure was hazardous; but, friends or enemies, they must venture. No words were exchanged. The men wore masks, and had been evidently placed there for some sinister purpose. Vivaldi mounted a led horse, his mistress was placed on another; and they all set off full gallop to the sea shore. There a barge was lying, with its sails up, ready for instant flight. The attendants put them on board, and the barge flew before the wind.

They arrived safely at the port of Livorno; and, as soon as circumstances permitted, proceeded to Milan, where they were married.

CHAPTER V.

EXPLANATIONS.

We have now only to say a few words for the purpose of explaining the secret history

of some of the incidents in our story. This is easy of comprehension to those acquainted with the scenes that have been enacted in Sicily during the last thirty years.

Spontini was a profligate, who loved money, beauty, and his own will, and had determined on making himself master of them all in Carolina. Thus he might have managed, in ordinary cases, by his powerful means of bribery and violence. But her open rejection of him, and her ungoverned preference of another, had put him upon the exercise of a more complete vengeance.

Nothing is more extraordinary than the lavish waste of intellect in which a thorough genius among the Italians will indulge, when passion, avarice, or scorn, has entered his heart. Spontini could have easily handed his rival over to the scaffold; but this was not enough. He resolved to make his mistress lead him there. For that purpose he had plunged Vivaldi into a meeting of the Carbonari, who assembled masked, and in the revolutionary foppery of Greek and Roman costume, weekly, under his very banqueting room; Spontini lying at once a carbonaro and a government spy, and thus providing for himself, however matters might turn.

Carolina had been humiliated from her consent, which dared refuse no request of this powerful reprobate, to stand as a future witness against her unfortunate lover. With a dagger at her throat, she had seen the ceremony of the inauguration; and, in terror, had watched the progress of her lover's undoing, till she saw him about to take the oath. Love then mastered fear; and she it was who had uttered the warning—"Swear not at all." By whom the words had been placed before him at the feast, was never known, but the coincidence prevented his taking the oath. Carolina was muffled instantly, and forced back to her cloister.

Spontini had come in disguise to the dungeon for the scarcely less than infernal purpose of delighting himself with the last agonies of his victims. His exultation, however, was too high to be prudent, and his coming forward a few minutes too soon, exposed him to the fatal pistol-shot.

The grooms and the barge were arrangements of the marchese for carrying off Carolina to a retreat among the Apennines, where, it was afterwards known, he had staked at one time as an experimentalist on the ruses of merchant and traveller.

IN the room of Egyptian curiosities at the British Museum, there is a model of a female in the act of making bread, and also a specimen of Egyptian bread and fowl; this bread is not much unlike in shape and resemblance to the common biscuit which is used at sea, having neither husk nor bran taken out.

LETTERS TO THE PEOPLE.

BY YOUNG CHESTWOOD.

NO. III.—CONDUCT AFTER MARRIAGE.

How many an hearth is made desolate by the inebriety of the husband! How many a home is rendered uncomfortable by an ill-tempered wife! Yet, is the wife never to be blamed in the former case? nor the husband in the latter? Man is often the cause of his own undoing. Why do your children go uneducated? or grow up idle and dissipated men? But of this hereafter. We will suppose that you have got a good, steady, hard-working, pretty wife, though this last quality is not indispensable. During the first six months (I fix a period short enough) most live happily. After a short time I have actually heard persons exclaim, in state of *amuse*, that they are tired of a married life; and why? "Is it not your own fault?" I would ask them. "Why no, not exactly," is the reply, after a little consideration. "My wife gets cross and ill-tempered, at every little pleasure I take, she storms and raves, or else, will relapse into a sulk, declaring that she is an ill-used woman, and consequently that I am a *brute*." I answer her perhaps rather sharply (for who could keep temper under such insinuations?); then she will begin to cry, and ever since this first commenced we have never had a happy day!" "Well, but," say I, "have you paid her that attention which she has been accustomed to meet with from you? Have you been attentive to all her little wants? Remember that, when you were courting, nothing would have been left unattempted to please her."

"But, my dear sir! you cannot expect a man to be courting all his life!" is the most probable reply. You may be kind all your life: remember there are kindnesses, trifling though they may appear, the value of which is only felt when we are destitute of them. Very foolish you have been indeed, if you have raised her hopes with vows of undying affection and eternal submission to her behests, and cannot keep them. Always show her that respect and attention to which she has been accustomed. Behave temperately; let not the ardour of love sway you one moment, and the lowering frown of unthankfulness appear upon your brow at another. Concede, in some little, to her wishes, even though it be not pleasing to you. Woman is very quick-sighted;—she will easily perceive your self-denial, and be more willing to follow your wishes. Show by your actions that you still regard her with the same fond love that was bestowed upon her the first moment of your courtship. Always be willing to remain in the company of your wife; never let her imagine you prefer any other. Is there any man so ridiculous as to believe that his wife will respect and love him the less if he be-

have kindly to her? Does he expect to maintain his authority by brute force? Sure the age for such suppositions is gone! Will she not endeavour to do in secret those things she is forbidden to do openly? Will she not consider her dignity injured, and think herself right in endeavouring to cheat you, when away? Out of such conduct springs the worst of misery. Do not encourage the idea that she is of less importance than yourself, that her household duties are nothing in comparison with your own commercial pursuits; remember she has her cares, she has her sorrows, that, if she be a good wife, she will soon to murmur against; recollect she tends your house with a care that no other would do for you. While engaged in business, you are blessed in the knowledge that you have left behind one whom you can depend upon. In return for these marks of industry, always praise her when deserving, and let her see that you appreciate them. If you seriously consider her in the wrong, reason with her; show her that she has been in error, mildly, and, at the same time, firmly. A failure, in this last is a feature in the character of most husbands: they love their wives; and, though convinced that they are in the wrong, concede to their views in every case at last, though, at first, strenuously opposed to them. Give her time to consider, and never be too hasty in demanding an acknowledgment. Some females will attack their husbands, in the language of a tyrant. To such, always reply calmly, in dignity, and pityingly, or not at all. Persevere a little, and shame will prevent what abuse never could.

LEGAL ANECDOTES.

"WHEN I was Solicitor or Attorney-General," says Lord Eldon, in his *Anecdotes Book*, "we had this curious case of smuggling proved. A person at Dover smuggled 3,000 pairs of French gloves. He sent all the right-hand gloves to London. They were seized and told. Nobody would buy right-hand gloves who had not the left-hand gloves. The smuggler therefore bought them for a mere trifle. Having purchased the right-hand gloves, he then sent the 3,000 left-hand gloves to London. They were also seized, sold, and of course bought by him for a price next to nothing. Thus he became possessed of them, though contraband, according to law, and, as a smuggler would say, in an honest way."

A ship at Bristol was prosecuted for condemnation for having on board smuggled goods to a great amount. The defendant's counsel, Mr. Rous, insisted that the goods had been put on board in order that the ship should be condemned, whilst the captain had gone ashore to see his wife, whom he tenderly loved, and his children, whom he

was extremely fond of, at the end of a very long voyage, in which he had been absent from them. This was all collusion; but it was put a stop to by a sailor in court starting up and exclaiming, "Well, that's a good one,—that's a good fetch. Why my mistress and her children were aboard ship with our captain during the whole of the voyage!"

Sir Fletcher Norton, at Durham, examined a sailor as a witness, who vexed Sir Fletcher by the manner and matter of his answers. "Oh," said Sir Fletcher, "you affect to be a very clever fellow—quite a wit." "To be sure I do," said the sailor; "I am a well-educated one." "You well-educated! why, where?" exclaimed Sir Fletcher;—"where were you educated?" "At the university," returned the sailor. "University?" replied the lawyer,—“at what university could you be educated?" "Why," said the man, "at the university from which you were expelled for your impudence—Billingsgate."

Sir Fletcher had the reputation of not adhering strictly to truth. It was imputed to him that he said—"My dear lady is the most unfortunate player at cards that ever was known. She has played whist for twenty years, and never had a trump." "Nay," said somebody, "how can that be? she must have had a trump when she dealt!" "Oh, as to that," said he, "she lost every deal during the whole twenty years."

Taylor, a celebrated oculist in his day, dining on one occasion with the barristers upon the Oxford circuit, having related many wonderful things which he represented himself to have performed, was asked by one of the company, who was a little out of humour with his self-conceit, "Pray, chivalier, as you have told us of a great many things which you have done and can do, will you be so good as to try to tell us any thing which you cannot do?" "Nothing so easy," replied Taylor. "I cannot pay my share of the dinner bill, and that, sir, I must beg of you to do."

Upon the trial of a horse cause before Lord Mansfield, a witness was examined, who stated that the horse was returned to his master after the gentleman who had bought it had kept it nearly three months. "What?" said Lord Mansfield; "was your master willing, at the end of three months, to take it back again? How could he be such a fool? Who advised him to do that?"—"My lord," said the witness, "I advised him to take the horse again."—"How could you be such a fool?" said the Chief Justice. "What was your reason for giving that advice?"—"Please you, my lord!" said the witness, "I told my master what all the world knows—that your lordship was always against a horse-dealer, right or wrong, and therefore he had better take it back."

Many absurdities have been noticed in Irish acts of parliament; perhaps none

greater than what may be found in an English act. There was an act for rebuilding Chelmsford gaol. By one section the new gaol was to be built from the materials of the old gaol; by another, the prisoners were to be kept in the old gaol till the new gaol was finished!

Serjeant Davy had a very large brief, with a fee of two guineas only on the back of it. His client asked him if he had read his brief. He pointed with his finger to the fee, and said, "As far as that I have read, and for the life of me I can read no farther."

REMARKABLE CASES OF FRAUD AND IMPOSTURE

NO. XXVI.—BOOK THIRD.

MR MALONE in the preface to his edition of Shakspeare, has shown that Shakspeare died at the age of fifty-two, in April, 1616, leaving his daughter, and her husband, Dr. J Hall, executors. The will demonstrates that he died possessed of "bubles, gewgaws, and toys to mock apes," &c. Dr. Hall died in 1635, leaving a will, and bequeathing his library and MSS to J. Nash. "Here," says Mr. Malone, "is a proof that the executor of Shakspeare's will left a library and MSS behind him." Mr. Malone then traced down, from the public records, the legal transmission of the personal property of Shakspeare's descendants to a recent period; from which he inferred, that, amongst the present generation of them, fragments might be found, if curiosity would prompt diligence to search the repositories of concealment. The search proved successful, and from the appearance of the MSS of Shakspeare in 1790, every day was full of expectancy of more arrivals, in fact, discovery succeeded discovery so fast, that Mr. Malone obtained documents enough to fill a folio.

A new discovery of Shakspearean papers was announced for exhibition in Norfolk-street, in 1794, and curiosity was again roused.

Mr. Malone, from some private reasons, seemed indifferent about these papers in Norfolk-street; and he was urged by these reasons to contradict that probability which he had taught the imaginative world to entertain in favour of the discovery of Shakspearean fragments. Many persons, however, were persuaded of the authenticity of these miscellaneous papers, and they assisted the publication of them by subscription. *Four guineas* a copy were paid by the subscribers.

When the book came out, and not till then, did Mr. Malone condescend to look at it, and examine its pretensions; and he quickly decided it to be a palpable and bold forgery. This he demonstrated by a learned and critical examination of each particular paper. His inquiry was drawn up in the form of a letter, and addressed to the Right

Hon. James, Earl of Charlemont, in the year 1796.

The editor of the work, Mr. Ireland, stated that the papers came into his hands from his son, Samuel William Henry Ireland, a young man nineteen years of age, by whom the discovery was accidentally made, at the house of a gentleman of considerable property, amongst a heterogeneous collection of family papers. In pursuing this research, he was so fortunate as to meet with some deeds very material to the interest of the gentleman at whose house he was staying; and such as established, beyond all doubt, his title to considerable property, of which he was as ignorant as he was of possessing these interesting MSS. of Shakspeare. In return for this service, the gentleman promised him every paper relative to Shakspeare. Fully satisfied with the honour and liberality shown to him, the finder of these treasures did not feel justified in impertuning or requesting a gentleman, to whom he was known by obligation alone, to subject himself to the impertinence and licentiousness of literary curiosity and cavil, unless he should voluntarily come forward. He had applied to the original possessor of them for his permission to print them, and only obtained it under the strongest injunctions to secrecy.

"It is to be observed," says Mr Malone, in his letter to the Earl of Charlemont, "that we are not told where the deed was first discovered, it is said in a mansion house, but where situated is not stated. Another incident is mentioned 'the discoverer met the possessor, to whom he was unknown, at a coffee-house, or some public place, and the conversation turning on old autographs, of which the discoverer was a collector, the country gentleman said to him, 'If you are for autographs, I am your man; come to my chambers, any morning, and rummage my old deeds, and you will find enough of them.' Accordingly the discoverer goes, and, taking down a parcel, in a few minutes lighted on the name of Shakspeare. The discovery of the title to a considerable estate was so fortunate and beneficial a circumstance to this unknown gentleman, that we cannot wonder at his liberality in giving up all his right to these valuable literary curiosities, but one naturally wishes to know in what county this estate lies, or whether any suit has been instituted within the last year or two, in consequence of such a discovery of title-deeds so little dreamt of."

Mr. Malone then attacks the papers critically, and shows that the orthography is not only not the orthography of Elizabeth, or her time, but for the most part of no age whatever. The phraseology is equally faulty.

Among the dupes to this imposture were several men of eminence in various departments of literature; but the list of them

included no individual whose judgment carried very high authority. The most respectable of the believers was Dr. Parr, who, with all his learning, was in many respects a simpleton. Another was John Pinkerton, who, with a little learning, was a great charlatan. A third was George Chalmers, who, with no learning at all, was equally destitute of taste. Mr. Bowden, a well-known writer of theatrical memoirs, wrote as follows to Mr. G. Steevens, after having seen the MSS. "In some instances credulity is no disgrace, strong enthusiasm is always eager to believe, I confess that for some time after I had seen them I continued to think they might be genuine; they bore the character of the poet's writing, the paper appeared of sufficient age, the water-marks were earnestly displayed, and the matter diligently applauded; I remember that I beheld the papers with the tremor of utmost delight, touched the invaluable relics with reverential respect, and deemed even existence dear as it gave me so refined a satisfaction." And James Boswell, the biographer of Dr. S. Johnson, previous to signing his name to a certificate expressing his belief of the authenticity of the papers, fell on his knees, and in a tone of enthusiasm and exultation thanked God that he had lived to witness their discovery, and that he could now die in peace.

The young man, Samuel William Henry Ireland, was the sole contriver of the imposture, his father, the editor of the collection of papers, being equally a dupe with so many others. In an exculpatory pamphlet he says, "In justice to the memory of my father, I think it necessary to give a true account of the publication of these MSS. After dinner my father would read different accounts of Shakspeare, and remark how wonderful it was that no vestige of his signature remains, except that at Doctor's Commons. Curiosity led me to look at the signature in Steevens's edition of his plays, and it occurred to me that if some old writing could be produced and passed off for Shakspeare's, it might occasion a little mirth, and show how far credulity would go in search of antiquities. I first tried an experiment by writing a letter, as from the author of an old book in my possession, in dedication of it to Queen Elizabeth. I showed it to my father, who thought it genuine. This encouraged me to proceed till the whole work was completed, and published with the following title-page: 'Miscellaneous papers and legal instruments under the hand and seal of William Shakspeare, including the tragedy of King Lear, and a fragment of Hamlet; folio, London, 1796.' And subsequently, 'Free reflections on the miscellaneous papers, &c., in the possession of S. Ireland, to which are added extracts from the Virgin Queen, a play.'"

The story of the country gentleman was told to silence the numerous inquiries as to where they came from.

Mr. S. Ireland, the father, also published a "Vindication," in concluding which he says, "I most sincerely regret any offence I may have given the world, or particular individuals, trusting at the same time, that they will deem the whole the work of a boy, with any evil or bad intent, but hurried on, thoughtless of any danger that awaited to ensnare him."

The drama of "Vortigern," which formed one portion of the tragedy, was launched on the stage of Drury-lane, on the 2nd of April, 1736. That Sheridan, who was then lessee of that theatre, believed it to be authentic, is not to be credited. Mrs. Siddons was at one time engaged to take the part of "Rowena," and was actually employed in committing it to memory. To this drama she alludes in the following extract from a letter addressed by her to her friend, Mrs. Piozzi:—"All sensible persons are convinced that 'Vortigern' is a most audacious impostor. If he be not, I can only say that Shakspeare's writings are more unequal than those of any other man."

STORY OF A MUSICIAN.

THE story of the life of Stradella is so strange and melancholy, that it might be supposed to have been embellished by fiction, were it not that in all its particulars it rests on evidence which cannot be doubted. He was born at Naples in the earlier part of the seventeenth century, but we do not find any record of the date of his birth. While yet a young man, and having acquired great reputation at Venice, he was employed by a nobleman of that city to give instructions in music to a young lady of noble birth, named Hortensia. She had been seduced from her family by this nobleman, with whom she was living when Stradella was introduced to her acquaintance. She was beautiful and accomplished, and notwithstanding her unhappy fall from virtue, must have possessed estimable as well as amiable qualities. A mutual passion sprang up in the minds of the youthful instructor and his still more youthful pupil, and he prevailed upon her to fly from the house of her seducer.

The enraged Venetian, on discovering their flight, resolved that nothing but their death should satisfy his vengeance. He accordingly hired two bravo's, instructing them to follow the fugitives, and execute his purpose, wherever they should be found. They proceeded to Naples, Stradella's birth-place, supposing he would most probably return thither. After a vain search, however, in that city, they learned that he and the lady were living in Rome, where she was regarded as his wife. They applied to their employer

for a recommendation to the Venetian ambassador at Rome, in order that they might find an asylum after the perpetration of the deed; and, thus provided, they arrived at that city.

They soon discovered Stradella's residence; but hearing that an oratorio composed by him was to be performed in one of the churches, they determined to waylay and murder him on his return home, in the darkness of the night. They entered the church while Stradella himself was singing; and so exquisite was the beauty and pathos of his music, that these men (who, ruffians as they were, were yet Italians, and possessed of the musical sensibility of their country) were melted by it; and they could not bear to take the life of a man who had given them such sweet and unworldly emotions. They waited for him in the street, but, instead of plunging their daggers in his heart, informed him of what had been their purpose, and warned him to fly with his companion to some place of greater safety.

The lovers instantly fled from Rome and took up their abode at Turin. The bravo's, returning to their employer, told him that they had traced the fugitives to that place; but that, as the laws in Turin were exceedingly severe, and the chance of escape after the commission of such a deed very difficult, they would have no further concern in the matter. The Venetian, however, bent on the accomplishment of his bloody purpose, engaged two other assassins on whom he could place greater reliance, procuring for them letters of recommendation from the French ambassador at Venice to the ambassador of the same country at Turin, in the character of two merchants who were led to Turin by commercial pursuits. The murderers delivered their credentials, and remained in the city, waiting for the opportunity to strike.

In the meantime the Duchess of Savoy, then regent of the kingdom, having been informed of the story of the persecuted lovers, and wishing to save them from the imminent danger in which they were placed, Hortensia in a convent, and retained Stradella in her own service, giving him a residence in the palace.

After some time, Stradella began to feel himself in some measure secure; but one evening, having ventured to walk on the ramparts, he was attacked by his hidden enemies, who each stabbed him with a dagger, and fled for sanctuary to the house of the French ambassador. The news of this deed immediately reached the duchess, who ordered the gates to be shut, and required the ambassador, M. de Villars, to give up the murderers, which he declined to do, on the ground of the recommendation which they had brought to him from M. d'Estrade, the French ambassador at Venice. The circumstances under which this recommendation had been given, became a subject of expla-

nation between these functionaries; and as it appeared that M. d'Estrade had been led to give it by false representations, the murderers would have been given up to justice had their attempt terminated fatally. Stradella, however, recovered; and the diplomatic question as to the disposal of the villains was got rid of by allowing them to make their escape.

Still the persecutor of this hapless pair remained implacable. He continued to have them constantly watched by spies whom he kept at Turin. A year elapsed after Stradella's cure was completed, and no further attempt having been made, he began to think himself in safety. The Duchess of Savoy, deeply interested in the fate of the lovers, had them married in her palace, and the prospect of happiness was now before them. But it was deceitful. Stradella, having to compose an opera for Genoa, went to that city, carrying his wife with him. The vindictive Venetian, informed by his spies of this movement, and finding that his victims were no longer under the protection of their royal patroness, dispatched murderers, who, watching an opportunity, rushed into their chamber early one morning, and stabbed them to the heart in each other's arms. The murderers effected their escape, and were never heard of.

THE GOOD ADVICE.

In the town of Rennes (at the close of the last century), always noted for its eminent *avocats*, M. Potter de la Germondale was one of the most distinguished. He did not plead much; but his reputation as a consulting lawyer was so deservedly great, that one, thought his cause gained who had obtained a favourable opinion from him.

A rich farmer, though he had no quarrel with his neighbour, having often heard of his acumen, resolved to take advice from him, and for that purpose, on his next visit of business to Rennes, presented himself at the door of Mr. P.

After waiting a long time outside the *bureau* or office, until his turn, among a numerous crowd of clients, came, he was introduced.

The *avocat* laid down his spectacles, waiting to hear the farmer's story, for he always deliberated and took care to understand a case well (and to free it from the entanglements in which his puzzle-pated clients involved matters was no easy task) before he hazarded an opinion.

"I am ready, friend—explain." But on this occasion he found, to his amazement, a plain, straightforward, intelligible case.

"Sir, I have no lawsuit—I pay what I owe honestly to every one. I am on good terms with all my neighbours; I do to others as I would have them do to me; I have no

litigation in contemplation, but, having often heard of the good advice that you give, I determined to consult you; I now request from you a general opinion, that may answer me for all occasions."

"Your name?"

"Bernard."

"Your age?"

"Thirty years."

"Your profession?"

"Farmer."

M. Potter de la Germondale took half a sheet of paper, wrote two lines, folded the paper, and gave it to his singular client.

"How much am I to pay you?" said the farmer.

"Three francs."

Bernard pulled out a great leathern pouch and paid the money, made his bow, and retired.

An hour afterwards he left Rennes, and while on his way home he pondered about the advice which was expressed in this brief sentence: "Never put off until to-morrow what you can do to-day."

It was not a long opinion for three francs, but it was the more easily remembered from its brevity, and Bernard thought it must be good, since it came from M. P. de la Germondale, and therefore resolved to follow it.

It was about four o'clock in one of the longest and hottest days of July, when the farmer arrived at his home—his glass, which had been mown two days before, and well-tended and dried, was quite fit to be put together, the day, it was true, was far advanced; Bernard was much fatigued; the *charrettes*, or carts, were not ready; the labourers were lazy, and his wife observed that as the weather was fine, there was no occasion to be in a hurry about the gathering the hay. All this was very true, yet it was still day-time, and the farmer had that morning paid three francs for an *avocat's* advice, and if he did not act upon it—and the principle of it he admired—his money had been foolishly bestowed. He therefore insisted on having men and teams turned out, and set to work in such earnest, that though it was late when finished, all the hay was secured.

Then Bernard went to bed and slept soundly, reflecting that he had "not put off until to-morrow that which he could do to-day"—that he was beforehand with his neighbours, none of whom had as yet lifted their hay from the meadows.

The weather changed suddenly in the night; a storm came on, and rain fell in torrents; the river overflowed its banks and carried off all the hay that was in the fields at each side. One farmer alone lost none—it need be said that Bernard was that prudent individual?

During the remainder of his life he followed the advice which he had experienced to be good, and became very wealthy; nor

did he ungratefully forget the *avocat* himself, to whom he made an annual present of two of his fattest capons. II—B—Y.

HISTORY OF COATS.

OUR modern coats are to be traced back by their pedigree to about the middle of the 17th century; while our paletots, wrappers, or whatever else they are called, may lay claim to a higher antiquity by three hundred years. In the brilliant courts of Louis XIII., Philip IV., and Charles I., the costume had changed from the tight jacket or vest of the sixteenth century to the open and somewhat *négligé*, though picturesque jerkin, so familiar to the lovers of Rubens and Vandyke. Over the linen integuments of his body, a gentleman in those days wore only one upper permanent garment, the jerkin or vest in question. The sleeves were loose and rather short, the waist was not pinched in, the cut was rather straight; the length extended only to the loins, and abundance of fine linen and lace was displayed. Over this garment, which was very plain, was worn a small cloak, more or less ornamented, in the hall or the hunting field, but in the tented camp the cuirass was buckled on, and the jerkin appeared below, covering the tops of the culassards or thigh-pieces. There is many a charming Vandyke portraying our ancestors in this elegant dress; and even the fanaticism of the Cromwellian times allowed the fashion to remain in England, till the taste of the French court underwent a change, and modified the habiliments of nearly all civilised Europe. To what cause we do not know, but probably to some degree of additional comfort required by Louis XIV. and his courtiers in their earlier campaigns, is to be ascribed the lengthening of the skirts of the jerkin, and the corresponding increase in the dimensions of the cloak, which we find to have taken place soon after 1660. The portraits of Mignard, and the battle-pieces of Vandermeulen, all show us the change that was then going on at the court of Versailles: we find the form of the dress stiffening, the sleeves lengthening, pockets either yawning wide or covered under deep lapels, the cuffs turned up halfway to the elbow, and a glorious display of gold lace and ribands, that must have made a fine gentleman of those palmy days glitter with the colours of the rainbow. To the easy and languid elegance of the Spanish costume had succeeded a certain degree of military stiffness and precision among the French beaux; all Europe was at that time lost in admiration of the Grand Monarque and his brilliant court, and their fashions were adopted as the universal rule of taste. It was this stiff coat of Louis XIV. that was the direct progenitor of two degenerate, yet widely differing, sons—the *habit* or coat, and

the frock or *surtout* of the present day. Degenerated descendants truly! Who that ever saw the rustling, heavy, and almost self-supporting coat of Charles II., could have imagined that the plain, close-fitting, and supple frock, or the beclipped and almost evanescent *habit paré* of the nineteenth century, were to spring from them as types?

OLD DUTCH CLEANLINESS.

SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE, in his "Memoirs," mentions the following anecdotes:

"Dining one day at M. Hoeft's, and having a severe cold, I observed, every time I spit, a tight, handsome wench (that stood in the room with a clean cloth in her hand) was presently down to wipe it up, and rub the board clean. Somebody at table speaking of my cold, I said the most trouble it gave me was to see the poor wench take so much pains about it. 'M Hoeft told me 'twas well I escaped so, and that if his wife had been at home, though I were an ambassador, she would have turned me out of doors for fouling her house, and, laughing at that humour, said there were two rooms of his house that he never durst come into, and believed they were never open but twice a year to make them clean.' Upon Sir William observing that he was a good patriot in all things, and even conformed to the custom of his town, where it was an established thing for the wife to govern, M. Hoeft replied that it was so, and could not be otherwise, for whoever attempted to break the custom would not only have all the women in the town banded against him, but all those men, too, who were governed by their wives. Upon this occasion the following story was related by the secretary of Amsterdam: "One of our magistrates going to visit the mistress of a house, and knocking at the door, a strapping North Holland lass came and opened it, he asked whether her mistress was at home. She said yes; and with that he offered to go in; but the girl marking his shoes were not very clean, took him up by both arms, threw him upon her back, carried him across two rooms, set him down at the bottom of the stairs, pulled off his shoes, put him on a pair of slippers that stood there—and all this without saying a word; but when she had done, told him he might go up to her mistress, who was in her chamber."

EARLY HORSE-RACING.—In 1609, Mr. W. Lester, mercer, being mayor of Chester, and Mr. R. Amory, ironmonger, sheriff of the city, at his, the last-mentioned person's, own cost, caused three silver bells to be made, which bells he appointed to be run for with horses, upon St. George's Day. The races are now held the first entire week in May.

USEFUL RECIPES.

WE have found the following useful hints in Mr. Stokes's "Complete Cabinet Maker and Upholsterer's Guide." Of this work we take occasion to say that it is a book of useful information to the apprentice, a work of real utility to the workman, and a manual of experimental reference to the public generally.

TO CLEAN CARPETS.—Your carpet being first well beat, and freed from dust, tack it down to the floor; then mix half a pint of bullock's gall with two gallons of soft water, scrub it well with soap and this gall mixture; let it remain till quite dry, and it will be perfectly cleansed, and look like new, as the colours will be restored to their original brightness. The brush you use must not be too hard, but rather long in the hair, or you will rub up the nap, and damage the article.

TO RENDER PLASTER FIGURES DURABLE.—Set a figure in a warm place, to get thoroughly dry; then have a vessel large enough to contain it, which fill so that when the plaster figure is placed in it, it will be quite covered with the best and clearest linseed oil just warm; let it remain in the vessel for twelve or fourteen hours; then take it out, let it drain, and set it in a place away from dust; and when the oil is quite dry, the ornament, or whatever is thus prepared, will look like wax, and will bear washing without injury.

TO CLEAN MIRRORS, LOOKING-GLASSES, &c.—Take a soft sponge, wash it well in clean water, and squeeze it as dry as possible; dip it into some spirits of wine, and rub over the glass; then have some powder, blue tied up in a rag, and dust it over your glass; rub it lightly and quickly with a soft cloth; afterwards finish with a silk handkerchief.

TO POLISH BRASS ORNAMENTS INLAID IN WOOD.—If your brass-work be very dull, file it with a small smooth file, then polish it with a rubber of hat dipped in Tripoli powder mixed with linseed oil, until it has the desired effect.

A GREEN PAINT FOR GARDEN STANDS, TRELLISES, &c.—Take mineral green, and white lead ground in turpentine; mix up the quantity you wish with a small quantity of turpentine-varnish; this serves for the first coat; for the second, put as much varnish in your mixture as will produce a good glass; if you desire a bruiser green, add a small quantity of Prussian blue, which will much improve the beauty of the colour.

SEALING-WAX VARNISH.—For fancy work, this has, of late years, been much used, and if well applied, and the wax good, will be a very good imitation of India japan. The method of making the varnish or japan is very easy, being simply reducing the wax to a coarse powder, and pouring the best

spirits of wine on it in a bottle, and letting it gradually dissolve without heat, shaking the bottle occasionally till it is all dissolved. A two-ounce stick of the best wax will be enough for a quarter of a pint of spirits. Recollect that much depends on the goodness of the sealing-wax; and that you may vary the colour of the varnish by using different coloured wax. As this varnish dries very quickly, it should not be made until it is wanted for use.

MASTIC VARNISH FOR VARNISHING PICTURES, &c.—To one pint of spirits of turpentine, put ten ounces of the clearest gum mastic; set it in a sand bath till it is all dissolved, then strain it through a fine sieve, and it is ready for use. If too thick, thin it with spirits of turpentine.

METHOD OF PREPARING THE COMPOSITION USED FOR COLOURED DRAWINGS AND PRINTS, SO AS TO MAKE THEM RESISTANT TO PAINT IN OIL.—Take of Canada balsam, one ounce; spirit of turpentine, two ounces, mix them together. Before this composition is applied, the drawing or print should be sized with a solution of isinglass in water, and when dry, apply the varnish with a camel-hair brush.

HEREDITARY TENDENCY TO SUICIDE.—There are many curious instances on record where whole families have been swept away by suicide. I will only cite one case. A rich merchant, of an impetuous character, was the father of six children, to each of whom he gave a considerable sum of money when they were all fully grown up. The youngest son became melancholy, and at the age of twenty-six or twenty-seven threw himself from the top of the house. One of his brothers became especially depressed at his death, and after frequent attempts at suicide, died a year afterwards from often repeated prolonged fastings. The following year another had an attack of mania; a fourth, who was a physician, and who two years previously remarked to me, with horrible coolness, *that he should not escape his fate*, killed himself. Two or three years afterwards, a sister was affected by mental disease, and made many attempts to destroy herself; and, lastly, the sixth brother, who lived in the happiest domestic relations, and seemed in consequence to have been spared during many years, also committed suicide.

CURIOUS ADVERTISEMENT.—The following is a literal copy of part of an advertisement from the "Newcastle Courant," Aug. 28, 1725: "TO BE RUN FOR. The usual four miles' course on Rippon Common, in the county of York, according to articles.—On Tuesday, the 14th, THE LADY'S PLATE of fifteen pounds' value, by any horse, &c. *Women* to be the riders, each to pay one guinea entrance; three heats, and twice about the common for a heat."

POPULAR PASTIMES.

SOLUTIONS TO THE CHARADES, RIDDLES,
AND REBUSSES IN OUR LAST.

ANSWERS TO CHARADES.

- 1.—Stock-port.
2.—Rain-bow.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES.

- 1.—Noon.
2.—Deed.

ANSWERS TO REBUSES.

- 1.—Sophia—female name
Sophi—the Emperor
of Persia
Soph—an under gra-
duate.
Sop—bread, &c., sa-
turated.
So—an adverb.

REBUSES (continued).

- 2.—Jupiter.
J. oblog (Virgil first
called his rural
poems Eclogues).
A-w-l.
J. l. in
O. G. (King of Bishop)
U-r J (a canton in
Switzerland).
S. applo (a talented
poetess of Lesbos).
Y-u-r-r (a narrative
or tale).
Initials—Joubert.
Finals—Religion.

3.—TRACTS FOR THE
PEOPLE.

CHARADES.

1.—I am a word of nine letters; my 9, 8, 7, is a part of the human body; my 8, 5, 3, 4, is a pronoun; my 3, 5, 2, is a vehicle, my 1, 7, 8, is a period of time; my 5, 6, 6, 1, is a female's name; my 8, 1, 2, is a part of the human body; my 5, 2, 3, is part of a circle, my 4, 1, 6, 7, 8, 2, is a military weapon, my 9, 1, 7 is to letter; and my whole is a city of Russia.

GEORGIOUS.

2.—My first is always gazing,

My second of sand is formed;

Although it may seem amazing,

The toilet with my whole is adorn'd.

J. DOWNRY, JUN.

3.—My first is a useful animal; my second is an article of wearing apparel, and my whole is for the use of my first.

4.—My first is a part of the human body; my second is a circle, my whole is an ornament.

EMINENT MEN ENIGMATICALLY
EXPRESSED.

1.—A favourite, a consonant, and part of a bridge.

2.—To strike, and to fasten.

3.—The half of a Jew, and two-fifths of a mistake.

NAMES OF ENGLISH TOWNS.

1.—Two-thirds of that which is used to govern a horse, and a harbour for ships.

2.—A brittle article of manufacture, and part of a dead pig.

3.—Three-fourths of an excellent vegetable, and a cathedral church.

4.—Part of a carriage, and an ancient name for a court.

5.—A plural pronoun, a vowel or consonant, and the most necessary part of the face.

6.—Another name for mild, and part of a river.

7.—What most sailors like, and that which is always connected with it, will discover the name of a British island?

8.—Three-fifths of a style of architecture and a complete number of articles. Give the name of the country in which the whole of the above are situate.

INCOG.

CONUNDRUMS.

1.—Why is a bottle of ginger-beer like a young lady's night-cap when in use?

2.—What kin is that child to its own father, who is not its father's own son?

3.—When is a lady's neck not a lady's neck?

4.—Why do we buy new shoes?

5.—When is a lady's bonnet superior to itself?

6.—What is that which ladies always look for, but never wish to find?

VBRAX.

NAMES OF FISH ENIGMATICALLY
EXPRESSED.

1.—A measure oft employed by land surveyors,

2.—A letter, and what is loved by card-players;

3.—A "fan," who of a husband ne'er could boast;

4.—The wife's adornment, prized by her the most;

5.—An instrument acute, for war intended;

6.—A fibre, in which strength and force are blended,

7.—A number, and one-half of conversation;

8.—A cloth (reversed), and fishes detestation;

9.—A "fay," and a Pickwickian personage;

10.—A luminary, and one-fourth of rage;

11.—Three-months an insect, and an active verb,

12.—Concealed (changing a letter) and an herb;

13.—A single letter, and to overthrow;

14.—A kind of heath, which on the hills doth grow;

15.—(Transposed) a gum, transparent, hard, and brittle;

16.—Two letters, and an animal, small, little,

17.—(Cut-tailed) a map, or coast delineation;

18.—Ten tens, and (transposed) a state of equation;

19.—A kind of worth, which servants use;

20.—One, of a pair, of sliding shoes.

M. ZEPHA.

CORONATION OIL.—During the coronation procession of William IV. to the Abbey, a gentleman, on being asked by a lady what kind of oil the king was to be anointed with, replied; "If I am to judge, madam, by the number of attendants, I should think it must be train oil."

No price could be too great for the inestimable advantages of education. —*Miss Howe, M.P.*

FACTS AND SCRAPS.

A DAINY DISH.—During the luxurious days of the Roman empire, when epicurism had probably attained a greater height than it has ever since been permitted to reach, one of the most favourite dishes of the time, as well as the most fashionable, was a pig roasted entire, stuffed with various delicate birds and spices, steeped in choice gravies and costly wines. This was called *Porcus Trojanus* in allusion to the celebrated Trojan horse, the wooden image, the interior of which was filled with armed men, who, being thus by stratagem introduced into Troy, opened the gates of that far-famed city to the invading Greeks, and produced its memorable sack, after a tedious siege of ten years.

EARLY TIMES.—In the fourteenth century, the shops in Paris were universally open at four o'clock in the morning. At that period the king of France dined at eight in the morning, and retired to his chamber at the same hour in the evening. In the time of Henry VIII. of England, seven in the morning was the fashionable breakfast hour—ten that of dinner. In the reign of his daughter Elizabeth, the higher classes, students, &c., dined at eleven, and supped between five and six.

NO POSTSCRIPT.—The husband of a lady much given to the habit of postscripting laid a wager with her once, on an occasion of his leaving home for a short time, that the first letter she wrote him would not be without one of these codicils. Nothing would seem more certain than that the lady would win. The letter was written and signed, and about to be despatched, when she was tempted to add one line, forming the first postscript: "You see I have written you a letter without a postscript." This did not suffice; for there followed, as P.P.S., "Who has won the wager, you or I?"

INGENUITY.—The following ingenious mode of crossing a river was once displayed by a Kaffir, who had for some time stood watching the vain attempts of a party of soldiers to struggle across the stream at a time when to ford it was attended by considerable danger. After smiling at their efforts with that sardonic expression remarkable among these savages, he quietly raised a heavy stone, placed it on his head, and then walked, with perfect ease, through the torrent to the opposite side.—*Mrs. Ward.*

THE GIRDLE OF FAMINE.—Fingoes, Kaffirs, and Hottentots, make use of a band, or handkerchief, drawn tightly round the body, to deaden the pain of hunger: as the gnawing agony of famine increases, the ligature is tightened accordingly.—*Ibid.*

"The wicks are but lightly taxed." "This accounts for the being no duty upon candles."

Why could the Cain make his flame rise towards heaven? Because he wasn't Abel.

BENEVOLENCE.—Benevolence does not require beauty, talents, or even virtue, to excite her sympathies. She spreads her sheltering wing over the whole family of misery. Violent individual affections are condemned in Scripture; probably because they destroy benevolence. According to the extent and the cultivation of our intellectual powers, the benevolent virtues expand. None are so unfeeling as the ignorant; children and savages are particularly insensible to the woes of others.

A GHOST.—In front of the Devon and Exeter Hospital is a burial-ground, having an entrance from Southernhay-lane. Some thirty years ago, a venerable ghost, clad in white, and with a long hoary beard, was reported to walk every night from a tomb to the gate, and there to stand glaring at the passengers. Terror filled the neighbourhood, until, after some time, it was discovered that an old goat had been trained to stand on his hind legs, and to look over the paling, wagging his beard at the people as they came down the lane.

CURIOS FACTS.—Neptune is three times as far off from the Sun as Saturn. The southern temperate zone has only one-eighth as much land as the northern. The Lake of Geneva is about the thousandth part of the Black Sea. The Po is twice as long as the Rhame. June is, day and night together, hotter than July. Cedar and elm are pretty much of the same weight. Three English kings are buried in France. In fourteen years the Royal Society will be two hundred years old. There have but three administrations longer than Lord Melbourne's since the accession of George III. No English bishop has now held his see twenty-five years.

CAUTION TO SENDERS OF UNPAID LETTERS.—The following has been issued at the General Post Office by command of the Postmaster-General:—"Cedar the 3rd and 4th Victoria, c. 96, and the 10th and 11th Victoria, c. 85, all persons sending letters by the post unpaid, which, from any cause whatever, cannot be delivered to the parties for whom they are addressed, are liable to pay the postage charge thereon, which, under the 1st Victoria, c. 35, may be recovered by summary process before a magistrate. In future, such letters being returned, the senders will have to pay the postage charged upon them."

BULLY IDLE'S PRAYER.

BY BENEFICIAL LITTON.

Lord, send us weeks of Sundays,

A saint's day every day,

Shirts gratis, ditto breeches,

No work, and double pay!

Tell Short and Long, they're both short now;

To Slow and Fast, one need allow;

Let Louis Blanc take Ashley's cow,

And Richmond give him hay!

Manchester Examiner.

THE BENEVOLENCE OF A MISER.—Early in life, Mr. Robert Gordon, a gentleman of good birth and family, determined to relieve the indigence of decayed merchants, a class whose poverty is embittered by the recollection of better days, by endowing an institution for the education and maintenance of their sons. To do this, he adopted a life of self-denial and privation; scorned delights, and lived penurious and laborious days. He resided in a miserable garret without attendance; he used to pick up every trifle on the streets that would turn to account, and so warm himself and save fire. The cold winter nights he would walk through his room with a bag full of stones on his back. After his death the little bits of twine he had collected off the streets sold for several pounds. He left an endowment of ten thousand pounds to the institution in Aberdeen known by the name of Robert Gordon's Hospital. Is not this heroism?

PIGS, KINGS, AND MONKS.—Louis the Fat, of France, associated his son Philip with him on the throne, and had him crowned and consecrated with the usual solemnities at Rheims. Shortly after, as the young king was riding through St. Gervais on horseback, a fat sow (probably one of many that paraded the town in those cleanly times) ran between his horse's legs, and made him stumble; on which Philip, falling forward, received so much injury that he died the next morning, on the third day of October, 1131. His griefed and irritated father forthwith issued a proclamation that in future no swine should be allowed to run about in the streets of cities and towns, and to this order the people were fain to submit; but the monks of the order of St. Anthony entered an energetic and successful protest, stating to his majesty that it was contrary to the respect and reverence due to their patron saint (who may certainly be called the patron saint of pigs) to prevent the swine of their houses, which were the swine of St. Anthony, from enjoying the liberty of going where they (the swine) thought fit. The subject of the remonstrance, and the rights of the saint and pigs, were solemnly deliberated in council, when it was finally decided to grant the monks of that order an exclusive privilege to be nasty, and to allow their swine to wallow in the streets without molestation, provided only that they had bells tied round their necks. In old pictures Saint Anthony is almost invariably painted with a sow at his feet. An old English adage says, "Every man to his taste, as the Welshman said when he kissed his cow." The Italians say, "There is no accounting for taste; St. Anthony loved a sow." This arose out of a queer story in the legendary life of that saint.

WHY were the hearts of the forbidden fruit more reprehensible than any other part? Because they were the *cores* (cause) of our misfortune.

THE LOVE OF OTHER DAYS.

BY EDWARD MORDAUNT SPENCER.

I WONDER if she loves me now,
Or feels one fond regret
For heedless words in anger breathed,
The time when last we met!
Some other perhaps more favoured far
The heart at present sways;
Yet still 'mid all she may recall
The love of other days.

I wonder if she loves me now—
Hope hovers on the spot,
Let her but breathe one sigh for me,
The past shall be forgot,
My heart of hearts shall be her throne,
My lips recount her praise;
And thus together we'll renew,
The love of other days

4, St Alban's Place,
St James's Square.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS

DISTRAINING FOR RENT, by WILKIE.

GENERAL NOTICE.—We beg to inform our Subscribers that in consequence of the desire of our engraver to do justice to Wilkie's beautiful picture of "DISTRAINING FOR RENT," the distribution of the engraving must be delayed for a short time. We feel assured that the Subscribers, when they see the Engraving, will not be displeased at the delay.

W B (Manchester).—We can only refer you to Chapters X and XI. of Wilson's "Healthy Skin."

A PUBLICAN.—Certainly not.

X Y Z.—It would be unnecessary for you to take out a hawker's license.

H. H. H.—A clerkship, even at the low salary stated in your letter, is very difficult to be procured in London. Very few of the institutions mentioned are available to persons who fill the situation you would wish to hold. We are of opinion that an enterprising man is as likely to succeed in Great Britain, as he would be in the United States. To parties acquainted with the timber trade, Canada holds out some prospects of success.

DICKET SAM (Manchester).—Many thanks for your amusing contribution.

ORLANDINO.—Tolerably good; less flourishing. Study Turner's, Lennie's, or Sunnett's Grammar. Dr. Brewer's, of Norwich. Partly by association with those who possess the quality you desire; partly by a censorship over yourself.

CLAUDE MILNOTTE.—We imagine that our correspondent's letter was written by a male. The first signature. Very good.

J. W.—We will give our decision respecting your MS after a careful perusal. Thanks.

J. S (Cupar).—Thanks for the Anecdotes.

MASEPPA.—Your conclusion is justifiable; it shall not hereafter occur, certainly not with you. The Enigma is gratefully accepted. Solah, according to Bailey's Etymological Dictionary, is merely a note in music, but we will inquire further of a friend—a Hebrew scholar.

G. S. M.—Accept our thanks.

Correspondents who favour us with contributions are respectfully requested to write on one side of the paper only.

All correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, No. 334, Strand.

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TRACTS

For the People,

A WEEKLY MISCELLANY OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE AND AMUSEMENT.

No. 27. Vol. III.]

SATURDAY, JUNE 17, 1848

[PRICE ONE HALFPENNY.]



[THE KAFFIR WAR.]

KAFFIR WARFARE.

MUCH of the period between 1805 (the date when we established ourselves in Southern Africa) and 1847 was spent in war with the Kaffirs, a savage and ferocious tribe. Happily this war is now at an end; for, during its continuance, not only did the colony suffer very severely both in life and property, but the mother country was compelled to expend large sums of money to support the troops engaged, and to compensate, to some extent, those whose property was seized or destroyed. From first to last, this war cost England many of her

bravest sons, and at least three millions of pounds sterling!

These circumstances have induced us to think that the readers of the "TRACTS FOR THE PEOPLE" will be pleased to hear of some of the incidents which occurred during the time when that warfare was carried on. We have, for that purpose, consulted two interesting volumes which have just appeared, entitled "Five Years in Kaffirland." They are written by Mrs. Ward, a lady favourably known to the public by many graceful contributions to our literature.

• Henry Colburn, publisher, 1848.

The following incident was made the commencement of the war. A Kaffir, convicted of some misdemeanour at Fort Beaufort, was pledged, with others, under the charge of a Hottentot guard, and ordered into Graham's Town, to be confined in the gaol until the period of the circuit. Among these prisoners was also an English dragoon. A party of Kaffirs secreted themselves near the road leading from Fort Beaufort to Graham's Town, and, on the approach of the guard and prisoners, darted out of the bush, shot the Hottentot to whom the Kaffir was handcuffed, severed the dead man's hand from his body, and led off the rescued savage.

On one occasion when some Kaffirs attacked the herds (herdsmen) and even belonging to a troop of the 7th dragoon guards, a young boy named McCormick, was mortally wounded. His brother ran to his assistance, and the dying child, seeing the other herds retreating, raised himself, and shouting in his death-groan, "Don't run! don't run! we'll beat them yet!" sank back exhausted, and spoke no more.

Our author describes the Kaffir, at the first sight, as less ferocious than cunning, and more intent on improving his own interests by theft than in taking life from the mere spirit of cruelty, but once roused, he is like the wild beast after the taste of blood, and loses all the best attributes of humanity. The movement of a body of these savages through the land is likened to a "rushing and a mighty wind." On, on they sweep! like a blast; filling the air with a strange whirr—reminding one, on a grand scale, of a flight of locusts. An officer of rank, during the Kaffir war of 1835, was riding with a body of troops across the country, when suddenly his attention was arrested by a cloud of dust, then a dark, silent mass appeared, and, lo! a multitude of beings, more resembling demons than men, rushed past. There were no noises, no sound of footsteps, nothing but the shiver of the assegais,* which gleamed as they dashed onwards. Generally, on seeing an enemy, they raise a hideous yell of defiance, and utter the most frightful sounds in imitation of lions, tigers, jackals, wolves, snakes, &c., by way of intimidating their assailants, before the attack commences.

A Kaffir, meditating a death-blow with his assegai, is a terrible object. Now he advances, his eyes starting from their sockets, his brilliant teeth glittering between his huge lips, which emit the horrible imitations of wild animals, his head thrown back, his whole body writhing and trembling in the excitement of his anxiety to take a steady aim, his arm upraised, and his spear poised. The very sight of him is sufficient to inspire the bravest with dread, for such encounters

cannot be considered as fair fights between man and man. He goes forth to battle besmeared with red clay, arrayed with his kaross, armed with his musket and assegai, and accoutred with his pouch and sack, for ammunition, plunder, and provisions.

Mr Norden, a merchant, having been appointed to the colonelcy of the yeomanry corps, led his men out, on the 25th of April, 1846, to a valley a little beyond Graham's Town, where it had been ascertained that a number of Kaffirs were lurking. He was a dashing, enterprising man, always ready to lead whenever a leader was wanting. On reaching a spot commanded by a *kratz*, or cliff, he divided his corps into two bodies, directing one to the right and the other to the left, with one of which he advanced towards a thick bush. On Colonel Norden approaching a mass of rock, which served as an ambush for one of the savages, he was shot through the head, and fell dead. The savage who shot him was immediately brought down by the musket of one of the yeomanry, but others rushed on the murdered man, and dragged away the body. The yeomanry corps being thus divided, the numbers of the foe unknown, and the sun just setting, it was deemed imprudent to attempt the capture of the colonel's remains from the Kaffirs at that moment. The following day the body was observed placed in a conspicuous position on the *kratz*, probably as a decoy; and on Monday the 27th, a large body of the inhabitants, a few of the Cape Corps, and a remnant of the 90th regiment—in all amounting to about two hundred men—went out, and brought back the mangled body of the brave man whose life had been so miserably sacrificed.

On the 8th of May, in the same year, Lieutenant-Colonel Richardson, who was ordered to Bathurst to co-operate with Colonel Somerset in the protection of Lower Albany, had a rencounter with the Kaffirs on his march through "Trumpeter's Drift," one of those frightful passes formed by nature for the lurking-place of the savage or the wild beast. No place could be more favourable for the murderous operations of the Kaffirs, or less suited to the movements of British cavalry. On reaching the spot where a missionary, named Schulz, had been murdered the year before, Colonel Richardson found Captain Schonswar, who had the charge of the advanced guard of waggons, engaged with the enemy, the waggons being drawn up. The difficulty of proceeding down a steep declivity commanded by a dense *kloof*, and so bushy that the waggons could only pass in single file, was represented to the colonel. His reply was, that he was "ordered to Trumpeter's," and immediately directed the waggons to advance; but, from the incessant fire kept up by the enemy from the bush on each side of the declivity, finding his men falling rapidly, he ordered them

* A sort of spear or javelin.

to dismount, each man of the centre file taking charge of three horses, whilst the rest were extended in skirmishing order. In this manner, they had to fight their way through the bush for the distance of about six miles down to the river and up the hill on the other side the whole time exposed to the fire of the enemy, who were generally concealed in the bush. In some places they attempted to stop the passage of the troops by rushing into the road in front when the dragons were forced to clear their way through them. Thirty-seven head-bodies of Kafirs were counted by the officers as they passed along the road. The Kafirs approached within five yards to fire, and dropped down in the bush the moment they had discharged their guns.

But at last many of the Kafir chieftains were compelled to surrender. Among them was Amakeya. This able warrior and councillor with all his people, were removed to the neighbourhood of Algoa Bay. The apology which he made to be allowed to remain in his own country was very pathetic. "Here," said he, stretching his hand over the beautiful territory, "my father, a great chief, dwelt; these pastures were crowded with cattle; here I have lived to grow old; here my children have been born; let me die in peace where I have so long lived. These entreaties, however, were not listened to; and, as a last trial, his daughter Amakeya, a celebrated beauty of Kafirland, made her way to the tent of Colonel Campbell who, totally unprepared for her appearance, was yet more astonished at the sacrifice she offered, if her father's sentence of banishment might be rescinded. She made her offer in all the pride and consciousness of beauty, and, with her finely moulded arms folded before her, she spoke without hesitation for she was guided by motives worthy a loftier cause.

"If her father might remain on his own lands," she said, "she would be the sacrifice and guarantee for his future good faith towards the white man. She would leave her own people, and follow Colonel Campbell, his home should be hers, she would forsake all and dwell with him. This was her last word her final decision, and she would abide by it."

Fully to appreciate her conduct, it is to be noted that the young girls of Kafirland are brought up with strict notions of female propriety, to forfeit their reputation is to entail on themselves severe punishment, and on their families perpetual disgrace.

Amakeya's motives were not unappreciated by her hearer, but the proposal was, of course, rejected, with every consideration for her position, and the circumstances by which she had been actuated, and she departed with her father on his sad journey.

JULIA LANSBY. AN ENGLISH DOMESTIC TALE.

CHAPTER I. THE ARRIVAL.

A BRIGHT January day had settled down into a night of continued snow. Every now and then a wider gust of wind made the windows of the old manor house rattle, and it put a chill in the dining-room. It was closer to the fire. This consisted only of Mr. Morton, the proprietor of Morton Manor—a quiet, kind, gentleman of about fifty years of age, his wife and daughter. The weather's cold testified the slightest chance of a visit, and after a silent and somewhat hurried dinner the square drew a little round table to the side of the chimney and sat his wife with her eyes intently fixed upon the burning masses of wood with which the fire place was filled. At last, he turned about in response to his wife and said, "I really wish my dear my father had taught me something of other to do in a snowy winter night. Drinking by the self is so desperately dull."

"Can't you take a book, Mr. Morton?" replied the lady. "here is a most beautiful story. The Weir of Chaucery. It will make you delightfully melancholy for a while, night."

No great miracle if it does, especially in such a dismal night as this. I haven't seen a soul for three days, and if this snow continues for twelve hours, we shall all be buried alive. What would I give now for some fellow to drop in! But who would move out in a storm like this that could possibly stay at home?"

Mr. Morton sigh as he said this. He was suddenly startled, however, from his cogitations by a noise outside the window.

"Wheels, by all that's happy!" he exclaimed. "I hear them coming down the avenue. There—they're come past the bridge—now they're at the garden corner—they're stopped—they're at the gate. Who can it be?"

"I told the butcher as he returned from the market, to bring me the third volume of The Orphan's Tears from the circulating library. I hope he has brought it in his gig."

"I hope no such thing. I wish he may drive into the market if he has raised all my hopes for nothing, but no—it was a four-wheeled carriage. Why don't some of them go to the door?"

A bustle was now heard in the hall—somebody certainly came in—the wardrobe, great-coat, portmanteau, bed-room, were heard in the dining room—the door was thrown open, and in walked Mr. Nathaniel Clack, the oldest friend Mr. Morton had in the world.

"Morton! my boy," exclaimed the visitor,

as he shook hands with the whole party, "how goes it, eh? Capital night this for a visit—bad weather always makes a fellow so welcome."

"It doesn't need bad weather, Nat, to make you welcome here."

"Or any where else, faith, if the truth must be spoken. No, no—hop here—clump a little—skip there—gossip a little—never stay long in the same place—talk, dance, laugh—anything by way of a lark—then off like a shot the first glimpse I catch of the darts!"

"Ah! that's the way to enjoy life! You bachelors can fly about just as it pleases you." After a short pause, Mr. Merton continued: "By the by, Nat, do you know the knave? Lansby Hall has at last got a purchaser."

"To be sure I do—everybody knows it,—eighty thousand down, and forty more in three months?"

"Who is it?" interrupted Mrs. Merton—"we don't even know his name."

"Oho! don't you? Why, 'tis a man of the name of Merivale. No one can tell where he comes from—immensely rich—nobody can imagine how he got his money. In short, he's quite a mystery."

"Is he old or young?" continued the lady.

"Young! oh, quite a young fellow—my own age—fifty or so."

"Tall or short?"

"Oh! he's not a long overgrown monster of six feet, I can assure you. I heard, indeed, he was a very handsome, dignified individual—grave, striking, distinguished. I should take him to be somewhat about my own height."

The lady smiled. "Have you seen him?" she said.

"No, not I; but we were all talking about him so much at Grump's, that I should be sure to know him if we met on Mount Caucasus."

"And his establishment?"

"Grand! magnificent! carriages without number—horses enough for a battalion of the guards. When shall we go over and call upon him?"

"Is he arrived already? It is not above a fortnight since he bought the estate."

"Fortnight! pooh! man, what are you thinking of? Don't you know that he carries the lamp of Aladdin in his pocket, and can fit up a palace in a twinkling? Half the upholsterers, painters, paperers, architects, carpenters, and masons in London were down for a week, and for the last five days the proprietor has been living in a fairy palace a hundred times richer and more gorgeous than the pavilion of an Eastern king."

"Indeed! and I all the time cooped up by the snow! I'll go over to-morrow, and ask him to dinner next week."

"But his wife, Mr. Clack; has he a wife or children?"

"Faith, ma'am, I don't know; if he has any thing of the sort, he keeps it very close. I rather think he's a bachelor—the roc's egg is still wanting."

"My dear Nat," said Mr. Merton, "we are, as you ought to know, very plain people. What in the world would Mr. Merivale do with a roc's egg, if he had it?"

"I was only metaphorical. You recollect, after the fairies had filled Aladdin's palace with every luxury he could possibly desire, his enemy, the conjuror, got him persuaded to ask for a roc's egg, which would have turned everything topsy-turvy, and led him the life of a dog, the roc's egg is only an all-gory, and means—a wife."

"And old Lansby, old Sir Walter, what has become of him?"

"Ah, there, I think, he's very foolish; he has removed to the Springfield farm, the only spot of ground left him, and I believe he continues to be as stiff, and vain, and heartless as ever."

"Well," said Mr. Merton, "I like him the better for it. It shows there is some good stuff in him to keep up his pride in the fall of his fortunes. I never liked him as long as he was at the hall! I think I'll go and call on him now he's at the farm."

"I like that, something original there."

"I'll go with you. I should like to see Marcus moralising in a stackyard; but I think 'twould have been wiser to have placed his Carthage a little farther off."

"Some more of your metaphors, Nat. Now, I think he shows his wisdom in fixing his quarters under the very nose of his successor. All men hate their successors."

"And you may depend upon it, Sir Walter will not be deficient in hating—"

"Surely, surely he won't hate Frank Merivale," said Miss Mary Merton, who had been silently listening to the conversation.

"And why not, my little sweetheart? and how do you know anything of Mr. Merivale? and how do you know that his name is Frank? Ha! there's some mystery here."

Mr. Nathaniel, as he asked these questions, fixed his looks upon the young lady with the most penetrating expression he could muster, for it was one of his weaknesses to think that he had a wonderful power of eye; though the glances of the ungenerous Nat were at all times rather ludicrous than commanding.

"Oh! I merely thought—that is—I think—his name—didn't you tell us his name yourself, Mr. Clack?" replied Miss Mary, stammering and blushing.

"His name—yes, I certainly told you his name; but not, that I recollect of, his Christian appellation—but Frank—is a very good name; so, as I was saying, depend upon it old Sir Walter will hate him with most prize-worthy bitterness, whatever be the name he rejoices in. He certainly is the

most revolting old vinegar-faced rascal I ever met. I can't bring myself to utter a syllable, beyond the commonplaces of society, in presence of such a starchy, stiff, rumped, cold, authoritative dictator."

"Well, that's very odd; for I always thought you remarkably agreeable when Sir Walter dined with us," said Mr. Merton, utterly unconscious of the severity of his speech.

"Sir Walter was certainly very stiff and formal," continued his lady, "equally unobservant of Mr. Nathaniel's chagrin," "but I have always heard he was a very respectable man."

"Exactly. Whenever you hear of a respectable man, write him down as an individual to be studiously avoided. Sir Walter is the very perfection of a respectable man—spotless character, regular conduct, church twice every Sunday. People, after all, are very good-natured, and give a man credit for being virtuous, merely because he has never been convicted of a crime. Now, if a wild young fellow like me, for instance——"

"Yes, Nat, the world is very censorious sometimes. You recollect what a noise there was when you broke off with the Lancashire heiress?"

"Recollect it? to be sure I do. They said I was wild, cruel, fickle, vain, upon my honour I was nothing of the kind. I certainly paid the girl a great deal of attention, and we certainly appeared to be mutually attached; but you know, my dear madam——"

"Oh, yes," replied Mrs. Merton, "I know all about it. She was engaged all the time to her handsome cousin, and tried to hide it by flirting with you. I think it was very improper behaviour, and that you were greatly to be pitied, for I remember ill-natured people laughed at you very much."

The little man looked very much disconcerted by this complimentary version of the anecdote, which nevertheless was the true one, and took no notice of the lady's observation.

"And who lives with old Lansby?" he went on, turning to Mrs. Merton.

"Only his daughter, Miss Julia."

"Tall and straight as a poplar tree," replied Mr. Nat. "The father in petticoats, with the same coldness, stiffness, and pride, they must be quite happy in each other's society."

"They are," exclaimed Miss Mary, whose fair brow had for some time been gathering with a frown; "it can only be the weak and the frivolous who can accuse Julia Lansby of coldness or pride. There was never a nobler girl in the world; so meek, so humble, so self-denying, and at the same time so beautiful. Every new misfortune that befalls the family seems only to call forth new powers to enable her to support it."

"Hem!" replied Mr. Nathaniel, "we're got into dangerous ground here. I assure

you, my dear Miss Mary, I meant no disrespect to your excellent and amiable friend. She may be all you say, and a thousand things more, only don't you allow yourself that in general society she is a little starchy or so—a little haughty as it were, and impertinent? For my own part, I prefer livelier sorts of beauties—people who are ready to laugh, and occasionally descend from their thrones. Miss Lansby's smile——"

"Is beautiful," interrupted Miss Mary.

"May be so—but 'pon honour, when she smiles in answer to any observation I make to her, I can't help thinking that there's a kind of a—sort of a—don't you remark?—a kind of pity as it were, almost, as I may say—concomitant——"

"Oh, no," said Mrs. Merton; "I daresay a great many young ladies do that when you speak to them, but I am sure Miss Lansby is too amiable to despise anything, or, at all events, too well bred to show it."

"Well, thank goodness! here comes my mutton chop!" exclaimed Mr. Nathaniel, quite discomfited by the unintentional hit he received from the anecdote Mrs. Merton; "and after I have finished it, I will join you, my old fellow, in a single pint of claret."

"We shall be happy to see you in the drawing-room," replied the lady, and followed by her daughter, she left the gentlemen to themselves.

(To be continued in our next.)

THE POLT'S BRIDE.

IN one of the most wild and beautiful of all Tuscany's fair cities—Pistoia—dwelt a young girl of noble birth and rare looks; she had graces, too, but, for all that, might have lived, and died, and been forgotten, as thousands more as beautiful and more talented have been, and will be, to the end of the world, but for the love that has immortalised her. Ricciarda de' Selvaggia—the very name is music! And we can see her now in imagination in her splendid home, or among her flowers, or else pale with high thought, indulging in that sweet gift of poetry which makes its votaries blessed or cursed!

She had a young, warm, and passionate heart, and, fearing no evil, was simple and loving as a child. On the night to which we would refer, the father of Ricciarda, who was gonfaloniere, or chief magistrate of the well-known faction of the Bianchi, gave a splendid fête, to which all belonging to his own party were invited. But the girl, who had little sympathy with such scenes, pined for fatigue, and was allowed to retire to her own quiet garden, and amuse herself after her own fashion. We have all our favourite haunts. Ricciarda's was a marble balcony encircled with flowers, which made the

and heavy with their perfumes, and commanding a noble view of the city, with the *Monte Appennine* towering far above it in the distance. "How beautiful!" murmured the girl, as she stood that night in her soft muslin dress, with her wealth of bright tresses, and her fair high brow, and gentle eyes, unconscious of being herself a still *broader picture*. And then she drew forth her tablets, and noed down with a rapid hand the inspiration of that spell-traught hour. A low, earnest voice called back the dreamer to the world, as yet scarcely less bright than her own imaginings, and, with a faint blush and a glad smile, she put aside the verses, and came hastily forward.

Cino smiled as he read: there were a dozen mistakes at least, but she altered them every one according to his suggestions, acknowledging, with a sweet gentleness, how much better the verses now sounded, and wondering to find herself, with his assistance, so much of a poet. Perhaps, if they had been perfect, he would have loved her less. Certain it is he would have had no excuse for bending over her thus until then tresses mingled, or ending with his own that fairy hand which trembled in his grasp, and meeting the gentle glance of those dark eyes that sought his so fearlessly. And then, in the innocent confidence of her loving heart, the maiden produced a sonnet from her bosom, in which he attempted not to alter a single word, but only bent down and pressed his lips reverently to the brow of the poetess. It was one among the few which have survived her, and is distinguished for the pure and eloquent tenderness which breathes in every line.

"But why should I tease you, with these trifles, you who can do so much better?" said Ricciarda, at length.

"Because you know what an interest I take in the slightest thing which concerns you," replied Cino.

"Yes, I believe that is it, but it is so delightful to have such a friend and counsellor, and you must chide me if I should become too troublesome."

It is no matter now what the reply of her companion was: it is sufficient to know that the proud and justly celebrated doctor and poet, the friend of Dante and Boccaccio, sat down at the feet of that young girl, and played the lover like other men. And why should he not? She was deserving of his affection, and cared not to conceal how devotedly it was returned.

"And will you always love me thus?" asked Ricciarda, rather because she felt that she was expected she should speak, than from any doubt she entertained on the subject. And the usual answer was given to a question put so often, and, alas, so vainly; and, as usual, believed as religiously as young hearts trust in heaven. And as they sat

together thus, the sound of music and revelry came borne on the evening breeze from her father's palazzo, where she joyed to think she was sorely missed.

Evening—music—flowers—the presence, the voice of one we love! No wonder Ricciarda was so happy; and that she should linger until Cino, who valued his treasure too much not to be careful of it, warned her that the air grew damp and chilly. And they parted at length as those separate who hope to meet again soon. But he bore away with him the sonnet she had written, which remained in his possession for years afterwards, when the memory of that night became as a dream dreamt long ago.

Who is there that has not read of Bianchi the white, and Neri the black—the two rival factions which for years spread contention and desolation over cities and families, achieving a fearful notoriety?—how alternately defeating and triumphing they swept onwards like a curse!—and how terrible the end of all this was for *Pistoia*!

Selvaggia was, as we have already said, the chief leader of the Bianchi; but little thought he or his followers on that night, as they met amidst mirth and festivity, that the sun of their glory was so near its setting, and that it would go down perhaps in blood! As sample tale-tellers, we have nothing to do with the political struggles of the times, but only to revert to their fatal consequences, and to relate how Selvaggia, the proud and haughty gonfaliere, was exiled from his nativity, and obliged to fly in haste, and unattended, to a solitary fortress in the *Appennines*, bearing with him his fragile and gentle-hearted child.

This mountain retreat is described to have been singularly bleak and exposed. Ricciarda hoped that the Neri would not always triumph, and that they should go back soon to her beautiful home at *Pistoia*, for she thought of her little garden, and that cool marble balcony, and was glad she had remembered to leave a few lines, explaining her absence to Cino—he would have deemed it so strange else, and wondered when she should see him again.

But few days had passed wearily over in their new abode, when the exiles were startled by the arrival of a visitor, who proved to be no other than Cino himself. His story was told in but few words, and either the father's stern heart was softened by misfortune, and touched by so rare a constancy, or he was in reality glad of so cheerful a companion. And the young lover was allowed to remain in the character to which he aspired, that of Ricciarda's betrothed, while the girl soon ceased to wish herself back again in *Pistoia*.

It was strange to see that young portress, with her noble bearing and graceful beauty, performing the meanest household tasks, assisted by him, the celebrated and gifted

Cino; to hear her playful and girlish laughter at his awkwardness, and mark his untiring good nature and devotedness. But he could not help smiling too sometimes, when he caught a glimpse of himself in some clear mountain-stream, bending beneath the load of fuel he was carrying to the fortress, and he wondered what they would say of him at Pistoia could they see him thus; and how Boccaccio would make him the theme of his wit, and Dante of his sympathy. But he did not care much about it when Ricciarda came to meet him with her beaming face, hoping that he was not tired, and chiding him gently for having brought so much, of parting away the hair upon his brow with her white-fingers, and looking as if she would fain have pressed her lips there, but was too timid.

Summer passed away, and the many wants and privations which always seem to press less heavily when we have the sunlight to warm and gladden us, darkened around them in that dreary and desolate abode. And yet even this could have been borne uncomplainingly by loving hearts, which fear death only; but a sadder trial was at hand.

Cino had been out upon the mountains, and returning unexpectedly, found Ricciarda bending in a pensive attitude over a favourite flower which she had brought with her from Pistoia. Could it be fancy? but as she stood thus in the full light, he thought her cheek less round, and strangely pale; but then she had never had much colour. Her form too, it was surely faded, even to the small white hands that hung down so listlessly by her side, and the fire of those bright eyes seemed subdued, if not quenched. A sudden pang shot through his heart as he gazed, nor did it wholly pass away even at sight of her fond smile and affectionate greeting.

"What were you contemplating so earnestly, my Ricciarda?" said he.

"My poor flower! it was your gift, Cino, and I have treasured it so carefully—but see, it is quite withered now. Nothing will live long, I think, in these dreary Apennines."

Her companion drew her closer to his side, and shuddered.

"You are not ill?" said he, insensibly giving utterance to the horrible fears that possessed him.

"Ill!" and the girl's smile, which she meant should be one of comfort, ended in a passionate burst of tears, and she laid her head upon his shoulder, and sobbed like a child.

"Speak to me," exclaimed the distracted lover; and she looked up at the sound of his sad voice, and tried to appear calm for his sake.

"You know I was never very strong, Cino," said she, gently; "but I shall be quite well again when we get back to Pistoia."

Her companion said no more, for his heart

was full to bursting, and he feared to alarm her, and so, perhaps, bring about the very consummation he so much dreaded; but it seemed as if he had never truly loved her until that hour, so powerfully does death hallow and consecrate to our affections the victim on whom its shadow has fallen. His eyes were opened, and from that day he and her stern father, an humble and changed man, watched her, in the language of one who, because she is herself a woman and a poetess, lingers tenderly over this touching episode in real life, "fading away like a bright dream from earth!"

We can fancy how, when concealment became no longer possible, Ricciarda strove to soothe and console her despairing lover. She was much too good and pure to fear death, and yet it was very hard to die and leave him behind—and after all their fiery visions for the future—that rainbow future, which is perpetually mocking us with hopes too bright for earth! And how Cino, reverting proudly to her talents, whispered fond prophecies of her after celebrity, at which she would shake her head with a sad smile, and ask him, "What women have to do with fame? and whether it ever yet made them the happier?"

It was a chill, gloomy day. Cino had been to try and find her some wild flowers; but not one ventured to appear, even in those sheltered haunts which he knew so well, and he brought back a sprig of laurel instead, and gave it to her with a significant smile.

"Be it so," said the girl, merrily, "and if the laurel indeed be mine in after years, it is from your hand alone I wish to receive it."

And as she twined the leaves in wild playfulness around her faded brow, and lifted up her face full of a strange and almost divine beauty, a glorious thought sprang up in the mind of her companion, and he vowed within himself that the wreath upon that fair forehead should be immortal! And it was—thanks to his genius and his love!

Who that gazed that night upon the young poetess, with her glittering eyes, and her cheeks glowing with a rich and living crimson—who that marked her passionate tenderness, could have dreamt of disease and death? Too guileless to conceal any thought of her innocent heart, Cino had known from the very beginning how she loved him, she told him a thousand times, and he remembered her all the more for her sweet confidence. But now the last frail barriers of restraint were removed, and she rested her weary head upon his bosom, and prayed to be spared for his sake, if it might be! or otherwise, with the perfect unselfishness of a truly loving spirit, that her memory might hereafter have no power to sadden. She would rather be altogether forgotten, than that he should remember only to weep!

"Do you recollect that night—the last we

spent together in our native city," said the poet, "when you asked me if I should always love you thus?"

"Oh! yes; but it was an idle question, which my own heart answered even while I spoke."

"Then let it plead for me still. The mere memory of an old love is better than a new one."

"Ah! that is poetry!" said the girl.

"And what constitutes poetry? Is it not truth and reality, decorated, but not hidden, by the wild flowers of imagination and romance?"

It should be, young sophist.

"Nay, keep thy sweet faith, my Ricciarda!" continued her lover, "for I shall never cease to adore thee!"

And the girl was well content to be soothed and won into so bright a belief.

"It is very cold!" said Ricciarda, after a long pause, during which the bright flush faded from her countenance, like the sunset upon snow; "and grows dark earlier to-night, does it not? or else my sight is strangely dim."

Cino forbore to tell her that as yet it was not even dusk, and that the shadow which hung over her was the dark shadow of the valley of death, but bent down and kissed those fast-closing eyes in shuddering silence.

And the mind of the dying girl wandered back to Pistoia, talked in broken sentences of her flowers—her books—her poetry—her love—never long absent from her thoughts, and wondered how her proud father, when he knew all, would have the heart to separate them—she thought that he would not; for stern as he was to others, he had always been kind to her!

And then Selvaggia turned away and sobbed like a child; and when Cino looked again, the white lips had ceased to move, and she lay motionless and smiling upon the bosom of her lover, like an infant asleep! It was all over, and they buried her in a nook among the mountains.

Years passed away—Cino had arrived at the summit of worldly fame and prosperity, and been crowned with wealth and honour by his native city. A sonnet addressed to him about this time by his friend Dante accuses him of variable and fickleness in love; and it is certain that bright eyes and willing smiles followed him wherever he went. But he—the poet—the lover—so faithful in life!—was he indeed faithless in death, and false to his own creed? The following true incident must answer for him:

Having occasion to cross the Apennines on an embassy of some importance, he dismissed his followers at a certain spot, directing them to take a different route, and alone and on foot sought the grave of his Selvaggia, upon which he flung himself with tears and lamentations.

What was the glory he had won to him

now compared with her gentle love? Aye, even with its memory he would have bartered it for that only, and left himself rich in sweet thoughts.

This occurrence gave rise to the most striking of all Cino's compositions, which abounds with passion and eloquence. What pathos there is in the description of his manly grief, as he mourned over the dream of their past happiness! The last stanza is particularly natural, and therefore affecting, telling "how he arose up at length, and went sadly on his way, and passed the mountain summits where they had so often wandered lovingly together, crying aloud in accents of wildness and despair, 'Selvaggia, my Selvaggia!'"

In the venerable and time-hallowed cathedral at Pistoia, there is an ancient, half-effaced bas-relief, representing Cino da Pistoia, surrounded by his disciples, to whom he is explaining the code of civil law. A little behind stands a veiled female figure in a pensive attitude, supposed to be originally intended for her whose name has become blended with his throughout all immortality—Ricciarda de' Selvaggia!

So ends a true history of woman's love and man's faithfulness. And we could have wished it a more able chronicler, for it deserves to be written in characters of gold!

REMARKABLE CASES OF FRAUD AND IMPOSTURE.

NO. XXVII.—THIRD BOOK.

A VERY frequent case of imposture has been that of persons, especially women, pretending to have the power of going without food, and to have fasted for two, three, or more years. Irksome and distressing as such a mode of imposture must be, it has often been carried on, for a time, so dexterously as to lull the suspicions of those around, who, being thus thrown off their guard, were satisfied that the abstinence, which, perhaps, was persevered in for a short period, could be prolonged indefinitely.

But few words are necessary to show the absurdity of this mode of deceit. We have two distinct kinds of waste in the animal economy, which require to be provided against; namely, first, the organic waste consequent on bodily activity; and, secondly, the consumption of materials in the generation of animal heat. Food is the source from which the new materials are supplied. Liebig quotes a case from Dr. Currie, in which an individual, deprived of food from inability to swallow, lost one hundred pounds in weight in the course of a single month. And a precisely similar result is observed in hibernating animals, which go to sleep fat and sleek in the beginning of winter,

and awake in spring lean and exhausted. During the whole of the intervening months their heat and vitality have been supported literally by the slow combustion of their bodies; and their hibernating temperature falls many degrees below that of their active or summer state, simply because the combustion, unsupported by fresh supplies of fuel (food), is now too low to generate any thing like the same quantity of heat in a given time. But to our examples of the imposture.

Margaret Souffit, the girl of Spiros, was believed to have fasted three years.

Catherine Binder, after continuing, an alleged fast for five years, was separated from her parents, and placed under the care of four women, who affirmed she had not eaten or drunk any thing for fourteen days, but had washed her mouth with brandy and water, "to comfort her head and heart."

A young girl of Unna, who was said to have remained without eating or drinking for six months, was closely watched; the first night after her removal she was caught drinking a large cup of ale.

About the year 1800, the Osnaburg girl acquired great notoriety. She had fasted, by report, a long time. Doubts, however, arising, she was watched, and escaped the ordeal with her integrity unimpeached; but, a second watching having been undertaken by two medical men, her tricks were soon discovered.

Between 1808 and 1813 considerable interest was excited respecting a woman of the name of Moore, living at Tutbury, in Staffordshire, who was reported to have lost all desire for food, and at length acquired the art of living without any nourishment at all. No great alteration was visible in her appearance; her memory was very strong, and her piety exceedingly edifying. Being backed by medical testimony, the account was generally received as entitled to credit; but the doubts of most of the sceptical were removed by watching the woman for sixteen days and nights, which took place in September, 1808. From that time she attracted crowds of visitors from all parts of the country, who witnessed her condition with a sort of religious awe, and seldom quitted her without exercising their generosity towards one who came scarcely within the pale of ordinary mortality. Dr. Henderson visited her in 1812, in company with Mr. Lawrence. She was in bed, with a large Bible before her; she asserted she had tasted no solid food for upwards of five years, and no drink for four, and had no desire for either; and that she had not slept or lain down in bed for more than three. They left her, fully satisfied that the history of her long fasting was a mere fabrication, and Dr. Henderson argued at some length to prove the absurdity of the imposture.

Her dread of the repetition of the watch-

ing was a very suspicious circumstance, and seemed to imply that she had narrowly escaped detection. She said that for nobody in the world would she undergo a repetition; her attendant styled it "a trial for her life." Yet watching her for a fortnight, though sufficiently irksome, could have had nothing alarming, unless it involved the risk of starvation, which, it was afterwards proved, it did in reality.

At the earnest solicitation of the Rev. Leigh Richmond, she nevertheless consented to undergo another watching, assenting to its propriety as necessary to the establishment of truth. In April 1813, the watch was commenced by a committee of nineteen gentlemen, four remaining at one time in the room. She caught a severe cold whilst removing her from her bed, and at the end of a week she had a very serious attack of fever. On the ninth day she thought herself dying, and was very anxious to make an affidavit as to her innocence of all imposition. With great solemnity she said: "In the face of Almighty God, and on my dying bed, I declare that I have used no deception, and that for six years I have taken nothing, but once, the inside of a few black currants; for the last four years and a half, nothing at all." In spite of this protestation strong suspicions of fraud were excited, and, finally, evidence of guilt and falsehood were discovered. Concealment was now useless; and at last she publicly expressed her contrition for her long-continued imposture.

At one time two hundred pounds, from the contributions of the credulous, were placed for her in the hands of two respectable persons, but this sum was subsequently withdrawn. The total amount of what she received, was never discovered; but as her children and one or two attendants lived with her during the six years of deception, it must have been considerable.

THE LEGEND OF THE BAGPIPE PLAYER;

OR, LAO AND THE KORIGANS.

A BRETON TRADITION

THE evening breeze from the north-east produced a chilling sensation, and the stars shined brightly in the heavens, and reflecting their lustre on the well-polished metal rings which their lovers and friends had bought for them at the *Pardon*, or fair of ——— intimate to the maidens that it is time to wend their way homewards. The young men cross the extensive and barren heath, singing the *Hez Breiz*,* their voices dying away in the distance, and the white dresses of the young girls gradually disappear. It is night.

Yet Lao, his face as round and as red as

* A national and martial Breton song.

the full moon in March, appears at the margin of the desert heath, surrounded by a joyous crowd. Lao, the celebrated piper, who had come from the mountains to manage or superintend the dance which had been just concluded, and whose magic bagpipes, which he now carried under his arm, could set even grandmothers jigging in their ponderous sabots.

They arrived at a cross road, where there is an old moss-covered granite cross. The women stopped, and said:

"Let us take the sea road."

"But," said Lao, pointing to the church of Plougeau, on the top of the hill, "if we are going there, why not take the shortest road across the heath?"

"Because in the middle of the heath, Lao," said the women, "there is a town of Korigans,* and to pass them without danger, it is necessary to be pure, and free from all sin, and we are not so now."

Lao laughed at this. "By heavens!" said he, "I have already received absolution thirty times this year. I have passed every road as night on my way home from *Pardons*, and I have never yet seen your little people counting their money by the light of the moon—as it is said they do. Show me the road to the town of the Korigans, and I shall go and play them such a tune as they never heard before, and sing with them 'the days of the week.'"

All the women exclaimed, as it were in one voice:

"It is not right nor lucky so to speak of the good people. In God's name leave the Korigans to dance round their fairy rings!"

"Dance," repeated Lao; "the Korigans then have their pipes?"

"They have the whistling of the wind over the heath, and the song of the night-bird."

"Well," said the man of the mountains, "I wish them to have this night some Christian music. I shall cross the heath, playing on my way for them my best *badadeo* of Cornuaille."

Speaking thus he took his bagpipes, and began playing his finest and most melodious airs, and with a firm step took a direct line across the gloomy heath. The women crossed themselves, and descended the hill.

Lao, however, marched on without fear, continually playing; and as he advanced, his heart became more courageous; he played louder and louder, until his notes became shrill and discordant. He was now in the centre of the heath; he saw the menhir before him, which appeared to him in the

night like a phantom, and a little further on he perceived the house of the Korigans!

Then he fancied he heard a buzz, which gradually increased. It first resembled the soft murmur of a fountain, then the rush of a rapid river, then the rumbling noise of the sea, with commingling, yet varying sounds of suppressed laughter; at another, furious whistlings, low whisperings, and the rustling noise of feet moving quickly among dried grass. Lao's pipes were gradually lowered in their tone: his eyes became restless and anxiously turned to the right and left over the heath. "They say," said he to himself, "that all these tussocks of heath conceal living people; so they must. Ah!" said he. They moved, and every one took the form of a hideous (naïf) fairy, and the sounds became more distinct.

To the right, to the left, behind, before him, every where, as far as his eye could distinguish, the death was covered with Korigans, running in every direction. Lao, dismayed and astonished, drew back, retreated to the menhir, and supported himself against it; but the Korigans had seen him and surrounded him, crying out in their shrill, grasshopper-like voices:

"It is the fine pipe of Cornuaille who is come to play for us."

Lao wished to make the sign of the cross, but all the little men and women surrounded him, crying out, "Lao, you must play for us. Come, play—play—play; teach us a new dance."

Lao resisted in vain: over-ruled by some magic power, he found the bagpipes raised to his lips, he played, he danced, in spite of himself, and went a continual round with the Korigans.

One of them seized his sash and untied it; half a score others got under his hat; and every time that Lao wished to stop, they all set up a chorus and forced him on, saying, "Play on, good Lao, play on, and teach the Korigans a new dance."

Lao continued thus playing and dancing the whole night; but as soon as the stars became paler in the heavens, and daylight approached, the sound of his bagpipes gradually fell, and his feet rose from the earth more heavily. At length the great orb of day gave a tinge of light to the sky; the cocks began to crow in the farm-yards; and the Korigans disappeared. Poor Lao fell exhausted at the foot of the menhir. The bagpipes fell from his parched lips; his arms dropped on his knees, and his head bowed upon his chest—voices repeating in the air, "Sleep, thou best of pipers, sleep! Thou hast led the dance of the Korigans, thou shalt never more lead that of Christians."

* H—U—Y.

* Little Breton fairies, who, according to tradition, live in druidical monuments—called in consequence *Maisons Korigans*.

† Tradition pretends that the Korigans compel travellers to dance round with them, repeating in Celtic, Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday.

How to obtain mutton from the drama: Order "Lamb's Tales from Shakspeare" of any bookseller.

A CORPSE GOING TO A BALL.

WE give the following story as it is told in an American paper, without vouching for its truth, although there is nothing very improbable in the matter, either as regards the coldness of the climate, or the cold-heartedness:—

Those who read the thrilling "Passages from the Diary of a London Physician," that were published a few years since, will remember one tale under the title of "Death at the Toilet." Although it was asserted by the writer that those narratives were the records of facts, few, I presume, were willing to believe that real life could furnish matter of such romantic interest. Especially did the one alluded to strike my own mind as quite unnatural, and I read it as others, admiring the genius more than the veracity of the writer. Perhaps some who have seen the words at the head of this article may imagine that they are about to be treated to a passage from the dreams of fancy, but they are mistaken. I have a sad and solemn tale of truth to relate, and when it has been read, there will be no hesitation in believing that "truth is stranger than fiction." No colouring shall be laid on the story, no art of embellishment shall heighten its interest, it shall be told to others as it was told to me, and you shall be convinced that there is nothing more than truth in the story of a corpse that went to a ball. You recollect the 1st day of January. It was a bitter cold day. 'Twas cold as far south as the city of New York; and up here in the country, where I am writing, it was terribly severe. You could not ride far against the wind without being exposed to freezing. I have heard of two cases of death by cold on that day in this region, and of another case in which the sufferer was saved by great exertion, when at the point of perishing. The night of that day was to be observed, as is usual here, by a New Year's ball. Invitations had been extended for many miles around, and a great gathering of the young and gay, and thoughtless, was expected. Extensive preparations had been made for an evening of merriment and glee, and merry hearts beat quickly in anticipation of the pleasures of the scene. None was happier in the thought of coming joy than Miss —, who took her seat in the sleigh, by the side of her partner for the evening, and set out for a ride of some twenty miles to join the dance. She was young and gay, and her charms of youth and beauty never were lovelier than when dressed for that New Year's ball. Of course too thinly clad for the season, and especially for that dreadful day, she had not gone far before she complained of being cold, very cold; but their anxiety to reach the end of their ride in time to be present at the opening of the dance induced them to hurry onwards with-

out stopping by the way. Not long after thus complaining, she said that she felt perfectly comfortable, was now quite warm, and that there was no necessity for delay on her account. They reached, at length, the house where the company were gathering; the young man leaped from the sleigh, and extended his hand to assist her out, but she did not offer hers; he spoke to her, but she answered not; she was dead—stone dead—frozen stiff—a corpse on the way to a ball. But the most shocking part of the tale is yet to be told,—the ball went on!!! The dance was as merry, and the music as sweet, as if one of the invited guests had not been called into eternity.

WHITSUNTIDE.

MR. FOSBROKE remarks that this feast was celebrated in Spain with representations of the gift of the Holy Ghost, and of thunder from engines, which did much damage. Wafers or cakes, preceded by water, oak-leaves, or burning torches, were thrown down from the church roof; small birds, with cakes tied to their legs, and pigeons were let loose. A long conser was also swung up and down.

In an old book, dated 1500, we have the prices paid at St Patrick's, Dublin, namely, "1s. 7d. paid to those playing with the great and little angel and the dragon; 3s. paid for little cards employed about the Holy Ghost; 4s. 6d. for making the angel censing, and 2s. 2d. for cards of it,"—and on the feast of Pentecost.

The *Whitsun Ales* were derived from the *Agapan*, or love-feasts of the early Christians, and were so denominated from the churchwardens buying, and laying in from presents also, a large quantity of malt, which they brewed into beer, and sold out in the church or elsewhere. The profits, as well as those from sundry games, these being no poor-rates, were given to the poor, for whom this was one mode of provision, according to the Christian rule, that all festivities should be rendered innocent by alms. Aubrey thus describes a Whitsun ale:—

"In every parish was a church-house, to which belonged spits, crocks, and other utensils for dressing provisions. Here the housekeepers met. The young people were there too, and had dancing, bowling, shooting at butts, &c., the ancient sitting gravely by, and looking on." It seems, too, that a tree was erected by the church-door, where a banner was placed, and maidens stood gathering contributions. An arbour, called Robin Hood's Bowyer, was also put up in the church-yard. The more modern Whitsun ale consists of a lord and lady of the ale, a steward, sword-bearer, purse-bearer, mace-bearer, train-bearer or page, fool, and pike-

and labor man, with a company of young men and women, who dance in a barn.

The "Reading Mercury" of May 14, 1819, contains the following advertisement:—"Peppard Revel will be held on Whit-Monday, May 31, 1819; and for the encouragement of young and old gamesters, there will be a good hat to be played for at cudgels; for the first seven couple that play, the man that breaks most heads to have the prize; and one shilling and sixpence will be given to each man that breaks a head, and one shilling to the man that has his head broke."

LETTERS TO THE PEOPLE.

BY YOUNG CHEETWOOD.

NO. IV. — CONDUCT AFTER MARRIAGE. TO THE WIFE.

A WOMAN after marriage finds herself quite in another situation in life; feeling that she has undertaken an important duty, she naturally is desirous of being acquainted with household tactics. Seldom does she long remain without advice, if she has any married female acquaintances; generally it is quite to the contrary—each are wishful to give the results of their own "experience," until the poor young wife scarce knows which way to turn. To many of these gossips it is better not to listen at all. If any of your kind friends should be fond of talking of your husband disadvantageously, inform them in the commencement that you place implicit confidence in him, and that you would rather not hear anything of which he did not choose to inform you. This will cut short at once those tattlings and tale-bearings which produce so much discomfort; you then will be no more troubled with gossip and mischief-makers. Continue not any of those little affectations, if ever you have indulged in any before marriage; but endeavour to be a true, confiding, honest wife, striving for her husband's benefit. Do not think that after marriage you may appear a slattern, dirty figure before your husband. What must be his dismay to find, instead of the tidy, pretty looking girl he fancied before his wedding, a careless creature, with her clothes negligently put on, her face begrimed with dirt, a dirty apron, her shoes trodden down at the heels, with uncombed hair and unwashed hands, all under the excuse of being busy in the kitchen! There is nothing easier than to make yourselves tidy, and it is little more difficult to keep yourselves so. It may be necessary to wear another dress during your employment in the culinary department; but it is also necessary to keep it neat and clean; then a young woman will look as well, though

perhaps not so fashionable, as when arrayed in silks and satins. But I am emphatically, that if you would keep alive your husband's regard, always strive to appear pleasing to his eye. Dress for your husband as you would for a lover; endeavour in these minor ways, that a woman alone understands, to let him perceive that you place a great share of your happiness upon his good opinion. A favourite style of dressing the hair, a dress that he thinks becomes you, a handkerchief that he has chosen, and other trifles to please. Cultivate a gentle disposition, and take care to have the house clean and comfortable when he returns from his daily avocations. Then look cheerful and happy, and exert yourself to make him feel that such happiness is not to be obtained elsewhere; and when he does feel such, you need never fear irregular habits. Consider it as an art which you are bound to study. It is generally found that a man is driven from home by sour looks, an untidy house, and an unconsoled wife, when he seeks refuge in the ale-house or in "company." Give him your utmost confidence, and explain to him your perplexities. He is your legitimate adviser; and while he is with you never seek the counsel of a stranger. Let there be no underhand juggling between you; your interests are mutual; let all your actions be fair and open to him. If an angry word should unthoughtfully slip from his lips to mar your bliss, retaliate not: it will but serve to produce a greater irritation—a soft answer will do more to disarm passion than a world of invectives. He will soon feel that his anger was unjust. A sullen and obstinate disposition is always avoided; and those who would not wish to be the terror of all their friends will never assume it. It is far more honourable to appear sensible of an error than a foolish persistence in your own will—it is by no means degrading. Nor be ever complaining and murmuring at trivial evils, which your husband has not the power to prevent: it will serve to make him miserable and to dread your company. Much more your own good sense will suggest in regard to this, when you have arranged your ideas in a proper train. I may now leave you to consider; and, before bidding you farewell, must beg that you will study ECONOMY in all things.

USEFUL RECIPES.

THE "Medical Remembrancer; or, Book of Emergencies," by Mr. E. B. L. Shaw, is a valuable little work, concisely pointing out the immediate remedies to be adopted in the first moments of danger from poisoning, drowning, apoplexy, burns, and other accidents; with the tests for the principal poisons, and other useful infor-

mation. We extract the following useful remarks:—

BITE OF RABID ANIMALS, (*Hydrophobia*).

—As there has been hitherto no remedy discovered which can be said to possess a specific control over this dreadful malady, and therefore little hope can be entertained of a cure for it, our best endeavours should be directed to the *preventive* treatment. This is to be commenced, then, by completely cutting out the whole wound as soon as possible after the bite of a suspected animal. After this bleeding should be encouraged by immersion in warm water, or the application of a cupping-glass. Caustic should next be applied to every part of the wound, which is then to be covered with a poultice and suffered to heal by granulation, or be kept open, and made to suppurate by irritating ointments. The excision should never be omitted, even though the bitten part have healed, and let the interval since its occurrence be what it may. As for any of the innumerable so-called specifics, there is not one that is worth a moment's trial.

BITE OR STING OF VENOMOUS INSECTS.

—There are no insects met with in England whose bite or sting is of sufficient importance to need surgical assistance, unless inflicted in extraordinary numbers, or in peculiar situations. Children, if much stung by bees or wasps, may suffer considerably from fever. But the most common instance of danger from these insects, is the alarming suffocation produced when their sting is inflicted in the pharynx or back part of the mouth, which sometimes happens when they are concealed in fruit, and are incautiously taken into the mouth.

TREATMENT.—If there be fainting or constitutional depression, opiates and cordials must be given without delay; for example, spirit of sal volatile, or of hartshorn, a teaspoonful in a wine-glassful of water, or a glass or two of wine at intervals. As to the local treatment, the first thing to be done is to examine the part with a lens, and extract the sting, if left in the wound, as is frequently the case, with forceps, or what will generally answer the purpose, the barrel of a watch-key strongly pressed over it. The best local applications will then be sweet oil, either alone or mixed with spirit of hartshorn, finely-scraped chalk, flour, vinegar, spirit of wine, brandy, or eau-de-Cologne. Either of these will give relief in the above case, and also in the bites of bugs, fleas, gnats, mosquitoes, &c. In the case of a wasp or bee-sting in the throat, attended with danger of suffocation, leeches should be plentifully applied both externally and internally; and hot stimulating gargles (hot water and salt, for instance), be frequently used to reduce the tumefaction, by causing a copious flow of blood and saliva; but if these measures fail

of affording relief, an opening must be made into the larynx or trachea.

BURNS AND SCALDS.—We mention several remedies which have obtained popular reputation in these accidents, and which are valuable not only as giving more or less relief, but as being generally at hand, or to be readily procured in every dwelling. They are, *wheat flour*, which may be thickly sprinkled over the injured parts with a common kitchen dredger, till a perfect crust is formed,—an excellent application. *Finely-scraped chalk* or *magnesia*, applied in the same way. These act both by excluding the atmospheric air, and absorbing the fluid secreted by the vessels of the inflamed surface. Another application reported to be very efficacious in allaying the pain is, a piece of lint wetted with a saturated solution of *carbonate of soda*. A poultice of grated raw *turnip* or *potato*, applied cold, is quickly productive of ease in slight burns but requires renewing often enough to keep up the sensation of coldness. There is a nauseous compound of linseed oil and lime-water, frequently used, and known by the name of "*Carron oil*" (from being used at the iron-works of that name); it has nothing to recommend it in preference to any of the above-mentioned remedies, unless it should chance to come first to hand. It is employed in the healing of severe burns, to keep the parts soft and prevent their contracting or adhering, which object it may effect as well as any other greasy application.

CONTRUSIONS OR BRUISES.—In slight bruises, and those not likely to be followed by much inflammation, nothing more is usually necessary than to bathe the part with spirit, as eau-de-Cologne, brandy, &c. mixed with an equal proportion of vinegar and water. In more severe cases, however, and where the accident is near an important part, as the eye, or any of the joints, it becomes a desirable object to prevent the approach of inflammation. This is to be attempted by the application of leeches, repeating them according to circumstances. Should there be considerable fever present, bleeding from the arm, purgatives, and a low diet, may become necessary. In the last stage of a bruise, where there is merely a want of tone in the parts, and swellings from the effused blood, &c., friction should be employed, either simply, or with any common liniment, as opodeldoc. Wearing a bandage, pumping cold water on the part, succeeded by warm friction, also a saturated solution of common salt in water, have each been found beneficial. The roots of briary and Solomon's seal, bruised and applied as a poultice, are efficacious in hastening the disappearance of the lividity of bruises.

POPULAR PASTIMES.

SOLUTIONS TO THE CHARADES, NAMES, CONUNDRUMS, ETC., IN OUR LAST

CHARADES.

- 1—Archangel.
- 2—Looking-glass.
- 3—Horse-shoe.
- 4—Bar-ring.

EMINENT MEN ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

- 1—Pai-rarch.
- 2—Beat-tis.
- 3—Heb-er.

ENGLISH TOWNS.

- 1—Hrid(1)port
- 2—Ware-ham
- 3—Doe(n)minster.
- 4—Shafto-bury
- 5—Wo-y-mouth.
- 6—Blind-foud.
- 7—Port-land.
- 8—Dor(c)set.

CONUNDRUMS.

- 1—Both contain fixed hair (air).
- 2—A daughter.
- 3—When it is a little bare (bear).

CHARADES.

1.—I am a word of 8 letters; my 7, 8, 6, will only make one; my 5, 6, and 4, is the ancient term for a formidable animal; my 5, 6, and 7, was the name of a celebrated Roman Pontiff; my 8, 2, and 3, partake of the nature of Somnus, and is also well known to hunters; it requires 160 of my 3, 4, 5, and 6, to make an acre; my 3, 6, and 1, is a noted literary character; my 3, 2, and 4, is a well-known kitchen utensil; my 3, 2, and 8, is the name of a heathen god; my 2, 3, and 6, is an animal; my 2, 5, and 6, is a well-known beverage; my 8 and 4 is a

If I borrow the 19th letter of my 1st, that, along with my 8, 2, 3, 5, will express a foreign port; and I doubt whether there ever will be such another as my 8, 2, 3, 7, 5, 6, 4, 1. My whole was a noted man. VIZ.

2.—I am a word of eleven letters; my 3, 2, 4, is a quadruped; my 5, 8, 10, is a measure; my 2, 9, 7, 5, is to creak; my 2, 3, 5, is a Jewish measure; my 11, 3, 10, is a witch; my 4, 8, 6, is to steal; my 1, 9, 5, 4, 9, 5, 1, is the outskirts of a town; my 4, 8, 1, 3, is a female's name; my 5, 3, 7, is a room in a tavern; my 6, 4, 5, is a sphere; and my whole is a town in England. GEORGIUS.

3.—My first is a fence,
A passage my second,
My whole a conveyance
Of great speed is reckoned.

R. D., Jun.

REBUS.

1.—Behold a very small negation
You will see an affirmation.

CONUNDRUMS.

1.—Why does the eye resemble a severe schoolmaster.

2.—Express a wise man in two letters?

3.—Why are real friends like ghosts?

4.—Why is swearing like a worn-out coat?

5.—What is majesty robbed of its external?

6.—If Dick's father be John's son, what relation is Dick to John?

7.—How can great K, little K, and K in a man's mood, make two islands and a continent?

8.—Why is a hat like the Queen?

9.—Why is an amiable and charming girl like one letter in deep thought, another on its way toward you, another bearing a torch; and another singing psalms?

10.—What difference is there between live fish, and fish alive?

RIDDLES.

1.—Though unknown to all senses, except to the sight,
Yet existence I claim by excluding the light.

2.—What is that which sweetens life,
Found in sister, friend, or wife;
Something more than beauty dear
Chasing gloom, dispelling fear;
Always gay, yet never changing,
Slightly through each circle ranging;
Bringing joy, content, or mirth,
To the sweet domestic hearth?
This great charm shall ever last,
Till the days of life be past;
And in memory fresh shall bloom,
Over the lamented tomb,
When fatal Death has struck the blow
And laid his lovely victim low.

3.—I'm here, and I'm there, and I'm every-where.

In one place not a moment I stay;
Like a goblin or spite, I appear in the night,
And Shakspeare declares me a fay.
However that be, I am civil, you see,
In giving you pretty good warning.
That unless you take care, you will very ill fare,
And perhaps may be drowned before morning.

4.—We are little brethren twain,
Arbiters of loss and gain;
Many to our counters run,
Some are made, and some undone:
But men find it, to their cost,
Few are made, but numbers lost:
Though we play them tricks for ever,
Yet they always hope our favour.

How to make a bill stamp quickly: Cut somebody of the name of William across the leg with a whip.

FACTS AND SCRAPES.

A CURIOUS CUSTOM—A curious custom connected with marriage is still kept up by the youths in the parish of Beoles, Warwickshire. Once a-year, or oftener, according to circumstances, all the men who have been married within the last twelve months are creoled. This consists in having a creel or basket suspended to the individual's shoulders, and, while he runs with all his speed from his own house to that of his next new-married neighbour, he is pursued by the unmarried men, who endeavour to fill his basket with stones. The wife following, armed with a knife, strives to relieve her husband of his burden, by cutting the rope which attaches the basket to his person.

GASCONADES—A Gascon preacher stopped short in the pulpit: it was in vain that he scratched his head; nothing would come out. "My friends," said he, as he walked quietly down the pulpit stairs,—"my friends, I pity you, for you have lost a fine discourse."—A young Gascon arrived at Paris for the first time. It was in summer, and he went to see the Tuileries immediately on his arrival. When he saw the gallery of the Louvre "Upon my honour," said he, "I like it vastly, methinks I see the back of my father's stables."—A Gascon officer, hearing some one celebrating the exploits of a prince who, in two assaults upon a town, had killed six men with his own hand. "Bah!" said he, "I would have you to know that the very mattresses I sleep upon are stuffed with nothing else but the whiskers of those whom I have sent to slumber in the other world!"—A Gascon, in proof of his nobility, asserted that in his father's castle they used no other firewood but the batons of the different marshals of France of his family.

ANECDOTE OF POPE PIUS IX.—Before Pius IX. applied the axe to the numberless abuses which he found spreading even to the very steps of his throne, he commenced with that which was nearest to him, his own household. Sixty horses were fattening in the royal stables. "These are too many by half," said the Pope, and thirty of them were immediately sold for the benefit of the poor of the city. His establishment he also reduced to the number absolutely necessary. Enormous sums had been lavished in keeping up the pontifical gardens; he modified the system without in the least degree derogating from their beauty or utility. "I am a priest of Jesus," he said to his clerk of the kitchen, "and not a Lucullus. Serve me in future as a poor priest." From that day his table has been furnished with only three plain dishes, and very ordinary wine. After a long conversation with Cardinal Gizzi one evening, upon the subject of the reforms he contemplated,

he asked for lemonade. His valet retired to give the necessary orders, and in the course of a few minutes the servants entered bearing two splendid gilt trays, laden with refreshments of every description, and prepared as if by enchantment. "I only asked for some lemonade," said the Sovereign Pontiff. "It is true, most Holy Father," they replied; "but we have only conformed to the prescribed ceremonial, and, according to custom, have to offer to your highness these various refreshments." "Very well," replied the Pope. "Be good enough to bring me a lemon." It was brought immediately. "Now give me the sugar, and a glass of water." Then, having made the lemonade, he added, "Take away these dishes; distribute the refreshments they contain to the first poor persons you find upon the place of the Monte Cavallo; give each of them ten baucers, and for the future never offer me anything beyond that for which I ask. Go!"

WITCH DOCTORS—Among the Kaffirs, these wizards outlive the chiefs in power, and have hitherto carried on their incantations with a success that baffles the missionary. Mrs. Ward, in her "Five Years in Kaffrland," thus describes the conduct of one of them:—"The wizard Unyekl gathers round him a vast assemblage of his fellow savages, and, after going through ceremonies, he exhibits a decoction, a mixture of herbs with sandilis, trophies (the skull, skin, and right hand of a British officer, who had been taken prisoner by the tribe), and as this boils and foams over on the fire he has prepared according to form under it, he dips a stick into it, stirs it up, and then pointing the magic wand in the direction of our outposts, camps, bivouacs, and leaguers, he decrees as he thinks fit sickness to one, fear to another, and so on; and thus by persuading his deluded and superstitious countrymen that he paralyzes the colonial forces, the Kaffirs acquire courage, and persevere in their aggression."

ONE person was telling another that during the time Sir Robert Peel was premier, Lady Jane Peel was in the habit of pasting all the articles which appeared in the newspapers against him to a screen. "Well," replied the listener, "there is nothing very singular in that; it is but the duty of every good wife to screen her husband's faults."

EPITAPH IN THE CHURCHYARD OF MORETON-IN-MARSH.

Here lie the bones of Richard Lawton,
Whose death, alas! was so angelically brought on.
Trying one day his corns to mow off,
The razor slipped and cut his toe off;
His toe, or rather what it grew to,
An inflammation quickly flew to,
Which took, alas! to mortifying,
And was the cause of Richard's dying.

AN IRISH FUNERAL.*

"On Wednesday the remains of a poor woman, who died of hunger, were carried to their last resting-place by three women and a blind man, the son-in-law of the deceased. The distance between the wretched hut of the deceased and the graveyard was nearly three miles."

Heavily plod
Highroad and sod
With the cold corpse clod,
Whose soul is with God!
An old door's the hearse
Of the skeleton corpse
And three women bear it,
With a blind man to share it.
Over flint, o'er bog,
They stagger and jog,
Weary, and hungry, and hopeless, and cold,
They slowly bear onward the bones to the mould.
Heavily plod, &c. "

Barfoot ye go,
Through the frost, through the snow;
Unsteady and slow,
Your hearts mad with woe,
Bewailing and blessing the poor rigid clod—
The dear dead-rigid-cold one, whose soul is with
God

Heavily plod
Highroad and sod,
This ruin and rod,
Are from man—and not God!

Now spake out her sister,—
"Can we be quite sure
Of the mercy of Heaven,
Or that Death is life's cure?
A cure for the misery, famine, and pains,
Which our cold rulers view as the end of their
gains!"

Heavily plod
Highroad and sod,
With the cold corpse clod,
Whose soul is with God!

"In a land where there's plenty,"
The old mother said,—
"But not for poor creatures
Who pawn rage and bad—"

There's plenty for rich ones, and those far away,
Who drain off our life-blood so thoughtless and
gay!"

Heavily plod, &c.

Then wailed the third woman—

"The darling was worth
The rarest of jewels
That shine upon earth,

When hunger was gnawing her—wasted and
wild—

She shared her last morsel with my little child."
Heavily plod, &c.

"Oh, Christ!" prayed the blind man,

"We are not so poor,

Though we bend 'neath the dear weight

That crushes this poor,

For we know that the grave is the first step to

Heaven. "A birthright we have in the riches there
given."

Heavily plod
Highroad and sod,
With the cold corpse clod,
Whose soul is with God!

* From a Book of Poems, just published, by
R. H. Horne, Esq

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DISTRAINING FOR RENT, by WILKIE.

GENERAL NOTICE.—We beg to inform our
Subscribers that in consequence of the desire
of our engraver to do justice to Wilkie's beau-
tiful picture of "DISTRAINING FOR RENT,"
the distribution of the engraving must be
delayed for a short time. We feel assured
that the Subscribers, when they see the En-
graving, will not be displeased at the delay.

J. J. R.—The tract anciently called the *Chiltern
Hundred* extends through parts of Buckingham
and Oxford shires. The steward was an officer
appointed to keep the peace there. Members of
Parliament, by accepting a nominal office, such
as this stewardship, under the crown, do virtually
abandon their seats.

R. N. H. (West Hackney).—The MS. shall have
an attentive perusal. Thanks.

ADOLESCENT ALUS (Exeter).—See No. 22, page 29.
Much obliged for the recommendations.

ALPHA (Leeds).—Thanks for the scraps. We
have not received the "Capadocia."

CITY ROAD.—This correspondent will perceive
that we have devoted attention to the subject
mentioned.

R. GOODRASON.—Under consideration. Moat's
Short Hand is a curious work; a good one for
practical purposes is Odell's.

R. J. (Wood-street).—There is an account of
Jennings, commonly denominated "the miser,"
in Hone's *Every-Day Book*, Vol. I. We are not
in possession of any information respecting him.

A CONSTANT READER (Manchester).—Sir Walter
Raleigh was beheaded in 1618, in the sixty-
sixth year of his age.

W. BARNES.—To fill decayed teeth, take quick-
silver, ten grains, pure silver filings, five grains.
The mercury and silver will unite and form an
amalgam, which, after being stuffed into the
tooth, will, in two hours, turn as hard as the
tooth itself. The previous letter did not come to
our hands.

P. P. JUN. (Manchester).—Thanks, you will find
this recipe useful. Isinglass, one ounce; distilled
vinegar, five and a half ounces; spirits of wine,
two ounces; gum ammoniacum, half an ounce;
gum mastic, half an ounce. Mix well.

W. N. M. (Arbroath).—We have been unable to
learn where the work mentioned is to be pro-
cured.

T. Y. (Edinburgh).—Your poetical contribution
shall be inserted at an early period. Thanks.

F. R. N.—The selections will be useful.

GIRGANA.—See page 141, vol. 2.

D. A.—When our correspondent is informed
that there are between ninety and one hundred
varieties of disorder affecting the skin, she will
not be disappointed at our refusal to attempt
giving her any advice.

* Those correspondents who have lately sent
contributions to our columns of "Popular Pas-
times," will be pleased to accept, collectively, our
very best thanks. Use shall be made of the
Charades, &c., so soon as circumstances will per-
mit.

* Correspondents who favour us with con-
tributions are respectfully requested to write on
one side of the paper only.

All correspondence must be addressed to the
Editor, No. 334, Strand.*

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TRACTS

For the People.

A WEEKLY MISCELLANY OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE AND AMUSEMENT.

No. 28. Vol. III.]

SATURDAY, JUNE 21, 1848.

[PRICE ONE HALFPENNY]



[THE FOX-HOUND.]

THE FOX-HOUND.

WHETHER we consider the enthusiastic admiration the fox-hound excites amongst sportsmen, the extraordinary perseverance and high courage of the animal, its symmetry, and the music of its tongue, it must be difficult to do justice to its merits.

It is well known to those who have lived near a kennel, that every morning, at the first glimmer of light, the hounds invariably salute the glorious return of day, by joining simultaneously in a full chorus of voices,

"a musical discord," and called by huntsmen "their morning hymn." This concert does not consist of barking and yapping, as many may suppose, but something like the "Hullah system," yet far more sonorous to a sportsman's ear.

"Warn'd by the streaming light and merry lark,
Forth rush the jolly clan, with tuneful throats
They carol loud, and in grand chorus join'd,
Salute the new-born day."

Close to the Duke of Beaufort's kennel at Badmington, a tame fox was confined, and between it and the fox-hounds a great

friendship existed. When the hounds were let out, they played with the fox, who, on his part, was equally ready to greet them. This reciprocal kindness had continued some time, until one day a hunted fox, much exhausted, ran for shelter into a bush close to the hutch of the tame one. The hounds, in the eagerness of the chase, ran into the latter, mistaking him for the other, and instantly killed him. No sooner, however, were they aware of their having occasioned the death of their old acquaintance, than each hound slunk away, appearing conscious and ashamed of what had been done; nor could they be induced to touch the dead fox when thrown an oust them.

Some years ago, Sir John Cope had a hound called Clermont, "and which was in the constant habit, when the pack killed a fox, of taking possession of the animal's head. Thus he invariably carried in his mouth, as if it was a trophy, and on arriving at the kennel, would put it down at the kennel door. In this way he must have imposed a severe task on himself, as the pack had frequently twenty miles to go home when the chase was over. The weight was not indeed great, but the dog's mouth being distended the whole time, must have made the task anything but a pleasant one."

When George the Third kept hounds in the Home Park, Windsor, General Manners, one of the equerries, took a hound named Bustler with him in his carriage to London. He remained there a few days, and then travelled to Blackholm, in Lancashire, the dog being still his companion inside the carriage. In less than a month, however, Bustler found his way back to Frogmore.

A few years ago some hounds were embarked at Liverpool for Ireland, and were safely delivered at a kennel far up in that country. One of them, not probably liking his quarters, found his way back to the port at which he had been landed from Liverpool.

On arriving at it some troops were being embarked in a ship bound to that place. This was a fortunate circumstance for the old hound, as during the bustle he was not noticed. He safely arrived at Liverpool, and on his old master, or huntsman rather, coming down stairs one morning, he recognised his former acquaintance waiting to greet him.

In drawing a strong covert, a young bitch gave tongue very freely, whilst none of the other hounds challenged. The whipper-in rated to no purpose, the huntsman insisted she was wrong, and the whip was applied with great severity, in doing which the lash most unfortunately took the orb of the eye out of the socket. Notwithstanding the excruciating pain she must inevitably have laboured under, the poor suffering animal again flew to the scent, and exultingly proved herself to be right, for a fox having stole away, she broke covert after him un-

heded, and continued the chase alone. After much delay and cold hunting, the pack at length hit off the chase. At some distance a farmer made a signal with much vehemence to the company, who, upon coming up to him, were informed that they were very far behind the fox; for that a single hound, very bloody about the head, had passed a field from him, and was running breast high, and that there was little chance of getting up to him. The pack, however, at her coming to a check, did at length get up, and, after some cold hunting, the bitch again hit off the scent, and the fox was killed after a severe run. The eye of the poor but high-spirited dog, which had hung pendent during the chase, was removed by a pair of scissors after the fox was dead.

The following is another instance of the persevering strength and spirit of fox-hounds—"A fox was unskennelled near Boroughbridge, in Yorkshire, at twenty-seven minutes past nine, and except half an hour taken up in bolting him from a rabbit-burrow, the hounds had a continued run until fourteen minutes past five in the evening, when they killed the fox in good style. During this space of nearly eight hours of most severe running, several horses died in the field, and others were severely injured.

In order to account for the power of endurance; which fox-hounds are known to possess, it should be mentioned that their strength is very great. A well-bred hound has been known to measure as much round the arm of the fore-leg as a moderate sized horse does below the knee.

The following anecdotes, illustrative of the ferocity of the fox-hound, are extracted from Mr. J. Mills's "Life of a Fox-Hound":—"In all packs there is a master hound, who lords it over the rest just as he pleases. It frequently happens that this master becomes a regular bully, and so worries and torments his companions, that there is no living in comfort with him. Some years since, in Mr. Conyer's kennel, at Cophall, the hounds set upon a governor of this kind, and killed and ate him.

"It so happened that about the middle of a season, and when all the hounds were full of fire, the regular whipper-in died, and his place became filled by a perfect stranger to the animals. His cottage being within a short distance, he could hear any quarrel or disturbance, and was ready to quell it at a moment's notice. A ray of the moon, streaming through a chink in the door of the lodging-house of the hounds, occasioned one of them to bay it. This broke the sleep of all; and in a few minutes a regular fight began. In order to quell the row, the whipper-in made his appearance amongst them as he quitted his bed, undressed; but as they had he lifted the latch of the entrance, when the

hounds, not recognising his voice or his person, he was seized by the throat, and, before the morning light, there was nothing left but a *cleanly picked skeleton*."

We conclude our notice of the fox-hound by the following anecdote, related by the late Colonel Cook, a master of hounds—"It is rather extraordinary, but nevertheless a well-known fact, that a pack of hounds which are in sport and blood will not eat a bag-fox. I remember hearing an anecdote (when I was in Shropshire many years ago) of the late Lord Stamford's hounds, which I will relate to you as I heard it. The present Lord Forester and his brother, Mr Frank Forester, then boys, were at then uncle's for the holidays. A farmer came to inform them that a fox had just been seen in a tree. All the nets about the premises were collected, and the fox was caught; but the Squire of Willey, a sportsman himself, and a strict preserver of foxes, sent the fox immediately to Lord Stamford by one of his tenants, that he might be informed of the real circumstance. The next day the hounds were out, and also the squire's tenant, they had drawn some time without finding, when the farmer reminded his lordship of the fox caught. 'Do you think,' said he, 'I will allow my hounds to hunt a bag-fox? I should never be forgiven by my huntsman!' At last, after drawing several coverts without finding, his lordship gave his consent (but it was to be kept a great secret), and the bag was to be touched upon the ground in a line for a covert they were going to draw, to have the appearance of a disturbed fox, and the fox to be turned down in it. On going to covert, a favourite hound, called Partner, feathered on the scent. The huntsman exclaimed, in ecstasy, 'Old Partner touches on him; we shall certainly find in the next covert.' They found the bagman, and had a tolerable run; but, when they killed him, not a hound would eat him! 'Now, sir,' said his lordship to the farmer, '*you have deceived the huntsman and the field, but you cannot deceive my hounds.*'"

THE Cavaliers, during the Protectorate, were accustomed in their libations to put a crumb of bread into a glass of wine, and, before they drank it, say, "God send this Crumb-well down."

AN honest woman in Paisley, who succeeded to a handsome fortune, left by a brother who had died in the West Indies a considerable time ago, was one day occupied by the fireside with a covey, conning over an inventory of the effects which had belonged to the deceased. A very frequent item was Do. Do. (ditto). "Marget, what can that Do. Do. be?" inquired her companion. "Oh!" rejoined Marget, "I suppose it's some out-o'-the-way thing that grows in the West Indies."

JULIA LANSBY.

AN ENGLISH DOMESTIC TALE.

(Continued from our last.)

CHAPTER II.

THE FATHER AND DAUGHTER.

AN old man was sitting in a high-backed oaken chair, his hands folded before him, and his eyelids closely pressed together, but evidently not in sleep—the motions of his lips, and the fatal contraction of his brow, showed that the spirit was busy within. At a table, not far removed from him, sat a young lady, with a shade of settled melancholy visible on her noble features. She turned her eyes every now and then from the paper on which she appeared to be sketching, with an expression of anxious affection, to the troubled countenance of the old man.

At length Sir Walter Lansby started from his recumbent position and sat upright, with his eye fixed keenly and harshly on the pale, placid face of his daughter. "Julia Lansby," he said, "act the hypocrite no more—speak to me no longer in such gentle tones, but tell me at once boldly and sincerely that—that you hate me—"

"Father!"

"There! how *dare* you call me father, which ought to be a name of reverence, of piety, of love, when you well know that in your heart of hearts you detest me as a selfish, cold, unprying old man?"

"You wrong me, father! Never, even in thought, has my affection wandered away from you. I have no hopes, no wishes, no regret, save as they are connected with your happiness. For my own"—here she sighed, and added, after a pause, "I am contented if I could only see you pleased with me—I have no other object now."

"And why not now? Is it because we are poor you can no longer be cheerful as you used to be—because we no longer see 'company,' as they call it, and have our ball-rooms filled with the grinning sons and daughters of vanity? The loss truly is great. I wonder not at your despair."

"Oh, father, do not torture me by speaking so unkindly. You know that the loss of fortune—that poverty itself—could never move my regrets."

"But you have deeper matters for sorrow," replied the father, with an ironical sneer. "Oh, doubtless you have many more griefs to weigh you down than ever fell upon me: fortune ruined—family broken—hearth left desolate—deserted by my own children, and supplanted in my own ancestral halls by a purse-proud, insulting villain, who—"

"No, not a villain, dear father, not a villain."

"Yes, madam, a villain; I say, a proud, presumptuous, insensible villain. What

and is Francis Lansby still master of that silly heart? I charged you long ago to dismiss him from your thoughts. Julia Lansby, why have you not obeyed me?"

"I have obeyed you, father, in all things possible. I have submitted without a murmur to your commands. I have given you my promise never to speak to him, to write to him, to hear of him or from him, without your consent; and, till this extraordinary occurrence, I knew not whether he was in England, or whether he was alive or dead."

"And he thinks by coming down hither, and overpowering us with his wealth and splendour, to make us regret having rejected the alliance of so mighty an individual as Mr. Francis Lansby Merivale. Oh! had my son but lived, my noble, handsome Harry—Sir Walter put his hands before his eyes on saying this, and leaned back in his chair, as if overcome with the bitterness of his reflections.

Julia was in expectation that the imitation of her father's temper, which had lately increased to a most distressing extent, would have been soothed by the indulgence of his grief. But she was mistaken. Again, with the same cold, sarcastic sneer, he turned towards his daughter, and said:

"Your weakness and resignation are truly amiable; your love to your father is so sincere—your gratitude for all his goodness to you unbounded. He has squandered away his fortune, and sunk the haughty lady of Lansby Hall into the inmate of no loftier a dwelling than this. You must be grateful to him for having saved you from the perils of wealth. He has charged you—and now still more solemnly than ever charges you—to banish from your remembrance, or to remember only with scorn and loathing, the wretch who has risen upon our ruin; who looks on us—gracious heavens!—perhaps with pity;—but no, villain as he is, he dares not consult us with his pity."

"What—what has he done to deserve your anger? He thinks of you—I will answer for him—only as the friend and benefactor of his youth." She paused, and then added, with a tone of touching and solemn dignity, "Francis Lansby thinks of you as MY father."

"And as such he curses me, or the Lansby blood has turned to milk in his veins. What has he done? you ask me. What has he not done to hulk and injure me? Does he not live? Is he not 'a gay and prosperous gentleman,' with hope, fame, happiness all before him, while the golden locks of my noble Harry are gone down into the dust? Why is my son taken from me, while Fortune showers all her blessings upon *them*?"

Julia looked in her father's face as he uttered these words; but withdrew her eyes, as if horror-struck with the fierce malignity of his looks and language.

"You shudder," he continued; "but it is

not madness that makes me speak thus. See, I am cool—nay, I can smile; and why should I not? Is not the story I am now about to tell you a pleasant one? Come hither, child, and listen."

CHAPTER III.

REVOLTING DISCLOSURES.

"I WAS an only son; but my father was afraid I should be spoiled, as only sons usually are, and had my cousin to live with me, and treated us in all respects alike. Our boyhood passed without any occurrence to call forth our characters, except that, probably from knowing his dependent situation, his manners were so soft and insinuating that they formed a striking contrast to the independence of mine. At college, to which we went together, and where, by my father's orders, our intimacy was continued, we were called Lansby the Proud and Lansby the Gentle. I confess I felt myself flattered by the distinction. We returned home; we hated each other; at all events, I can answer for myself.

"My mother was now growing old. She had a companion to reside with her. She was young and beautiful—surpassingly beautiful. She was a relation of my mother's, high-born and poor. Ere long I perceived that my cousin Edgar was passionately in love with Helen. What right had he to lift his eyes to so glorious an object as Helen Trevor? I loved her; and it added to the intensity of my passion to think how the insolence of my rival would be punished when I should ask the hand of the object of his passion. I did ask her hand; *she refused it*, and asked for my intercession with my father to secure his approbation of her marriage with my cousin. From that hour I hated both. Was I not justified? But I was revenged. Edgar was going into orders. My father had promised him the family living; the incumbent was infirm and old. They married; I gave away the bride. They lived the first half-year of their marriage in this very house.

"My father died; and shortly after, the living became vacant. This Francis was then about two months old. I called upon them, and told them of the incumbent's death. I described the beauty of the parsonage, the quietness of the village, and when I saw the young mother stooping down, and in the gladness of her heart covering the child of Edgar Lansby with her kisses, I told them I had bestowed the living upon another!"

"You start—it was the first minute of enjoyment I had had for a long time. But they were still happy. I gave them notice that I had put another tenant into Springfield. They left it; he procured a curacy in some distant part of the country. I married, and, even in the first months of matrimony,

mony, thought much more of their happiness than of my own. My Harry was born, and yet I felt no diminution of my hatred. At your birth I resolved, if possible, to repay to the son the agony that had been inflicted on me by the parents. I have succeeded. One after another they died; they were poor and miserable. I adopted their orphan son. I made him the companion of my children, I watched the love that grew up between you,—and when I perceived that it was too firmly settled in his heart to be eradicated, I turned him loose upon the world!

"I feasted on the agony of his looks, for in them I recalled the expression of his mother. And now what has it all come to? My boy is dead, and this wretch, whom my bounty fed, is adopted by his mother's uncle, has purchased every mortgage upon my estate, and save for one consuming sorrow, one passion, which I know from experience, turns all his other feelings into gall and bitterness, he would be too happy for a mortal—successful in ambition in love and, above all, in revenge. Isn't this a pleasant sketch, and—Ha! what has my madness done? Wretch, wretch! I have killed my child!"

He bent over the fuming girl with his hands clasped in agony, and his whole being underwent a change. Cruel and malignant as he had truly painted himself, his love for his children was the overpowering passion of his mind. Since the death of his son, this love all concentrated in his daughter, and, however strange or unnatural it may appear, the value he set upon her, the pride he took in her talents and beauty, were the very considerations which prevented him from bestowing them on any one whom he had loaded with his hatred. He knew that, by the bar he had placed between them, her happiness was as much sacrificed as that of his cousin—and had she been indifferent to him he would not have condemned her to so much misery. Hitherto, indeed, the noble behaviour of his daughter had deceived him. Her uncomplaining meekness, her gentleness, and her dutiful submission to his will, had hidden from him the depth of the sufferings she endured. And, unknown perhaps to himself, there was another ingredient in the bitterness of his hatred for Francis Lansby. Since the change in their respective situations, her former lover had made no efforts to discover what his affection for Julia was unchanged. The thought of his being able to forget his daughter was more galling to Sir Walter's disposition than even his marrying her would have been.

"Waken, Julia! rouse yourself, my child, from this bitter misery, misfortune has made me blind, I hate him not." Whilst he uttered these exclamations, Julia slowly recovered, and looked at her father with a faint

smile as if to thank him for his attempts to comfort her. "But he has forgotten us," he continued, "he thinks not of us—and why, since he has banished you from his memory, do you continue to waste a thought on him?"

Before Julia had time to reply, two visitors were announced—Mr. Merton, and his friend, Mr. Nathaniel Clack.

(To be continued in our next.)

MIDSUMMER EVE IN THE OLDEN TIME.

It was on the vigil of St. John the Baptist, in the year 1510, that two young men, wearing the dress of the king's Guard, came to the water-gate at Westminster, and, in answer to the 'Lastward-ho' of the watermen, jumped into a common wherry. The companions looked at each other with a peculiar expression before they sat down on the uncushioned and dirty bench of the wherry, but the loud roars of laughter which burst forth from one of them appeared to remove all scruples, and the boat was soon adrift in the ebbing tide.

The evening was very lovely. The last sunbeam was dancing on the waters, and the golden light upon the spires of the city was fast fading away. Suddenly, however, a redder light came up out of the depths of the streets, and wreaths of grey smoke mingled with the glare. The Thames was crowded with boats, and voices of merriment were heard amidst the distant sounds of drum and trumpet. The common staves or bridges were thronged with people landing. The wherry in which sat the two guardsmen ran into a private station at Bridewell, and with the same hearty laugh they stepped into a spot as giddy.

Charles, said the more boisterous of the companions, "this will be a snug nest for the night witty almoner when Europe's head is off!"

In a few minutes a noble-looking person, dressed in a sober but costly suit, like a wealthy citizen, joined them, making a profound reverence.

"No ceremony," exclaimed he of the loud voice, and then making an effort to speak low, "his business is safe in the palace, and we are two of his faithful guards who would see the Midsummer Watch set. Have you a dagger under your russet coat, my good almoner?—for the watch they say, does not fear the rogues any more than the gallows."

It was Wolsey then upon the lower rounds of the ladder of preferment, who answered Henry in the gay tone of his master. Brandon, who, in spite of his generous nature, did not quite like the accomplished churchman, was so familiar with him. The three, however, all gaily enough passed on.

ward through the spacious gardens of Empson's deserted palace, which covered the ground now known as Dorset-street and Salisbury-square; and with a master-key, with which the prosperous almoner was already provided, they sallied forth into the public street, and, crossing the old bridge, pursued their way towards the Cheap.

Ind-gate was not closed. In the open space under the city wall was an enormous bonfire, which was reflected from the magnificent steeples of Paul. Looking up the hill, there was another bonfire in the open space before the cathedral, when threw its deep light upon every pinnacle of the vast edifice, and gleamed in its many windows as if a thousand tapers were blazing within its choir and transepts. The street was full of light. Over the doorways of the houses were "lamps of glass, with oil burning in them all the night," and "some hung out branches of iron, curiously wrought, containing hundred of lamps lighted at once." Before the houses were tables set out, on which were placed penderous cakes, and flacons of ale and wine, and the sturdy apprentices, who by day were wont to cry, "Whit luck ye!" threw open their blue cloaks, disclosing then white hose, with a knowing look of independence, as they contemptuously invited the passer-by to partake of their dainties. Over the doors hung the delicate tin inches of the graceful hutch, with wreaths of hilies and St. John's wort; and there were suspended pots of the green pine, in the bending of whose leaves the maiden could read her fate in love. Making their way through the throng, the three men of the watch felt, the two younger especially something of that plasma which human beings can scarcely avoid feeling at the sight of happiness in others.

The three vintners of the city moved slowly along with the dense crowd towards the Cross in West Cheap. They there stationed themselves. The livery which two of them were would have secured them respect, if then lofty bearing had not appeared to command it. The palanquies of the houses, and the windows, were filled with ladies. Between the high, tiled roofs stood venturous boys and servants. Tapestry floated from the walls. Within was ever and anon heard the cadence of many voices, slugging in harmony. Then came a loud sound of trumpets, and a greater light than that of the flickering bonfires was seen in the distance; and the windows became more crowded; and the songs ceased within the dwellings.

The procession which was approaching was magnificent enough to afford the highest gratification to one at least of the three spectators that we have described. It suggested, however, the consideration that it did not belong to himself, and, threw no particular glory round his throne and per-

son. But, nevertheless, his curiosity was greatly stimulated; and that love of pomp which he had already begun to indulge, in processions, and jousts, and tournaments, could not fail of receiving some delight from the remarkable scene that was before him. Onward came the Marching Watch, winding up the Cheap from the little conduit by Paul's Gate. Here, literally,

"The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
Of burning cressets."

The piteous ropes borne aloft in iron frames sent up their tongues of fire and wreaths of smoke in volumes which showed, afar off, like the light of a burning city. Stow tells us that for the "furniture" of the Marching Watch there were appointed seven hundred cressets, besides which every constable, amounting to two hundred and forty, had his cresset. Each cresset had a man to bear it and another to serve it, so that the cresset-train amounted in number to almost two thousand men. This was, indeed, civic pomp upon a splendid scale. A poet of the next century, Richard Nicols, in a performance called "London's Artillery," has the following very beautiful lines descriptive of the bonfires and cresset-lights of the great festival of the Summer Solstice—

"The wakeful shepherd by his flock in field
With wonder at that time for oft beheld
The wondrous shine of thy triumphing fires
Playing upon the tops of thy tall spires"

Mingled with the cresset-bearers came on two thousand men of the Marching Watch, some mounted and some on foot. There were "demi-lances" on great horses; gunners with their haquebuses and wheel-locks; archers in white coats, with bows bent and sheafs of arrows by their sides; pike-men in bright corselets, and bill-men with aprons of mail. Following these came the constables of the Watch, each in bright harness gleaming from beneath his scarlet jorquet* and his golden chain, with his henchman following him, and his minstrel before him, and his cresset-light by his side; and then came the wats of the city, and morris-dancers footing it to their merry notes; and then, in due order, the may himself on horseback, and his sword-bearer, his henchmen, his harressed footmen, his giants, and his pigmeants. "The Sheriff's Watches," says Stow, "came one after the other in like order, but not so large in number as the Mayor's." Nicols, still apostrophizing London, thus describes this part of the solemnity:—

"To goodly buildings, that till then did hide
Four rich array, opened their windows wide,
Where kings, great peers, and many a noble
dame,
Whose bright, pearl glittering robes did mock
the flame
Of the knight's burning lights, did sit to see
How every senator, in his degree,

* Probably scarf.

Adorn'd with shining gold and purple weeds,
And stately mounted on rich-trapped steeds,
Their guard attending, through the streets did
ride.

Before their foot-hands, grac'd with glittering
pride
Of rich gilt arms."

Onward swept the mighty cavalcade past
the Cross at Cheap, along Cornhill, and by
Leadenhall to Aldgate. It was to return by
Fenchurch-street and Gracious street, and
again into Cornhill and through Cheapside.
The multitude thronged after it, but the
three strangers remained almost alone.

"This costs gold," said Wolsey.

"And it is worth the cost," replied the
king.

"Would they fight," said Brandon, "these
demi-lancers and archers?"

"Indeed they would," said Wolsey. And
turning round to the king, "such men have
fought with your highness's grandfathers, and
the cry of *Gods of the blue-cloaks* is as fearful
a rallying cry as that of *St. George*."

"Come," said the king, "we must home-
ward. Are the streets watched, or shall we
have to knock a knave or two on the pate?"

The streets were watched. They again
passed Lud-gate, and as they descended
Fleet-hill they found the lamps still burn-
ing before the doors, but the hospitable
tables were almost deserted. At due inter-
vals stood a constable in bright harness,
surrounded by his footmen and his cresset-
bearer; and as they went onward through
Fleet-street, and looked to the right and left
up the narrow lanes, there was still the
cresset gleaming on the armour.

"We are safe to-night," said the king.
"This is a glorious affair, and I shall
bring her highness to see it on St. Peter's
Eve. How looks the city, my grave almoner,
on other than festival nights?"

"It is a melancholy place, your highness.
After curfew not a light to be seen: the one
cresset in a street makes it more gloomy;
and masterless men cut purses in the dark,
while the light-bearer tells the rogues where
there is no watch."

"Ha!" exclaimed the king.

"This should be remedied," added the
statesman. "The cost of one Midsummer-
Eve would double the Watch for the rest of
the year."

"Ho," said Harry, "hag up the thieves,
and let the true men keep in their houses."

"They break into the houses," said Wol-
sey.

"We will tell our justices to spare none
of them," replied the king.

They were by this time at Temple-bar.
There were three led-horses waiting, and a
dozen footmen with lighted torches. Slowly
they rode—for the way was rough—past St.
Clement's, and through the Strand, and by
Charing-cross to the palace gates. Here and
there was seen a solitary bonfire, but there
was no rush of population as in the city.

The large palatial houses were dark and
silent. The river, which ever and anon lay
spread before them, as they looked upon it
through the broad open spaces of its bank,
was red with the reflection of the city fires.
The courier-prust was at his master's stirrup
as he alighted, and Henry whispered, "Come
to me to-morrow. Our people want Em-
pson's head, and the sooner you get his house
the better." With a loud laugh his highness
and Brandon vanished into an inner court
of the palace, and the almoner rode thought-
fully to his lodgings. ANTHONY.

EMIGRATION.*

MATHEMATICALLY true, as undoubtedly
it is, that the world is large enough for us
all, we have not yet solved the social problem
of finding for each man elbow-room. Though
the discovery of vast, fertile, and almost
uninhabited continents and of means for
facilitating transport thither, seem at first
to furnish a key to this difficulty, we have
had proof lately how much too actively popu-
lation may press upon the means of subsis-
tence, even in these new and apparently
inexhaustible regions. There, as in old
countries, labour in all its departments must
be in due ratio to demand, and if it ac-
cumulate much beyond that, the same ill con-
sequences will occur in the boundless valleys
and savannahs of the west and south, as in
our crowded manufacturing districts. It is
seldom that the emigrant gives due attention
to this. Even among those of the educated
classes who leave the land of their birth to
seek fortune on new shores, there are few
who have other than the very vaguest notions
as to the real nature of the requirements of
the young colony to which they are hasten-
ing. They cannot, therefore, correctly esti-
mate the chances of finding a place open
which they are adapted to fill. Newspaper
accounts are an unsafe guide; for, not to
refer to the false statements constantly put
into circulation by interested parties, the
demand for any particular species of labour
made public through those channels leads
almost surely to an over supply, and con-
sequent disappointment to some of those
who speculate on it. The fluctuations of
the labour market are even greater in new
colonies than at home. In the year 1840,
the demand in the Australian settlements for
mechanics in all departments of trade
greatly exceeded the supply, and journey-
men carpenters, joiners, and masons, were
receiving wages of ten, twelve, sixteen, even
twenty shillings per day. Of course this
was soon known in England; and equally
of course the temptation drew multitudes
of the required craftsmen to the fortunate

* Collected from a valuable work, just out,
called "Twenty Years' Wanderings in the British
Colonies. From 1835 to 1847." By J. C. Byrne.

land. The proportions of supply to demand were reversed; and in 1843, hundreds of these men were at work upon the streets of Sydney and Melbourne at one shilling per day wages.

The question of emigration, then, should be viewed with the utmost caution. The intending emigrant should consider not only whether the particular kind of skill which he proposes to import into a colony is, abstractedly, such as will be useful there; but what probability there may be of competition bringing down its market value. There are some employments in most new countries that are not readily overstocked; there are others that are almost certain to be so. In the Australian settlements, herding cattle and managing sheep are likely for years to engage all the hands that can be found for the purpose; since the increase of flocks and herds is extremely rapid, and the wilds adapted for their pasturage are boundless. With town occupations the case is different. As a general rule, clerks are not a class of men at all suited either to advance themselves or promote the interests of new colonies. Besides, the demand for their services is always so much less than the supply is capable of meeting, that the rate of remuneration is *always low* when employment can be obtained. The principal reason that renders employment for men of education, as assistants or clerks, so limited, admits of easy explanation. There does not exist in any colony those extensive mercantile concerns, manufacturing establishments, or large shops, that require such numerous assistants as at home. A merchant or a shopkeeper in a colony is generally able to transact his own business, or find within his immediate family the means of doing so, as far as accounts are concerned; and if he should require assistants, he is but too likely to seek them amongst those born in the colony, or from those who have resided in it some time, as from local knowledge they are much more likely to suit him. Professional men, no doubt, in some instances, succeed extremely well in the colonies; but these form the exception, and not the rule; connexion, capital, great talents, and enterprising character, may raise them to comparative wealth and respectability, but the field is limited, competition extreme. . . . Tradesmen and mechanics are not unfrequently much astray in choosing a country to settle in, or in fact in emigrating at all. The demand for them in the colonies or new countries, such as the backwoods of Canada or the Western States, is always limited; in fact, many trades are not at all required amongst newly-formed communities. Those principally in requisition are, carpenters, joiners, wheelwrights, masons, bricklayers, blacksmiths, shoemakers, and tailors. Yet shoemakers and tailors have to compete with imported slop goods,

which much lessens the demand for their services. Compositors, upholsterers, painters, glaziers, engineers, coopers, cabinet-makers, plasterers, millers, cutlers, and numerous other trades, gradually follow in the steps of the first-named. They are only wanted where collective communities are formed: a plasterer, upholsterer, or painter's services are not required very often in a log hut or bush wooden house. Tradesmen possess facilities of emigration that are entirely out of the reach of the labouring classes, and are consequently too often to be found in the colonies in disproportion to the wants of the community.

REMARKABLE CASES OF FRAUD AND IMPOSTURE.

NO. XXVIII.—BOOK THIRD.

THE only son of Louis XVI. died in prison in the Temple during the horrors of the French Revolution of 1783; and on the restoration of the Bourbons, Louis XVIII., the dauphin's uncle, ascended the throne. Several men, however, in different places, and long after the dauphin's death, gave out that he had not died in the Temple, but had escaped, and that they were, or rather each of them was, the identical dauphin, who after a series of persecutions, had evaded his enemies and appeared publicly to assert his rights to the French throne.—(See Vol. I., p. 4. of *this work*)

We are now about to relate the story of one of these pretenders—a man who was most decidedly a gentleman in education and manners, and who so conducted himself, and was so treated by others (even by princes and potentates), as to have thrown an air of mystery and interest over his adventures.

In the year 1820, when the Italian poet Silvio Pellico was first arrested and thrown into the common prison of Milan for political opinions by the Austrian Government, he found inscribed on the walls of his cell some elegant French verses, which were signed "*Le Duc de Normandie*," which was the title of the unfortunate dauphin. To pass time, the poet began to hum over the verses, and this led to a conversation with another prisoner in a contiguous cell, who had formerly occupied Pellico's room. After some conversation, the poet asked who it was he had the honour of addressing. The stranger replied solemnly, "the unhappy Duke of Normandy."

Pellico was very incredulous; but his fellow-captive went on to asseverate that he was in very deed Louis XVII., and that his uncle Louis XVIII. was the usurper of his rights.

"But why did you not assert these rights at the time of the restoration of the Bourbons?"

"I was then dangerously ill at Bologna. As soon as I recovered, I flew to France. I presented myself to the high allied powers; but what was done, was done. My iniquitous uncle would not acknowledge me, and my sister (the Duchess of Angoulême) united with him to oppress me. The good Prince de Condé alone received me with open arms, but his friendship could do nothing for me. One night I was assaulted in the streets of Paris by ruffians, from whose daggers I escaped with difficulty. After having wandered for some time in Normandy, I returned into Italy, and fixed myself at Modena; thence writing incessantly to the monarchs of Europe, and particularly to the Emperor Alexander, who answered me with the greatest politeness. I did not despair of finally obtaining justice; or if, for policy, they were determined to sacrifice my rights to the throne of France, I thought at least they would assign me a decent *appanage*. At last I was arrested, conducted to the frontiers of the Duchy of Modena, and given up to the Austrian Government. I have now been buried here eight months, and do not know when I shall get out."

Such was the strange narrative. "He related this story," adds the poet, "with an astonishing air of truth: though I could not believe it, I was forced to admire it. All the facts of the French revolution were so familiar to him; he spoke of that event with a great deal of spontaneous eloquence, and repeated a number of apposite and most curious anecdotes bearing upon it. There was something of the roughness of the soldier in his way of speaking, but yet it never was wanting in that elegance which is obtained by frequenting refined society."

"Morning and evening," continues Pellico, "we held long conversations together; and in spite of what I considered a farce in him, his mind seemed to me upright, candid, and desirous of every moral good. Several times I was on the point of saying to him, 'Pardon me, I would fain believe that you are Louis XVII., but in sincerity I must confess that a conviction to the contrary is too strong for me; be then, so frank as to give up this imposture.' But I put it off from day to day, always waiting for an increase of our intimacy, and I never had courage to say what I intended."

After reproaching himself for this weakness, Pellico goes on to say: "The turnkeys of the prison were all inclined to believe that he was really Louis XVII.; and as they had seen so many changes of political fortune, they were not without hopes that he would one day ascend the throne of France and remember their service to him. With the exception of favouring his escape, they treated him with all the kindness and respect he could desire. It was to this I was indebted for the honour of once seeing

the great personage: he was of middling stature, apparently between forty and forty-five years of age, rather fat, and of an essentially Bourbonic physiognomy. It is probable that an accidental resemblance to the Bourbons had induced him to play the part."

In the course of their conversations, which were carried on through the bars of their cell-windows, without their being able to see each other, they occasionally spoke of ethics and religion; and Pellico says, the *sou-disant* duke was a man of religious feelings, though not altogether a good Catholic.

From this very curious account, it will appear that, let him have been what he might, the prisoner of Milan was no common impostor. But he becomes still more interesting, and his story more mysterious, from certain facts which have been lately made public by an Italian gentleman now resident in England, who knew the man well at Modena. We must, however, postpone their recital till our next number.

THE OLD CLOCK.

AT a certain town, not twenty miles from London, is a well-known inn, which is a pattern of neatness and elegance. Among the chattels of the house is an old family clock, prized more for its age than its actual value, although it has told the hours for years and years with commendable fidelity. The clock is now situated in one of the private rooms of the house, and many a time has it been the theme of remark, in consequence of its solemnly antique exterior.

A short time since, about dusk, a couple of dashing-looking men drove up to the door of the hotel, seated in a light and beautiful vehicle, drawn by a superb horse. They sprang out—ordered the ostler to pay every attention to the animal, and to stable him for the night. Entering the hotel, they directed the landlord to provide the best supper in his power. There was a winsome look in the countenance of the elder—a bright sparkling in his eyes, which occasionally he half closed in a style that gave him the air of a "knowing one," and a slight curving of the corners of the mouth that showed his ability to enjoy, while his own demeanour made every acute observer sure of his ability to perpetrate a joke. The other was a dapper young man, although different in appearance, yet with features which indicated that his mind was well fitted to be a successful co-partner with his mate, and a dry pun or a gravely delivered witticism was frequently worked off with an air of philosophy or unconcern that gave him at once the credit of being a first-rate wit. Supper on the table, the young men ate and drank and were right merry; when

the old family clock whirled and whizzed as the hammer on the bell struck one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve! The elder looked up to the old monitor before him, stuck his elbow on the table, and looked again steadily for a minute, and then laughed out heartily.

"What in the name of Momus are you laughing at?" asked the dapper youth, as he cast his eyes now over the table, now over and around himself, to ascertain where the zest of the joke was concealed. The elder winked slyly, and yawning lazily, slowly raised the forefinger of his right hand, and applied his thumb gracefully to his nose. The dapper man understood the hint.

"Oh! I understand. No—you don't come over this child! Waiter, another bottle of champagne!"

The servant left the room, and our heroes, inclining themselves over the table, held a long conversation in a low tone, when the elder of the two raised his voice, and with an air of satisfaction exclaimed:

"Clocks always go it!"

Then both cautiously rose from their chairs, and advancing to the clock, turned the key of the door, and looked within the elder, in a half-inquiring, half-decided manner, saying:

"Won't it?"

The waiter was on the stairs, and they returned to their seats in a trice, as if nothing had happened—both scolding the waiter as he entered, for being so late on his errand.

Having heard the clock strike one, they were shown to their beds, where they talked in a subdued tone, and finally sunk to sleep. In the morning they were early up, and ordered their horse to be harnessed and brought to the door. Descending the stairs they asked for their bill, and with becoming promptitude paid the amount. The elder,

perceiving the landlord through the window, placed his arms upon the bar, and in a serious tone inquired of the waiter if he would dispose of the old clock. The young man hesitated—he knew not what to answer. The old clock seemed to him such a miserable piece of furniture, that he had an impression that it might as well be his as his employer's, yet he could not comprehend why such a person should want such a hideous article. While he was attempting to reply, the landlord entered, and the question was referred to him for an answer.

"I wish to purchase that old clock up stairs; will you sell it?" asked the elder, while the youngest lighted a cigar, and cast his eyes over the columns of a newspaper which lay upon the table. The landlord, who had set no great value upon the clock, except as an heir-loom, began to suspect that it might possess the virtues of Marston Heywood's chair, and be filled with coin

and almost involuntarily, the three ascended, to the room which contained it.

"The fact is," said the elder, "I once won twenty pounds with a clock like that!"

"Twenty pounds!" ejaculated the landlord.

"Yes! You see there was one like it in a room down in Essex, and a fellow bet me he could keep his forefinger awlaging with the pendulum for an hour, only saying: 'Here she goes, there she goes.' He couldn't do it. I walked the money out of him in no time."

"You did! You couldn't walk it out of me. I'll bet you ten pounds, I can do it on the spot!"

"Done!"

The clock struck eight, and with his back to the table and the door, the landlord popped into a chair—

"Here she goes, there she goes!" and his finger waved in curve, his eyes fully filled on the pendulum. The fellows behind him interrupted—"Where's the money? Plank the money."

The landlord was not to lose in that way. His forefinger slowly and surely went with the pendulum, and his left disengaged his purse from his pocket, which he threw behind him upon the table. All was silent; the dapper man at length exclaimed—

"Shall I deposit the money in the hands of the waiter?"

"Here she goes, there she goes," was the only answer.

One of the wags left the room. The landlord heard him go down stairs; but he was not to be disturbed by that trick.

Presently the waiter entered, and touching him upon the shoulder, asked:

"Mr. B——, are you crazy? What are you doing?"

"Here she goes, there she goes!" he responded, his hand waving the forefinger as before.

The waiter rushed down stairs; he called one of the neighbours, and asked him to go up. They ascended, and the neighbour, seizing him gently by the collar, in an imploring voice said:

"Mr. B——, do not sit here. Come, come down stairs, what can possibly you to sit here?"

"Here she goes, there she goes!" was the sole reply, and the solemn face, and the slowly moving finger, settled the matter.

"He is mad," whispered the friend, in a low voice. "We must go for a doctor."

The landlord was not to be duped, although the whole town came to interrupt him.

"You had better call up his wife," added the friend.

"Here she goes, there she goes!" repeated the landlord; and his hand still moved on.

In a minute his wife entered full of agony of soul.

"My dear," she kindly said, "look on me! It is your wife who speaks!"

"Here she goes, there she goes!" and his hand continued to go—but his wife wouldn't go; she would stay, and he thought she was determined to conspire against him, and make him lose the wager. She wept, and she continued:

"What cause have you for this? Why do you do so? Has your wife—"

"Here she goes, there she goes!" and his finger seemed to be tracing her any progress, for anything she could ascertain to the contrary.

"My dear," she still continued, thinking that the thought of his child, whom he fondly loved, would tend to restore him—"shall I call up your daughter?"

"Here she goes, there she goes!" the landlord again repeated, his eyes becoming more and more fixed and glazed, from the steadiness of the gaze. A slight smile, which had great effect upon the minds of those present, played upon his face, as he thought of the many unsuccessful resorts to win him from his purpose, and of his success in baffling them. The physician entered. He stood by the side of the busy man. He looked at him in silence, shook his head, and, to the anxious inquiry of the wife, answered:

"No, madam! The fewer persons here the better. A consultation I think, will be necessary. Will you run for Dr. A—?"

The kind neighbour hurried from the room.

In a few minutes Dr. A—, with another medical gentleman, entered.

"This is a sorry sight," said he, to the doctor with him.

"Indeed it is, sir," was the reply. "It is a sudden attack, one of the—"

"Here she goes, there she goes!" was the sole reply.

The physicians stepped into a corner, and consulted together.

"Will you be good enough to run for a barber? We must have his head shaved and blistered," said Dr. A—.

"Ah, poor dear husband," said the lady; "I fear, he never will know his miserable wife."

"Here she goes, there she goes!" said the landlord, with a little more emphasis, and with a more nervous yet determined waving of the finger in concert with the pendulum, for the minute hand was near the twelve—that point which was to put ten pounds into his pocket, if the hand arrived at it without his suffering himself to be interrupted.

The wife, in a low, bewailing tone, continued her utterances:

"No! never; nor of his daughter."

"Here she goes, there she goes!" almost shouted the landlord, as the minute-hand advanced to the desired point.

The barber arrived. He was naturally a talkative man; and when the doctor made

some casual remark, reflecting upon the quality of the instrument he was about to use, he replied:

"Ah, ha! Monsieur, you say very bad to razor—tres beautiful. Eh?—look—look—very fine, isn't she?"

"Here she goes, there she goes!" screamed the landlord, his hand waving on—on, his face gathering a smile, and his whole frame in readiness to be convulsed with joy.

The barber was amazed. "Here she goes, there she goes!" he responded, in the best English he could use. "Vare? vare? shall I begin? Vot, his dat he say?"

"Shave his head at once!" interrupted the doctor, while the lady sank into a chair.

"Here she goes, there she goes!" for the last time, cried the landlord, as the clock struck the hour of nine, and he sprang from his seat in an ecstasy of delight, screaming at the top of his voice, as he skipped about the room.

"I've won it!—I've won it!"

"What?" said the waiter.

"What?" echoed the doctors.

"What?" re-echoed the wife.

"Why, the wager—ten pounds!" But, casting his eyes around the room, and missing the young men who induced him to watch the clock, he asked:

"Where are those young men who supped here last night—eh?—quick—where are they?"

"They went away in their phaeton nearly an hour ago, sir," was the reply of the waiter.

The truth flashed like a thunderbolt through his mind. They had taken his pocket-book with twenty-one pounds therein, and decamped—a couple of swindling sharpers, with wit to back them!

COQUETRY OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

THE following account, which is given in Sir James Melville's "Memories of his Embassy from Mary, Queen of Scots, to Queen Elizabeth," contains an amusing description of female vanity and court trifles, and illustrates how far a rivalry of personal charms and accomplishments entered into the spirit with which Elizabeth persecuted the Scottish princess.—"The queen, my ladies, had instructed me to leave matters of gravity sometimes, and cast in merry purposes, lest otherwise I should be wanted, she being well informed, of that queen's natural temper. Therefore, in declaring my observations of the customs of Denmark, Poland, and Italy, the buckins of the women were not forgot, and what country weed I thought best, becoming gentlewoman. The queen said she had clothes of every sort, which every day thereafter, so long as I was there, she changed. One day she had the English weed, another the French, and another the

Italian, and so forth. She asked me which of them became her best? I answered, in my judgment the Italian dress; which answer I found pleased her well, for she delighted to show her golden-coloured hair, wearing a caul and bonnet, as they do in Italy. Her hair was more reddish than yellow, curled in appearance naturally. She desired to know of me what colour of hair was reputed best, and whether my queen's hair or hers was best, and which of them two was fairest. I answered, the fairness of them both was not their worst faults. But she was earnest with me to declare which of them I judged fairest. I said she was the fairest queen in England, and mine the fairest queen in Scotland. Yet she appeared earnest. I answered, they were both the fairest in their countries; that her majesty was whiter, but my queen was very lovely. She enquired which of them was of highest stature? I said, my queen. Then, said she, she is too high; for I myself am neither too high nor too low. Then she asked what kind of exercise she used? I answered, that when I received my dispatch, the queen was lately come from the highland hunting; that when her more serious affairs permitted, she was taken up with reading of histories; that sometimes she recreated herself in playing upon the lute and virginals. She asked if she played well? I said, reasonably for a queen.

"That same day, after dinner, my Lord of Hunsdon drew me up to a quiet gallery, that I might have some music, but he said he durst not avow it, where I might hear the queen play upon the virginals. After I had hearkened awhile, I took by the tapestry that hung before the door of the chamber, and seeing her back was towards the door, I entered within the chamber, and stood a pretty space, hearing her play excellently well; but she left off immediately, as she turned her about and saw me. She appeared to be surprised to see me, and came forward, seeming to strike me with her hand, alleging she used not to play before men, but when she was solitary, to shun melancholy. She asked how I came there? I answered, as I was walking with my Lord of Hunsdon, as we passed by the chamber door, I heard such melody as ravished me, whereby I was drawn in ere I knew how, excusing my fault of homeliness as being brought up in the court of France, where such freedom was allowed; declaring myself willing to endure what kind of punishment her majesty should be pleased to inflict upon me for so great an offence. Then she sat down now upon a cushion, and I upon my knees by her; but with her own hand she gave me a cushion to lay under my knee, which at first I refused, but she compelled me to take it. She then called for my Lady Strafford out of the next chamber; for the queen was alone. She inquired whether my

queen or she played best? In that I found myself obliged to give her the praise. She said my French was good, and asked if I could speak Italian, which she spoke reasonably well? I told her majesty I had no time to learn the language perfectly, not having been above two months in Italy. Then she spoke to me in Dutch, which was not good; and would know what kind of books I most delighted in—whether theology, history, or love matters? I said I liked well all the sorts. Here I took occasion to press earnestly my dispatch. She said I was weary sooner of her company than she was of mine."

LETTERS FOR THE PEOPLE.

BY YOUNG CHEETWOOD.

NO V.—EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.

HAVING given a few suggestions towards securing the happiness of the grown human-kind, it perhaps may not be thought preposterous to offer a few remarks tending to promote the welfare of the younger portion. Each parent thinks that he has the right way in his own fingers, no doubt; but I think the following hints are worthy of your serious consideration. All are aware that the infantile mind is capable of receiving ineffaceable impressions, bad or good, as may happen to be thrown in its way. Too much care, then, cannot be bestowed upon seeming trifles, likely to influence the individual in the course of life; a duty falls upon the parent to prevent those dangers resulting from a careless, roving disposition. Strike, then, at the root. Such things are becoming better understood in this age of progress. What is more nuisance than a great, silly, spoiled child? Some parents "kill their children with kindness;" that is, destroy all the good inclinations which the child may possess by an over-indulgence. And also the opposite extreme is often to be seen. These latter are what are commonly termed "strict parents;" they are eternally belabouring their poor little charges, in order that they may respect their decrees. This teaches them to be afraid of admitting that they have committed a fault. Children who have been frightened into good behaviour never make upright men; a mild and steady line of conduct towards them, free from weakness, is the best plan to be pursued. It is quite in opposition to the chastising one moment, and the next placing a sweetmeat in the hand, and bidding them not to cry. Beware of ghost stories, &c.; much injury may be done to the mental faculties by an early cramming of tales of horror. What threats of supernatural visitations have been held out by nursemaids to prevent the children from telling their parents, and what have been the consequences! A child's imagination is naturally lively, and may be easily

worked upon; many tales may be told by companions highly prejudicial to the culture of their minds. Should any of these stories ever come within your hearing, never fail to throw ridicule upon such ideas, and reprobate the absurdity of them in simple words; explain their impossibility, and conclude by telling them that such were made only to impose upon the ignorant. The encouragement of a spirit of inquiry among your family you will find to be satisfactory: never be too indolent to give a willing answer to their thirsting after knowledge; it is a good sign. Many mothers I have heard exclaim pettishly: "Go and play, child, and do not ask such foolish questions!" Foolish they may appear to those who treat such occurrences as *casus* the inquiry as a matter of course. But they must remember that the infant reason is but budding; desecration it would be to blight it ere it blooms. Would it not be better to observe, if so busily engaged as to preclude the possibility of giving an explanation: "I am busy now, dear; remember your question, and ask me to-morrow; or perhaps your father will inform you." And in connexion with this, always give a reason when you refuse a favour. Supposing you were setting out for a walk: a little ruddy-faced urchin comes running after you to the door—"May I not go with you, too?" "Do not reply, "No, no; we cannot do with children!" You must have some reason for not wishing for his company; if not, *take him*. If you have, tell him your reason: "I think you will be troublesome; we wish to take a quiet walk. You shall go with us some other day." Then the child will learn to look up to you with confidence and respect, never having received any absurd reasons or tyrannical orders. Never lie: it is a habit easily taken up, independent of its disadvantage to your dignity as the head of a family. What a miserable figure a woman must cut who is caught in a falsehood before her own child! A mother cannot place too strict a guard over her actions: as her offspring not only then, but in after years, when their understanding begins to ripen, will most probably reflect upon her conduct, whom they have given them as a model. This subject admits of much more explanation: but my letter, already long, forbids it. On a future occasion, probably, I may resume the subject.

USEFUL RECIPES.

CHILLY VINOGAR.—To one gallon best vinegar add one pound of good fresh chillies; place them near the fire till near boiling; bung them down, and put the jar in a cold place—you may begin to use it in a month. When you take a pint out, you may add another of vinegar two or three times. It will improve by keeping, and last a long time.

TO BOIL GREEN PEAS.—Peas should not be shelled till just before they are to be used. After shelling, put them into boiling water, just enough to cover them, with a little salt; and when they are not very young, put a little sugar in the water. They will require about twenty minutes to boil. When done, strain them through a cullinder, and put them into a vegetable dish with a few bits of butter; stir them gently till the butter is mixed with them.

TO DRESS ASPARAGUS AND SEA-KALE.—Scrape the asparagus, and after washing them in cold water, bind them in small bundles, placing the green heads together, and cut them off even at the other end, leaving them about five inches long. Then put them into boiling water with a little salt, and boil till the heads are tender. Toast some slices of bread, after which dip the slices in the water, and lay them on a dish. Untie and place the asparagus on the bread, with the heads inmost. Serve melted butter in a separate dish.—Sea-kale is dressed in the same manner, except that there is no bread laid under it.

TO DYE SILK A FINE ROSE RED.—Take, to every four yards and a half intended to be dyed; a pound and a half of nut-galls; boil them, unbruised, in water for two hours. Shift the water, and put in the silk or linen, setting it to soak for four hours, then wring it dry, after which heat it in water in which alum has been dissolved, then put it in a pound of Brazil powder, and a pound of green weed, and thus, by dipping in gentle heats, the colour will brighten.

TO DYE OF A FINE BLUE.—Soak white silk, stuff or cloth, in water; then, after wringing out, add two pounds of wood, a pound of indigo, and three ounces of alum. Give the water a gentle heat, and then dip till the colour takes completely.

TO DYE A CARNATION, OR FINE RED.—Boil two gallons of wheat and an ounce of alum in four gallons of water. Strain it through a fine sieve; dissolve of more alum and white tartar, half a pound; add three pounds of madder to perfect the colour, and then put in the cloth, &c., at a moderate heat.

PERMANENT RED INK FOR MARKING LINEN.—This useful preparation, which was contrived by Dr. Smellie, of Edinburgh, who was originally a printer in that city, may be used either with types, a hair pencil, or even with a pen: take half an ounce of vermilion, and a drachm of salt of steel; let them be finely levigated with linseed oil, to the thickness or impidity required for the occasion. This has not only a very good appearance, but will, it is said, be found perfectly to resist the effects of acids, as well as of all alkaline lyes. It may be made of other colours, by substituting the proper articles instead of vermilion.

POPULAR PASTIMES.

SOLUTIONS TO THE CHARADES, RIDDLES,
CONTRADICTIONS, ETC., IN OUR LAST

CHARADES.	
1—Napoleon.	5—A post—(M)ajesty
2—Sundermyth.	6—Grandson
3—Rail way.	7—They are Major—ca, Major—ca, and Major—ca
RIDDLES.	
1—(N)iv.	8—It has a crown
CONTRADICTIONS	9—A—musing, b—com- ing, d—lighting, n—chanting.
1—It always has a pupil under the lash.	10—They is a differ- ence.
2—Y Z. (Woodhead)	RIDDLES.
3—They are often talked about, but seldom seen.	1—Eclipse.
4—It is a bad habit.	2—Good temper.
	3—Ignis fatuus, or, Jack-o'-Lantern.
	4—Diss.

CHARADES.

1.—My first will fill the miser's heart with
fear
Of midnight robbers' boldly prowling
near,
My skilful second by his useful trade,
Did arm Achilles for the wars he made,
My whole's historic or poetic page,
Unrivalled stands in his illustrious age.
QUIVER.

My first to you proves an instructive thing,
Which oft philosophers delight to scan,
And, like my second, a protecting ring,
Pictures eternity to thinking man,
Though clearer far my whole presents to
view
The merchant's profits and his losses too.
VILES.

ENIGMAS.

1.—I went to a wood and got it; I sat
down to look for it, and brought it home
because I could not find it.

2.—From a number that's odd,
Cut off the head,
It then will oven be;
The tail I pray
Next take away,
Your another then you'll see.

F. R. U.

3.—My first is that upon which some
people stand; my second is he that made it;
and my whole is he that owns it.

CONTRADICTIONS.

1.—What is that which every person has
seen, but never more will see again?

2.—Why are teeth like verbs?

3.—What is an old woman in the middle
of the sea like?

4.—What is the difference between twice
fifty-three and twice three-and-fifty?

5.—What river is that which runs between
two seas?

6.—What word is that which contains all
the vowels, and all in their proper order?

RIDDLES.

1.—Deep in the bosom of the earth
I lie conceal'd from sight,
Till man, who ransacks nature through,
Displeas'd my form to light.

Yet when I first salute the view,
I'm rude and void of use;
Till frost, which other objects binds,
Assists to set me loose.

Then, polish'd by the artist's hands,
In wood I'm closely bound;
And where fair learning calls her sons,
My ready help is found.

To me the sciences are known;
In algebra I shine,
In mathematics often deal,
And make each problem mine.

To me the wisest heads submit,
The deepest scholars bend;
And, though I neither read nor write,
I'm learning's common friend.

Of neither sense nor love possess'd,
The strongest sense I am;
Relieve the memory of its load,
And ease the studious head.

Yet soon my knowledge is effaced,
And ev'ry trace is lost;
And oft again I'm filled with love,
Nor feel the conscious boast. N.

2.—From the third Harry's time we our
pedigree trace,
But some will aver more ancient our
race.

We are born amidst bustle, and riot
and noise,

We're a numerous family, all of us boys;
We are more human creatures, like you
or another,

Yet to make us requires no aid from a
mother;

And, what is more strange, we have oft
a twin brother.

We are none of us dumb—some have
language profuse—

But two words are as much as most of
us use.

One little hint more to give I think fit,
We all of us stand before we can sit.

A JUST but adverse man built a gallows on
a bridge, and asked every passenger whither
he was going. If he answered truly, he passed
unharm'd. If falsely, he was hanged on the
gallows. One day a passenger, being asked
the usual question, answered, "I am going
to be hanged on the gallows." "Now," said
the gallows-builder, "if I hang this man, he
will have answered truly, and ought not to
be hanged; if I do not hang him, he will
have answered falsely, and ought to have
been hanged." It is not recorded what de-
cision he came to.

FACTS AND SCRAPS.

LOVE—Love is faith, is charity, is gentleness; all truth, all peace, all beauty, and all virtue dwell in this one word; the rule of life the precept of our death.—*Phoenix Falcon.*

A MR. ALEXANDER GUN, belonging to the Customs at Edinburgh, having been dismissed for improper conduct, the entry of the fact in the books stood thus: "A Gun, discharged for making a false report."

HOP—Should your hopes be even deceived, not seven times, but seventy times seven, *never lose hope*. The righteous cause always triumphs when we put our faith in it, and he shall be saved who perseveres unto the end.—*Truth-Seeker.*

CHINESE SAYINGS.—Some of the ordinary expressions of the Chinese are sarcastic enough. A blustering harmless fellow they call "a paper tiger." When a man values himself overmuch, they compare him to "a cat falling into a scale and weighing itself." Overdoing a thing they call "a hunchback making a bow." A spendthrift they compare to a rocket which goes off at once. Those who expend their charity on remote objects, but neglect their family, are said to "hang a lantern on a pole, which is seen afar, but gives no light below."

MARRIAGE BY TELEGRAPH.—The American journals report a story, which, if true, throws into the shade all the feats that have been performed by our British telegraph. It appears that a daughter of one of the wealthiest merchants in Boston had formed an attachment for a handsome young man, who was a clerk in her father's counting-house; and she determined to marry him, although her father had previously promised her in marriage to another suitor. The father having heard of the attachment, disowned ignorance of it, but determined to cause it to be broken off. For this purpose he directed the young man to proceed to England by steamer, upon business, and the lover accordingly arrived en route, in New York. In the meantime, the young lady had gained some knowledge of her father's intentions, and sent a message to that effect to her lover in New York by the following expedient:—She took her place in the telegraphic office in Boston, and he did the same, with a magistrate, in the office in New York, and the exchange of consent being given by the electric flash, they were thus married by telegraph! Shortly after, the lady's father insisted upon her marriage with the gentleman he had selected for her; and judge of his amazement when she told him she was already the wife of Mr. B., then on his way to England; adding an explanation of the novel way in which the ceremony was performed. The merchant threatened to protest against the validity of the marriage, but did not carry his threats into execution.

DESCRIPTION OF COUNTRIES.—England is a vast manufactory, a great laboratory, a universal counting-house. France is a rich farm, tending to turn itself into a manufactory. Germany is an ill-cultivated field, because they are philosophers and not peasants who till it. Southern Italy is a villa in ruins. Northern Italy is an artificial plain. Belgium is a forge. Holland is a canal. Sweden and Denmark are carpenters' and . Poland is a sandy heath. Russia an ice-house. Switzerland is a chalet. Greece is a field in a state of nature. Turkey is a field tallow.

SUPERSTICES.—There is some character who possess an inexpressible charm in their manner, a something which attracts our love instantaneously, without wealth, rank, or talents, still a dignity hover round him, and ennobles every action. What is it? How shall we define it? Simply this: They have a freedom from selfishness, by some extraordinary charter of nature. Let a man have genius, rank, beauty, fame, and let him be selfish—what is he, with all these endowments, superior to a hog with some gold bells tinkling at his neck?

TAILLESS CATS OF THE ISLE OF MAN.—The only quadruped peculiar to this island is the *pus caudal* (tailless) cat, termed in the Manx language *caabin*—in English, a *rumpy*. This Mr. Forbes considers to be an 'accidental variety of the common species, *felis catæ*,' frequently showing no traces of caudal vertebra, and others merely a rudimentary substitute for it." As a mouse this cat is preferred to all others. Some of the same species are or were to be met with in Cornwall, and cats of somewhat similar appearance are said, by Sir Stamford Raffles, to be peculiar to the Malayan Archipelago. Many have been carried away by visitors to the Isle of Man, and some kittens of the species were presented to the Queen some years ago by Mr. Howard, of Douglas. Now I am on the subject of cats, I shall conclude with the following anecdote, which I heard at Edinburgh, where cats are great favourites, particularly among the poor in the Canongate. It was customary in Edinburgh, about the time of the French Revolution, when riots occasionally occurred in the Canongate and Old Town, for those who headed the mob to commit to rude abduction upon all cats which they could find either at the doors or the fireplaces of their disconsolate owners. These wretched "catvans" were sometimes immediately killed, but generally tossed about till they expired. A full-sized dead cat was sometimes so far improved by this cruel process, "as to be fit to be tied round the neck of a gentleman like a cravat," as some author has expressed it.

A LOVE of truth is an invariable characteristic, and also one of the main supports, of a rightly constituted mind.

THE real prosperity of a nation depends very considerably on its moral character. A people characterised by habits of industry, peace, justice, and truth, cannot fail of being a strong and happy people, but in proportion as their virtues languish, will their greatness also decline.

ST. ANDREW'S.

HERE stand the relics of a former age—
The time-worn ruin and the mould'ring tower,
Where Popish priesthood long unchecked did
wage

Licentious revel and unbounded power
There Beaton sat, in ermin'd pride arrayed,
And saw the virtuous Wishart meet his fate,
Look on the fire and taggots undismay'd,
And smile at that proud prelate's hollow state

Mathews I see the martyr's holy face
On heaven uplifted with a blinding eye,
And there his meek and mild devotion trace,
For his loved Saviour's sake resigned to die
The fire is kindled, but that good man's prayer
Sweetly and calm ascends to heaven the while,
I hear its murmurs rise up in the air,
Above the crackling of the burning pile.

The fire ascends—I see his face no more!—
But God has smother'd his latest breath;
His face is sealed, his troubles are no more,
And all his earthly woes are hush'd in death
Where are his ashes flown to?—no marble tells,
To worth like his a tomb were needless given,
The martyr in a blessed mansion dwells,
His God remembers him—his home is heaven!

That prelate met a darker, deeper fate,
Doomed to be murdered at a lonely hour!
His pomp is ended, gone his gorgeous state,
And all the luxury of a lawless power
The mitred priests and whining monks are gone,
And Popish tyranny no more prevails,
The abbey's ruined grandeur stands alone,
And the wind whistles through its empty aisles!

With a low howl, whose melancholy tone
Wakens remembrance of those days gone by,
O'er all the long lost glories that are gone,
Bemoaning that we, like them, must die!
Yet there has Learning reared a splendid shrine,
And pure Religion raised her hallowed shrine,
Where Britain's sons may always find a home,
And fathers skill'd to form the young divine.

Thou ancient city, blessed be thy name!
Thy sons and daughters virtuous, good and
pure.

And, like the rock of ages, may thy fame
In its proud records lastingly endure!
A stranger's blessing ever rest on thee,
His memory on thy beauties long shall dwell;
Romantic spot! that I no more may see,
To thee and thine a long and last farewell!

T. Y.

* From a window in the Castle of St. Andrew's, luxuriously covered with cushions, the proud and cruel cardinal beheld his victim meet his fate, undismayed by its terrors, and with his hopes centred on his Saviour. Shortly thereafter the unfeeling prelate was slain, and his body ignominiously suspended from the same window from which he gloated his eyes with the tortures of the noble martyr: Wishart having predicted that the cardinal would soon meet a more shameful death than that to which he was subjecting him—his prediction being thus very remarkably fulfilled.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS

All correspondence must be addressed to the
Editor, No. 334, Strand

J. ALLART.—We have already answered this correspondent in the negative
E. O.—Accepted.

AN ENQUIRER.—An excellent series of articles is now in course of publication in the LONDON JOURNAL, which will give you all the information required.

R. YATZ (Preston).—But one, the riddles sent have already appeared

A. F. W. (Leicester-square).—The scraps may be found useful. Thanks for kind wishes.

J. O.—We cannot oblige you with the receipt you require, but probably the following will answer—Prussian blue, two drachms, oxalic acid, four drachms, water, one pint. It is a good and cheap blue ink. A formula for the manufacture of black has been lately given.

GORDON GLENN.—We will reply by letter

E. C. DAVIES.—Accept our sincere thanks
S. HOOVER (Liverpool).—It is a mistake, the recipe was extracted from a book called "Essence of the Toilette Table," published by McPherson, Glasgow.

CONTRIBUTIONS, RESPECTFULLY DECLINED.—
Essay on Happiness, by J. H. C., The Cousins, by Gamma.

W. H. H. (Manchester).—Your kind communication has been received. We shall always strive to deserve the good opinion of our subscribers.

ZIT.—Your poetical contribution will be inserted shortly. Many thanks

D. S. M. and R. J. S.—The scraps will be found very useful. Thanks.

A. B. O.—The expression of the high opinion which our correspondent has of our literary labours was very gratifying. Thanks for the offer of your services

J. P. D.—In all probability we shall be enabled shortly to devote a corner to the poetry

D. G. NICHOLSON.—We think it must be the fault of your bookseller in not procuring our engraving of the "KENT-DAY." The answer is "yes" to your second query.

LEO.—The riddles, &c., were very acceptable

A JOURNEYMAN MECHANIC.—This correspondent is rather severe in his remarks on "A little bit of Truth." We cannot here discuss the question he proposes.

W. W.—The rebuses will be inserted, if, after perusal, they are found worthy. Thanks.

KENRUT (Exeter).—It is intended that the title-page given with the first volume shall act as the title-page to the general volume at the end of the year. We cannot discover the fault mentioned in the binding of the second volume. Our subscribers, with the exception of yourself, congratulate us for the marked improvement in the engravings. We do not exactly know the amount of circulation; you had better write for the information to the publisher.

GAMMA (Gainsboro').—The contributions must all be gratuitous.

A READER.—The contribution on Natural History was welcome. Our correspondent will have perceived, before this notice appears, that we have kept our promise. We intend, about every fourth number, to present a popular article on natural history to our readers.

J. M. (Birmingham).—See notice to CLARA L. in the 25th number.

* Correspondents who favour us with contributions are respectfully requested to write on one side of the paper only.

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TRACTS

for the People,

A WEEKLY MISCELLANY OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE AND AMUSEMENT.

No. 29. Vol. III.]

SATURDAY, JULY 1, 1848.

[PRICE ONE HALFPENNY.]



[THE VIA MALA]

SWISS SCENERY.

THE Hon. and Rev. Baptist Noel has lately published a most interesting volume, en-

titled "Notes of a Tour in Switzerland." The tour was performed in the summer of 1847. Of scarcely any part of his journey

does our traveller speak more enthusiastically than of the environs of Zurich; and of these the one that gave the greatest pleasure was the *VIA MALA*.

Early in the morning (Wednesday, September 29), Mr. Noel and his party ascended the ravine. At its entrance, which is about a mile from the inn at Thuis, on the right bank of the river, stands the old castle of Realt. It is built on the edge of a precipice 400 feet in height, on a promontory which terminates the chain of the Oberhalbstein Mountains, which lie between the Albula river and the Rhine. Inaccessible on three sides, it was connected with the mountains behind it by a neck of land, and here its proud lords for ages looked down, on the discontent of their vassals with as little concern as on the foam and fury of the swollen river; exulted in their impregnable position, and bade defiance to every foe; while, perhaps, it was not without superstitious horror that they looked from the castle windows into the unexplored depths of the *Trou Perdu*, that mysterious region, untrod-den by the foot of the shepherd, hunter, or brigand, where no sound was heard but the howl of the wind or the rattle of the thunder. As the party ascended, the cliffs grew higher, and the river murmured far down in its rocky bed, gleaming from time to time between the stems of pine-woods. After some distance, the road emerged into an opening in the defile, where the sun was shining on a solitary public-house by the side of the road, and where the meadows looked bright and gay. But soon the ravine closed again, and again the road was excavated from the rock or earth of the steep bank on the left or west side of the ravine. This became at length so precipitous as to arrest the engineer in his bold and daring work; for he found himself on the narrow and artificial ledge of a precipice several hundred feet above the river, without the possibility of descending, climbing, or advancing!

Nothing remained but to cross the chasm by throwing an arch over it. Thus he passed to the right bank of the ravine, where still the construction of the road was far from easy, since it nearly overhangs the river, and is overhung by loftier precipices itself. On that bank Mr. Noel and his party advanced to a spot, where a second time the engineer was baffled by the precipice. He was now working a narrow ledge on the face of a perpendicular wall of rock, rising at least 1,400 feet above the torrent, and here actually curving over his head. Again he must span the ravine to reach the left bank; and though the cliffs, cleft by the torrent, rise at this place 400 feet above its bed, they were so slightly parted, that a single arch, about 30 feet in length, could unite them. To form the scaffolding by which the workmen might execute this work, pines were firmly lashed together with ropes, and swung across the

gulf, and on this frail bridge, rocked possibly by the gusts of the tempest, with the black abyss beneath them, they constructed that arch, which still stands a monument of human skill and courage.

This point is the most magnificent of the whole ascent; all around, above, beneath, is dark, wild, and savage. The river is far down in the depth below; the brows of encircling precipices are far up in the skies overhead. To that river no foot has ever descended; to those shaggy brows no hunter has ever climbed. Further up the ravine, the rocky walls close over the torrent, which there rolls and rages in darkness. Who has searched these caverns?

But to drive through this *via optima*, which should no longer be called the *Via Mala*, is not to see it. He who would know it aright, should traverse it in storm as well as in sunshine. He should see the black vapours boiling up from its depths; he should listen when its crags answer the artillery of the thunder-cloud; he should shudder on the margin of its precipices, and explore its darkest depths; he should muse among its blasted pines, or lie down on one of its slopes, when the summer sun in the meridian extorts from its rugged features a reluctant smile. He should stand there all alone, till the wild music of its torrent and its forests might fall upon his listening ear, and till its sublime solitude might enter his very soul.

How much is there still to learn about it? How looks the strange avenue from below, when the mid-day sun for one quarter of an hour throws its flame upon the restless waters? Is there no rent in these cliffs by which a natural staircase leads to the very margin of the river? Are there no rears by which to enter these long and lofty caverns?

A bold and prudent traveller, who, with good guides, should explore these torture-chambers, where the imprisoned and tormented river writhes, and curls, and groans in subterranean darkness, might weave a stirring narrative, worthy to be placed side by side with the story of an ascent to Mont Blanc. At present no living thing goes down to that darkness, except, perhaps, some colony of bats, who live nestled in the hollows of the precipice. Nor are these quite safe, for in 1834, after heavy rains, the postmaster of Thuis visited the middle bridge, when the torrent, which is usually seen 400 feet beneath the centre of the bridge, had swollen in its rage, and breaking over its prison walls, was furiously foaming within a few feet of the arch!*

A MAN may easily imble error; but truth must be patiently sought after before it can be attained or appreciated.

* Nisbet and Co., 21, Berners-street, London.

THE ACADEMIC GROVE, ATHENS.

THE Athenians had three principal gymnasia appropriated to the education of youth, the Lyceum, the Cynosarges, and the ACADEMY. All three were built at the expense of the government, without the walls of the city.

The Lyceum was situated on the banks of the Ilissus; it was dedicated to Apollo, whose statue was placed at the entrance. The building of this edifice is ascribed by some to Pisistratus, by some to Pericles, and by others to Lycurgus. Certain it is, that the Lyceum was successively enlarged and embellished. The walls were enriched with paintings, and the gardens ornamented with beautiful alleys. They who walked in it were invited to rest themselves, by seats placed under the trees. In this place Aristotle taught philosophy, walking every day till the hour of anointing, which was before meals; hence he and his disciples were called *Peripatetics*.

The Cynosarges was in the suburbs near the Lyceum. It was, like the Lyceum, adorned with shady and solitary walks, and with temples dedicated to Hercules, Hebe, Alcmena, and Iolaus. In this gymnasium Antisthenes instituted a sect of philosophers, called *Cynics*.

The ACADEMY constituted a part of the Ceramicus without the city, from which it was distant about six stadia (about three-quarters of an English mile). It was a large inclosure of ground, which was once the property of a citizen of Athens, named Academicus, from whence it received its denomination. It was adorned with covered walks, and embellished with waters, which flowed under plane, and various other kinds of trees. At the entrance were the altar and statue of Love; and within, the altars of several other deities. It was surrounded with a wall, which was built by Hipparchus, the son of Pisistratus, and the expense of which was defrayed by a heavy tax on the people. In the Academy Plato read his lectures.

We shall conclude this article with a sketch (imperfect, it must be, from our limited space) of the philosophy of the Greeks. This began with inquiries into the origin of the universe, the nature of the divinity, and the conditions of human existence. These investigations were at first connected with religious notions, because in the eastern countries, from whence Greece derived the seeds of knowledge, all information was confined to the priesthood; but the Greeks, having no hereditary religious order, soon removed those limitations, and philosophy, so far from being united with the popular religion, was frequently found its most dangerous opponent. We learn that Anaxagoras was banished from Athens, in spite of all the influence of Pericles, because his philosophical opinions were

deemed hostile to the popular creed. He explained omens and prodigies from natural causes, and asserted that the sun was a globe of fire, and not a chariot driven by Apollo!

The Sophists were the first, in Greece, who applied philosophy to political science. They professed to give instructions in the arts of thinking and speaking, and to fit men for the management of affairs of state. The very name of *sophist* has been long since a term of reproach, because these teachers confined themselves principally to logic and rhetoric, and were more anxious to make their pupils ready debaters than accurate reasoners. They professed themselves equally ready to defend falsehood as truth—victory in disputation being the sole end of their labours. This, of course, led to a confusion of the distinctions between right and wrong, which produced the worst effects in social life. Habitual indifference to truth soon destroys all moral principles, and is the prolific parent of innumerable vices.

Socrates began the opposition to the Sophists; he directed the attention of men to the duties imposed on them as men and citizens, in the various relations of life, and thus led them from idle speculations to consider the practical rules by which their conduct should be regulated, and thus laid the foundation of moral philosophy. He formed no connected system, because he made experience, rather than theory, his guide; and hence the systems devised by his followers differed from each other as widely as possible.

Of the doctrines taught by Plato, the most celebrated of the disciples of Socrates, in the *Academy*, we can only give the following outline—He held that there were gradations of good; the chief were the attributes of the mind, wisdom, and virtue; the second belonged to the body, such as health, beauty, and perfect senses, the third included adventitious circumstances, such as riches, station, and glory. Without the first, he held that the latter would be worthless, but he deemed them necessary additions to the first, in order to constitute perfect happiness.

The Stoics were the most important dissenters from the doctrines of Plato. They held that virtue was the only good, and vice the only evil. They believed that there was no middle course, no indifferent action;—a man was either perfectly wise and virtuous, or wholly insane and depraved. They asserted, that a wise man should never suffer his mind to be affected by external circumstances, but should view with apathy his own misfortunes, and those of his friends and country. It is evident that they thus banished all the best affections of our nature, and substituted in their place cold and intolerable self-sufficiency.

The Cynics pushed the Stoical principles to their wildest extreme. They held that it was necessary to disregard the habits and

opinions of men, and to live solely according to the dictates of pure reason. Acting on these principles, Antisthenes and Diogenes, the founders of the sect, outraged decency and common sense. The name of Cynics was given to them from their similarity to dogs in their snarling and slovenly habits of life.

The Cyrenaics ran into the opposite extreme. They held that pleasure was the only good, and pain the only evil; a principle which naturally opened the way to every species of licentiousness. Epicurus, indeed, who adopted the same principle, endeavoured to correct its dangerous tendency by adding, that virtue was the true source of pleasure, and vice of pain; but his followers did not acknowledge the validity of the reasoning on which the second proposition was founded, especially as he denied the doctrine of the soul's immortality, by which alone it could be reasonably supported.

The Sceptics, of whom Pyrrho was the most remarkable, were seceders from the Academy. They held that every thing was equally uncertain, some even affected to doubt their own existence.

Several minor sects were formed from different modifications of these doctrines, which it is not necessary to enumerate. Enough has been said to show how imperfect were all the systems devised, even by the highest exertions of human reason, and how grateful we should be to the Author of all mercy, for granting us to live in an age when all these imperfections are remedied by the efficacy of Revelation.

CHINESE SUPERSTITIONS *

THERE is no state religion in China,—no tithes for the support of a priesthood; but large sums of money are received by priests, who exercise a profitable trade by divining the fortunes of those who resort to their temples to consult their destiny or to know the result of any important undertaking. According to the "Chinese Repository" there are 1,560 temples dedicated to Confucius alone,—and 62,606 pigs, rabbits, sheep and deer, and 27,000 pieces of silk, are annually presented on their altars. But it not infrequently happens that these offerings fail to produce the desired effect. The expedients then resorted to are both ludicrous and melancholy.

"In 1835, the prefect of Canton, on occasion of a distressing drought of eight months, issued the following invitation:—Pwan, acting prefect of Kwangchau, issues this inviting summons. Since for a long time there has been no rain, and the prospects of drought continue, and supplications are unanswered my heart is scorched with

grief. In the whole province of Kwangtung, are there no extraordinary persons who can force the dragon to send rain? Be it known to you, all ye soldiers and people, that if there be any one, whether of this or any other province, priest or such like, who can by any craft or arts bring down abundance of rain, I respectfully request him to ascend the altar [of the dragon], and sincerely and reverently pray. And after the rain has fallen, I will liberally reward him with money and tablets to make known his merits.—This invitation called forth a Buddhist priest as a 'rain maker,' and the prefect erected an altar for him before his own office, upon which the man, armed with cymbal and wand, for three days vainly repeated his incantations from morning to night, exposed bareheaded to the hot sun, the butt of the jeering crowd. * * * The unsuccessful efforts of the priest did not render the calamity less grievous, and their urgent necessities led the people to resort to every expedient to force their gods to send rain. The authorities forbade the slaughter of animals, or in other words a fast was proclaimed, to keep the hot winds out of the city the southern gate was shut, and all classes flocked to the temples. It was estimated that on one day 20,000 persons went to a celebrated shrine of the goddess of Mercy,—among whom were the governor, and prefect and their suites, who all left their sedans and walked with the multitude. The governor, as a last expedient, the day before rain came, intimated his intentions of liberating all prisoners not charged with capital offences. As soon as the rain fell, the people presented thank-offerings, and the southern gate of the city was opened, accompanied by an odd ceremony of burning the tail off a live sow, while the animal was held in a basket. Sometimes devotees become irritated against their gods, and resort to summary means to force them to hear their petitions. It is said that the governor having gone repeatedly in a time of drought to the temple of the god of rain in Canton, dressed in his burdensome robes, through the heat of a tropical sun, on one of his visits said, 'The god supposes I am lying when I beseech his aid, for how can he know, seated in his cool niche in the temple, that the ground is parched and the sky hot? Whereupon he ordered his attendants to put a rope around his neck and haul his godship out of doors, that he might see and feel the state of the weather for himself; after his excellency had become cooled in the temple, the idol was reinstated in its shrine, and the good effects of this treatment considered to be fully proved by the copious showers which soon after fell.' When all other means fail, the emperor, we are told, prays and makes offerings to his gods for the desired object.

* From a new American work, entitled "The Middle Kingdom," by S. W. Williams.

JULIA LANSBY,
AN "ENGLISH DOMESTIC" TALE.
(Continued from our last.)

CHAPTER IV.—THE INVITATION.

MR. NATHANIEL CLACK bustled into the room, followed more slowly by his friend, Mr. Merton, and exclaimed—"Ha!" something uncommon here. How do, Sir Walter? Miss Julia, how d'ye do? Any thing happened, Miss Julia?"

"Miss Julia Lansby is suffering from a slight indisposition," replied Sir Walter, assuming even more than his usual stiffness and hauteur.

"Change of air,—nothing like change of air for recovering strength. I recollect an old fellow in my own village—capital fortune once—never moved from home; bad health, nervousness, pride, anger, and all that; lost his fortune, went to another house, moved about, bustled immensely?—'Gad, you can't tell what a good-natured sort of fellow the old curmudgeon became.' Mr. Nat went on relating this, not very well-chosen anecdote, disregarding for a time the eye of the proud old man, as it was fixed upon him with the most withering expression of contempt. At last he perceived it, stammered a little, sank his voice, and, after several efforts to clear his throat, stood mute.

In the meanwhile Mr. Merton had been paying his compliments to our heroine, and now addressed himself to Sir Walter.

"Well, Sir Walter, I hope, as we are nearer neighbours than we used to be, we shall see more of each other. My Mary has begged me to make a strong entreaty for a visit from Miss Julia."

"If Julia would have pleasure in leaving her father at this time, she has my full consent. It would ill become me to interfere with the enjoyments of the young and careless."

"Oh! if you can't spare her, of course poor Mary would never have preferred her request. She knows Julia's admirable qualities as a daughter too well for that."

"Does she? And does she indeed suppose that I am so selfish as to immure Julia in a desolate place like this, merely because I would not be alone? Daughter, you shall return with Mr. Merton."

"You are lonely here, father,—the days are dull and dark. It would be better——"

"I have said it. You shall visit Mary Merton; I shall probably have business to arrange with the new proprietor of the hall, and perhaps the matter will be transacted better in your absence. Will you return her to me in a week?"

"Certainly; and in the meantime I hope that the society of her old friends will be of advantage to her. Is it useless, Sir Walter, to ask you to dine with me on Thursday next? I intend to invite Mr. Merivale."

"Merivale! And you ask me to meet Mr. Merivale—to dine with him—talk with him—hear his voice? What——"

"Oh, if I had known it would have been unpleasant, my dear Sir Walter, believe me I should never have mentioned the subject."

"On Thursday, did you say? Have you seen him?"

"No. We are just on our way to the hall to pay him our respects."

"On Thursday? He will certainly accept your invitation. Julia, you will meet him—I wish you to meet him."

"Ah, Miss Julia," interrupted Mr. Clack, who had by this time recovered a portion of his volubility, "he is quite a young fellow, I understand. Many odd things have happened in that sort of way. Shouldn't be surprised it——"

But the unfortunate Nathaniel was again afflicted with a total incapacity to conclude his sentence.

Visibly flitted dark meanings across Sir Walter's features; but, by an effort, he restrained himself, and concluded—

"You shall stay with Mrs. Merton till after Thursday; and if you," turning to Mr. Merton, "will allow me to alter my mind, I will also join the party."

"We shall be delighted," was the reply.

A few minutes afterwards, the two gentlemen were on their way to the hall—Mr. Nathaniel Clack feeling a great relief on leaving what he called the old tyrant's presence, pretty much akin to what we should consider the sensations of a monkey which by some miracle had made its escape from a tiger's den.

CHAPTER V.

THE DISCONSOLATE LOVER.

"THIS, then, decides my fate for happiness or misery," said Mr. Francis Lansby Merivale, as he rose from his writing-desk, where many piles of paper were lying in most admired disorder. "The estate is once more disencumbered, and the directions of my benefactor complied with, in restoring the old hall to its rightful owner. What then? My cause is still more hopeless than before. Even if I prove to him that it is the will of the person leaving me this fortune that the property should be returned into his hands, I know his indomitable pride so well, that the gift will be viewed as an insult; and, without Julia, what happiness is it to me to revel in useless wealth? Oh! for a return of the happy, happy days, when I was still the dependent of Sir Walter—still the companion of my Julia!"

The packet, which he folded up and directed to Springfield, the farm where Sir Walter was now living, seemed a very voluminous one. "The letter which accompanied it contained these words—

"The estrangement of the last two years

has not obliterated from my heart the kindness of the protector of my childhood and youth. With my whole soul I thank you for the home you afforded me when other home there was none for me to fly to; and frown not if at this hour, before I banish myself for ever from the scene of all the memories of my youth, I guard myself against any suspicion of a wish to conciliate your favour by the step I now take. The Lansby blood flows as proudly in my veins as in your own. You would spurn me as I know I should deserve, if you fancied I had endeavoured to *purchase* a reconciliation. Deeply as I should value your friendship, and unchanged as are my sentiments and feelings on a subject to which I cannot trust myself to allude, I cannot, even if your favour were accorded me, accept of it without an explanation of your conduct. I tell you, Sir Walter Lansby, that your conduct has been cruel and unjust. In the pursuit of some selfish gratification, you have ruined the happiness of the person who ought to be—nay, I will do you the justice to admit, who is the dearest to you on earth. Look to the wan cheek and wasting form of her who was once—but enough of this. The estate is now again your own. The will of Mr. Merivale is inclosed for your perusal. Think not that I entertain a thought that this change in our positions will produce any change in your determination. If you can go on inflicting, I will show you that I can continue to suffer. From this hour you shall hear of me no more, but neither time nor distance shall make me forget for a single moment the being to whom I consider myself united in the sight of heaven. Sir Walter Lansby, she is mine by vows indissoluble save in the grave, by affections which grow with our growth, and are unchangeable while the hearts which nourished them continue to beat. But if it will add to the piquancy of your triumph, I will not conceal from you that you have driven me, as well as that other one, to despair; that you have made life to me a desert, as it has long been a solitude to her. And now, what remains for me? Wealth, which I cannot enjoy, youth, which will waste away in misery, and, bitterer perhaps than all, a consciousness that these injuries are inflicted by one whom I have ever loved, and whom I have never offended.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE SETTLER AND THE INDIAN CHIEF.

In old times, whenever war commenced between the English and the French in Europe, their colonies in America were involved in its fearful calamities, and wars were constantly going on in America in which the Indians fought sometimes on the

side of the English against the French, and sometimes with the French against the English. Some chiefs and tribes were the firm and faithful friends of the "pale faces," and others were known as their inveterate and implacable foes.

In the month of May, 1725, a battle was fought between the English, commanded by Captain Lovewell, and the Pequakets, a powerful tribe then inhabiting the state of New Hampshire. Amongst Lovewell's men was a settler, named John Chamberlain. He was one of those rugged spirits who at that time moved from the thickly settled country near the coast, and penetrated into the wilderness. On his scouting expeditions to surprise the frontier settlers, the Indian passed his rude log-house, buried amongst trees and mountains—around it were the haunts of the wild beasts of the forest. The smoky rafters of his hut were hung with *gammuns* of the bear that had tumbled from the winter pine at the sound of his unerring rifle; and at night he lay on the soft fur of the dun catamount.

He was tall—tall as the staliest Indian;—strong? two of them were hardly a match for him with their tomahawks against his heavy hatchet;—was he swift of foot? he could outrun the moose in full trot. Sagacious and eagle-eyed, he entrapped the Indian in his ambush, and surpassed him in that instinct which guides alike the savage and the wild beast through the pathless forest.

There is a beautiful lake in New Hampshire, then, as now, known by the name of Winnipisogee. It is twenty-eight miles long and ten wide; the country around is hilly, and clothed with thick woods. On the shores of this lake there dwelt the Pequakets, Panguas was their chief. He was a man of vast strength; swift, cunning, and deadly with his rifle and tomahawk; cruel and vengeful beyond the generality of his people; the terror of man, woman, and child along the frontiers, and even of the towns that were further removed from the usual scene of his violence.

Parties of armed men had penetrated through the dense woods to the shores of the Winnipisogee, to discover the retreat of this terrible enemy, and, if possible, to take him prisoner. But he was too sagacious, and eluded their search. Once, indeed, when they set his wigwam on fire, he was hidden so near the spot, that he felt the heat of the flames, and saw the smoke curling over the tops of the trees under which he lay concealed.

In the skirmishes with the "Red Men," in which Chamberlain was often engaged, he had always endeavoured to single out Panguas as the foe most worthy of his rifle; nor was Panguas less eager to encounter the famed settler, but they had never chanced to meet. The time, however, was now at

hand, when one of these "mighty men of valour" must yield to the superior prowess of his rival.

The English, under Captain Lovewell, had marched out with the expectation of meeting Pangus and his people; they had already penetrated the woods to a considerable distance, and arrived at the place where they had been told the Indians had located. Early on the 7th of May, whilst at prayers, they heard the *crack* of a rifle, and starting up, they immediately prepared themselves for an encounter; but no Indians were in sight, except a hunter, who was discovered carrying game in one hand, and a rifle in the other. No sooner was he seen, than several guns were fired at him, but missed him. Seeing that certain death was his lot, the Indian resolved to sell his life as dearly as possible; he levelled his trusty rifle, and Captain Lovewell fell mortally wounded. Almost at the same moment, one of the English party, taking deliberate aim, killed the poor hunter.

The remainder of this day passed without further adventure, though the English were in momentary apprehension of falling into some snare prepared by the wily Pangus. On the morning of the 8th, a clergyman, one of the party, having assembled the men, as usual, before they resumed their day's march, commenced his prayer with these words—"We came out to meet the enemy; we have all along prayed God that we might find them; we had rather give up our lives to Providence, yea, and die for our country, than return home without seeing them, and be called cowards for our pains." The "man of God," did not play in vain; for about noon the English troops encountered an almost overwhelming body of Indians, who rose from their ambuscade, and nearly encircled them, but seemed loath to begin the fight. They were in hopes that the English, seeing their numbers, would yield without a struggle, for they held up ropes which they had provided for securing their captives, and asked them if they would have quarter. The English, without reply, rushed towards the enemy, firing as they pressed forwards, and killing many, drove them back some distance. But the Indians soon rallied, and firing vigorously, obliged the English in their turn to retire, leaving several dead, and others badly wounded. The fight continued very furious and obstinate till towards night, the Indians yelling, howling, and making all sorts of hideous noises.

After the thickest and most desperate of the conflict was over, Chamberlain, weary with fighting, and faint with heat, retired to the edge of a lake (since known by the name of Lovewell's pond), to drink and to wash out his rifle, which had grown so foul with frequent firing, that at last he could not make it go off. He pushed his way through a copse of willows to a little

beach by the pond, when, lo! from the thicket, at a short distance from him, appeared the figure of Pangus, covered with dust and blood, and making his way likewise to the water.

The warriors knew each other at a glance. Chamberlain's gun was, as we have said, useless, and he thought of rushing upon Pangus with his hatchet, before he could level his rifle; but the Indian's gun was in the same condition as his own. This state of their principal weapons was instantly seen by the enemies, and they agreed to a truce while they washed them out for the encounter. Slowly and with equal movements they cleaned their guns, and took their stations on the beach. "Now, Pangus," cried Chamberlain, "I'll have you," and with the quickness and steadiness of an old hunter, he loaded his rifle. "No, na, me have you," replied Pangus; and he handled his rifle with a dexterity that made the bold heart of Chamberlain beat faster, whilst he involuntarily raised his eyes to take a last look of the sun. They rammed their cartridges, and each at the same instant cast his ramrod upon the sand. "I'll have you, Pangus," shouted Chamberlain again, as in his desperation he almost resolved to fall upon the savage with the butt-end of his rifle, lest he should receive his bullet before he could load. Pangus trembled as he applied his powder-horn to the priming. Chamberlain's quick ear caught the sound of the grains of his powder rattling lightly on the leaves which lay at his feet. Chamberlain struck his gun-breech violently upon the ground—the rifle *primed itself*; he aimed, and the bullet whistled through the heart of Pangus. He fell, and as he went down the bullet from the mouth of his ascending rifle whizzed through Chamberlain's hair, and passed off without avenging the death of its master, into the bordering wilderness.

The hunter, after he recovered the shock of this sudden and fearful encounter, cast a look upon the fallen savage. The paleness of death had come over his copper-coloured forehead. He seized the dead man's rifle, bullet-pouch, and powder-horn, and leaving him upon the sand, sought again the thinned ranks of the white men, as they wearily defended themselves against the savages. He shouted to them of the fall of Pangus. The Indians looked around them; the tall figure of their chief was nowhere to be seen. In grief and despair they ceased their fire, and fell back into the woods, leaving Chamberlain and the remains of the band of white men to retrace their way to the distant settlement. Thus terminated the expedition against the Pequaket.

QUERY.—A correspondent requires a description of the sort of mould in which reflections are generally cast.

REMARKABLE CASES OF FRAUD
AND IMPOSTURE.

No. XXIX.—BOOK THIRD.

IN the spring of 1819, Signor ——— having come from his residence in the country to spend some time at the capital of the little state of which he was a subject, went one evening to the theatre of Modena, and took his seat behind a person of most gentlemanly appearance, who was taking a lively interest in the comedy, though evidently not an Italian. In the course of the evening they fell into conversation. The stranger not only spoke excellent Tuscan (or pure Italian), but talked with the greatest facility in the *patois* of the place. From something that fell from him, Signor ——— was given to understand that the stranger was a Frenchman, and they then conversed for some time in French. The conversation turned chiefly on the drama and poetry, on which subjects the Frenchman spoke with a fine critical taste, extensive knowledge, and an unusual degree of liberality and emancipation from national prejudices.

So pleased was the Italian with the stranger, that, at the end of the performance, he followed him out of the theatre, and, as it had come on to rain heavily, offered him the shelter of his umbrella, which the Frenchman accepted. Their roads lay in different directions, but Signor ——— politely insisted on seeing his companion to his own door, which he did; and, on parting, named the hotel in which he was staying. The stranger stated that he had lived there himself.

Signor ———, full of the curious meeting of the evening, and with an uncertain sort of recollection of having seen the stranger somewhere before, on reaching the hotel asked the people of the house what they knew of such a person (describing his dress and personal appearance) who had been their guest. Their answer was hesitating and mysterious. They knew little of the gentleman, except that he had come from Corsica a short time before; that his name was De Boulton; but they hinted that he must be a person of consideration, as he had been seen in familiar conversation with some of the greatest personages of Modena, and was allowed the use of one of the governor's carriages.

The next morning the stranger called to thank Signor ——— for his civility. Seen by daylight, and without his hat, his most striking likeness to the Bourbon family instantly struck the Italian, who was now indeed puzzled to know what to make of his new acquaintance. After conversing for some time, the two went out for a walk. In the principal street of Modena they met the military governor, who bowed to the Frenchman in a most respectful manner. On the bastions they met the Grand Duke of Me-

dena himself, who saluted the stranger as sovereigns salute persons of the very highest rank, and went aside with him for several minutes of conversation.

During this walk, Signor ——— observed that the Frenchman was lame, that he seemed occasionally to be in pain, and that his countenance, the general expression of which was frank and open, was now and then clouded and agitated. On separating from his mysterious companion, Signor ——— went to the chief magistrate of the city, and asked him, as an old and confidential friend, to tell him what he knew about the stranger.

The magistrate knew, or pretended to know, little enough; but he used those remarkable words:—"Who knows whether we have not got here another story of the Man with the Iron Mask?" and he hinted that it would be as well if Signor ——— shunned the Frenchman.

In spite of this, however, the Italian's curiosity and positive admiration of the stranger's talents, conversation, and manners, induced him to seek his society most eagerly; and in a few days the two became quite intimate, dining together at the hotel, and walking or riding out, in the evening: when they rode, the stranger had the governor's carriage.

One day, after a short silence, the Frenchman said, "I see you are wondering who and what I am;—I will tell you. You may not believe me; but, as sure as we stand here in Modena, I am the son of Louis the Sixteenth—the dauphin, who is said to have died in the Temple."

After this startling announcement, he went on to detail the adventures of his life. According to this account, after having applied in vain to the allies, and been attacked by assassins in Paris, in 1814, he had not returned to Italy (as reported by Pellico), but in despair had gone to South America, where, fighting for the cause of the independence of the Spanish colonies, he had been severely wounded by an *obus*. He had then returned to Europe, and visited Corsica, whence he had recently come to Modena (where he had frequently been in former years), to reiterate his rights to the Grand Duke, whom, he added, he had convinced of their truth.

Signor ——— was not more easy of belief than Pellico proved to be the year after; but he says this narrative was wholly free from visible flaw or contradiction; that it was connected and consistent throughout, and that the Frenchman never swerved from a single point of it.*

The Frenchman produced a passport which had been *visé* in Corsica. The name

* This opinion is entitled to more than usual weight, inasmuch as Signor ——— is a lawyer by profession, and therefore accustomed to weigh and sift evidence. He is also a man of great natural shrewdness.

upon it was Charles Louis Bourlon; but he said he had easily changed the letter *b* of the name of Bourbon into an *l*, and that he had done so to escape the fangs of the police of his uncle, Louis the Eighteenth.

The first and most natural conclusion Signor — could draw from the strange avowal was, that the man was a *monomaniac*; and he turned his attention in this direction. But the stranger spoke of his royal descent in a dispassionate and most reasonable tone, and on that, as well as on all other subjects, he was less vivacious and slightly than most Frenchmen are in the ordinary circumstances of life.

It was not without regret that Signor — left Modena and the society of the Frenchman, to return to the country. Some two or three months after, he was again called to Modena on business. He went to the same hotel, and had scarcely dismounted, when the host, with an air of uneasiness, asked whether he had heard what had become of his associate. He had not; but this was the story: about a month before, the Frenchman had been suddenly arrested in the city and carried to the state-prison, where he was placed under the care of the governor, with strict orders to treat him with all possible respect. These instructions came from the Grand Duke in person, who, moreover, *supplied the captive's table from his own palace.*

When he was first arrested, the keeper of the hotel, with his family, waiters, and other servants, and the people of the house where he last lived, were all summoned before the commissaries of police, and questioned as to the persons who had intimately associated with the French gentleman. Having revealed the very little they had to tell on this head,—for the stranger's associates had been few and most respectable,—they were dismissed, and *advised* to hold their tongues as to what had passed.

Men who have passed all their lives in a free country like England, can hardly understand it; but those who have sojourned any time in despotic countries, and particularly under the smaller and more prying and timid despotisms of Italy, will easily conceive why Signor — was made uneasy by the foregoing intelligence. As the best step he could take, he went at once to his friend the magistrate, avowed that he had cultivated an intimacy with one who was now a state-prisoner, and that he could hardly have expected there was an impropriety in his so doing, after he had seen the stranger honoured by the first personages of Modena, and even by the sovereign himself. The magistrate re-assured him: there was no cause for uneasiness; this was a mystery—a curious story, perhaps a serious one—but it neither concerned the Duke of Modena nor his subjects. Meanwhile, the prisoner had been carried across the frontiers, and

(as related before in the words of Silvio Pellico) had been given over to the Austrians, who conveyed him to the fortress of Mantua. For some time even the Austrians treated him with the greatest respect; but then, in consequence of sudden orders from Vienna, he was removed from the fortress of Mantua to the gaol of Milan, and subjected to the treatment of a common criminal. It was here that Pellico formed his acquaintance with him, and here Signor —'s own knowledge of his adventures ends.

But what follows still more darkens this singular romance. After a long confinement at Milan, during which many of the political prisoners besides Pellico became acquainted with him, the Frenchman was liberated, but escorted out of Lombardy and the Austrian dominions by *gens-d'armes*. He took the route across the lake of Como and the Alps; and a few days after his departure from Milan, a person answering to his description was found dead by the roadside in one of the Swiss valleys. The body was pierced by more than one wound; but whether they had been dealt by the hands of a suicide or of an assassin, could not be clearly ascertained. No doubt, however, was entertained in Milan that the body thus found was that of the strange man who had called himself the Duke of Normandy and Louis XVII.

THE POACHERS.

A FABLE.

THE first star of a calm evening of October was twinkling in the horizon, as Alice Green lingered with her lover near the green porch of her father's cottage. This humble and happy dwelling was in a sequestered part of Windsor Forest. It was situated in the bottom of a deep glade, surrounded by the most lofty and majestic trees. There was a seat near the cottage;—and here would Alice Green, and her father, whose age she nourished with the affection and duty of an only child, sit through the long hours of the summer evenings, while they ate their simple meal, and the fond old man would call up the recollections of his youth, and tell his daughter over and over again the few, but to him important, incidents of a contented and unvarying life. It was on this ancient bench, carved with many a rustic name, that Alice and her lover lingered, ere they parted for the night. The hour was one of tranquillity, but as the setting sun threw its last rays upon the many-coloured branches of the forest, and as the wind whistled amongst the falling leaves, the mind of Alice gradually acquired that pensiveness which belongs to this season, and she received with trembling forebodings the confident language of anticipated happiness

which Charles Seabrook (for such was the young man's name) addressed to her. Their acquaintance had been blessed with the full sanction of Alice's father. The young man was entirely his own master. He possessed a few acres of land, and rented a few more; and he hoped that Alice would assist him in the duty of managing his little farm, and be to him as affectionate a wife as she was a daughter. They each sincerely loved the other; but their characters were widely different. Seabrook was eager, passionate, and presumptuous; Alice was doubtful, timid, and retiring. The old man was, however, satisfied to entrust his daughter's happiness to his young friend; and the day of their marriage was already named.

By the time that Seabrook had received the cordial good-night of Alice's father, the twilight was almost passed. His home was about two miles distant. He was intimately acquainted with the least frequented paths of the forest; and he therefore fearlessly penetrated into the wood, without an apprehension of losing his way. He had not walked far before it became dark. He still persevered in his course, sometimes dashing through the thick fern, and at others putting aside the prickly underwood. Within half a mile of his house, which was on the edge of the forest, he heard a shot; and presently three or four young men ran up to him, and demanded his business there. He at once recognised several village acquaintances. They without hesitation told him they were beating for game; that the pheasants were plenty, and the risk little. Seabrook had acquired a notion which is very common in the country, that the laws for the preservation of game are arbitrary inventions of the rich to oppress the poor; that the birds of the air are the property of all; and that there is no moral guilt in violating or evading those enactments which secure the right of taking them to the possessors of the land upon which they are fed. Seabrook had, indeed, seen several fatal examples of the wretched career of poachers. He had seen some of the companions of his boyhood embarking in this perilous pursuit, some with a systematic dislike of regular exertion, and others perhaps from want, or a mere love of adventure;—and he had beheld them gradually losing all the distinctions of the respectable citizen, becoming outcasts and vagabonds, suffering, perhaps, the lighter penalties of the law for such offences, but still going on till they were engaged even in more desperate pursuits, and were visited with more complete punishment and disgrace. But there are moments which the wisest and the best should ask to be spared;—when the lessons of experience are thrown away. "Lead us not into temptation" is a striking part of the Christian's prayer; and the weakness of human nature is always furnishing evidence of the wisdom in mercy of that

heavenly Father who prescribed it for our infirmities. Seabrook was led by curiosity to join these men. They placed a fowling-piece in his hand—and he penetrated with them into the farther recesses of the wood. At the pass of a narrow brook the gamekeepers rushed out upon the party. The foremost of the poachers fired, and a man fell. Seabrook immediately threw down the gun, and surrendered himself. Two others of the gang were secured.

How immense a change had a moment of imprudence produced in this young man's situation and feelings! Instead of his own peaceable cottage, with his cheerful meal, and the quiet hour of prayer and sleep, he found himself in a common gaol, surrounded by profligate and impenitent violators of the laws. That night brought with it no rest. In the morning he was conveyed, in fetters, to a neighbouring magistrate. The worthy man immediately recognised Seabrook; and he remonstrated more as a father than a judge, upon the danger and degradation of his condition. The unfortunate youth in a few words convinced the magistrate that he was not an habitual offender,—that his participation in this crime had been the effect of accident and thoughtlessness. But the magistrate could not allow his pity to usurp the place of his duty. The evidence was clear that Seabrook had been found with arms in his hands—that he was an accessory in the offence, and that a man had been shot. The life of the wounded gamekeeper was in danger; and there was no alternative but that of committing all the prisoners to the county gaol upon the capital charge of firing at a fellow-creature with intent to murder.

The news of Seabrook's disgrace of course quickly circulated. Upon Alice it fell with fearful weight, which bowed her to the earth. She no longer went about her household duties, receiving and diffusing happiness like a glad and ministering spirit. She no longer called her aged father from his bed with a voice that gave assurance of a day of cheerfulness; she no longer prepared for him his evening meal with an alacrity that showed the pence of a mirthful and innocent heart. Her occupations were, however, not neglected. She struggled with her grief; but the melody of her happy voice was no more heard in that cottage; and even when the father and the child sung their daily hymn of praise and thankfulness, a feeble and a broken sound went up from Alice to the throne of grace, instead of the harmonious gratitude of a pious heart. Her health gradually wasted. She was however in some degree consoled by the universal assurance that Seabrook was not deeply engaged in the profligacy of those men into whose snares he had fallen. The old man, too, visited him in prison, and received from his own lips a full explanation of the unhappy transaction. But Alice was broken

in spirit; her lover had become degraded by the participation in a crime, the being in whom she hoped to repose her best and purest thoughts was the inmate of a prison.

The day of trial approached. The two poachers were capitally arraigned for wounding the gamekeeper—were convicted and were sentenced to die. Seabrook was indicted upon a less serious charge, and he was adjudged to be transported beyond the seas; but the neighbours, magistrates, and all who knew him, united in a petition to the highest authority, and, after a confinement of a few months, Seabrook was discharged with a royal pardon.

His first impulse upon obtaining his liberty was to hasten home. But he felt himself disgraced. He went therefore to visit a relation in a more distant part of the country; but he soon became alarmed when he thought of his Alice, and he lost no time in reaching her neighbourhood. The winter was now set in. It was late in a cold and misty afternoon that he arrived at the cottage of Alice's father. He walked round with a sad foreboding—but he heard nothing;—he opened the wicket with a trembling hand—but no one appeared;—he at last passed the porch, and beheld no one but an aged woman whom he knew as an attendant on the sick. He dared not express his fears—he rushed towards the village.

In the lane where he had often walked with Alice, he at length met some persons approaching. They made way for his eager steps; but they did not address him. A sudden turn at length brought him to the sad procession of a few persons returning, in the habiliments of woe, from the place of burial to the house of mourning. He saw an old man supported by two friends;—it was Alice's father. The fulness of his misery at once burst upon him—he fell down in the pathway, and was carried lifeless to his own house.

A fever of the most serious kind was the consequence of this agony of the soul. Seabrook at length recovered. There was a quiet decision in his manner which alarmed all his friends. One morning he was missing. His brother entered upon the farm; and, after a few years, the unhappy youth was forgotten, except by those who delighted to tell a tale of woe by their Christmas fires.

A long period had elapsed after the events we have described, when, on a summer night, a sickly and feeble stranger entered the village of —. No one knew him. He asked for old William Green, and was told that he had been dead many years. He heard the story of Alice and Seabrook; and the peasants thought he had a kind heart, for he wiped a tear from his eye. The stranger walked out under the harvest moon, and entered the churchyard. A curious villager followed him. He was seen to

search out the head-stone which proclaimed where Alice and her father were buried, and kneeling down was heard to say, in the intervals of his sobs, "Hear my prayer, O God, and hide not thyself from my petition. Take heed unto me and hear me, how I mourn in my prayer—O, that I had wings like a dove, for then would I flee away and be at rest."

The villagers, when they heard of this, suspected that poor Charles Seabrook was yet alive, and had been among them, but in the morning he was no more seen.

LETTERS FOR THE PEOPLE.

BY YOUNG CHEETWOOD.

NO. VI.—EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.

(Continued)

AN even temper is a virtue much talked of, but seldom attained; but scarce any acquirement is more necessary for those who are entrusted with the care of children. A bad-tempered woman or man is in a perpetual fever of excitement, as disagreeable to himself as others. As I have before said, a calm and gentle dignity is the best upon all occasions; your children will then look up to you with respect and affection; whereas with a stormy, brawling disposition, your admonitions will be kept only in fear. And like the thunder, which we get accustomed to, so passionate words are treated: the roar of the ocean is not dreaded by the mariner. Teach the young to know their own errors, and never let them suppose that any one else is the cause of them. There are many instances, the littleness of whose appearance may cause a smile at their being mentioned here, but the consequences of which are often great. A child, when playing, knocks its head against a chair or table. The mother, to pacify it, foolishly beats the table: "Naughty table," she will exclaim, "to hurt poor Charles's head!" Ridiculous! And still we have seen many such instances, which only serve to encourage a vindictive feeling in the mind of the youngster, without the beneficial effect of teaching caution for the future. There is another practice equally absurd, and fully as often resorted to,—talking in a language silly in itself, and not more intelligible to the child. If you wish it to learn the English tongue, speak English to it plainly. I allude to the jargon prated by nursemaids and some very domesticated matrons to the infant. Baby tongue may do well for the child to speak who cannot articulate the words in a proper manner, but the best way to teach it is to speak the language in a proper manner yourself. Regarding dress, many sad mistakes are committed. Many young persons are early imbued with love of fine clothes; the little

creature who is but just able to understand anything, is taught to admire its fine suit, and learns to swell with pride that little bosom, which ought to be the receptacle of nobler sentiments. Sometimes a new dress is promised to keep the child quiet; it is made; admiration is poured in from all sides, to make the object of their remarks believe that such a garment never was seen before; observations are made in its presence which cause it to strut about with no inconsiderable opinion of its own importance. There is another thing also—pride of riches. Some ill-judging parents inspire their families with a feeling of contempt for their inferiors in rank, as though wealth also had a power of producing improvement in their morals. Very respectable families have fallen into this error, not being aware of the contempt with which they themselves are viewed by their real superiors whom they endeavour to ape, and who are endowed with true elegance of manners. The sons and daughters of some are spoiled by education. Whatever accomplishments you may cause them to be taught, give them also a useful education; there is no certainty when it may be needed. If they are so situated as not to require it as a means of gaining a livelihood, they may become lights of science, or serve to be a benefit to their fellow-creatures. Never encourage a life of idleness; if possessed of millions, it is better to be doing something than lingering through their life in a state of sleepy inactivity—a useless piece of lumber on the face of the earth.

ROTHSCHILD.

MR. MURRAY has just published the "Memoirs of Sir T. F. Buxton, Bart." In this work we find many amusing and interesting notices of celebrated characters. On the 14th of February, 1834, at a dinner-party held at Ham House, we are informed that Mr Rothschild gave the following account of himself, and of the means by which he acquired his immense fortune.

"He (Rothschild) told us his life and adventures. He was the third son of the banker at Frankfort. 'There was not,' he said, 'room enough for us all in that city.' I dealt in English goods. One great trader came there, who had the market to himself: he was quite the great man, and did us a favour if he sold us goods. Somehow I offended him, and he refused to show me his patterns. This was on Tuesday: I said to my father, 'I will go to England.' I could speak nothing but German. On the Thursday I started; the nearer I got to England, the cheaper goods were. As soon as I got to Manchester, I laid out all my money, things were so cheap; and I made good profit. I soon found that there were ^{very} ^{large} profits—the raw material, the dyeing,

and the manufacturing. I said to the manufacturer, 'I will supply you with material and dye, and you supply me with manufactured goods.' So I got three profits instead of one, and I could sell goods cheaper than anybody. In a short time I made my 20,000 into 60,000. My success all turned on one maxim. I said, I can do what another man can, and so I am a match for the market with the patterns, and for all the rest of them! Another advantage I had. I was an off-hand man. I made a bargain at once. When I was settled in London, the East India Company had 800,000 lb. of gold to sell. I went to the sale, and bought it all. I knew the Duke of Wellington must have it. I had bought a great many of his bills at a discount. The Government sent for me, and said they must have it. When they had got it, they did not know how to get it to Portugal. I undertook all that, and I sent it through France; and that was the best business I ever did.' Another maxim, on which he seemed to place great reliance, was, never to have anything to do with an unlucky place or an unlucky man. 'I have seen,' said he, 'many clever men, very clever men, who had not shoes to their feet. I never act with them. Their advice sounds very well; but fate is against them; they cannot get on themselves; and if they cannot do good to themselves, how can they do good to me?' By aid of these maxims he has acquired three millions of money. 'I hope,' said —, 'that your children are not too fond of money and business, to the exclusion of more important things. I am sure you would not wish that.' Rothschild: 'I am sure I should wish that. I wish them to give mind, and soul, and heart, and body, and everything to business; that is the way to be happy. It requires a great deal of boldness, and a great deal of caution to make a great fortune; and when you have got it, it requires ten times as much wit to keep it. If I were to listen to all the projects proposed to me, I should ruin myself very soon. 'Stick to one business, young man,' said he to Edward; 'stick to your brewery, and you may be the great brewer of London. Be a brewer, and a banker, and a merchant, and a manufacturer, and you will soon be in the *Gazette*. One of my neighbours is a very ill-tempered man; he tries to vex me, and has built a great place for swine, close to my walk. So, when I get out, I hear first, grunt, grunt, squeak, squeak; but this does me no harm. I am always in good humour. Sometimes to amuse myself I give a beggar a guinea. He thinks it is a mistake, and for fear I should find it out, off he runs as hard as he can.'"

SOMEBODY, who writes more truthfully than poetically, says, "An angel without money is not thought so much of now-a-days as a devil with a bag full of guineas."

USEFUL RECIPES.

THE ART OF PRESERVING FRUIT, &c

TO PREPARE SYRUP FOR PRESERVING FRUIT.—The best sugar, which will require no clarifying, should be used for this purpose; but when it is of inferior quality, it should be prepared in the following manner. To clarify six pounds of sugar, break it into large lumps, put it into a preserving pan, and pour to it five pints of cold spring water; in another pint beat lightly up the white of a small egg, but do not froth it much; add it to the sugar, and give it a stir to mix it well with the whole. Set the pan over a gentle fire when the sugar is nearly dissolved, and let the scum rise without being disturbed. When the syrup has boiled five minutes, take it off the fire, let it stand a couple of minutes, and then skim it carefully. Let it boil again, and then throw in half a cup of cold water, to bring the remaining scum to the surface. Skim it until it is perfectly clear, strain it through a thin cloth, and it will be ready for use.

TO PREPARE THE FRUIT.—All unripe fruit must be rendered quite tender by gentle scalding before it is put into syrup, or it will not imbibe the sugar; and the syrup must be thin when it is first added to it, and be thickened afterwards by frequent boiling or by additional sugar; else the fruit will shrivel instead of becoming plump and clear. A pound of sugar boiled for ten minutes in a pint of water will make a very light syrup; but it will gradually thicken if rapidly boiled in an uncovered pan. Two pounds of sugar to a pint of water will become thick with little more than half an hour's boiling, or with three or four separate boilings of eight or ten minutes each; if too much reduced it will candy into a remaining liquid.

LEMONS PRESERVED.—Take a dozen fine lemons, pare the yellow rind off very thin, cut out a piece of the rind at the blossom end, and remove the pulps and pips; rub the lemons well all over with fine salt, and lay them quickly in cold water, and let them remain five or six days totally immersed; then boil them in new salt and water twenty minutes. Prepare next a syrup of one pound of sugar to one quart of water well skimmed, into which put the lemons, and boil them five or six minutes each for four days successively; then place them in a jar, and let them stand six weeks, perfectly covered by the syrup. Then make a thick fine syrup, put the lemons into it, and boil them gently ten minutes; set them aside, and after twenty hours boil them again at short intervals until they look plump and clear. Then lay them into jars or glasses, and pour the syrup over them cold; cover them with brandy paper, and tie the bladder and leather over all.

GREEN GAGE PLUMS PRESERVED.—The plums for preserving should be gathered just

before they are ripe, choosing the largest, free from specks. Lay plenty of vine leaves in the bottom of a pan, and the fruit in layers, with leaves between, covering them well at the top. Then fill up with water, and let them get thoroughly hot on a moderate fire. Skim them well, and put them in a sieve to cool; after which, peel them, and as you proceed put them again into the water in which they were boiled, with fresh layers of leaves. Let them boil three minutes, keeping the steam in as much as possible. Let them remain at a moderate distance from the fire, about six hours, until they become green. This done, put them into a sieve to drain, and then boil them up in a good syrup once a day for three successive days. Take them out and lay them in glasses or jars, skim the syrup well, and pour it, when nearly cold, over the plums, and put brandy paper over them. Tie down closely.

RED CURRANTS IN BUNCHES PRESERVED.—Gather the finest bunches on a dry warm day, and having brushed off the dust and insects with a feather, tie them to spills of wood six inches long; put their weight of sugar into a pan with as much water as will dissolve it, and boil it five minutes, skimming it well. Take the pan off the fire, and lay in it the sticks with care, and let the fruit boil up ten minutes slowly. Take off the pan, and, when cool, disengage the bunches, and place them in glasses or pots. Add to the syrup half a pint of good currant jelly of the same colour as the fruit, boil it up, skimming it well till quite clear, and pour it, when cool, over the fruit, covering it well. When cold, put brandy paper over, and paste white paper over the glasses. Set them in a cool, dry room, and they will be excellent in three months.

GERMAN METHOD OF BLACKING LEATHER.—Take two pounds of the bark of elder, and the same quantity of the filings of rust of iron; steep them in two gallons of river water, and put them in a cask or earthen vessel closely stopped. After it has thus stood two months, put to the liquid, when well pressed out, a pound of powdered nut-galls, and a quarter of a pound of copperas; and then, after stirring it over a good fire, press out the liquid, with which the leather is to be three or four times brushed over, when it becomes of an excellent and most durable black.

SOFT POMATUM.—Melt in a water bath half a pound of the best lard, take it off the fire, and add half a pint of rose water, stir it continually with a clean piece of wood or ivory, made in the form of a spatula or knife, until it is cold, then drain off the superfluous water that swims on the surface, add a few drops of the otto of roses, or any other scent you please. In order to prevent its turning rancid, add a table-spoonful of spirits of wine.

POPULAR PASTIMES.

SOLUTIONS TO THE CHARADES, RIDDLES,
CONUNDRUMS, ETC., IN OUR LAST.

ANSWERS TO CHARADES.

- 1—Goldsmith.
2—Book-keeper.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS.

- 1—A thorn.
2—Seven—Even—Live.
3—Land-lord

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES.

- 1—A slate
2—Members of Parliament.

ANSWERS TO CONUNDRUMS.

- 1—Yesterday
2—Because they are regular and irregular
3—Take to be drowned
4—Sixty
5—The Thames, between Chelsea and Battersea
6—Facetiously.

THE ENIGMATICAL MENAGERIE.

"Walk up! walk up! we now begin,
No waiting here, nor loss of time;
You sees, the moment you gets in,
The *beastesses* front every glim."
We mount the steps and pay our penny,
'Mid crowds of gaping clowns and shaijs;
The beasts are named, the huge and many,
The keeper on their beauty harps.
"This hannimal you now see heio
Is the *Ayenas*, in its wild state;
Much worse than the grizzly bear."
But oh! charading friends, pray wait!
Our faithful showman tells us clearly,
The natures of his petted brutes:
I wish to tax your wits more dearly;
Drag out your wisdom by the roots.

BIRDS.

- 1.—A hissing letter, and looking pale
As mortals do when'er they ail.
2.—An infant's feeder pray you take,
And what a lawyer loves to make.
3.—A tailor's nickname you've oft heard,
A vowel add, then you've the bird.
4.—A pretty gay singlet in memory keep,
Then add to its length the two-thirds
of a sheep.

ANIMATS.

- 1.—Much warmer it will be at least
If you'll but cockneyise this beast.
2.—A famous general's name pray find,
Docking a letter from behind.
3.—A mark of distinction obtain, you had
better
Then tag to its tail a rude rumbling
letter.
4.—The Latin name of the forest's king
To the four-sixths of forgiveness bring.
5.—Get a small footman to your car,
Then I shall ne'er from you be far.
6.—Two-thirds of what you ever do
When you retire to rest,
A negative reversed add to
You'll solve me then the best.

YOUNG CHESTWOOD.

CONUNDRUMS.

1. What portion of the clergy are best
calculated to "teach the young idea how to
shoot?"
2. What part of grammar does payment
for absolution resemble?
3. Why is Ireland like a wine bottle?
4. Why ought Bulwer Lytton never to be
poor?
5. Why are the "TRACTS FOR THE
PEOPLE" like the letter B?
6. Why is death like the letter E?
7. Why is a merchant nearly bankrupt
like birds without food?
8. Why is a sportsman like a coquette?"
9. If a barber were to advertise that he
would shave *gratis* one day every week, why
would it be like an election day?
10. Why is Prince Albert stumbling like
the Queen on a visit?
11. Why is a young lady curling her hair
like a housebreaker?
12. A game of cards, a great man, a letter,
and a gill of fifteen, when joined together,
will make a useful piece of furniture.
13. Why is Mr. Hill giving each of his
children half a sovereign each like the morn-
ing sun?
14. Why is a locksmith surprised at the
letter C?

RIDDLE.

- L.—I exist in most places, and am frequently
found
In those countries where mountains and
valleys abound,
I have neither head, body, tongue, mouth,
nose, nor cheek,
But still you may hear me frequently
speak;
I never am seen, and yet, strange to say,
I hold converse with people every day;
Though I live in seclusion (deny it who
can),
I am often found near the habitation of
man.
J. W. R.

FACTS AND SCRAPS.

GENIUS.—Genius is *not* purity; genius is
not piety; yet it partakes of the nature of
both. It is contradistinguished from every-
thing which is earthly, sensual, material. It
is the vigour of the soul; the aspirations of
a spirit struggling with its fetters, and con-
tinually peeping beyond the prison walls of
flesh and blood. There are some features
which, in people of genius, are always the
same. They are uniformly dissatisfied, rest-
less, longing after something better, nobler,
higher, than the present life. They are
awkward in little things; benevolent, mo-
dest, yet ambitious; with violent passions;
and a long train of virtues or vices, accord-
ing to the direction which these passions
happen to take.

CONTENTMENT is not the exclusive privilege of any rank or station. A monarch has his cares as well as a peasant, and his happiness of the latter may be, and frequently is as great as that of the former notwithstanding the disparity of outward circumstances.

THE Duke de Laval was renowned for making bulls, so that, as ordinarily happens in such cases, all that the wits of Paris could devise were fathered upon him. Thus he is reported to have said, that he had received an anonymous letter signed by all the officers of his regiment; and to have observed very quietly, that he had placed sofas in the four corners of his octagon sitting room. One of his sayings is shrewd enough, and smacks rather of the coldness of a confirmed egotist than the giddy kindness of a bull-maker. He was rich, but always refused to lend money, "because," said he, "the best thing that can happen is to get my money back."

ANECDOTE OF NAPOLEON.—Napoleon being proclaimed emperor, and being at Boulogne, in July 1804, to distribute the Cross of the Legion of Honour, he met with two English sailors who had made their escape from Verdun, and had contrived to subsist at Boulogne until they had constructed a little boat or raft of small pieces of wood rudely put together and covered with sailcloth. Seeing an English frigate, they put to sea in their small craft, but were brought back by the French custom-house officers. Being conveyed before the emperor: "Is it possible," said he, regarding their boat, "that you meant to cross the sea in that?"—"If your majesty doesn't believe it," said one of them, "only give us leave, and you shall soon see us afloat."—"I will," said the emperor; "you are bold enterprising men: I admire courage wherever I meet it, but you shall not risk your lives. You are at liberty, and I will have you conveyed on board an English ship." Napoleon not only kept his word, but gave them money besides.

TEACHERS IN WALES.—The average income of teachers being lower than the wages of able-bodied labourers, few persons are induced to undertake the employment who are not incapacitated by age or infirmity for manual labour. It appears that 107 teachers receive less than 10*l.* per annum, 185 less than 15*l.*, and 258 less than 20*l.*, in return for their exertions. It is clear that a pittance so meagre would not suffice to provide the means of livelihood. It is, therefore, necessary to combine some other occupation with that of teacher, in order to induce even the poorest to undertake the business of instruction. Some are compelled to work as agricultural labourers, and others are in the receipt of parochial relief. Many are appointed to the office of teacher by the parochial authorities, in order that they may not become chargeable to the parish.—*Educational Times.*—*Extract from a Parliamentary Report.*

FRENCH TRUMPETER.—In the war on the Rhine, in 1794, the French got possession of the village of Rhushae by a very curious *ruse-de-guerre* of one Joseph Wreck, a trumpeter. This village was maintained by an Austrian party of six hundred hussars. Two companies of foot were ordered to make an attack on it at ten o'clock at night. The Austrians had been apprised of the intended attack, and were drawn up ready to charge on the assailing party. On perceiving this, Wreck detached himself from his own party, and contrived, by favour of the darkness, to slip into the midst of the enemy, when, taking his trumpet, he first sounded a rally in the Austrian manner, and the next moment the retreat. The Austrians, deceived by the signal, were off in an instant at full gallop, and the French became masters of the village without striking a blow.

PRIDE OF ANCESTRY.—An anecdote is told of Mr Roger of Wendee, in Monmouthshire, which exhibits in a striking point of view the pride of ancestry. His house was in such a state of dilapidation that the proprietor was in danger of perishing under the ruins of the ancient mansion, which he venerated even in decay. A stranger whom he accidentally met at the foot of the Skyrdd made various inquiries respecting the country, the prospects, and the neighbouring houses, and amongst others, asked, "Whose is this antique mansion before us?"—"That, sir, is Wendee, a very ancient house, for out of it came the Earls of Pembroke of the first line, and the Earls of Pembroke of the second line, the Lord Herberts of Cherbury the Herberts of Coldbrook, Ramsey, Cardiff, and York; the Morgans of Acton, the Earl of Hunsdon; the houses of Treowna and Llanarth, and all the Powells. But of this house also, by the female line, came the Duke of Beaufort."—"And pray, sir, who lives there now?"—"I do, sir."—"Then pardon me, and accept a piece of advice—come out of it yourself, or you'll soon be buried in the ruins of it!"

INDEPENDENCE OF GOLDSMITH.—Parson Scott, Sandwich's chaplain, went about to negotiate for writers; and a great many years afterward, when he was a rich old Doctor of Divinity, related an anecdote which was to illustrate the folly of men who are ignorant of the world. He had gone to Goldsmith, among others, to induce him to write in favour of the administration. "I found him," he said, "in a miserable set of chambers in the Temple. I told him my authority; I told him that I was empowered to pay most liberally for his exertions, and, would you believe it, he was so absurd as to say, 'I can earn as much as will supply my wants without writing for any party; the assistance you offer is therefore unnecessary to me.' And so I left him," added the Reverend Doctor indignantly, "in his garret."

THE ADON GALIANI.—When his last moment was approaching, he took leave of his friends with these words: "You must excuse me, gentlemen, but the dead have sent me a card of invitation for their *conversazione*."

We all are creeping worms of the earth;
Some are silk-worms, great by birth;
Glow-worms some, that shine by night,
Slow-worms others, apt to bite;
Some are muck-worms, slaves to wealth,
Maw worms some, that wrong the health;
Some, to the public no good-willers,
Cank-worms, and caterpillars.
Fond about the earth we're crawling:
For a sorry life we're sprawling.
Patrid stuff we suck, it fills us;
Death then sets his foot and kills us.

CRUELTY towards the inferior animals, and insensibility to their wrongs, are unequivocal evidences of a mean mind. Such traits are wholly incompatible with genuine refinement of character.

THE moral strength and value of any national government must consist chiefly in the adaptation of its measures to promote the public good.

A PERSON, whose name was Gun, complaining to a friend that his attorney in his bill had not let him off easily; "That is no wonder," he replied, "as he charged you too high."

WHEN man begins to reason, he ceases to feel.—*J. J. Rousseau.*

QUEEN OF SUMMER.

By ZIT

Summer's joyous smiles are warning,
Breathing peace on all around,
Flowers gay are sweetly teeming
With their fragrance o'er the ground,
Thy rose hush
And flow'ry bowers
Fill the soul with joys serene,
On thy birth, bright summer's queen

The sweet tone of yon warbling bird
Weath'ers around the heart a spell,
And the stream's soft ripple is heard
Gliding through the verdant dell;
Thy brook retires,
As if careless
The flowers, which owe their beautiful birth
To thy bright beams upon the lowly earth.

Thy smiles bodeck the rip'ning corn,
And tints it with a bright golden hue,
The reapers rise at early dawn,
To gather it from the morning dew,
Whilst their merry strain
Resounds o'er the plain,
They bind the sheaves, and in joyous mirth
Welcome with gladness thy rosy birth.

The shepherd, as he tends his flock,
Sings thy praise to the tuneful lute,
Which is heard o'er a distant rook,
Answer'd by an echoing flute;
Like some elfin lay
At the close of day,
Play'd by some fairy form serene,
To bless thy birth, bright summer's queen.

Yet still, alas! thy cheerful ray
Will swiftly flee away from hence;
Thy beautiful flowers will fade away,
And autumn will his reign commence.
With sorrowful heart
We watch thee depart,
And will greet with a requiem clear
Thy departure for another year.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, No. 334, Strand.

A. B. C. (Manchester).—When you purchase a machine for the manufacture, the process will be detailed to you. We could hardly give an intelligible description without the aid of a diagram.

ACADEMICUS (Middlebro').—We believe Lord Byron was the author. To your second question, the answer is—there is not.

F. R. (Brixton).—The poetical effusions shall receive attention. If the result be satisfactory, they shall be inserted.

MAZEPPA (Manchester).—Your last contribution was received with great pleasure. It shall shortly be inserted.

WELL-WISHER (Row-road).—Received with thanks.

RENUT.—We have frequently informed our correspondents that they must not expect answers to their communications under three weeks at least. Renut may rest assured that he will always receive an answer to any communication with which he may favour us, with the least possible delay consistent with our mechanical arrangements.

O. R. E. (Manchester).—We must decline giving advice on diseases of the skin, for the reasons stated in No. 27. Mr. Vickers is not the editor of this work.

G. R.—So much depends upon the ability, &c. of the parties, that we can offer no opinion upon the matter.

SHARMAN GOODLAND (Taunton).—We shall be happy to receive the promised contributions. It is probable that we shall shortly insert the communication already sent.

W. PARKER.—See reply to CLARA L. in No. 25.

AN AUTHORESS (Bryanston-square).—We think that the "Letters," which have appeared since the one to which your essay refers, have treated the subject in a manner that must gratify you.

INQUIRER.—Frauds of a somewhat similar character to that which you mention in your note, are, unfortunately, of frequent occurrence. A case occurred within our own cognisance a few weeks ago. A portrait of Sir Henry Dukenfield, vicar of St. Martin's, having been painted by Sir M. A. Stue, a committee was formed to have it engraved. A certain party was chosen by the committee to place the painting in the hands of a competent engraver. When the work was executed and published, the commission-agent fraudulently attached his own name to the engraving, and thus defrauded the real engraver of the credit which was bestowed upon his labour.

CONTRIBUTIONS RESPECTFULLY DECLINED.—Lines on the Death of a Young Lady, by William M., Choice of a Wife, by an Authoress; A Portrait from Life, and What is it, by F. R.; A Few Words about Dickens, by Edmund Toeddale; a Legend of Stoke Newington, by R. V. Howard; London Localities, by G. C. S. M.

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TRACTS

for the People;

A WEEKLY MISCELLANY OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE AND AMUSEMENT.

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[PRICE ONE HALFPENNY]



[OTTER HUNTING.]

OTTER HUNTING.

SOMERVILLE has written an animated and beautiful description of an otter hunt, an old English sport fast falling into disuse:—

“How greedily
They sniff the fishy steam, that to each blade
Rank scowling clings! See! how the morning
dews
They sweep, that from their feet besprinkled
drop
Dispersed, and leave a track oblique behind.
Now on firm land they range, then in the flood
They plunge tumultuous; or through reedy pools

Rustling they work their way, no bolt escapes
Their curious search. With quick sensation now
The fuming vapour stings. Putter their hearts,
And joy redoubled bursts from every mouth
In louder symphonies. Yon hollow trunk,
That with its hoary head incurs’d salutes
The passing wave, must be the tyrant’s fort
And dread abode. How these impatient climb,
While others at the root incessant bay!—
They put him down.”

The breed of the real otter-hound is either extinct or very nearly so. It is completely web-footed, even to the roots of the claws; thus enabling it to swim with much greater facility and swiftness than other

dogs. The ear possesses a sort of flap, which, covering the aperture, excludes the entrance of the water, and thus the dog is enabled to dive after the otter without that inconvenience which it would otherwise experience. The Earl of Cadogan has, what he considers, the last of the breed of the true otter-hound. It was a present from Sir Walter Scott. "Good otter-hounds," as an old writer observes, "will come chanting, and trail along by the river-side, and will beat every tree-root, every osier-bed, and tuft of bull-rushes; nay, sometimes they will take the water and beat it like a spaniel, and by these means the otter can hardly escape you."

The otter swims and dives with great celerity, and in doing the latter, it throws up sprays, or air-bubbles, which enable the hunters to ascertain where it is, and to spear it. The best time to find it is early in the morning. It may frequently be traced by the dead fish and fish-bones strewed along the banks of the river. The prints, also, of the animal's feet, called his *seal*, are of a peculiar formation, and thus it is readily traced.

"On the soft sand,
See there his *seal* (supposed). And on that bank
Behold the glitt'ring spoils, half-eaten fish,
Scale, fin, and bone, theavings of his feast."

The otter preys during the night, and conceals himself in the day-time under the banks of lakes and rivers, where he generally forms a kind of subterranean gallery, running for several yards parallel to the water's edge; so that if he should be assailed from one end, he flies to the other. When he takes to the water, it is necessary that those who have otter-spears should watch the bubbles, for he generally vents near them. When the otter is seized, or upon the point of being caught by the hounds, he turns upon his pursuers with the utmost ferocity. Instances are recorded of dogs having been drowned by otters, which they had seized under water, for they can sustain the want of air for a much longer time than the dog.

Mr. Daniell, in his "Rural Sports," remarks that hunting the otter was formerly considered as excellent sport, and that hounds were kept solely for that purpose. The sportsmen went on each side of the river, beating the banks and sedges with the dogs. If an otter was not soon found, it was supposed that he had gone to couch more inland, and was sought for accordingly. If one was found, the sportsman viewed his track in the mud, to find which way he had taken.

"Lo! to yon sedgy bank
He croaks disconsolate; his numerous foes
Surround him, hounds and men. Pierc'd through
and through,
On pointed spears they lift him high in air;
And the loud horns, in gaily warbling strains,
Proclaim the spoiler's fate, he dies, he dies."

The male otter never makes any complaint when seized by the dogs, or even when transfixed with a spear, but the females emit a very shrill squeal.

The otter varies much in size. The length of one sent to Mr. Bell from Sutherlandshire was two feet one inch and six lines. Mr. Macgillivray notes the length of two males; one measured forty-two inches, and the other thirty-eight inches. By the same author, the length of a female is given at forty inches. These measurements are from the nose to the point of the tail. Mr. Bell states that the usual weight of a fine male English otter is from twenty to twenty-four pounds, and that of the female about four pounds less; adding, however, that Pennant records one found in 1794, in the river Lea, between Stratford and Ware, that weighed forty pounds.

The eyes of the otter are so placed that, whether the animal is swimming below its prey, behind it, above it, or beside it, their situation, or at most the least motion of the head and neck, brings it within the sphere of the pursuer's vision. The whole framework of the animal, its short fin-like legs, oar feet, and rudder of a tail, enable it to make the swiftest turns—nay, almost bounds in the water, according as the rapidity of its agile prey demands a sudden downward dive, an upward spring, or a side snap.

When fish is scarce, and it is pressed by hunger, Mr. Bell states that the otter has been known to resort far inland, to the neighbourhood of the farm-yard, and attack lambs, sucking-pigs, and poultry.

That the otter is capable of domestication and attachment we have ample testimony. Goldsmith mentions one which went into a gentleman's pond at the word of command, drove the fish up into a corner, and having seized on the largest, brought it out of the water to its master. Daniel, Bewick, Shaw, and other zoologists, record instances of the animal's docility in this way. Mr. Macgillivray has collected the following anecdotes:

"Mr. McDiarmid, in his amusing 'Sketches from Nature,' gives an account of several domesticated otters, one of which, belonging to a poor widow, when led forth, plunged into the Urr or the neighbouring burns, and brought out all the fish she could find. Another, kept at Corsbie House, Wigtownshire, evinced a great fondness for gooseberries, fondled about her keeper's feet like a pup or kitten, and even seemed inclined to salute her cheek, when permitted to carry her freedoms so far. A third, belonging to Mr. Monteith of Carstairs, was also very tame, and though he frequently stole away at night to fish by the pale light of the moon, and associate with his kindred by the river side, his master, of course, was too generous to find any fault with his peculiar mode of spending his evening hours. In the morning he was always at his post in the kennel,

and no animal understood better the secret of keeping his own side of the house. Indeed, his pugnacity in this respect gave him a great lit in the favour of the gamekeeper, who talked of his feats wherever he went, and avowed besides, that if the best cat that ever ran "only daured to grin" at his *protège*, he would soon "mak' his teeth meet through him." To mankind, however, he was much more civil, and allowed himself to be gently bitten by the tail, though he objected to any interference with his about, which is probably with him the seat of honour." They are, however, dangerous pets; for, if offended, they will bite grievously. Indeed the jaws of the otter are so constructed, that, even when dead, it is difficult to separate them, as they adhere with the utmost tenacity.

Occasionally otters are found on the banks of the Thames, and a large one was caught in an eel-basket near Wundeg. In the year 1735 near Bridgenorth, on the river Wharfe, four otters were killed. One stood three, another four hours before the dogs, and was severely a minute out of sight.

In conclusion, we may inform our readers that, in 1844, Edwin Landseer exhibited at the Royal Academy a large, interesting, and beautiful picture of a pack of otter-hounds. The picture describes the hunt at the time of the termination of the chase, and the capture of the otter. The animal is impaled on the huntsman's spear, while the rough, shaggy, and picturesque-looking pack are represented with eyes intently fixed on the amphibious beast, and howling in uncouth choir as they agonized and dying prey. Our illustration of otter-hunting is from the pencil of Mr. Harrison Wen.

CURIOUS CALCULATIONS — A million leaves of paper, of about the same quality as the reader now holds in his hand, would be more than one hundred yards in thickness; or if laid upon the ground, would be more than half as high again as the Monument. A million sheets of the same size as those of the "TRACTS FOR THE PEOPLE" (21 by 16), if spread out singly, but close together, so as to lose no space between them, would occupy nearly fifty-three and a-half square acres. A million sovereigns, placed singly in a line so as to touch one another, would reach more than fifteen miles in length; placed one upon the other, they would form a column nearly a mile in height, wanting only about twenty-four yards. The weight of such a number would be 7 tons, 16 cwt., 3 qrs., 15 lbs., or a full load for two waggons, drawn by four horses each.

THE INTERPRETATION OF DREAMS.

We have no treatise on this subject earlier than that of Artemidorus, and he professed to have had recourse to no guide but expe-

rience. His experience, however, was not his own merely, but he had collected the opinions of many others, from the time of Hippocrates downwards. He was born at Ephesus, in the reign of Antoninus Pius. He travelled a great deal, and wherever he went he collected stories and opinions concerning dreams. Some doubts have been thrown on the genuineness of the *Oneirocritica*, on account of the absurdities it contains: it appears without much reason: for if a man could spend a long life in investigating so futile a subject, he may well be thought capable of writing a silly book near the close of it. With regard to the work itself, it has its value. Gerard Vossius says of it: "If we look at the matter which it contains, nothing can be more vain than that book; yet the reading of it is useful, on account of the varied information which he has mingled in it, concerning ancient stories, and human nature in general." "Dreams," says this visionary, "which represent anything as happening to the individual himself, and which are called *propia*," do for the most part signify events that shall happen to that individual. Yet this rule is not universal, for sometimes the events have occurred to the parents or the children of the dreamer. Thus a certain person dreamed of his own death, and it happened that his father departed this life, who was indeed another person, but yet a partaker of the same body and soul with the dreamer. Again, another seemed in a dream to be beheaded, and his father also died, who to him had been the cause of life and light, even as the head is to the body. So also it happened to one who imagined that he was blinded; he lost not his sight, but his son, who was dear to him as his eyes."

On the other hand, dreams which refer to others generally are tokens of some event about to happen to others. Yet this is not always the case. "A person dreams that his father was burned, and he himself very shortly after died; as though, on account of the sorrow which the event must cause him, the father would be consumed. Again, an individual dreamed of the death of his mistress, and he soon after died himself; the dream signifying that he should, by some means or other, be deprived of her pleasant society. So the head refers to a father, the foot to a slave; the right hand to a mother, to a son, to a friend, to a brother; the left hand to a wife, a mother, a mistress, a daughter, a sister; the calf of the leg, to a wife or a mistress. And other things in like manner are to be considered."

All these rules are to be considered as having reference only to private persons; for the dreams of princes relate to the commonwealth, and are no longer merely matters that concern themselves. This author gives directions for interpreting 400 kinds of dreams, many of them such as could never

occur to a Christian of our day, and which exhibit, perhaps, the darkest picture of ancient Roman morals that is any where to be found. Vices even more hideous than the foul pages of Martial mention, are in this work spoken of as matters of common occurrence in dreams, and here we are certainly at liberty to adopt the reasoning of Dionysius, and say that, if such things were not practised, they would not be dreamed of. As a specimen of the mode of reasoning which Artemidorus adopts, we take at random the fifth chapter of the third book.—“A key seen in dreams, by one about to marry, signifies that his wife will be faithful and a good housekeeper to one about to purchase a female slave, it predicts a good servant. It forbids travelling, inasmuch as it signifies detention and exclusion; for a key is made not for open, but for closed doors (by permission it is made to open the one and to close the other), otherwise there is no need of a key nor of doors; but now, when no guard is present, then the doors being made fast, a key is used. Justly, therefore, a key seen in a vision is an obstacle to those about to travel. To those who are about to manage and administer the property of others, it signifies fidelity and authority.”

A specimen of an unfortunate dream, and a singular mode of reasoning, may be found in his decision concerning dreams of marriage. “Since wadlock is like to death, and dreams of death signify marriage, I shall here speak of nuptials (the foregoing chapters are of a very funeral character). For a sick person to dream of marrying a virgin portends death; for the same things which happen to one married happen to one dead. It is, however, a good dream to one about to enter upon some new negotiation, for it signifies that he will succeed, and to one hoping for some good thing, it foretells that all will turn out as he desires, for he who marries certainly receives some property, which his wife brings as her marriage portion. To other persons it signifies troubles and perturbations; for without such marriages are not brought about. But if any man shall dream of marrying a widow, he shall set about some already commenced business, and that with good success. But if any one dreams that his wife is married to another, it portends either a change in his own plans, or a separation from his wife; and if a woman, during her husband's life, imagine that she is married to another man, it signifies that she shall bury her husband, or in some other way be separated from him. But I have observed that this does not always take place, but only when the wife has no children, no immediate expectation of any, and is occupied in no commercial business. If she has a daughter, she shall give her in marriage. If about to give birth to a child, that child shall be a daughter, who shall be

brought up and married; and thus, not exactly herself, but a part as it were of her own person, shall be given in marriage to another man. If she be engaged in any commercial transactions, it signifies that she shall contract a partnership with some man in such business.”

After five books of such information, he gives a great number of dreams, to bear out the truth of the premises; of which we will take one or two, before we dismiss this most celebrated of interpreters.

“A certain person, trying to fly, was kept back by a friend, whose name was Julius, and who held him by the right foot. Shortly after he was about to depart from Rome, and had prepared everything for his departure. The month of July was now at hand, and he was delayed by some inconvenience” (it ought, of course, to have been the gout in his right foot), “yet he was not delayed to the end of the month, because in his dream it was a friend by whom he had been delayed.”

“A certain sick person went into the temple of Jupiter, and in his dream asked the god whether he should recover. Jupiter nodded to him, looking downwards upon him. The next day he died, which was clearly indicated by the god looking downwards. That this was not contrary to rule, we shall see by another example.

“A certain woman, being ill, dreamed that she asked Venus whether she should recover, and the goddess shook her head, looking upwards; yet the woman got well. This is the converse of the preceding instances, for the looking upwards of a god or goddess portends a favourable issue.

“An individual, dreaming that he drank powdered mustard, was tried for his life, and condemned to death—for he was not accustomed to drink mustard; nor is it at all potable, as may be learned by the proverb, ‘Who ever drank mustard’ Therefore the judge condemned him to death.

“An individual, against whom a law-suit was brought, dreamed that he had lost all the notes and memorials that he had prepared for his justification. The next day he was set free from all disagreeable consequences of the action, which was the meaning of the dream: for when an action is finished, notes and memorials are of no further use to the parties.”

From all this we see that any dream might signify any event. The train of argument is not particularly clear to modern eyes; but there is no doubt that it was completely satisfactory to those who consulted Artemidorus or his disciples. This does not appear to have been the sort of reasoning that pre-

* “For the same things happen to those who marry and those who die, for there is a gathering together of friends, as well male as female, and crowns, and aromatics, and ornaments, and deeds of settlement.”—Book II., c. 84.

valled among the sages of Egypt or Babylon; for by these rules any dream might be interpreted, and by these instances any interpretation might be justified.

A Latin translation of this work was published in 1637, by Cornarius, an Italian physician, who prefixed it with a dedicatory letter to Pachecvaurus and Megobacchus, two eminent physicians of the time.

We will now take a brief review of some of the relations of dreams which have reached us, and thus may be divided into

1. Dreams which are said to have been instrumental in doing good.

2. Dreams which are said to have been verified, but of which we can discern no useful purpose.

3. Dreams which are said to have caused their own fulfilment.

4. Dreams which have apparently failed of their effect.

1. We are told by Plutarch that Themistocles, when approaching the city of Leoncephalus, full asleep in the middle of the day. In a dream he beheld the goddess Cybele, who told him that if he did not wish to fall into the lion's jaws, he must avoid the lion's head (Leontcephalus signifies lion's head). In return for this caution the goddess demanded of him the dedication of his daughter, Mneciptoleme, as her priestess. The information was not lost. Themistocles took another route, and thereby avoided falling into the hands of the Persians, who were lying in wait for him at that city being betrayed by Epixia, the Persian, to kill him. In remembrance of this he built a temple to Cybele at Magnesian, and, according to the divine command, caused his daughter to officiate as priestess. Another dream of his is said to have been equally fortunate in its results. It must be remembered, however, that Plutarch had the faculty of dreaming with his eyes open to an immense extent, and when writing in this state he was not very particular about authorities. Alexander was the hero of a tale no less marvellous. His friend Ptolemy had been wounded in a battle, and Alexander, sleeping in the same room with him, saw in a dream the serpent beloved by his mother, Olympus, and, according to her account, the divine father of Alexander himself. In his mouth the serpent held an herb, which, he said, was a sure valsaltery, and if applied to the wound of Ptolemy, he would recover. On awaking the king gave so accurate a description of the plant that it was soon found, and the effects were just as he anticipated. An interesting coincidence, which Cicero himself treated as such, may be found in his own works, and in Valerius Maximus. Being obliged, by a conspiracy of his enemies, to quit Rome, he was spending some time at Atna, and there sleeping. He imagined himself, wandering through desert places, to have met Calus Marius, who was arrayed in

the consular ornaments and preceded by the victors. Marius, taking him by the hand, asked him the cause of his dejection, and being told gave him in charge to one of the victors, who was commanded to place him in the tomb of Marius for there, said the avid consul, is placed the hope of safety and better fortune, and so it happened—a unanimous decree of the senate, passed in the Minian temple of Jupiter, recalled Cicero to Rome. One more instance of a dream being the instrument of good may be found in Valerius Maximus, and this will suffice. The night before the battle of Philippi Minerva appeared in a dream to Artorius, the physician of Augustus, and directed him to tell that prince on no account to be absent from the battle. Thus on account of severe illness he had been Augustus's intention. His, on hearing the vision of Artorius, changed his mind and was carried out in a litter to battle, but in the course of the fight, the camp fell into the hands of Brutus, and he would have shared the same fate had he not obeyed the intimation of the divine will given by Artorius. None of these anecdotes require any comment, the three former rest on very doubtful authority, Cicero believed the fourth to be merely a singular coincidence, and with regard to Artorius, his advice seems to have been dictated by a desire to keep up the spirits of the army.

St Augustine speaks of some dreams of which he heard. On he relates is, that a claim having been made upon a prison to pay a debt contracted by his father, the father himself appeared in a dream to the young man and pointed out to him where was the receipt, this being produced, the claim was of course abandoned. This is added says St Augustine as a proof that the father died still for his son, and appeared to him in sleep to save him trouble and vexation. He then observes that this could not be the case in another instance which he relates, in which Lulogius, a quondam disciple of his, and who had met with some difficulties in the works of Cicero, had them cleared up by Augustine himself, who, or as he observes some thing like him, appeared and explained the passage to Lulogius. Augustine was at a distance, he knew nothing of the matter and was, therefore, he infers, no party to the transaction. He asks, then why, if a prison thus living be the subject of an instructive vision, why may not one decide be, also, without the interference of the spirit itself?

2. Dreams which are said to have been verified, but of which we can discern no useful purpose. Alcibiades imagined in a dream that he was wrapped up and with the cloak of his mistress, and shortly afterwards he was slain, and his dead body being cast out naked, she discovered it with that very cloak. This is called by Valerius Maximus no fallacious omen. Hamilcar, the Carthaginian com-

mander, when besieging Syracuse, heard in a dream a voice declaring that he should the next day sup in that city. Greatly rejoiced, and imagining that such a vision could only be a presage of victory, he brought up his troops the next day with double confidence, but a dissension having taken place between the Carthaginians and the Sicilians in his army, the Syracusans took advantage of their want of union, made a desperate attack upon the besiegers and carried away among others Hamulcar himself. So that in that very city in which he had expected to camp as a victor, he was necessitated to sup as a captive. While Dionysius the celebrated tyrant of Syracuse was in a private station a lady of noble family, Hamulcar's niece, dreamed that she was a inmate into heaven and there saw a powerful man of a swarthy and freckled complexion bound with iron chains to the throne of Jupiter. She asked the youth who conducted her what this man was, and was told that he was the destiny of Sicily and Italy, and that when loosed from his chains he should occasion the destruction of many cities. This dream she published the next day. After that fortune hostile to the liberty of the Syracusans and injurious to the lives of the innocent had banished Dionysius, freed from the celestial custody like a thunderbolt upon the peace and tranquillity, Hamulcar beheld him entering the city in which she dwelt attended with a great crowd. She immediately exclaimed, 'This is the man whom I saw in my dream.' As soon as the tyrant heard this he put her to death.

Aterius Rufus was about to give a great exhibition of gladiators at Syracuse and dreamed the night before that he had been pierced by the hand of one of them. He went, however, to the theatre, and one of the Roman being placed near him, excited his attention and on looking at the man closely he declared that that was he whom he had seen in his dream and that he feared he should by his hand, lose his life. His proposition was, however, overruled, but that same evening he was accidentally slain by the object of his fear. A singular dream, with its not less singular fulfilment, is related in the life of the Duchess of Atrantes. The evening before the battle of Lonate, Junot, having been on horseback all the day, and ridden above twenty leagues in carrying the orders of the general in chief, lay down overwhelmed with fatigue without undressing, and ready to start up at the smallest signal. Hardly was he asleep when he dreamed he was on a field of battle surrounded by the dead and the dying. Before him was a horseman clad in armour, with whom he was engaged that cavalier, instead of a lance, was armed with a scythe, with which he struck Junot several blows, particularly one on the left temple. The combat was long, and at length they seized

each other by the middle, in the struggle the vizor of the horseman fell off and Junot perceived that he was fighting with a skeleton. Soon the armour fell off, and Death stood before him armed with his scythe.

'I have not been able to take you,' said he, 'but I will seize one of your best friends. Beware of me!' Junot awoke in a cold perspiration. The morning was beginning to dawn and he could not sleep from the impression he had received. He felt convinced that one of his brother aides-de-camp, Munon or Marmont would be slain in the approaching fight. In effect it was so. Junot received two wounds, one on the left temple, which he bore to the grave, and another on the hip, but Munon was shot through the heart!

There are but specimens of a very numerous class of dream. They were verified, but except in the last case, the morning was only known when the prediction had been accomplished.

3 Dreams which are said to have caused their own fulfilment.

When the mother of Archbishop Abbot was very near her confinement, she dreamed that though a poor woman herself, if she could cut a pike her son would be a great man. She sought accordingly with much zeal, until at last she saw one in some water that ran near her lions at Guildford, she seized upon it and immediately devoured it. This circumstance being much talked about several persons of wealth and influence offered to be sponsors to the child when born, and those who did so kept him both at school and at the university till he arrived at disjunction.

4 Dreams which have apparently failed of their effect.

Among such may be classed that very curious relation given by Cicero, of the two Arcadian friends who, travelling together, arrived at Megara, and there one lodged at an inn, the other at a friend's house. The latter, in his first sleep appeared to behold his friend supplicating for aid against the innkeeper, who was preparing to murder him. He started up in alarm, but not thinking the dream merited attention, he again composed himself to sleep. His friend again appeared, telling him that assistance was now useless, for the intended murder had been committed, but conjured him, that although he had afforded no success to the living, he at least would not permit the crime to go unavenged. The murdered person also stated that the body had been thrown into a cart, and covered with dung, and that it was in contemplation to carry it out of the city very early the next morning. These instructions were obeyed, the cart was stopped, the body found, and the innkeeper brought to justice. Here, supposing the truth of the relation, the object of the dream was not to cause the execution of the innkeeper, but to save the life of the traveller; and if we

divide the vision into two parts, and contend that the object of the latter was accomplished, we must grant that the former altogether failed of its effect.

"The dreams of avarice," says the author of the "Theory of Dreams," quoting Holinshed, "have seldom been productive of much good. A rich man in Wales having dreamed three nights successively that there was a chain of gold hidden under the headstone of a well named St. Barnard's Well, went to the place, and, putting his hand into the hole, was bitten by an adder, and not many years since, is the interesting relation of Llangollen would testify a deluded robber was digging, in consequence of a dream, among the ruins of the Castle of Dinas Brunt, which overhangs the vale in search of gold."

Two curious dreams showing the effect of an evil conscience on the sensorium, are related by Ptolemy—"For they say that Apollodorus the Tyrant saw himself in a dream scourged and boiled by certain persons, and his heart exclaiming from the kettle, 'I am the cause of these thy torments,' but Ptolemy who was called Thunder (Cæsarion) thought he was, in a dream called to judgment by Seleucus and that vultures and wolves sat there as his judges. Such are the pictures to the wicked of impending punishment."

These examples will suffice and for the most part they require no comment. Generally speaking, we shall find that any remarkable coincidence between dreams and real time actions may be accounted for by the fact well known to all—that we are most likely to dream of that which has the greatest share of our waking thoughts.

We must not dismiss the subject of dreams without noticing the means to which the ancients had recourse in order to obtain prophetic dreams. The skins of animals offered in sacrifice belonged to the priest. This was the case under the Mosiac law, from which many of the most interesting ceremonies among the heathen were borrowed. It is probable that the Jews, in the days of their apostasy, and it is quite certain that the heathens put these skins to a supernatural purpose. Virgil gives an instance of this in the following lines—

"*But on the fleeces of the slaughtered sheep,
By night the sacred priest dissolves in sleep,
When in a train before his wondering eye,
Dain airy forms and wondrous visions fly
Heavly the powers who guard the internal sense.
And talk, inspired, familiar with the gods,
To his dread oracle the prince withdrew,
And first unfolded sleep the monarch slow,
Then on their fleeces lay, and from the wood
He heard distinct these accents of the god*"

"The Highlanders of Scotland," says Sir Walter Scott, in his notes to the "Lady of the Lake," "like all rude people, had various superstitious modes of inquiring into futu-

rity. One of the most noted was the *togarm*. A person was wrapped up in the skin of a newly slain bullock, and deposited beside a waterfall, or at the bottom of a precipice, or in some other strange, wild, and unusual situation, where the scenery around him suggested nothing but objects of horror. In this situation he revolved in his mind the question proposed, and whatever was impressed upon him by his exalted imagination passed for the inspiration of disembodied spirits who haunt these desolate recesses."

* * * Mr. Alexander Cooper, minister of North Uist, told me that one John Enoch, in the Isle of Lewis, assured him it was his fate to be led by his curiosity with some who consulted this oracle, and that he was a night within the hide above mentioned, during which time he felt and heard such terrible things that he could not express them. The impression made on him was such as would never go off, and he said, for a thousand worlds he would not again be concerned in the like performance for it had disordered him to a high degree."

Such superstitions might be expected from a race of men so imaginative as the Highlanders: nor will it appear very surprising that similar means, only less terrific, should have been occasionally resorted to in the convent. The Franciscans, among whom supernatural visions were peculiarly abundant used to note with great care the mat upon which any brother had lain while in a state of ecstasy. A portion of the spirit which rested upon him was believed to hallow the very straw upon which he lay, and those who afterwards slept upon it expected to be visited with celestial dreams. Pliny, in his "Natural History," mentions several ways of obtaining or repelling peculiar dreams. The shoulder of a chamæleon, for example, enabled a person who possessed it to dream of whatsoever he pleased. Amie hung about a bed drove away disagreeable visions; and, on the contrary an herb called *pycnocomon* caused them. Ptolemy, king of Egypt, asked one of the sovereign interpreters what was the best way of securing pleasant dreams, and was told to use celestial meditations and honest actions when awake.

AN ADVENTURE WITH A SNAKE.

MAJOR CAMPBELL, in his "Rough Recollections Abroad and at Home," gives the following powerful narrative of an adventure with the Cobra di Capello, one of the most deadly snakes of India—

"I might have slept some four or five hours, and a dreamless and satisfying sleep it was; but before I awoke, and in my dreamless slumber, I had a visible perception of peril—a consciousness of the hovering presence of death! How to describe my feelings

I know not; but as we have all read and heard that, if the eyes of a watcher are steadily fixed on the countenance of a sleeper for a certain length of time, the slumberer will be sure to start up: so it was that, with shut eyes and drowsed-up senses, an inward ability was conferred upon me to detect the living presence of danger near me—to see, though sleep-blind, the formless shape of a mysterious horror crouching beside me; and, as if the peril that was my night-mate was of a nature to be quickened into fatal activity by any motion on my part, I felt in my very stupor the critical necessity of lying quite still; so that, when I at last awoke, and felt that as I lay with my face towards the roof, there was a thick, heavy, cold, creeping thing upon my chest, I started not, nor uttered a word of panic. Danger and fear may occasionally dull the senses and paralyse the faculties, but they more frequently sharpen both; and ere I could twice wink my eyes, I was broad awake, and aware that, coiling and coiling itself up into a circle of twists, an enormous serpent was on my breast.

What my thoughts were—so made up of abhorrence, dread, and the expectation of speedy death that must follow any movement on my part—I can never hope to tell in language sufficiently distinct and vivid to convey their full force. It was evident the loathsome creature had at length settled itself to sleep; and I felt thankful that, attracted by my breath, it had not approached the upper part of my throat. It became quite still, and its weighty pressure—its first clammy chilliness becoming gradually (so it seemed to me) of a burning heat—and the odious, indescribable odour which exhaled from its body and pervaded the whole air—so overwhelmed me that it was only by a severe struggle I preserved myself from shrieking. As it was, a cold sweet burst from every pore—I could hear the beating of my heart—and I felt, to my increased dismay, that the pulsary of terror had begun to agitate my limbs. 'It will wake,' thought I, 'and then all is over.' At that juncture, something—it might have been a wall-lizard, or a large beetle—fell from the ceiling upon my left arm, which lay stretched at my side. The snake, uncolling its head, raised itself with a low hiss; and then, for the first time, I saw it—saw the hood, the terrible crest glittering in the moonshine! It was a *Cobra di Capello*! Shading my eyes to exclude the dreadful spectacle, I lay almost fainting, until again all was quiet. Had its fiery glances encountered mine, all would have been over; but apparently it was once more asleep, and presently I heard the Lascar moving about, undoing the fastenings of the tent, and striking a light. A thought suddenly struck me, and with an impulse I could then ascribe to nothing short of desperation, though its effects were so providential, I uttered in a loud, but sepulchral tone, '*Kulassi! Lascari!*'

'*Sahib!*' was the instantaneous response, and my heart beat quicker at the success of my attempt. I lay still again, for the reptile, evidently roused, made a movement, and its head, as I suppose, fell on my naked arm. Oh, God! the agony of that moment, when suppressed tremour almost gave way to madness! I debated with myself whether I should again endeavour to attract the attention of the *Kulassi*, or remain perfectly quiet; or whether it would not be better than either to start up at once and shake the disgusting burthen from me. But the latter suggestion was at once abandoned, because of the assurance I felt that it would prove fatal—impeded by the heavy coils of the creature, weak and nerveless from excitement, I could not escape its fangs. Again, therefore, I spoke with the hollow but distinct accents which arise from the throat when the speaker is afraid to move a muscle: '*Lascari, a lantern!*' 'I am bringing it, sir.' There was then a sound of clanking metal—light, advancing, flashed across the roof of the veranda—and at the noise of coming steps, lo! one after one its terrible coils unwinding, the grisly monster glided away from my body, and the last sounds that struck my sense of hearing were the "Oh, God! a snake!" of the *Lascari*; for I fainted away for the first time in my life.

REMARKABLE CASES OF FRAUD AND IMPOSTURE.

NO. XXX—BOOK THIRD.

THOMAS CHATTERTON was born at Bristol in St. Mary Redcliffe parish, on the 20th of November, 1752, and was the posthumous son of a person who had been successively writing-master to a classical school, slinging-man in Bristol Cathedral, and master of the Pyle-street Free-school. This "marvellous boy," at the age of eleven, wrote verses better than had been produced by Pope at twelve, and Cowley at fifteen. When scarcely sixteen, he set himself to accomplish some extraordinary literary impositions, by pretended discoveries of old manuscripts. In October, 1768, the new bridge at Bristol was finished, and Chatterton sent to Farley's *Bristol Journal* a pretended account of the ceremonies on opening the old bridge, introduced by a letter to the printer, intimating that "the description of the friars first passing over the old bridge was taken from an ancient manuscript." To one man, fond of heraldic honours, he gave a pedigree reaching up to the time of William the Conqueror; to another he presents an ancient poem, the "*Romanus de Cnyghte*," written by one of his ancestors four hundred and fifty years before; to a religious citizen of Bristol he gives an ancient fragment of a sermon on the Divinity of the

Holy Spirit, as written by Thomas Rowley, a monk of the fifteenth century; to another, solicitous of obtaining information about Bristol, he makes the valuable present of an account of all the churches of the city, as they appeared three hundred years before, and accompanies it with drawings and descriptions of the castle, the whole pretended to be drawn from writings of the "gode prieste Thomas Rowley." Horace Walpole was engaged in writing the "History of British Painters," and Chatterton sent him an account of his eminent "Carvellers and Pymeters" who once flourished in Bristol. These, and various impositions of a similar nature, duped numbers. Editions of the pretended poems of Rowley were published by Mr. Tyrwhitt and Dean Milles, and a controversy was long and vehemently maintained on the question of their antiquity.

Chatterton had no confidence in his labours; he toiled in secret, gratified only by "the stoloical pride of talent." He frequently wrote by moonlight, conceiving that the immediate presence of that luminary added to the inspiration. His alleged discoveries having, as we said, attracted great attention, he stated that he found the manuscripts in his mother's house. "In the muniment-room of St. Mary Redcliffe Church, of Bristol, several chests had been anciently deposited, among which was one called the "cuffre" of Mr. Canynge, an eminent merchant of Bristol, who had rebuilt the church in the reign of Edward Fourth. About the year 1727, those chests had been broken open by an order from proper authority; some ancient deeds had been taken out, and the remaining manuscripts left exposed as of no value. Chatterton's father, whose uncle was sexton of the church, had carried off great numbers of the parchments, and had used them as covers for books in his school. Amidst the residue of his father's ravages, Chatterton gave out that he had found many writings of Mr. Canynge, and of Thomas Rowley (the friend of Canynge), a priest of the fifteenth century."

A literary imposition similar to the above was effected in France in 1804. A small volume was published at Paris, edited by M. Vauclaire, and professing to be the "Poems of Margaret Eleanor Clotilda de Vallon-Bailly, afterwards Madame de Surville, a French poetess of the fifteenth century." They were said to have been discovered in 1782, among the dusty archives of his family, by a M. de Surville, a descendant of the fair authoress, who had a transcript of them made. The originals were unfortunately destroyed by fire, and M. de Surville lost his life during the first French Revolution; but the copy of the poems was saved, and, with much difficulty, was procured by the editor. Madame de

Surville is represented as having displayed singularly precocious abilities; to have been married in 1421; and to have lived at least to the age of ninety, exercising her poetical talent to the last.

Although these poems are forgeries, they possess, like Chatterton's, very great merit. There is a grace, sweetness, and spirit in them, which are exceedingly delightful. A translation of some of them may be found in an early number of the *New Monthly Magazine*.

JULIA LANSBY.

AN ENGLISH DOMESTIC TALE.

(Concluded from our last.)

CHAPTER VI. THE DINNER-PARTY.

THE Thursday appointed for the party at last arrived. With some degree of secrecy, the two young ladies had given no hint of the identity of young Frank Lansby and the present proprietor of the hall. Mr. Merton and his friend, Mr. Clack, had been refused admittance on the morning of their call, and no answer had been returned to the note of invitation which Mr. Merton had dispatched of the succeeding day.

"Queer fellow this Mr. Merivale," said Mr. Nat. "He might have sent an answer to a civil note at all events, if he wouldn't let us into his gimcrack of a house; in the snow, too. Well, hope he'll come after all—drop in on us—something new in that—eh?"

"Well, I hope he will; but I suspect the meeting will be a very odd one between him and Sir Walter. It will be strange to see the first salutation exchanged between the old possessor and the new one—"

"Said the old jackdaw to the young jackdaw," interrupted Mr. Clack.

"Come, Nat, out with your best stories. Have all your smiles and similes ready, for here come some of the party."

Sir Walter came among the rest, stately and solemn as ever. He paid his respects to the assembled guests, then looked anxiously round for his daughter, led her up to one of the windows, gazed earnestly into her face, and, clasping her in his arms, unprinted a kiss upon her brow.

"Egad! old Iceberg's beginning to thaw," whispered Mr. Nat into the ear of Mary Merton, for already he had begun to lose the power of very audible conversation.

"I am sorry, Sir Walter," said Mr. Merton, "we are to be disappointed of Mr. Merivale's company. It would have given me great pleasure, though I have not the honour of knowing him myself, to have been the medium of an introduction between such near neighbours."

"Not know him, Mr. Merton? Well, in that case I believe I have the advantage of

you: I know him intimately." Julia looked round inquiringly when he said this, but the features were too rigid and inflexible to discover from them the spirit with which his knowledge of Mr. Merivale had been uttered.

Mr. Merton, supposing the subject distasteful, changed the conversation. "I hope you can spare Julia to us a few days longer," said he.

"Your kindness to my Julia is very great. We are not ungrateful for it. But she returns with me to-morrow."

"To-morrow? Oh, I hope not," said Mrs. Merton.

"There are circumstances that require her immediate return to Lansby—to Springfield Farm, I mean—I sometimes forget how changed we are."

"Oh, not to-morrow, Sir Walter. Mr. Merton or Mr. Clark will be so happy to drive her over to-morrow."

"There are persons in this neighbourhood, madam, who make it desirable that Julia should be under a father's eye."

"The old hashaw," said Mr. Nat—but this time to himself,—"confound me, if he doesn't think his daughter may take a fancy to me."

Julia thought that she too well understood her father's speech. With a sigh she resigned herself to her fate, and, going to the dining-room, Mary Merton thought she saw the dark eyes of her friend moistened with tears.

What could have been the meaning of her father's conduct in first forbidding her to think of Francis Lansby, and then in sending her to Merton Manor, for the express purpose, as it were, of throwing her in his way? And why had Francis Lansby not come to see his old friends, the Mertons, even if he had no expectation of finding her there? These thoughts occupied her all the time of dinner. There seemed to be a universal dullness spread over the party. Even Mr. Clark had very little conversation, and that only in a whisper. The liveliest person of the party was Sir Walter Lansby himself, whose conduct was, in many respects, incomprehensible, and unlike his usual stiff and stately manner.

At length the tedious night wore on, and, greatly to the satisfaction of the host and hostess, "they walked alone the banquet-hall deserted."

CHAPTER VII.

RECONCILIATION.

JULIA had been one of the first to discover, in Mr. Merton's, by her father's manner, that something very unusual had either happened or was about to happen. Her friend, Mary, shared in her apprehensions. Old Sir Walter sat silent beside his daughter.

She, deeply absorbed in her own thoughts, took no notice of the pace they were going at, or even of the carriage in which they were conveyed. At length her eye caught the trees of the short avenue that led from the road to Springfield Farm; but still the carriage rolled on! She now began to observe that the chariot was very different from the one in which she had made her visit to Merton Manor; and on looking round to her father, for everything was visible by the light of a clear frosty moon, she saw that he was intently watching her countenance.

"You don't ask me, Julia, where we are going," he said; "you see we have passed the farm."

"I saw we had passed it."

"And have you no wish to know where we are going?"

"Where?"

"To the Hall. Where should Sir Walter Lansby take his daughter to but to Lansby Hall?"

Julia half-shrunk as he said this, and now fancied that her worst fears were realized. "Oh! not there!" she cried, "not there!"

"And why not? Give me your hand, my daughter; are you not safe in the protection of your father?"

"But Frank—but Mr. Merivale——"

"I will speak to him in the house of my ancestors, as they would wish me to speak."

The lodge at the gate was full of lights, the gate wide open, and they rapidly approached the front door of the Hall. Julia, in an agony of apprehension, not diminished by her astonishment, suffered her father to lead her through the vestibule, up the great staircase, along the corridor, and opening the door of the library, they saw standing ready to receive them Mr. Francis Lansby Merivale.

Julia leant tremblingly on her father's arm—Frank stood as if expecting Sir Walter to begin the conversation. He drew his daughter closer to him, paused for a moment, then laying her hand within that of Francis Lansby, said, "Julia, your cousin—my children!"

His own agitation prevented him from seeing the effect of his speech upon his daughter. "I told you, Francis Lansby, when I called here in answer to your letter you had sent me, with the documents restoring this estate to me again, that to accept it was impossible, unless for the purpose of conveying it to my child. My pride is broken as by a thunderbolt. Take her I thought it was impossible for the hatred of a Lansby to suffer death; but nay, no thanks,—your letter was a just reproof. When the ceremony is over, I shall return to the farm, and find consolation in reflecting that the son of Helen Trevor is the happy husband of the daughter of Walter Lansby."

SKETCHES IN LONDON.

NO. II.—THE OLD MAID.

PHOTOGRAPHERS are sometimes a very mistaken class of people, especially on one subject. They invariably represent old maids as having a love for cats, dogs, and parrots, which is without any foundation whatever. A careful observation of the habits, peculiarities, whims, fancies, and oddities of this class of beings enables us to state the above.

It is now requisite to inform the reader to what the attention of the generality of old maids is directed. We will simply state the several things which, if combined, form an article to which they are devotedly attached; viz. brandy, sugar, and hot water. Give an old maid this, and allow her to have another of the same genus with her, and we will warrant that the two together shall commence talking and sipping the brandy and water at the smallest period for three hours. After the reviving beverage has vanished, another material is furnished on which these "elderly spinsters" glut their voracious propensities. We allude to *scandal*. This class of ladies knows every thing that is going on at the house over the way. When the gentleman who lives opposite to one of this class gave a dinner party, the elderly spinster, through the kind and affable attention of the servant there, was enabled to lay before those ladies of her order the whole of the proceedings. She knew how many bottles of champagne had lost firstly their cork, and secondly, their contents. She knew which lady had the greatest partiality to cold fowl and ham. She knew from what confectioners the pasty and ices had made their appearance. In fact, she knew the general arrangements of the party as well, if not better, than the lady of the house did herself.

The general appearance of old maids is, as all our readers know, far from prepossessing. A wrinkled face on which time has put his rough touch—a neck under the skin of which can be seen the projecting bones, yet painted and *tifivated* in such a manner as to attempt to deceive the casual observer. But any one can easily detect on the brow of the "genuine old maid" the stamp of fifty summers. The very look, the haughty sneer, the mean ways and ideas of this class of bipeds, is sufficient to stamp the "genuine article."

It is *hard*, but true, that old maids have a great love for passionate novels that tell of "blighted hopes," "twilight rays," "heaving bosoms," and "love-sick gentlemen." We can hardly account for this; but suppose that, as man *ages* so life, so does the old maid cling to the last ideas of never-to-be-forgotten girlhood, when that "handsome fellow" that was buried in the battle field,

"With his martial cloak around him."

was accustomed to speak the words of love in the ear of yon solitary spinster. Yes!

these novels bring back to the mind's eye all those thoughts yet cherished.

In conclusion, we say to the reader—You must know one of this class. Look around, and see if you are not able to find one; and when you have discovered her, and known her for a month, judge ye for yourself! Is my hastily written representation false?

F. G. L.

MURDER WILL OUT.

THERE was an extraordinary case of murder tried many years ago, in which Lord Eldon, then plain Mr. Scott, was counsel. For a long time the evidence did not appear to touch the prisoner at all; and he looked about him with the most perfect unconcern, seeming to think himself quite safe. At last the surgeon was called, who stated that the deceased had been killed by a shot—a gun-shot—in the head, and he produced the matted hair and stuff cut from and taken out of the wound. "It was all hardened with blood. A basin of warm water was brought into court, and, as the blood was gradually softened, a piece of printed paper appeared—the wadding of the gun—which proved to be half of a ballad. The other half had been found in the man's pocket when he was taken. He was hanged.

A man committed a murder, and managed to make his escape, and, though every search was made, he could not be found. Twelve years afterwards, the brother of the murdered man was at Liverpool in a public-house. He fell asleep, and was awakened by some one picking his pocket. He started, exclaiming, "Good God! the man that killed my brother twelve years ago!" Assistance came to him; the man was secured, tried, and condemned. He had enlisted as a soldier and gone to India immediately after the deed was committed, and he had just landed at Liverpool on his return, where his first act was to pick the pocket of the brother of the man he had murdered twelve years before. It was singular that the man waking out of his sleep should so instantly know him.

Jarvis Matcham was pay-sergeant in a regiment, where he was so highly esteemed as a steady and accurate man, that he was permitted opportunity to embezzle a considerable part of the money lodged in his hands for pay of soldiers, bounty of recruits—then a large sum—and other charges which fell within his duty. He was summoned to join his regiment from a town where he had been on the recruiting service, and this perhaps under some shade of suspicion. Matcham perceived discovery was at hand, and would have deserted, had it not been for the presence of a little drummer lad, who was the only one of his party appointed to attend him. In the desperation

of his crime, he resolved to murder the poor boy, and avail himself of some balance of money to make his escape. He meditated this wickedness the more readily that the drummer, he thought, had been put as a spy on him. He perpetrated his crime, and, changing his dress after the deed was done, made a long walk across the country to an inn on the Portsmouth road, where he halted and went to bed, desiring to be called when the first Portsmouth coach came. The waiter summoned him accordingly; but long after remembered that when he shook the guest by the shoulder, his first words as he awoke were, "My God! I did not kill him!"

Matcham went to the sea-port by the coach, and instantly entered as an able-bodied landsman or marine. His sobriety and attention to duty gained him the same good opinion of the officers in his new service which he had enjoyed in the army. He was absent for several years, and behaved remarkably well in some actions. At length the vessel came into Plymouth, was paid off, and some of the crew, amongst whom was Jarvis Matcham, were dismissed as too old for service. He and another seaman resolved to walk to town, and took the route to Salisbury. It was when within two or three miles of that city that they were overtaken by a tempest so sudden, and accompanied with such vivid lightning, and thunder so dreadfully loud, that the obdurate conscience of the old sinner began to be awakened. He expressed more terror than seemed natural for one who was familiar with the war of elements, and began to look and talk so wildly, that his companion became aware that something more than usual was the matter. At length Matcham complained to his companion that the stones rose from the road and flew after him. He desired the man to walk on the other side of the highway, to see if they would follow him when he was alone. The sailor complied, and Jarvis Matcham complained that the stones still flew after him, and did not pursue the other. "But what is worse," he added, coming up to his companion and whispering with a tone of mystery and fear; "who is that little drummer boy, and what business has he to follow us so closely?"—"I can see no one," answered the seaman, infected by the superstition of his associate—"What! not see that little boy with the bloody pantaloon?" exclaimed the secret murderer, so much to the terror of his comrade that he conjured him, if he had anything on his mind, to make a clear conscience as far as confession could do it. The criminal fetched a deep groan, and declared that he was unable longer to endure the life which he had led for years. He then confessed the murder of the drummer; and added, that as a considerable reward had been offered, he wished his comrade to deliver him up to the magistrates of Salisbury, as he would desire a shipmate to

profit by his fate, which he was now convinced was inevitable. Having overcome his friend's objections to this mode of proceeding, Matcham was surrendered to justice accordingly, and made a full confession of his guilt.

USEFUL RECIPES.*

TO PAINT CLOTH, CAMBRIC, SARSNET, &c., SO AS TO RENDER THEM TRANSPARENT.—Grind to a fine powder three pounds of clear white rosin, and put it into two pounds of good nut-oil, to which a strong drying quality has been given; set the mixture over a moderate fire, and keep stirring it till all the rosin is dissolved; then put in two pounds of the best Venice turpentine, and keep stirring the whole well together; and if the cloth or cambric be thoroughly varnished on both sides with this mixture, it will be quite transparent. We should remark, that in this operation the surfaces upon which the varnish is to be applied must be stretched tight and made fast during the application. This mode of rendering cloth, &c., transparent, is excellently adapted for window blinds. The varnish will likewise admit of any design in oil colours being executed upon it as a transparency.

TO COLOUR THE BACKS OF CHIMNEYS WITH LEAD ORE.—Clean them with a very strong brush, and carefully rub off the dust and rust; pound about a quarter of a pound of lead ore into a fine powder, and put it into a vessel with half a pint of vinegar, then apply it to the back of the chimney with a brush. When it is made black with this liquid, take a dry brush, dip it in the same powder without vinegar; then dry and rub it with this brush, till it become as shining as glass.

TO CLEAN MARBLE, SIENNA, JASPER, PORPHYRY, &c.—Mix up a quantity of the strongest soap-lees with quick-lime, to the consistence of milk, and lay it on the stone, &c., for twenty-four hours; clean it afterwards with soap and water, and it will appear as new.

A WHITE FOR INSIDE PAINTING, WHICH IN ABOUT FOUR HOURS DRIES, AND LEAVES NO SMELL.—Take one gallon of spirits of turpentine, and two pounds of frankincense; let them simmer over a clear fire till dissolved, then strain and bottle it. And one quart of this mixture to a gallon of linseed oil, shake them well together, and bottle them likewise. Grind any quantity of white lead very fine with spirits of turpentine, then add a sufficient quantity of the last mixture to it, till you find it fit for laying on. If it grows thick in working, it must be thinned with spirit of turpentine: it gives a flat, or dead white.

* We have extracted these recipes from "The Painter's, Gilder's, and Varnisher's Guide," published by Taylor, Wellington-street, Strand.

POPULAR PASTIMES.

SOLUTIONS TO THE CHARADES, RIDDLES,
CONUNDRUMS, ETC., IN OUR LAST.

ANSWER TO THE ENIG-
MATICAL MENAGERIE
IN OUR LAST.

BIRDS.

- 1—Swan.
- 2—Spoon-bill.
- 3—Snipe.
- 4—Curl-ew (e).

ANIMALS.

- 1—(H) Otter.
- 2—Wolf (e).
- 3—Badger.
- 4—Leopard (on).
- 5—Tiger.
- 6—Li(e)on.

ANSWER TO CONUN-
DRUMS.

- 1—The can(n)ons
- 2—Syntax (sin-tax).
- 3—It has a Cork at one end.

4—He was the author
of "Money."

5—They are invaluable
(in valua**ble**).

6—It is the end of life.

7—He has bills unpro-
vided for.

8—He often wounds
the hart (heart).

9—There would be a
rush to the pole
(poll).

10—He is making a royal
trip.

11—She lingers the
"locks"

12—Loo king glass

13—He is "tipping the
little Hills with
gold"

14—It makes locks into
clocks.

ANSWER TO RIDDLE

1—An echo.

ENIGMA.

Originally I am an adverb. Head me with
a B, and I name a colour; with a D, and I
signify light; with an E, and I become a
wandering spirit; with a G, and I am airy;
with an H, and I become vegetable; with a
J, and one of the feathered tribe claims your
notice; with an L, and I name a composi-
tion; with an M, and you may see me on
the hedges; with an N, and I contradict
my former assertions; with a P, and I dis-
close the pensioner's support; with an R,
and I become a beam; with an S, and I
allege; with a T, and I name a river, with
a W, and I expose a method.

MAZEPPA.

NAMES OF PLAYS ENIGMATICALLY
EXPRESSED.

1. A receptacle admirably suited to hold
the remains of the Duke of Wellington.
2. The common appellation of a hair-
dresser, a preposition, and a town in Spain.
3. A domestic animal, and the fifteenth
letter of the English alphabet.
4. People who never pay any income-tax,
and a vocal and instrumental entertainment.
5. The common name of a prize-fighter, a
conjunction, a pronoun, and the plural of
man.

6. Four kings of England have borne the
title of my first; my second is composed of
an innumerable little creature, and a noted
musical composer; beware of the depth of
my third; and take a lesson from the fate of
my whole.

GORDON GLYNN.

CONUNDRUMS.

1. Why is a mathematician an enemy to
the letter M?
2. What celebrated fox is like a man's
face shaved in January?

3. Who gained most at the last coro-
nation—the queen or the people?

4. What two pronouns will compose a
useful and fragrant herb? L.S.U.

5. What animal (very destructive to the
poultry) when beheaded, becomes one of the
most useful?

6. Add a syllable to a word in the English
language, and make it shorter. R. T. D.

REBUS.

When I come, adieu distinction,
Precedence comes to extinction—
Letters five compose my name,
Read backward, forward, 'tis the same;
But when twice fifty's from it ta'en,
There still is left a mother's name;
Direct, reverse, her name's alike;
From it letters two pray strike;
Though odd it seem, yet still 'tis true,
That five are left unto your view.
Lovely fair ones, dear to fame,
This paradox you'll soon explain.

SOLUTIONS TO ENIGMA, PLAYS, AND CO-
NUNDRUMS, ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED
IN OUR PRESENT NUMBER.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA

- 1—Cato.
- 2—Beggars Opera.
- 3—Miller and his Men.
- 4—George Barnwell.
- 5—It makes his angles
into mangles.
- 6—Chinohilli (chilly).
- 7—The People's King
gained a crown;
but a Crown.
- 8—Thy me (Thym).
- 9—Fox ox.
- 10—Shorter—Shorter.

PLAYS ENIGMATICALLY
EXPRESSED.

- 1—Iron Chest.
- 2—Barber of Seville

- 3—Cato.
- 4—Beggars Opera.
- 5—Miller and his Men.
- 6—George Barnwell.

ANSWERS TO CONUN-
DRUMS.

- 1—It makes his angles
into mangles.
- 2—Chinohilli (chilly).
- 3—The People's King
gained a crown;
but a Crown.
- 4—Thy me (Thym).
- 5—Fox ox.
- 6—Shorter—Shorter.

ANSWER TO REBUS.

1—Level—Eye—V.

FACTS AND SCRAPS.

SUBSTITUTE FOR MAN-TRAPS AND STEEL-
GUNS.—It being unlawful to set man-traps
and spring-guns, a gentleman once hit upon
a happy device. He was a scholar, and being
often asked the meaning of mysterious words
compounded from the Greek that flourish in
every day's newspaper, and finding they al-
ways excited wonder by their length and
terrible sound; he had painted on a board,
and put up on his premises, in very large
letters, the following: "Tondapambome-
nos set up in these grounds." It was per-
fectly a "patent safety."

A LADY, walking with her husband on
the beach, inquired of him the difference
between *exportation* and *transportation*.
"Why, my dear," replied he, "if you were
on board yonder vessel you would be *ex*-
ported, and I should be *transported*."

THE PRESS UNDER LOUIS PHILIPPE.—It is stated that, during the eighteen years of Louis Philippe's reign, fifty-seven journals were obliged to discontinue publication. Their writers and contributors were sentenced, in the aggregate, to an imprisonment of 3141 years.

SUDDEN FRIGHT.—In a new work published on the diseases of the ear, two instances are related wherein sudden fear produced the most melancholy effects. The one was that of a child, who, being thoughtlessly frightened by an elder sister, was affected with total deafness. In the second case the consequence was yet more fearful; for the little sufferer, terribly alarmed at being put into a dark cellar by a servant, became not only totally deaf, but totally blind also!

FECUNDITY OF THE ONION.—It was recently stated that a gentleman in Lancashire had raised 8000 ounces of onions from 12 ounces of seed. Mr. Crossley, the engineer of the Macclesfield canal, residing at Bollington, having sown this statement, was induced to weigh his own crop, when he discovered that from 2 ounces of seed the produce was the amazing quantity of 2436 ounces, or 156 pounds, being nearly double the produce of the former in proportion to the quantity of seed sown.

A MOST provoking piece of roguery occurred at a great funeral. The road not being in a good state, the undertaker asked permission for the hearse to go through a gentlemen's gate, and so through his orchard, by his stable: it was readily granted. Yet in that short, but woful passage, they contrived to steal a saddle. It was no wonder that nothing was heard of it more, for it is believed to have been stolen by a *mitre*.

JUGGLERS.—The performances of the jugglers often excited astonishment and alarm, and they were sometimes prosecuted by the church for their presumed intercourse with the devil. We are told by the ecclesiastical inquisitor, John Nider, that, in the latter half of the fifteenth century, a woman made her appearance at Cologne, who performed many extraordinary feats, such as tearing a napkin to pieces, and then in an instant producing it uninjured before the eyes of the spectators; dashing a glass against the ceiling and immediately restoring it whole, and the like; and although these are among the commonest tricks of modern sleight-of-hand, it required powerful protectors to screen her from the pursuits of the bishop. Even as late as the year 1695, as we learn from the journal of Pierre de l'Estoile, when a juggler, who had taught a cat to perform various surprising feats, offered to exhibit it before the French king Henri IV., his ministers represented to the monarch that it might be a plot to bewitch him, and, although his majesty laughed at their apprehensions, means were found to get the juggler and his cat out of the way.

THE motto on the seal of General Houston is "*Try me*." The origin of these two words deserves notice. The general was one day grossly insulted by a low ruffian of the Arkansas, whom he horsewhipped on the spot. A week afterwards his exasperated antagonist sent him a challenge in a public room, which General Houston was in the habit of frequenting. The general, however, openly refused to grant the satisfaction required, under the plea that the man whom he had punished was below his notice, and that he could not meet him without degradation. Among the persons present was a government officer, a duellist by profession, whose constant boast was that "he had done the business of twenty-nine fools." He often repeated that he would give half his fortune to complete the thirtieth. When he heard the answer of Houston he made several coarse remarks, adding that he wondered if the general would have dared to have given *him* such an answer. "*Try me*," said Houston. The trial was made the next morning, and the duellist was shot through the brain.—S G

THORWALDSEN.—An illustrious friend of mine, calling on Thorwaldsen some years ago, found him, as he said to me, in a glow, almost in a trance, of creative power. On his inquiring what had happened,—"My friend, my dear friend," said the sculptor, "I have an idea, I have a work in my head, which will be worthy to live. I was walking out yesterday, when I saw a boy sitting on a stone in an attitude which struck me very much. What a beautiful statue that would make!" I said to myself, But what would it do for? It would do—it would do exactly for Mercury, drawing his sword, just after he has played Argus to sleep. I came home immediately. I began modelling. I worked all the evening, till at my usual hour I went to bed. But my idea would not let me rest. I was forced to get up again. I struck a light, and worked at my model for three or four hours; after which I again went to bed. But again I could not rest. again I was forced to get up, and have been working ever since. Oh, my friend, if I can but execute my idea, it will be a glorious statue." And a noble statue it is; although Thorwaldsen himself did not think that the execution came up to the idea. For I have heard of a remarkable speech of his made some years after to another friend, who found him, one day somewhat out of spirits. Being asked whether any thing had occurred to distract him, he answered, "My genius is decaying." "What do you mean?" said the visitor. "Why! here is my statue of Christ; it is the first of my works that I have ever felt satisfied with. Till now, my ideas have always been so far beyond what I could execute. But it is no longer so; I shall never have a great idea again."—*Guesses at Truth.*

A GENTLEMAN asked the other day whether the commissioners of sewers were appointed to look after the sempsters?

A FOOTISH fellow having a house to sell, took a brick from the wall to exhibit as a sample.

A MAN, hearing that a raven would live two hundred years, bought one to discover the truth of the statement!

SEVERAL runaway negroes being condemned to be hanged, one was offered his life on condition of being the executioner. He refused it: he would sooner die. The master fixed on another of his slaves to perform the office. "Stay," said this last, "till prepare myself." He instantly returned to his hut, and cut off his wrist with an axe. Returning to his master,—"Now," said he, "compel me, if you can, to hang my comrades."—S.M.

THE WILD FLOWER.

Stop, pretty stranger, stop an I see
The modest flower, wild, and free—
That sips of nature's draught divine,
Nor envies man's oft boasted wine.

Oh, what delight to kiss the morn,
Perhaps some other floweret born,
To add companions to the vale,
To cheer the ever-stirring gale!

And hark! dost hear the lively song,
That with its echo wafts along,
To lull my stationary hours,
And charm my sister budding flowers

Nay, do not go without a kiss,
Salute me, sweetest! Ah, what bliss!
The nectar from thy lips, behold,
Hast left on mine the tints of gold.

THE JOYS OF CELIBACY.

BY MAZEPPA

FREE from a surly wife's dominion,
Untettered by the bridal pinnion,
Who boasts himself no woman's minion?
The bachelor

Who takes his customary diet
In blissful ease and peaceful quiet,
Fearless of deafening noise and riot?
The bachelor.

When having for select friends "fished,"
And "caught" them all just as he wished,
Who never spends the dinner "dished"?
The bachelor.

Who plays at hazard, or asserts,
Or makes one of a picnic party,
Partaking of fruit and hearty?
The bachelor.

Whilst married men are all annoyed,
By not tasting that unalloyed
Pleasure, which ever is enjoyed
By bachelors.

Then single men, if you would be
Happy, felicitous, and free,
Resolve that life shall "never" see
You bachelors.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, No. 334, Strand

J. J. P.—The Metropolitan, in 1829

H. MAYER.—Thanks; we are happy to say that the sale increased weekly.

MISTICUS (Louth).—We return you our thanks for the charades, &c. On matters of business, (such as the amount of circulation) we refer you to our publisher.

F. G. L. (Notting hill).—We are much indebted for the sketch.

MASTER BILLY PINKUP (Liverpool).—The polish is lasting, similar to what is called patent leather.

J. P. (Burnsley).—Yes, by special authority from the House of Lords.

KINKAWAY (Newcastle-on Tyne).—Your contributions are acceptable.

H. J. URGHART.—Your commendations were highly gratifying to us.

L. B.—(Hull). We have noticed every letter that has been received by us. "I saw a fishpond; all on fire I saw a house, how to a quire I saw a parson—twelve feet high I saw a cottage," &c.

J. R. P.—Thanks for the sketch.

J. W. C. (Walsworth).—We will make use of your essay at our earliest opportunity.

MAZEPPA (Manchester).—Many thanks; the article shall be inserted as soon as possible, and a series of such articles would be very acceptable. It would gratify us to receive your private address. We are endeavouring to make arrangements for the communication of the 24th of April.

ENIGMA.—Thanks for the riddle, &c.

G. SWORDS.—At a convenient opportunity your poetical edition shall be inserted.

J. W. H. (Manchester).—Accept our thanks for your valuable contribution.

L. Y. PARISHIA (Glasgow).—Your contribution is very amusing; it shall shortly have a place in our work.

R. L. D.—We will endeavour to meet your wishes.

J. L.—Perhaps your next communication may suit us, those already received are scarcely up to the mark.

JOHN CUMLE.—The legend shall receive early attention.

W. L. T.—Thanks for the tale.—Yes.

HENRY L.—(Macclesfield).—Works like the TRACTS, addressed to all classes and denominations of the people, cannot introduce into their columns either religious or political essays. We must, therefore, beg to decline your contribution.

J. P. H. C. (Aldford).—We are much pleased with the high praise conferred on our labours by yourself and friends.

J. B.—(Worley).—Cleave, Shot lane, Fleet street, price 6d.

EDWIN (London).—To number this correspondent among our regular contributors would give great pleasure to us.

R. R. M.—Please to favour us with your private address.

J. H. (Laurencekirk).—It gave us great pleasure to receive so flattering a letter, more especially as coming from one of the same profession as ourselves.

CONTRIBUTIONS RESPECTFULLY DECLINED.—The Crusade of Richard I. by H. J. URGHART, A Song for the Oak, by C. M., Two Proverbs, by J. L.; The Flower Girl, by J. W. H., On a Future State, by Henry L., Summer Evening, by B. Wilson.

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TRACTS

For the People.

A WEEKLY MISCELLANY OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE AND AMUSEMENT.

No 71 Vol IV]

SATURDAY, JULY 1, 1848.

[PRICE ONE HALF PENNY.]



[HAMBURG FLOWER GIRLS]

HAMBURG.

HAMBURG may be said to belong to the "Gothic order" of architecture for everything seems marked "eighteen carat" that meets your eye, having at the same time a quiet, business-like, though sufficiently lively and ensemble. The New Town may fairly be said to stand alone in solid magnificence. The ships in the Neuer Wall and Yungfernstieg have had carte blanche allowed them in their erection, and certainly are very splendid. Grand facades, with deep millions of marble to the immense windows of plate glass, are only equalled by the richness and excellence of the wares they enclose.

As a free city and port Hamburg is the depot for all the best articles the world can produce. She pays no respect but to quality and price—essentials which competition and ways will compel to go hand in hand. There are no duties to prevent a man eating a fork made by Stettin and Mortimer, or treading on a carpet made at Kiddleminster or Constantinople.

Hamburg is the greatest emporium for supplying the markets of all the north of Europe and is as flourishing as its liberal policy would lead one to expect and hope. The commercial statistics of the city are on a gigantic scale, and of great antiquity, though of later date than Antwerp which

place is fallen from its once proud estate, obliged to succumb to the current of trade that eventually set towards the Elbe. The annual imports and exports are stated ("Rambles in Sweden and Gothland") to exceed a hundred millions sterling.

Hamburg has her own colonies, and an immense fleet of merchantmen employed to every part of the globe. She is governed by a senate, has a fine national guard, and is the rallying point for commerce and intelligence.

The terrible fire swept the devoted city for three whole days, and saddened the stoutest hearted to the very soul. It seemed to cause a gale of wind in itself, and rushed with overwhelming waves of flame over an area sufficiently large to contain a fair sized town. But like true and gallant tradesmen they soon "cleared the wreck," declared a dividend, and now exceed every port in Europe in the solidity and beauty of repairs they gave their ancient city.

The ramparts or walls surrounding Hamburg are truly beautiful. They are laid out in rich parterres of rounded shrubberies; swelling, closely-mown lawns, with borders of roses, dahlias, and every other flower and shrub, joining the public paths and roads without the slightest fence. This denotes great decorum on the part of the population, considerably above two hundred thousand, and worthy indeed of record and imitation; not a blade of grass is trodden under foot, much less a leaf ruffled. These ramparts form for the citizens pleasure-grounds and promenades.

In France you rarely meet with a pretty woman—alas! that we should say it! We can declare upon our veracity, we did not meet a plain one in several days' tour in Hamburg. We saw close complexions, good teeth, with fully developed figures, at every step. The men we will not venture to remark upon, further than that incessant smoking seemed to have saddened every complexion till it had assumed the hue of damp parchment; and that an ill-favoured German stands unrivalled in his peculiar charms. The women-servants appeared to be smitten with the desire to be *recherché* in their out-door duties, and exhibited no little magnificence in their ideas of performing tasks; the lowliest "maid-of-all-work," as she skipped for the real and bacon pie or half peck of peas, in order to dissemble and cloak the nature of the errand, invariably covered the tin or basket with a large shawl, or spotless white kerchief, which hung like a pall over the family meal, perfectly disguising its useful though unpoetical countenance.

The number of good-looking servants carrying various articles under their gay shawls at all hours, mixed with the picturesque, neat ankle flower-girls, with their petticoats "half-mast high," and pleasing impor-

tuity, gave the streets a very lively appearance, though at first we were somewhat puzzled to make out the meaning of the shawl maids.

THE STUDENT'S REVENGE.

A GERMAN TALE.

CHAPTER I.

IN the days of the Empire, when Napoleon's glory was at its height, and the recent disruption of the ancient monarchical and aristocratic establishments of France

— "Dismal twilight shed
O'er half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexed monarchs—"

the despotic powers of Europe felt themselves constrained to institute a most rigid censorship, with a view to prevent French propagandism from finding its way into the hearts of their dominions. But not all the vigilance of an almost Oriental despotism could prevent the electric current of thought from passing link after link through the chain of human minds; and confiscations, imprisonments, and perpetual exiles were rife in the Austrian and Prussian dominions.

Amongst the marked victims of the Austrian government was a young man named Friedrich Trautenberg, yet advanced beyond his two-and-twentieth year, but of great talents and commanding eloquence—possessed, in short, of every attribute which could confer in forming a influential leader of the impetuous Burschenschaft of Vienna. He had organised an extensive and powerful secret correspondence, whose constant treachery had disclosed to the government. Receiving a timely warning of the fate which momentarily awaited him, he had been constrained to take refuge in France. Paris was of course his destination; and the influence of a few of his countrymen, resident in that then European metropolis, readily obtained for him the situation of secretary-interpreter to M. de Marly—one of Napoleon's councillors of state, and a man of great consideration at the imperial court.

Friedrich's great talents soon rendered him extremely useful to the councillor in discharging the duties of his post. But no approbation of M. de Marly—no marks of favour lavished on him, could ever dissipate the settled melancholy which beset his countenance, or subdue the yearnings with which he burnt for a restoration to his father-land. Often had he applied to the councillor to procure the removal of his proscription by diplomatic intervention, for the governments of Paris and Vienna were then upon passable terms of understanding, and the projected marriage of Napoleon to Maria Louisa was whispered at the French court. But M. de Marly turned a deaf ear to all

Friedrich's entreaties, for the very sufficient reason that the young man had evinced too much capacity—too docile and laborious a spirit—to render it at all convenient to dispense with his services. A peremptory and final negative from the councillor made Friedrich determine never more to address him on the subject; and, while high principle prevented him from abating his attention to the councillor's affairs, his melancholy was but deepened in its intensity.

The councillor was married to a young and very lovely woman, connected by blood with the ancient *régnans*, in accordance with that portion of Napoleon's policy which aimed at consolidating his dynasty as much as possible by silying his "men of the empire" with the old families of France. M. de Marly's almost constant admixture with affairs of state, the unwearied assiduity with which he participated in the "burly-burly" of secret political discussions, his strong personal ambition and eager desire of aggrandizement, made him the very reverse of a domestic man. Between him and his beautiful wife there existed but little sympathy; and, when she latter appeared with him at court, the only feeling with which he regarded her was that of flattered vanity and reflected distillation.

Under such circumstances, no one will be surprised that Madame de Marly did not survey the councillor's interesting young secretary with eyes of indifference, but on the contrary felt a high degree of esteem for his character, and of respect for the shade of melancholy which clouded his personal history. To this was added no small portion of that feminine curiosity which in all ages and countries takes such an amazing pleasure in penetrating a piquant veil of mystery.

One evening that the councillor was wholly occupied in secret conclave with Napoleon, Madame de Marly, seated in one of her saloons, enjoyed, to her delightful pleasure of hearing Friedrich sing some of his native melodies. At the conclusion of one of them, the lady addressed him in her powerfully winning tone of voice, assured him of the deep interest which she took in his talents, and entreated him to admit her into her confidence, and acquaint her with the history which hung over his past life.

Friedrich murmured a few indistinct words in reply, and kept his eyes steadily fixed on the ground.

"Friedrich," pursued Madame de Marly, "why do you refuse me this proof of your confidence? Do not attribute my request, I beseech you, to indifferent curiosity, but rather to the most lively interest in your future fortunes, and the most sincere desire to serve you."

Overcome by this kindness, "Alas! madame," replied Friedrich, in a tone of melancholy, "what shall I say to you? There is

nothing in my past life that can merit from you a moment's attention. It has been that of the poor and the orphan, in all its sad uniformity."

"Do you then wish to reproach me?" said Madame de Marly's gentle reply. "Is the vulgar desire of amusement the interpretation which you put upon my question?" After a short silence, she added: "You are right; I should not have made this request. It is only those who are happy that can look to the past with an eye of satisfaction or indifference. Alas! for the unfortunate, every remembrance is a regret."

"Yes," replied Friedrich; "but the wretch who reckons his years by his sufferings can console himself by reflecting that each day his earthly task advances to its close!" The look which he wore was that of resigned despair, and a tear trembled in Madame de Marly's eyes. Perceiving this tribute of silent sympathy, Friedrich added: "But, after all, madam, I shall never be able to repay you for your kindness, and this is to me a new regret. You are the only person that has ever condescended to give me a word of pity."

"Of pity!" echoed the lady, with a strong negative emphasis on the word.

"However the sad relation," added Friedrich, "may harrow up my heart, I owe it to my benefactress."

"Ah! I can understand the susceptibility of delicate minds. But be assured I am not altogether unworthy of your confidence. Am not suffering souls sisters in affliction?" added Madame de Marly, lowering at the same moment both her voice and her eyes.

Friedrich seemed not to hear her, and commented his recital in the following terms.

CHAPTER II.

"I LOST my father whilst I was yet an infant. He filled the post of receiver of imposte in a burg not far from Vienna. My mother, after his death, concentrated all her tenderness on me. The sole remembrances of my infancy date from that period. I waked at times by night, and found my mother almost uniformly in tears, clad in her mourning garments, seated near me, and regarding me with tender love. Alas! her year of mourning had not expired when I lost the most affectionate of mothers."

"I was left as orphan without the slightest provision. The pastor of my native burg received me through charity, and I had not one living relation in the world. This minister was the best of men; his disposition was of great sweetness; his piety almost angelic. But, unfortunately for me, his wife's character was the very reverse of all this. She saw with feelings of bitter hatred her husband lavishing on me almost the same care and tenderness which he

expended on his own children. It is useless to tell you, madame, how much I suffered then. Much, much indeed! for I had rather have died than complained, rather have suffered any amount of torture than acquaint my benefactor with the repulsive treatment which I experienced from his wife, and thus have probably embittered his days. Unfortunately, too, the minister's two children were fiercely jealous of me, like their mother. All the advances which I made towards them were repelled with disdain, and with cold contempt they kept themselves aloof from the 'poor beggar;' then I went to play and weep on my mother's grave!

"The good minister, wrapt up in his studies, and in the discharge of his pastoral duties, was ignorant of all that passed. At first he reproached me gently for my sad and solitary temper. His sons told him that it was I that fled from their society, not they who shunned mine; and then mother, far from exposing the falsehood, confirmed their complaints. By degrees the good pastor's remonstrances grew more serious, and I began to perceive that he treated me with coldness. I do not accuse him. He believed me to have been guilty of the most indefensible conduct towards his children! Alas! how wretched this discovery made me! He was my sole protector—my only friend in the world. I endeavoured by every possible means to gain the good-will of his family, but in vain. Seeing this, I resolved to try a last resource. Taking no manner of pleasure in the customary sports of my age, I had sought in the pursuits of study some distraction from my various chagrins and annoyances; and then the good minister was so delighted at my success, that I applied myself to my books with redoubled ardour. Often he addressed me thus, with a sigh:—'You are of a dark and haughty character. You shun the society of those who ought to be to you as brothers. But at all events you repay the care which I have bestowed on your education. My sole regret is that my own children do not display your aptitude.' In truth, the pastor's two sons, idolized by their mother, were much less advanced in their studies, though older than myself, and in every class I was uniformly before them. I thought that possibly my unwearied application and success had caused the jealousy and estrangement which I so much regretted. Determined, at whatever price, to regain the pastor's affection, who, doubtless irritated by false reports, became every day colder and colder in his manner towards me; feeling that I never could succeed in accomplishing this object so long as his wife and children retained their hostility, I decided upon allowing the boys to have the advantage over me in our common studies. With this view I designedly committed several gross

mistakes, and for the first time in two years the minister's sons were before me in class. Alas! I was cruelly disappointed; the triumphs which I rendered so easy of attainment to them did not in the slightest degree alter their disposition towards me."

"Unhappy boy!" cried Madame de Marly, "on the contrary, you perhaps forfeited the only protector whom heaven had left you."

(To be continued in our next.)

A SINGULAR HALLUCINATION.

A GENTLEMAN, about thirty-five years of age, of active habits and good constitution, living in the neighbourhood of London, had complained for about five weeks of slight headache. He was feverish, inattentive to his occupations, and negligent of his family. He had been cupped, and taken some purgative medicine, when he was visited by Dr. Arnould of Camberwell. By that gentleman's advice he was sent to a private asylum, where he remained about two years; his delusions very gradually subsided, and he was afterwards restored to his family. The account which he gave of himself was, almost verbatim, as follows. One afternoon in the month of May, feeling himself a little unsettled, and not inclined to business, he thought he would take a walk into the city to amuse his mind; and having strolled into St. Paul's Churchyard, he stopped at the shop-window of Carrington and Bowles, and looked at the pictures, among which was one of the cathedral. He had not been long there, before a short, grave-looking, elderly gentleman, dressed in dark-brown clothes, came up, and began to examine the prints, and occasionally casting a glance at him, very soon entered into conversation with him; and, praising the view of St. Paul's which was exhibited at the window, told him many anecdotes of Sir Christopher Wren, the architect, and asked him at the same time if he had ever ascended to the top of the dome. He replied in the negative. The stranger then inquired if he had dined, and proposed that they should go to an eating-house in the neighbourhood, and said that after dinner he would accompany him up St. Paul's: "it was a glorious afternoon for a view, and he was so familiar with the place that he could point out every object worthy of attention." The kindness of the old gentleman's manner induced him to comply with the invitation; and they went to a tavern in some dark alley, the name of which he did not know. They dined, and very soon left the table, and ascended to the ball just below the cross, which they entered alone. They had not been there many minutes, when, while he was gazing on the extensive prospect, and delighted with the splendid scene below him, the grave gentleman pulled out from an inside coat-pocket

something like a compass, having round the edges some curious figures; then, having muttered some unintelligible words, he placed it in the centre of the ball. He felt a great trembling and a sort of horror come over him, which was increased by his companion asking him if he should like to see any friend at a distance, and to know what he was at that moment doing; for if so, the latter could show him any such person. It happened that his father had been for a long time in bad health, and for some weeks past he had not visited him. A sudden thought came into his mind, so powerful that it overcame his terror, that he should like to see his father. He had no sooner expressed the wish than the exact person of his father was immediately presented to his sight on the mirror, reclining in his arm-chair, and taking his afternoon sleep. Not having fully believed in the power of the stranger to make good his offer, he became overwhelmed with terror at the clearness and truth of the vision presented to him; and he entreated his mysterious companion that they might immediately descend, as he felt himself very ill. The request was complied with; and on parting under the portico of the northern entrance, the stranger said to him, "Remember, you are the slave of the man of the mirror!" He returned to the evening of his home, he did not know exactly at what hour; felt himself unquiet, depressed, gloomy, apprehensive, and haunted with thoughts of the stranger. For the last three months he has been conscious of the power of the latter over him. Dr. Arnould inquired in what way his power was exercised. He cast on him a look of suspicion mingled with confidence; took his arm, and, after leading him through two or three rooms, and then into the garden, exclaimed, "It is of no use; there is no concealment from him, for all places are alike open to him; he sees us and he hears us now." He was asked where this being was who saw and heard us. He replied, in a voice of deep agitation, "Have I not told you that he lives in the hall below the cross on the top of St. Paul's, and that he only comes down to take a walk in the churchyard, and get his dinner at the house in the dark alley? Since that fatal interview with the necromancer," he continued, "for ~~ever~~ I believe him to be, he is continually dragging me before him on his mirror, and he not only sees me every moment of the day, but he reads all my thoughts, and I have a dreadful consciousness that no action of my life is free from his inspection, and no place can afford me security from his power." On telling him that the darkness of the night would afford him protection from these machinations, he said, "I know what you mean, but you are quite mistaken. I have only told you of the mirror; but in some part of the building which we passed

in coming away, he showed me what he called a great bell, and I heard sounds which came from it, and which went to it,—sounds of laughter, and of anger, and of pain; there was a dreadful confusion of sounds, and as I listened with wonder and affright, he said, "This is my organ of hearing; this great bell is in communication with all other bells within the circle of hieroglyphics, by which every word spoken by those under my control is made audible to me." He added, "I have not yet told you all; for he practises his spells by hieroglyphics on walls and houses, and wields his power, like a detestable tyrant as he is, over the minds of those whom he has enchanted, and who are the objects of his constant spite, within the circle of the hieroglyphics." When asked what these hieroglyphics were, and how he perceived them, he replied, "Signs and symbols which you in your ignorance of their true meaning, have taken for letters and words, and read, as you have thought, 'Day and Martin, and Warren's blacking.' Oh! that is all nonsense! they are only the mysterious characters which he traces, to mark the boundary of his dominion, and by which he prevents all escape from his tremendous power. How have I toiled and laboured to get beyond the limits of his influence! Once I walked for three days and three nights, till I fell down under a wall, exhausted by fatigue, and dropped asleep; but, on awakening, I saw the dreadful signs before my eyes, and I felt myself as completely under his infernal spells at the end, as at the beginning of my journey."

It is probable that this gentleman had actually ascended to the top of St. Paul's, and that impressions there received, being afterwards renewed in his mind when in a state of vivid excitement, in a dream of ecstatic reverie, became so blended with the creations of fancy, as to form one mysterious vision, in which the true and the imaginary were afterwards inseparable. Such, at least, is the best explanation of the phenomena that occurs to us.

THE MODEL SCHOOL-BOY.

BY MAZEPPA.

HE is of cleanly and industrious habits, and, within the memory of the most ancient scholars, is not known to have appeared in the school-room, preparatory to commencing the day's employment, without being washed, scrubbed, dressed, and combed. He is not mischievous, nor neglectful of his tasks, but is passionately devoted to acquiring all the knowledge and information that can possibly be instilled into the cranium of the youthful student. He is not known to have ever feloniously plotted the destruction of his preceptor's cane, by inserting a series of

horse-hairs into that very necessary instrument of castigation. Neither is he addicted to nocturnal attacks on the pantry, for the purpose of regalling himself with the edibles therein contained; but he consumes his diurnal repasts with gratitude and a good appetite, in quiet and the school-room. Nor, as faithful chroniclers, can we accuse him of cherishing an affection for practical experiments, illustrated by diabolically attaching walnaut-shells to the feet of his preceptor's "Puss," or "Tom," as the case (or rather name) may be. Guiltless of causing the blinder portion of his master's "Oh! no-wa-never-mention"-them-ables to adhere to his seat, through the immediate agency of a tenacious substance (*vulgo*, cobbler's wax); he is also innocent of a desire for engraving, exemplified by ornamentally carving the initials of his cognomen, together with various highly interesting and elaborate devices, on the desks, indispensable to a school-room. He is not known to have ever copied the solutions of his "Arithmetical Questions" from the "Key," as he prefers 'working them out.' Extolled by his pedagogues, and held up as a pattern to his school-fellows, it is evident that they will bear him no outrageous love in consequence; but as he is never known to resent the blows so liberally showered upon his devoted body, his companions allow his fortitude and magnanimity, which they kindly test by redoubling their "striking" proofs of affection.

COLONEL NIMROD.*

COLONEL NIMROD is dead! The day that witnessed the extinction of that luminary of the sporting world was a day of rejoicing to all the birds in the air and all the fishes in the sea. Ah! surely may'st thou gambol now on yonder pleasant slope, thou noble stag, for Nimrod is no more! Spread out your glittering wings in peace, ye bright inhabitants of ether; and you, ye little fishes and ye great—sprats, shrimps, leviathans, white bair, whales—sport freely in your watery home, for Nimrod is now no more! Well might it be to them a day of jubilee, when their unparalleled destroyer was destroyed: to us it was a day of lamentation and of sorrowing.

But we are digressing from our purpose, which is simply to record two or three of the most exquisite of the many admirable narratives which we have heard delivered by our late lamented friend. His manner of narrating those tales, of which he always was himself the hero, was perfectly easy and assured, and was calculated to impress his hearers with a conviction that, at least, he

entertained not the slightest doubt of their truth. He seldom described his feats, or the accidents of his life, as subjects to be wondered at; they were casually noticed, as the turn of the conversation might afford occasion, and as mere matters of every-day occurrence. If, indeed, any one expressed a more than usual degree of astonishment, or exclaimed, "That's rather extraordinary, colonel!" his reply invariably was—"Extraordinary, sir! why I know it is extraordinary; but I'll take my oath that I am in all respects the most extraordinary man that was ever let live."

A BROKEN HEAD.

In Paris one day I was standing with him at his window, in the *Rue de la Paix*, when a man was thrown from his horse. "There's a broken head for him, colonel," said I.

"I am the only man in Europe, sir," he replied, "that ever had a broken head—to live after it. I was hunting near my place in Yorkshire, my horse threw me, and I was pitched, head foremost, upon a scythe which had been left upon the ground. When I was taken up, my head was found to be literally cut in two, and was spread over my shoulders like a pair of epaulettes. That was a broken head, if you please, sir."

NEW MODE OF EXECUTING A WRIT.

Something having occurred in conversation that led to the subject of arrests, he started up and exclaimed:

"Gentlemen, I have been arrested oftener than any man in England—once under most atrocious circumstances. You must know that I was lodging at Stevens's; my wife was with me. One morning, between seven and eight, while we were in bed, a bailiff came into the room. 'I understand your business, my good fellow,' said I; 'wait below, I'll get up and dress, and accompany you to my solicitor, who will do the needful.' Gentlemen, I assure you, on the word of a gentleman, the rascal swore that I should get up and go with him as I was. 'What! in my night-shirt?' said I. He insisted,—I resisted; when the fellow went to the fire-place, drew out the poker which had been in the fire all night, and thrust it, red-hot as it was, into the bed between Mrs. N. and me. Mrs. N.—*woman-like*—the moment she felt the red-hot poker, jumped out of bed, and so your humble servant. There I lay, and there stood the scoundrel poking at me; and there would I have remained, had not the bed-clothes taken fire. Now I did not choose to be burnt in my bed, nor would I endanger the safety of the house, in which there happened to be many lodgers at the time, so up I got and dressed myself,—I resolved, at least, to carry that point, and I did. Now I put it to you, as men and gentlemen: Did I compromise my honour by

* We may observe that the name of Nimrod is fictitious; but the person it represents was, for a very long period, a prominent character in the sporting world.

giving in at last? But, observe, 'twas as I tell you—not till the bed had taken fire."

EXPEDITIOUS SHOOTING.

We once said to him, "You have the reputation of being an excellent shot, Colonel Nimrod?"

"Ay, sir; I shoot with a ramrod sometimes."

"Shoot with a ramrod?"

"Why, how else would you shoot when you are in a hurry?"

"Really, I don't understand you."

"This is what I mean, sir. For instance, I was going out one fine morning at the latter end of October, when I saw the London mail changing horses—as it always did within a mile of my gates—when I suddenly recollected that I had promised my friend F—— a basket of game. Not a trigger had I pulled—the coach was ready to start—what was to be done? I leaped over the hedge, fired off my ramrod, and spitted, as it were, four partridges and a brace of pheasants. Now I should be a liar if I said I ever did the same thing twice—in point of number, I mean."

That the colonel believed his own stories, and expected they would be believed by his hearers, we are fully persuaded. Of this infirmity of mind we shall not attempt to trace the causes; but, whatever it exists in the same degree, we consider it as presenting a case for the consideration of the physician rather than of the moralist.

WORLD-MAKING.

It is an absorbing thing to watch the process of world-making. I witnessed it in America; and when I look back upon it now, it seems as if I had been in another planet. I saw something of the process of creating the natural globe in the depths of the largest explored cave in the world. (The Mammoth's Cave, in Kentucky). "In its depths, in this noiseless workshop, was Nature employed with her blind and dumb agents, fashioning mysteries which the earthquake of a thousand years hence may bring to light, to give man a new sense of the shortness of his life. I saw something of the process of world-making behind the fall of Niagara, in the thunder-cavern where the rocks that have stood for ever tremble to their fall amidst the roar of the unexhausted floods. I stood where soon human foot shall stand no more. Foothold after foothold is destined to be thrown down, till, after more ages than the world has yet known, the last rocky barrier shall be overpowered, and an ocean shall overspread countries which are but just entering upon civilised existence. Niagara itself is but one of the shifting scenes of life, like all of the outward that we hold most permanent.

Niagara itself, like the systems of the sky, is one of the hands of Nature's clock, moving, though too slowly to be perceived by the unheeding,—still moving, to mark the lapse of time. Niagara itself is destined to be as the traditional monsters of the ancient earth—a giant existence, to be spoken of to wondering ears in studious hours, and believed in from the sole evidence of its surviving grandeur and beauty. While I stood in the wet whirlwind, with the crystal roof above me, the thundering floor beneath, and the foaming whirlpool and rushing flood before me, I saw those quiet, studious hours of the future world, when this cataract shall have become a tradition, and the spot on which I stood shall be the centre of a wide sea, a new region of life. This was seeing world-making. So it was on the Mississippi, when a sort of seum on the waters betokened the birthplace of new land. All things help in this creation. The cliffs of the Upper Missouri detach their soil, and send it thousands of miles down the stream. The river brings it, and deposits it, in continual increase, till a barrier is raised against the rushing waters themselves. The air brings seeds, and drops them where they sprout, and strike downwards, so that their roots bind the soft soil, and enable it to bear the weight of new accretions. The infant forest, floating, as it appeared, on the surface of the turbid and rapid waters, may reveal no beauty to the painter; but to the eye of one who loves to watch the process of world-making it is full of delight. Then islands are seen in every stage of growth. The cotton-wood trees, from being like cresses in a pool, rise breast high; then they are like the thickets, to whose shade the alligator may retreat; then like groves that bid the sun good night, while he is still lighting up the forest; then like the forest itself, with the wood-cutter's house within its screen, flowers springing about its stems, and the wild vine climbing to meet the night-breezes on its lofty canopy. This was seeing world-making.—*Miss Martineau.*

PENN'S BARGAIN.

ALTHOUGH William Penn had received the grant of the land now called Pennsylvania from King Charles II, his love of justice would not permit him to lay claim to any portion of it without the consent of the Indian tribes to whom it really belonged; nor until he had given them what they considered an equivalent.

He once made a curious bargain with a chief, named Toddyneewung, for a tract of land to be taken from a parallel of latitude through a given point, as far as the best or three men could walk in a day, between sun-rise and sun-set, from a certain sweet chestnut-tree near Bristol (in Pennsylvania), in a north-west direction.

Of course every care was taken to select the men most likely to accomplish such a walk. The choices fell on Solomon Jennings, James Yates, and Edward Marshall. Jennings and Marshall were large, thick-set, powerful men; Yates was a tall, slim man, of great agility, and speed of foot.

The day being appointed, at sun-rise many people were collected at about twenty miles distance from the starting-place, on the Durham road, in order to see the champions pass. First came Yates, stepping along as light as a feather, accompanied by Penn and his attendants on horseback; after him, but out of sight, came Jennings, with a strong steady step; and not far behind, Edward Marshall, apparently careless, swinging an axe in his hand, and eating a dry biscuit. Bets were greatly in favour of Yates.

In relating the feat some years after, Marshall gave the following account. He said that he gained upon Yates in descending towards the Durham creek, where Yates complained of being very much tired, sat down on a log to rest himself, and soon after gave up the walk; he walked nearly eighty miles, but hurried too much at first. Marshall kept on, and before he reached the Lehigh overtook and passed Jennings, waded the river at Bethlehem, and walked on, faster and faster, past the place where Nazareth now stands, to the place called the Wind Gap.

This was as far as the path had been marked out for them, and there was a large collection of people waiting to see if any of the three men would reach it by sun-set. Marshall halted only while the surveyor furnished him with a pocket-compass, and then started forward again. Three Indian runners were sent after him, to see that he walked it fairly, and to ascertain how far he went. He then passed to the west of the Pokono mountain (the Indians finding it difficult to keep up with him), till he reached Long Pond, and he would have proceeded farther, had it not been for this water. Here he marked a tree, as was witnessed by the three Indians.

The total distance walked by Marshall—none of it being on a good road, and thirty miles of it being through woods—was measured and found to be one hundred and fifteen miles! Thus he won the prize of 500 dollars (about 100 guineas of English money), and five hundred acres of land for himself, to be taken out of William Penn's purchase."

James Yates, who led the way at first, was so much injured by his exertion that he died a few days afterwards. Jennings survived his attempt several years. Marshall lived to be ninety years old, and died on Marshall's Island, on the Delaware River.—*Abridged from "Tales of the North American Indians," by Barbara Hautes.*

REMARKABLE CASES OF FRAUD AND IMPOSTURE.

No. XXXI.—BOOK FOURTH.

THE early leaning of the Jews towards idolatry and superstition has been recorded in terms that admit of no dispute, by their own historians. The same tendency continued to be manifest in them for many ages. Sandys, in his "Travels," heard of an ancient tradition current on the borders of the Red Sea, that the day on which the Jews celebrate the passover, loaves of bread, by time converted into stone, are seen to arise from that sea; and are supposed to be some of the bread the Jews left in their passage.

They were sold at Cairo, made up in the manner and shape of the bread at the time in which he wrote; and this was of itself sufficient to betray the imposture.

The anxiously expected appearance of their Messiah made the Jews very easily imposed upon by those who, for interested motives, chose to assume so sacred a title. Our Saviour predicted the coming of false Christs, and many have, since the date of the prophecy, appeared, though perhaps no false prophet in later days has excited so general commotion in that nation as Sabatai Sevi.

According to the prediction of several Christian writers, who commented on the Apocalypse, the year 1666 was to prove one of wonders, and particularly of blessings to the Jews; and reports flew from place to place of the march of multitudes of people from unknown parts in the remote deserts of Asia, supposed to be the ten tribes and a half lost for so many ages; and also that a ship had arrived in the north of Scotland, with sails and cordage of silk, navigated by mariners who spoke nothing but Hebrew; with this motto on their flag:—"The Twelve Tribes of Israel." These reports agreeing thus near with former predictions, led the credulous to expect that the year would produce strange events with reference to the Jewish nation.

Thus were multitudes of people possessed when Sabatai Sevi appeared at Smyrna, and proclaimed himself to the Jews as their Messiah; declaring the greatness of his approaching kingdom, and the strong hand whereby God was about to deliver them from bondage, and gather them together.

"It was strange," says Mr. Evelyn, "to see how this fancy took, and how fast the report of Sabatai and his doctrine flew through those parts of Turkey the Jews inhabited, they were so deeply possessed of their new kingdom, and their promotion to honour, that none of them attended to business of any kind, except to prepare for a journey to Jerusalem."

Sabatai was the son of Mordechai Sevi, an inhabitant of Smyrna, who acted as a broker to English merchants. His son, studying

metaphysics, vented a new doctrine in the law; and, gaining some disciples, he attracted sufficient notice to cause his banishment from the city. During his exile he was twice married, but soon after each ceremony he obtained a divorce. At Jerusalem he married a third time. He there began to preach a reform in the law, and meeting with another Jew, named Nathan, he communicated to him his intention of proclaiming himself the Messiah, so long expected, and so much desired by the Jews.

Nathan assisted in the imposition; and as, according to the ancient prophecies, it was necessary Elias should precede the Messiah, Nathan himself personated that prophet. He, therefore, as the forerunner of the Messiah, announced to the Jews what was about to take place, and that consequently nothing but joy and triumph ought to dwell in their habitations. Many Jews believed in the delusion; and Nathan took courage to prophecy, that in one year from the 27th of Kislen (June), the Messiah should appear, and take from the Grand Seigneur his throne, and lead him in chains as a captive.

Sabatal, meanwhile, preached at Gaza repentance to the Jews, and obedience to himself and his doctrine. These novelties very much affected the Jews; and they gave themselves up to prayers, alms, and devotion. The rumour spreading widely, letters of congratulation came from all parts to Jerusalem and Gaza; and, thus encouraged, Sabatal resolved to travel to Smyrna, and thence to Constantinople, where the principal work was to be performed.

All was now expectation among the Jews; no trade was followed, and every one imagined that daily provisions, riches, and honour, were to descend upon him miraculously. Many fasted so long, it is said, that they were famished to death; others buried themselves in their gardens up to the neck; but the most common mortification was to prick their backs and sides with thorns, and then give themselves thirty-nine lashes.

To avoid the necessity of business, which was even made a fineable offence, the rich were taxed to support the poor; and lest the Messiah should accuse them of neglecting ancient precepts, particularly that to increase and multiply, they married together children of ten years and under. Without respect to riches, poverty, or station, to the number of six or seven hundred couple were indiscriminately joined; but, after the imposition was discovered, these children were divorced.

At Smyrna, Sabatal was well received by the common Jews, but not so by the doctors of the law (*chochams*), who gave no credence whatever to his pretensions. Yet Sabatal, bringing testimonials of his holy life, wisdom, gift of prophecy, and sanctity, so engrafted himself in the hearts of the populace, that he had the hardihood to dispute publicly

with the grand chocham. Arguments grew so strong, and language so violent, that they who espoused Sabatal's cause appeared in great numbers before the cadi of Smyrna in justification of him. Sabatal thus gained ground, whilst the grand chocham in like proportion lost it, as well as the affection and obedience of his people, and ultimately he was displaced.

Whenever Sabatal appeared, he was attended by a multitude of followers; and the streets were covered with carpets or fine cloths for him to walk upon, which the pretended humility of the impostor stooped to turn aside.

He now proceeded to an election of princes, who were to govern the Israelites during their march to the Holy Land. Miracles were thought necessary for the confirmation of his disciples in their faith; and it was pretended that on one occasion a pillar of fire was seen between Sabatal and the cadi. Though but few were said to have seen it, it speedily became the general belief, and Sabatal returned triumphant to his house.

He next prepared for his journey to Constantinople, where the most important parts of his mission were to be accomplished; but to avoid the confusion of his numerous followers, he went by sea with a small party, and was detained thirty-nine days by contrary winds. His followers having arrived overland before him, awaited his coming with great anxiety. Having received information of the disorder and madness that had spread among the Jews, and fearing the consequences, the vizier sent a boat to arrest Sabatal, and he was brought ashore a prisoner, and committed to a dungeon to await his sentence.

Not at all daunted or discouraged by this event, the Jews were rather confirmed in their belief, and visited him with the same ceremony and respect as if exalted on the throne of Israel. Sabatal was kept a prisoner two months, and then removed to the Castle of Abydos, where so much curiosity was raised about him, that the Turks demanded five and ten dollars for the admission of each visitor. At his leisure, in this castle, he composed a new mode of worship.

Having had the history of the whole affair laid before him, the grand seignor sent for Sabatal to Adrianople. On receiving the summons, the pseudo-Messiah appeared to be much dejected, and to have lost that courage which he had formerly displayed in the synagogues. The grand seignor would not be satisfied without a miracle, and he wisely resolved that it should be one of his own choosing. He ordered that Sabatal should be stripped naked, and set up as a mark for the dexterous archers of the sultan to shoot at, and if it was found that his body was arrow proof, he would then believe in his professions.

Sabatal, not having faith enough in him-

self to stand the trial, renounced all title to kingdoms and governments, alleging that he was merely an ordinary echoham. Not satisfied with this, the grand seignor declared that his treason was only to be expiated by a conversion to Mahomedanism, which, if he refused, a stake was ready at the gate of the seraglio on which to impale him. Sabatal replied that he was contented to turn Turk, and that not of force, but choice, he having been a long time desirous of so glorious a profession.

When the Jews received intelligence of this apostacy, and found that all their hopes were completely blighted, they were filled with consternation and shame. The news quickly dispersed itself all over Turkey; and they became so much the common derision of all the unbelievers, that for a long time they were overcome with confusion and dejection of spirit.

CHINESE PIRATES.

WHEN Mr. Fortune (who had been sent out as Botanical Collector to the Horticultural Society of London) had completed his botanical researches in the vicinity of Foo-chow-foo, and was ready to return north to Shanghai, he was obliged to apply for a passage in a Chinese junk, a whole fleet of which were to sail in a few days for Ningpo and Chapoo.

When the cargo was completed, the captain of the junk came to inform him that he was ready to start, and requested him to come on board. Whilst Mr. Fortune was packing up his luggage, the captain began to examine his fire-arms very minutely, and said to him, "I hope your gun is a good one, and that you have plenty of powder and shot?" "What is your reason for putting such a question?" was the reply; "I am sure we shall have nothing to shoot in our voyage up the coast." "Oh yes, you will," answered the captain; "we are very likely to be attacked by the *Jan-dous*, who swarm outside amongst the islands." "Who are the *Jan-dous*?" said Mr. Fortune to his servant, never having heard the name before. "Oh! they are pirates," said he, "and we are all very much frightened at them."

As soon as Mr. Fortune got on board, the anchor was weighed, and they dropped down to the mouth of the Min. They there found a large fleet of junk—about 170 sail—all loaded with wood. The fleet proceeded along the coast with great rapidity, and were soon out of sight of the Min and its beautiful and romantic scenery. The vessels now separated into threes and fours, each

getting on as fast as it could. About four o'clock in the afternoon, and when the junk was some fifty or sixty miles from the Min, the captain and pilot hurriedly descended into the cabin of the passenger, and informed him that they saw a number of *Jan-dous* right ahead, lying in wait for them. Mr. Fortune, who was ill and feverish, got out of bed, and carefully prepared his fire-arms, which consisted of a double-barrelled gun and a pair of pistols. By the aid of a small pocket-telescope, he saw as the nearest junk approached that her deck was crowded with men.

The pilot now came to him, and said that he thought resistance would be useless; he might manage to beat off one junk, or even two, but that there was no chance with five of them. The advice, however, was not acted upon; for Mr. F. well knew that if they were taken by the pirates, he had not the slightest chance of escape. The first thing they would do would be to throw him overboard, as they would deem it dangerous to themselves were he to get away. The captain and pilot, finding their passenger determined to resist if attacked, began taking up the boards of the cabin-floor, and putting their money and other valuables out of sight amongst the ballast. The common sailors, too, had their copper "cash" to hide; and the whole place was in a state of bustle and confusion. When all their more valuable property was hidden, they began to make some preparations for defence. Baskets of small stones were brought up from the hold, and emptied out on the most convenient parts of the deck, and were intended to be used instead of fire-arms when the pirates came to close quarters!

The nearest pirate was now within 200 or 300 yards of them, and, putting her helm down, gave them a broadside from her guns. All was now dismay and consternation on board the attacked junk, and every man ran below except two, who were at the helm. The shot from the pirates fell considerably short of them, and Mr. Fortune was therefore enabled to form an opinion of the range and power of their guns. Assistance from the cowardly crew was quite out of the question, for there was not a man amongst them brave enough to use the stones which had been brought on deck. The false wind and the press of sail which had been stowed on the junk proved of no use; for the pursuers, who had much faster sailing vessels, gained rapidly on them. Again the nearest pirate fired. The shot this time fell just under their stern. Still Mr. Fortune remained quiet, as he had determined not to fire a single shot until he was quite certain his gun would take effect.

The pirates seemed quite sure of a prize, and came down upon them hooting and yelling like demons. The plan which Mr. Fortune had formed from the first was now

* It may be necessary to inform the reader that the mandarins are extremely jealous of large fleets, and will not allow them to carry guns even for their own defence, evidently fearing that some day or other these might be turned against the government.

about to be put to the proof; it was therefore a moment of intense interest. If the pirates were not arrant cowards, nothing could save them from falling into their hands.

The nearest junk was within twenty yards, when our hero thought his time was come. He raised his gun, and raked their decks fore and aft. Had a thunder-bolt fallen amongst them, they could not have been more surprised. The whole of the crew (the killed and wounded, of course, excepted) disappeared from the deck in a marvellous manner; sheltering themselves behind the bulwarks, or lying flat on their faces. They were so completely taken by surprise, that their junk was left without a helmsman; her sails flapped in the wind; and she was soon left a considerable way astern.

Another was now bearing down upon them as boldly as his companion had done, and commenced firing in the same manner. Having been so successful with the first, Mr. Fortune determined to follow the same plan with this one, and to pay no attention to their firing until they should come to close quarters. The plot now began to thicken; for the first junk had gathered way again, and was following in their wake, although keeping at a respectful distance, and three others, although still further distant, were making for the scene of action as fast as they could. In the meantime, the second was almost alongside, and continued to give them a broadside now and then with their guns. When the opportunity occurred for Mr. Fortune to fire, he gave them the contents of both barrels, raking their decks as before. This time the helmsman fell, and doubtless several others were wounded. In a minute or two nothing could be seen but boards and shields, which were held up by the pirates to protect themselves; their junk went up into the wind for want of a helmsman, and was soon left some distance behind.

Two other piratical junks which had been following in their wake for some time, when they saw what had happened, would not venture any nearer; and at last the whole set of them bore away.

Now was the time for Mr. Fortune's heretical companions to come forth from their hiding-places, which they did with great alacrity, hooting and yelling as the pirates had done before, and, in derision, calling on them to come back and renew the fight. The stones, too, were now boldly seized and thrown after the retreating junks, reaching to almost a tenth part of the distance. Fortunately, the pirates did not think proper to accept the challenge.

With all on board, Mr. Fortune was now one of the greatest and best of men in existence. They actually knelt before him, as to some superior being, and expressed their

deep and lasting gratitude, which, however, did not last long. The sun was now setting, in all his glory, behind the hills of Fokien, and many of the more devout of the crew did not fail to bow low in adoration and thankfulness to this supposed deity for their escape out of the hands of the pirates. Shortly after nightfall they arrived at one of the safe anchorages, where the mandarins were too strong for the lawless bands which infested the other parts of the coast.—
Collected for the TRACTS by W. E. H.

ANECDOTE OF OLIVER CROMWELL.

AN English merchant-ship was captured, during a period of profound peace with France, by a vessel of that nation, and carried into St. Malo, where she was condemned; and sold for the benefit of the captors, upon some frivolous and groundless pretences.

The master of this merchantman, who happened to be a Quaker, immediately on his return to England presented a petition, complaining of this grievance, and praying for redress, to the Protector in council. On hearing the case, Cromwell informed the council he would take the affair into his own hands, and ordered the master to attend him the next morning.

After a strict examination into the particulars of the case, finding the master to be a plain honest man, who had been embarked in no illegal traffic, he asked him if he would be the bearer of a letter to Paris. The man assenting, he desired him to prepare for the journey without delay, and wait on him again the following morning.

On the next morning he gave the master a letter to Cardinal Mazarine, with directions not to wait longer than three days for an answer. This answer, he informed him, was to be nothing less than the full value of what he might have made of his ship and cargo; desiring him to tell the Cardinal that, if it was not paid in three days, he had strict orders from him to return home.

The Quaker appears to have followed the injunctions of the Protector to the very letter, and, meeting with the usual shuffling evasions so common among diplomatists, took his leave on the third day, and returned without accomplishing the object of his mission. "Well, friend," demanded the Protector, on seeing him, "have you obtained your money?" Being answered in the negative, he told the Quaker to leave his address with his secretary, promising to let him hear from him shortly.

Without involving himself in the delays, trickeries, and evasions of diplomatic negotiations—without the empty parade of protocols and conferences, which too often waste time without leading to any satisfactory results—without even deigning to repeat his demand or explain the ground of his proceed-

ing, he issued orders to seize every French ship which his cruisers fell in with, and bring them into port. In pursuance of these orders, several captures were made, and their cargoes ordered by the Protector to be immediately sold. Out of the produce of these sales he paid the Quaker the full value of his ship and cargo; and, sending for the French ambassador then resident in London, he acquainted him with the steps he had taken, and the reason of his doing so, informing him, at the same time, that there was a balance out of the produce of the sales, which should be paid to him if he pleased, for the purpose of returning it to the French owners.

Such vigorous and decisive conduct was attended with the happiest results. The government of France, well knowing that the spirit which dictated such a proceeding was fully equal to following it up with resolution, in place of making it a ground for hostilities, took it as a lesson to be more cautious for the future, and were scrupulously guarded against giving further offence to any British subject during the remainder of Cromwell's life.

ROYALTY AND A WOODEN SOLDIER.*

IN 1806, on the approach of the French, the Bourbon court of Naples made so hasty a retreat into Sicily, that they forgot and left behind them a superannuated princess of the family, who was half-sister to old King Ferdinand. Though this venerable spinster was of illegitimate birth, she received the honours paid to the royal blood, and was allowed a sentinel of the household troops, who mounted guard at her door, and presented arms at all her exits and her entrances. At first it was feared that the French conquerors, who were not always liberal in these matters, would stop her allowance, and leave the old woman in absolute want. The new king of Naples, Joseph Bonaparte, however, secured her in part of her pensions; but no sooner was she relieved from the fear of starvation, than she was made wretched by what appeared to her an equal calamity, and this was the refusal on the part of the French to allow her a soldier as a guard of honour. She petitioned over and over again; she supplicated that this distinction and delight of her life should not, towards its close, be withdrawn from her, but Napoleon, who had declared in his lordly manner that the Bourbons had everywhere ceased to reign, was not likely to pay royal honours to a neglected offshoot of that race.

The old woman's heart was absolutely breaking under this privation; when, in a lucky moment, one of the few friends or at-

tendants who remained about her person thought of substituting a wooden soldier for a soldier of real flesh and blood. Accordingly a figure was made and dressed up, with a musket on his shoulder, was posted at the outer door of the princess's apartment, in an old house she occupied at Portici, not far from the royal villa of that name. This simple contrivance had a happy effect on the old woman, who then thought that all royalty had not departed from her; but she soon began to complain that the statue did not present arms to her, which, by a very easy exercise of mechanical ingenuity, it might have been made to do. She therefore, after a time, confined herself to her apartments, enjoying at a distance, through unfolded doors, the sight of her mute sentinel, but never exposing herself to the mortifying proofs that he was motionless as well as mute. The recluse died before the restoration of the Bourbons of Naples. In 1816 her wooden sentinel was still to be seen at the old house at Portici.

ANECDOTES OF JOCLAR PREACHERS.

JAMES the First of England, and sixth of Scotland, was, as every one knows, deficient in vigour and steadiness. Having heard of a famous preacher who was very witty in his sermons, and peculiarly so in his choice of texts, he ordered this clergyman to preach before him. With all suitable gravity, the learned divine gave out his text in the following words: "James, first and sixth, in the latter part of the verse, 'He that wavereth is like a wave of the sea, driven by the winds and tossed.'" "He is at me already," said the king, much amused.

The Rev. Sidney Smith is said to have preached before a corps of sharpshooters, from the words, "I see men as trees, walking."

The best of all, perhaps, is a graver example. When John Sobieski, King of Poland, had delivered Vienna from the Turks, who were besieging it, the Archbishop of Vienna preached from the text, "There was a man sent from God, whose name was John."

Several anecdotes of "Le Petit Père André" are told.

A doctor of the Sorbonne, who went one day to hear little Andrew preach, was astonished to hear him compare the four fathers of the Latin church to the four kings of the suits of our gaming-cards.

On another occasion, when Anne of Austria, the mother of Louis XIV., came into church after the sermon had begun, he turned round in the pulpit, and addressed her in these not very complimentary words: "Madam, you are welcome, but we shall not put an extra pot on the fire on your account."

* From "The Book of Table-Talk," published by C. Cox, King William-street, Strand. Vol. II., 1847.

This merry Andrew, though a monk, could be witty at the expense of other monks. A thunderbolt fell on the convent of the Carmelites. "God has been very merciful to those good fathers," said he, "in only sacrificing their library, in which there was not a single monk. If the lightning had fallen upon their kitchen, they must all have been in danger of perishing!"

Another curious story told of little Andrew is, that one day when he was preaching at Paris against the vices of gallantry and intrigue, he threatened to name a lady present as being one of the guilty; that he, however, corrected himself, saying, in Christian charity he would only throw his calote, or skull-cap, in the direction where the lady sat; and that as soon as he took his cap in his hand every woman present bobbed down her head, for fear it should come to her.

Gueret says that he one day heard little Andrew in the pulpit compare the poor man to a peasant's fowl that lives on what it can pick up; and the rich man to a luxurious poodle-dog. "The rich man," cried the monk, "is treated, whilst alive, like ladies' lap-dogs, whose mistresses share all their tit-bits with them, feed them only on the choicest delicacies, and cover them with ribbons from head to tail. But the dog dies, and then what becomes of him? Why! they throw the poodle on the dung-hill! Now, on the other hand, the fowl is a poor creature whilst it lives, scratching and pecking for the commonest of food, but after her death she is served up with honour at her master's table. In the same manner the rich man is happy whilst he lives, but after his death he goes—whither, you all know; whereas the poor man is placed in Abraham's bosom."

USEFUL RECIPES.

TO CLEAN ORANGE COLOUR ON SILK, COTTON, AND WOOLEN.—If it is a silk garment it must be cleaned with a solution of soap, no matter what sort, and in the second liquor pearl-ash must be used to stay the colour. The water must be used much under hand heat for silks. If requiring more to scarlet, or redder, then the pearl-ash must be omitted, and a little vinegar used in the rinsing water.

OF CLEANING BLACK SILK.—If this is a slip, unpick the seams, take one piece at a time, and put it on a table, then take a pennyworth of bullock's gall, and boiling water sufficient to make it pretty warm, dip a clean sponge in the gall liquor, and, washing your sponge in a pan of warm water, after dipping it into the liquor, rub the silk well on both sides, squeeze it well out, and proceed as before. Then hang up the piece of silk, and clean the others in the like manner. When the whole are done,

immerse them altogether in a pan of spring water, to wash off the dirt which the gall has brought upon the surface of the silk; change your rinsing waters till they are perfectly clean, and after washing, dry your silks in the air, and pin them out on a table, &c, first dipping a sponge in glue-water, and rubbing it on the wrong side of the silk. Dry it near the fire, and it will be as new.

TO CLEAN WHITE LACE VEILS.—Make a solution of white soap, in a clean saucepan; put in your veil, and let it boil gently a quarter of an hour; take it out into a clean basin with some warm water and soap, and keep gently squeezing it till it is thoroughly clean; then rinse it from the soap, and have ready a pan of clean cold water, in which put a drop of liquid blue; rinse the veil in this liquid, then take a teaspoonful of starch, and pour boiling water upon it, run the veil through this, and clear it well, by clapping it between the hands; frame it or pin it out, taking care to keep the edges straight and even.

TO CLEAN BLACK LACE VEILS.—These are cleaned by passing them through a warm liquor of bullock's gall and water; after which they must be rinsed in cold water, then cleansed for stiffening, and finished as follows. Take a small piece of glue, about the size of a bean, pour boiling water upon it, which will dissolve it, and when dissolved, pass the veil through it, then clap it between your hands and frame it as described in the preceding receipt.

METHOD OF CLEANING WHITE SATIN, SILKS, &c.—Make a solution of the finest hard white soap, and when at a hand heat, handle your silks through this, drawing them through the hand if they are such as will bear it. If any particular spots appear, which may easily be discerned by holding the satin up to the light, such spots must be dipped in the liquor, and gently rubbed between the hand. Sometimes two or three liquors are required in this way. The things must then be rinsed in lukewarm water, then dried and finished by being pinned out, and the glossy or bright side well brushed with a clean clothes brush, the way of the nap. The more it is brushed, the more beautiful it appears. If you are near a calenderer, your articles may be calendered; if not you may finish them by dipping a sponge into a little size, made by boiling isinglass in water, and rubbing the wrong side. Your things must then be pinned out a second time, and again brushed and dried near a fire, or in a warm room. Silks are done the same way, but not brushed. If the silks are for dyeing, instead of passing them through a solution of soap and water, they must be boiled off; but if the silks are very stout, the water must only be of heat sufficient to extract the filth. Being then rinsed in warm water they are in a proper state for receiving the dye.

ANOTHER METHOD FOR CLEANING WHITE SATIN.—French chalk must be strewed over them, and then well brushed off with a hard brush. Should the satin not be sufficiently cleansed by the first dusting, it may be done a second time, and it will both clean and beautify the satin. The more it is brushed the better.

DYEING AND SCOURING.—Rather more than twenty years ago, Mr. Chubb published "The General Receipt Book," which we have found by experience to be very valuable. As the work is not now easy to be procured, we have selected several recipes from it. We must finish our extracts in one or two following numbers.

POPULAR PASTIMES.

ENIGMA.

Upon a couch magnificent, in a chamber richly furnished,
Where fashionable furniture, and mirrors highly burnished,
Betokened wealth; a lady lay, and by her side there stood
(Noting, with hand upon her pulse, the fervour of her blood)
A great physician, on whose countenance a smile doth hover,
As with joy he sees his patient from her syncope recover.
She opened her eyes, and in a voice of music's richest tone,
Spoke thus to the physician: "Sir, weakness hath from me flown;
My slumbers have refreshed me: with strength I feel endued:
Doctor, for your attention, I express my gratitude."
With blandest smile upon his face, the physician doth present
HIS to the lady, saying, "Madam, your health is permanent,
If this potion you will please imbibe; it has the rare ability
Of imparting to the frame repose, and to the mind tranquillity."
"Of your kind treatment, doctor, I express my approbation,
And beg you will accept of this as a slight remuneration."
Then thus the lady made reply, as with grace she did bestow,
Stretching upon the latch to whom recovery she did owe.
Receiving HIS from the lady's hand, with a reverential bow,
This great physician took his bat and from the room did go. MAZEPPA.

CONUNDRUMS.

1. What tree is of most service to a coach proprietor?
2. Why was the debate in the House of Lords on the Jewish Bill like the Derby of 1848?

3. What country, beheaded, will show you what nobody likes?

4. What flower, beheaded, will make you pine?

CHARADES.

- 1.—An insect for industry famed,
If guessed aright, my first is named!
My second's done by each sly queen
Who slips away to Gretna-green;
My whole will name from nature's store
A comely beast—his name explore.

FIREAWAY.

- 2.—I'm composed of four letters, and each of them all
Expresses a thing, or a word by the call.
My first is an insect, whose industry great
Is a pattern to man, in whatever estate;
Whose incessant labours for provision's been made
Subservient to him for to sweeten his bread.
When exclamation's required as with persons distressed,
My second, and third, too, are often expressed.
My last has the power of preventing ingress
To mansion or chamber, to wardrobe or press.
And in whole I am spread now all over the world
Where the banner of civilization's unfurled;
And I'm handled and gazed on by peasant and lord;
And delight and instruction to all I afford.

LAURENCEKIRK.

- 3.—My first is what all pugilists do,
And boatmen do my second;
My whole's an active little bird,
Whose flesh is a dainty reckoned.

J. W. R.

- 4.—I am a word of five letters. If you multiply my fifth by two, it will give you my first; divide my first by twenty, and it will give you my third; divide my third by five, and it will give you my second and fourth; and my whole expresses what the Editor of the TRACTS FOR THE PEOPLE always is.

H. WATTS.

FACTS AND SCRAPS.

FANS.—In the south of Italy men still continue to use the fan, and in hot weather one may often see a captain of dragons, mustached and "bearded like the pard," fanning himself with all the grace and dexterity of a young coquette. An active trade is carried on in them by old men and little boys, who hawk them about the streets, and always take their stand by the doors of the theatres and coffee-houses when the evening is particularly close and melting.

HENRY IV. of France loved brevity. Meeting a clergyman one day, he said, "Whence do you come? Where are you going? What do you want?" The priest instantly replied, "From Bourges; to Paris; a benediction." "You shall have one," as quickly responded the monarch.

CLOCKS.—A very valuable astrological clock has been for some years in the possession of the Society of Antiquaries, but it never attracted attention till very lately. It is of portable dimensions, a circle of some eight or nine inches diameter, of the very early date of 1525, and capable of being set going and performing all its duties at any hour. It is the oldest clock known that can be put in motion so as to keep correct time. The history of clocks is carried back by some to the eleventh or twelfth century. One of the most ancient on record was put up by an abbot of St. Albans, but every trace of it has long since disappeared. Striking clocks were not known in this country until about A.D. 1250. One of the oldest of which any portion remains is at Exeter, another at Wells, and a third, put up by Cardinal Wolsey, at Hampton Court. Of this last only the face is left, the works being wholly modern. There is a singular clock at Launceston, with antique striking figures on each side of the face. It is as old as the reign of Henry VIII.—*Collected from a Dissertation lately read by Captain Smyth before the Society of Antiquaries.*

FRENCH BULLA.—When the Abbé de Matignon was at his uncle, the Bishop of Lisieux's, the cathedral was shown to him, and at the same time the remark was made that it was built by the English. "Oh!" said he, with an air of disgust, "I could see at once that it was not made here."—The same abbé, some time afterwards, said to Madame de Fronlay: "My uncle the Bishop of Lisieux is just dead, thank God! You must make interest with Madame de Maintenon to get me the cordon bleu which my uncle had." "How old are you?" said she to him. "Why," replied he, "I am only thirty-two years old, that is a year less than would be required according to the rules; but you can tell Madame de Maintenon that I ought to be thirty-three years old, for my mother was married a year before I was born. I have always reckoned," continued he, with the air of a person satisfied with having made an important calculation, "that I was kept back a whole year by that accident."—When the Princess of Monaco, his sister-in-law, had given birth to her first child, afterwards Marquis of Beux, he was eager to send the news to his brother, who was with the army; but as he had forgotten to enquire the sex of the child, he excused himself by saying that the child screamed like an angry owl, which had so distracted him that he was quite unable to say whether he was aunt or uncle.

A RICH DISH.—Domenico, one of the famous comic actors of the age, had been invited by Louis XIV. to supper. While seated at table, Domenico fixed his eyes upon a richly chased gold dish on which were some partridges. The king observing him, and supposing that his epicurean taste was excited by the game, said to an attendant, "Give that dish to Domenico." "And the partridges too, sire?" exclaimed the witty actor. "Yes, and the partridges too," returned the monarch, who saw the full meaning of Domenico's joke.

TELEGRAPH POSTS INDICATORS OF TIME AND SPEED.—To calculate the speed at which you are travelling on a telegraphed railway, multiply by two the number of telegraph posts you pass in a minute, by four those you pass in half a minute, or by eight those you pass in a quarter of a minute; and the result in each case will be the number of miles you are then travelling per hour—the posts being arranged thirty to a mile.

Mr. T. DUNCOMBE is puzzled to tell which is the most difficult—to live within his income, or without it.

SIMPLICITY OF GOLDSMITH.—He had joined a card-clab, at the Devil tavern, near Temple-bar, where very moderate whist was played, and where the members seem to have occupied the intervals of their favourite game with practical jokes upon himself. He gave a guinea instead of a shilling, one night, to the driver of a coach (after dining with Tom Davies); and the following night a fictitious coachman presented himself to restore as counterfeited a guinea. It was a trick to prove that not even the honesty of a hackney coachman would be too startling a trial for Goldsmith's credulity; and, as anticipated, the gilded coin was taken with an overflow of simple thanks, and subsequently more solid acknowledgment of the supposed marvellous honesty. Other incidents tell the same tale of unsuspecting odd simplicity. Doctor Sleigh of Cork had asked him to be kind to a young Irish law-student, who had taken chambers near his own; known afterwards as a writer for the newspapers, Footo's biographer, and, from the title of a poem he published, Conversation Cooke; and the latter, invited to apply to him in case of need, was told with earnest regrets one day, in answer to some trifling application, that he was really not at that moment in possession of a guinea. The youth tarried away in distrust, but in less distress than Goldsmith; and returning late to his own chambers that night, found a difficulty in getting in. Goldsmith had meanwhile himself borrowed the money, and thrust it, wrapped up in paper, underneath the door. Cooke hurried next day to thank him, and tell him what a mercy it was somebody else had not laid hold of it. "In truth, my dear fellow," said Goldsmith, "I did not think of that."—*Poole's Life.*

LONDON BRIDGE.—In an account of London-bridge, given by a foreigner in 1597 it was stated that he saw thirty heads placed upon the iron spikes which surmounted the toll tower at the Southwark end.

LINES ON DELAPRE ABBEY, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

By MARY MASON CLARE.

Oh, Delapre! how sweet the sound!
Thou mak'st my heart with joy rebound;
I view each scene with fond delight
At morning, midday, and twilight.
The gentle murmuring of the breeze
Alone disturbs the lofty trees,
And wafts the fragrance of each flower
To gentle brook and lonely tower.
The birds send forth their sweetest strain,
Which echo warbles back again;
The sportive butterfly and bee
Here gaily pass in revelry.
The cross upon the hill is seen,
Surrounded by enlivening green,
Where daisies rear their modest heads,
And variegates their moss clad beds.
Tis sweet to view the queen of night
Reflect on earth serenely bright
To roam beneath her quiet rays,
Awakens thoughts of earlier days.
The merry chime of village bell
Steals through the air with gentle swell,
Then sinks in murmurs soft and low,
That soothe the heart oppress'd with woe.
The abbey, ancient as of yore,
Recalls the forms that never more
Will join the throng with sportive glee,
Within the halls of Delapre.
I could not leave without a sigh
These scenes where happiest hours pass by,
A falling tear should only tell,
The anguish of a last farewell.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS

All correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, No. 334, Strand.

G. K. O. (Somerset Town).—We have inserted those riddles which we considered satisfactory. Glad to hear from you again.

J. F. O. (Liverpool).—Please to accept our thanks.

TOM RIGHT (Manchester).—The riddles sent have already appeared. The scrap may be found useful.

C. MARSHALL (London road).—The scrap has been out from a review of Dickens's "Life of Grimaldi" in all probability we shall give a full account of the remarkable circumstance. Thanks.

P. H. (Warwick).—We are much obliged by the transmission of your poetical effusion.

SWANMAN GOODLAND (Taunton).—The riddles all have an early insertion. We will endeavour to answer your query in our next.

DICKER SAN (Manchester).—Our valuable contributor will be pleased to accept our hearty thanks. The tale shall shortly appear.

R. HOGGINS.—Thanks for the "plays."

H. MAYER.—We are always most happy to hear from such correspondents as H. Mayer. The extracts may be of use.

LAURENCE.—Many thanks. *LINCOLN.*

* Erected by Edward I. in memory of his faithful and beloved consort, Eleanor of Castile, and commonly called "Queen's Cross."

A. Z. (London).—See "Cure A D." page 61, of the third volume. Or the following will answer.—Tartaric acid 1 oz., powdered loaf sugar, 1 lb.; essence of lemon, 20 drops, mix two or three teaspoonfuls, make a very pleasant glass of extemporaneous lemonade.

T. Y. (Edinburgh).—We scarcely know how to express our thanks for the kind and valuable letter of our correspondent. The only return on our power is the immediate insertion of the poetry.

E. C. DAVIES (Murray-street).—Many thanks. Inquire of the Guarantee Society itself.

FRANK (Rochdale).—Thanks for the anecdotes. Crickets may be destroyed by putting Scotch snuff into their holes, or by placing some pieces of beetle wafers for them to eat.

J. R. B. (Liverpool).—Blue fire:—1 lamp-black, 1 sulphuret of antimony, 2 sulphur, 6 nitre, rub together in a mortar. Purple fire:—1 lamp-black, 2 realgar, 7 sulphur, 24 nitre, 24 nitrate of strontian, rub together in a mortar.

AN ADMIRAL.—When debility arises from a diseased action of the stomach, the occasional use of mild aperients, followed by tonics, is the best treatment. When there is general laxity of the solids, and there are no symptoms of fever, nor a tendency of blood to the head, a course of chalybeates will prove advantageous. They following may be adopted for this purpose:—1 pure sulphate of iron, 1 drachm; extract of gentian and powdered ginger, of each 1 drachm, beat together into a mass, and divide into 120 pills, one to be taken morning, noon, and night.

SAINT MUNGO (Glasgow).—The title-page which appeared in the lat vol is intended to act as the title page for the general volume at the end of a year. The riddles, &c. are accepted, with thanks. The note has been forwarded.

FRANK MILDMAY (Leeds).—Only through interest with the captain, one of the lords of the Admiralty, &c. Of course, the parents or friends provide the clothing, &c.

H. M. WILMOTT (Barnesbury-road).—The poetry shall receive attention.

H. J. LEPLASTRIER.—About twenty five shillings. The plan would not answer. Thanks for riddle.

JOHN ANGIER.—Apply for the order to the Duke of Cambridge. Superscription: To his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge. Address: Sir.—Conclusion: I remain, with the greatest respect, sir, your Royal Highness's most dutiful and most obedient humble servant. Direction: Piccadilly. The river Lea is spoken highly of, also the New River. To fish in the first, you must subscribe; in the last, procure an order from the directors.

W.—Thanks, you forgot to send the solution to the charade.

A NEW SUBSCRIBER (Choltenham).—We were already in possession of the "Recreation."

JAMES F.—The contribution was acceptable.

A. SCHUBERT (Hull).—Much obliged.

W. G. BIRDING.—Some of them shall have an early insertion.

G. JAMES B.—The scrap, although old, shall be inserted, from the curious facts contained therein.

H. COOK (Bristol).—We recommend you to send your suggestions to the publisher. In our opinion they are impracticable.

CONTRIBUTORS REVERENTLY DEEMED.—What we call Duties, by B. T.: A Village Scene, by H. J. Leplastrier; Riddle, by H. H.—b: Verses, by W. J. J. P., W. W.: Sketch, by Tom; Advice to Female Servants, by a Constant Subscriber; Verses, by a Prentice Lad.

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TRACTS

for the People.

A WEEKLY MISCELLANY OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE AND AMUSEMENT.

No. 52. VOL. IV.]

SATURDAY, JULY 22, 1848.

[PRICE ONE HALFPENNY.]



[THE WEASEL.]

THE WEASEL.

THIS article will be restricted to a description of the common weasel, leaving for some future opportunity the ermine weasel, the polecat, &c.

The body of the weasel is extremely slender and arched; the head small and flattened; the eyes black, and remarkably quick and lively; the ears short and rounded; the neck very long, but little shorter than the trunk, and very flexible; the tail short, not one-third the length of the head and body; legs short, and furred to the end of the toes; fur short and close. The female is smaller than the male. Length of head and body of male, eight inches three lines; of tail, two inches

four lines: head and body of female, seven inches; tail, two inches. It sometimes, but rarely, turns white in the winter. Mr. Bell received one from Scotland with two white spots on each side of the nose, which it retained throughout the summer. Its general colour is reddish-brown above, and pure white beneath; the tail is of the same colour as the body.

The usual mode of attack of the weasel when it reaches its prey, shows that small quadrupeds and birds form its staple article of food. It inflicts a bite on the head, which pierces the brain, and seldom fails to lay the victim dead at its feet by a single stroke. It is also a destroyer of newly-hatched gallinaceous and game-birds and young ducks,

as well as the smaller feathered tribes. It is a bad neighbour to the hare and rabbit-warren. It is a most active and persevering hunter, few trees will stop it when in search of buds' nests, which it robs not only by sucking the eggs, but by carrying off the young. It will hunt the mole, the field-mouse, and other small quadrupeds, in their usual haunts, not only by the eye, but also by the scent, and most amusing it is to see one of these flexible agile little creatures tracing up the scent when it is at fault. It will quarter the ground like a dog till it hits it off, and, to lose no help from its eye, will occasionally sit up, raising itself on its hind-quarters, to obtain a more extended view around. Its perseverance will take down animals larger and stronger than itself, nor will water stop it when its game takes to it for safety. In it plunges, and seldom quits its object till the fatal bite is inflicted. The brain is generally first eaten, and the body of the victim kept as a supply near the haunt of the little hunter, but it seems very questionable whether it is addicted to those blood-sucking propensities which is often attributed to it.

Mr. Bell, in his interesting work on "British Quadrupeds," demonstrates that the weasel will attack and destroy snakes. He placed a weasel and a common snake together in a large cage, in which the former had the opportunity of retreating into a small box in which it slept. Mutual fear was manifest, and the animals kept at a distance, the snake, however, showing as much disposition to be the assailant as the weasel, which at last gave the snake an occasional slight bite on the side or on the nose, without, however, materially injuring the reptile, and evidently without any instinctive desire to feed upon it. After they had remained two or three hours together, the animals appeared almost indifferent to the presence of each other. The snake was then removed. But its conduct was very different when a mouse was introduced into the cage—it instantly issued from its little box, and in a moment one single bite on the head pierced the brain, and laid the mouse dead without a struggle, or a cry.

"I have observed," says Mr. Bell, "that when a weasel seizes a small animal, at the instant that the fatal bite is inflicted, it throws its long lithe body over its prey, so as to secure it, should the first bite fail, an accident, however, which I have never observed to occur when a mouse has been the victim. The power which the weasel has of bending the head at right angles with the long and flexible, though powerful neck, gives it great advantage in this mode of seizing and killing its smaller prey."

A gentleman has kindly favoured us with two characteristic anecdotes of the weasel, which have been made the subjects of our illustrations. "I was sketching in Kent,

near Tonbridge, when I saw something going up a slope opposite to me, which appeared like a large snake by the action. I immediately ran towards it, and when I got near I found it to be a weasel, rolling with its nose a hen-egg up the hill, and making towards some underwood. The little creature waited till I got within three or four yards, when it made off, occasionally stopping to look at me. When I picked up the egg, it dauntlessly sallied out the cover towards me, I threw my sketching-stool at it, when it disappeared, and was seen no more. On another occasion I saw a weasel attack some young chickens, but it was attacked in turn by the hen, who, after a fruitless struggle, was soon killed;—the weasel decamped before I could arrive to the rescue. The animal showed little fear at my approach, stopping at every two or three yards to look at me. I have been told that occasionally, when several are together, and they have been molested, they will attack human beings."

The weasel becomes itself a victim to birds of prey. Mr. Bell, on the authority of Mr. Pindar, residing, when the event occurred, at Bloxworth, in Dorsetshire, relates the following passage in the life of a weasel. "Mr. Pindar, while riding over his grounds, saw at a short distance from him a kite pounce on some object on the ground, and rise with it in its talons. In a few moments, however, the kite began to show signs of great uneasiness, rising rapidly in the air, or as quickly falling, and wheeling irregularly round, whilst it was evidently endeavouring to force some obnoxious thing from it with its feet. After a sharp but short contest, the kite fell suddenly to the earth, not far from where Mr. Pindar was watching the manoeuvre. He instantly rode up to the spot, when a weasel ran away from the kite, apparently unhurt, leaving the bird dead, with a hole eaten through the skin under the wing, and the large blood-vessels of the part torn through."

The weasel fights desperately when its nest is invaded. This is framed of dry leaves and herbage, and is generally lodged in some snug locality, such as a crevice in a bank, the hollow of a tree, or a dry ditch, which keeps it warm and comfortable. Here four or five young are brought up from each birth, and the number of these litters is two, or even three, in the year.

The weasel is serviceable in destroying the colonies of mice which infest barns, ricks, and granaries. It is generally considered that the occasional abduction of a chicken or duckling is but a trifling set-off against the benefit produced by the destruction of those swarms of little thieves."

* More than three bushels of different species of mice have been killed out of one wheat-rick. The interior was completely drilled by their runs."

Dr. Richardson and other naturalists state that the weasel is an inhabitant of the American continent, extending as far to the north, at least as the Saskatchewan River. Captain Bivfield he observes presented the Zoological Society with specimens of the common weasel killed on the borders of Lake Superior, which agrees in all respects with the European species, and Dr. Richardson obtained similar specimens at Carlton House.

St. Peter, who was a disciple of Gregory

the Great, the first abbot of Augustine's monastery at Canterbury, was drowned in 608, while proceeding on a voyage to France. The people buried his body without knowing anything about him, and "a heavenly light appeared every night over his sepulchre" when they held an inquest, and he was then buried in the church of Boulogne. From a quotation in Patrick, it appears that a *weasel* who gnawed his robe was found dead upon it, for his sanctity's sake!



THE STUDENT'S REVENGE.

A GERMAN TALE.

(Continued from our last.)

CHAPTER III.

"THE minister," continued Friedrich, "did, indeed, take for admission and loath the secret service which I had made to his dearest affection. He came at last,—he that was so good, so generous—to throw in my teeth the blood which he had given me, the roof with which he had sheltered me, calling me that an idle, big-headed, and naughty, headstrong boy, like me, was unworthy of the slightest interest." Oh! madame, I will confess to you that for an instant I had the cowardice to be on the point of telling him all, and thus carrying away with me, as my only treasure, the affection of that excellent man. With a heart full of bitterness to overflowing, I went to the cemetery of the town, my grief was so profound, that, clasping my hands, and throwing myself on my knees, I cried out, as if my mother could have heard me: "Oh! my mother! how they treat thy son!"

"Unfortunate young man!" ejaculated Madame de Marly, raising her eyes towards heaven.

"I wept much, and arose more calm and submissive. The thought of my beloved mother had inspired me with noble senti-

ments. I blushed for the dishonourable idea which had entered my mind, of unfolding to the minister the unjust and cruel conduct of his family towards me, and thus rendering him miserable."

"Noble and generous soul!" cried Madame de Marly, "and what became of one so young?"

"I was then just sixteen years of age, madame. The minister at the moment of parting with me, felt all his old attachment revive, and expressed his strong desire to retain me. I perceived that the causes which now entailed my departure would never come to exist. I threw myself in his arms for the last time and then took my leave. I went to Vienna. The minister had recommended me to one of his friends, a learned professor in that city. It was stern and severe. He quite overwhelmed me with employment, but at last I gained a livelihood. As long as my strength was equal to these labours, I supported them. To satisfy him I began to write, my pen at last, after a long time, was one of the most distressing night work. I became seriously ill, and was carried to the hospital for the poor. Still I did not despair. The numerous employments in which I had been engaged during the last two years that I remained with the professor had enlarged my sphere of thought. I believed myself capable of making out a subsistence by dint of

mental toil. On leaving the hospital, weak and without means, I returned to the professor who had before employed me. He had engaged another secretary. Then I passed some bitter, bitter-days! I became familiar with want; hunger was ever by my side; and I felt all the horror of those dreadful struggles, where necessity urges you to stretch out the hand, and shame re-strains you!"

"Poor youth!" said Madame de Marly.

"Unable to bring myself to beg, I became a prey to the most gloomy and desperate thoughts, when a happy chance brought me in contact with a friend of the excellent minister by whom I was educated. Through his agency, I obtained a place in one of the offices of the Imperial Chancery, and was thus saved. For some months I was perfectly happy. I employed my leisure hours in perfecting my education, when a new blow struck me. The minister who had so charitably given me an asylum in his house, dying suddenly, left his wife and two sons in absolute penury. Though older than I, they were utterly incapable of making any struggle in the world. One of them enlisted; the other was of a weakly constitution. I took him with his mother into my poor abode. I now occupied all my spare moments in giving instruction in languages and geometry; and I had the good fortune to be useful in my turn to the family of him who had so generously assisted me."

"But that family had treated you with great injustice and cruelty," exclaimed the lady.

"I never recalled this to my memory, madame, except to infuse into my conduct towards them all possible delicacy. I should have regretted nothing more than to have allowed these unfortunates to conceive that I was desirous of taking advantage of my position to make them repent their former injustice."

"And in this laborious way of life, what pursuits did you engage in, as a source of recreation?"

"When my almost incessant round of labours left me a short interval of repose, I went, during the summer, to take a stroll through the country. But those holidays were indeed rare. Upon the winter nights I read with delight the works of our poets, and sometimes the productions of French and English authors. I did not complain of my lot; it was obscure and humble, but peaceful and honest. I was proud—very proud, at the idea of being able, young as I was, to support two persons, in addition to myself, by my own unassisted labour. Their heartfelt gratitude amply repaid me for all my toils; for that poor widow and her son, confessing all the wrongs which they had heaped upon me, recompensed me with an abundance of tender acknowledgments. My sole regret was, that the good minister had

possibly in dying retained an unfavourable impression against me."

"And what came to trouble a life so nobly and disinterestedly employed?"

"A fatal impulse, with which I sometimes now reproach myself, for it excited a deplorable influence on the destiny of those two poor creatures, whose sole support I was."

"Ah! I perceive! was it not then that you became affiliated to a secret society?"

"Yes, madame; but if I regret the impulse which made me embrace the cause of liberty, because it compromised the means of subsistence of my benefactor's family, I am still, and ever shall be, proud of the convictions which dictated my conduct!" cried Friedrich, his cheeks glowing and his eye sparkling with enthusiasm.

"Oh, madame, if you but knew how noble and holy was the war which we declared against tyranny and intolerance! We desired at once to rescue Germany from the invasion of France, and reclaim and wrest from the antiquated dynasty which ruled over us, those young and vigorous franchises of which your revolution had sown the seeds throughout Europe! Instead of continuing a sanguinary and fruitless struggle with France, we desired to raise her in arms, in the name of humanity, against the dazzling but disastrous despotism that weighs upon her still——"

"Silence! for heaven's sake be careful!" exclaimed the lady, seized with fear, as she heard Friedrich expound his doctrines.

Friedrich, led on by the force of his opinions, proceeded without appearing to have noticed Madame de Marly's interruption:—

"We desired to blot out the last traces of tyranny from the face of the globe—we desired to en throne justice on the ruins of lawless power. Amid shattered thrones and dynasties, we desired to extinguish the reign of destruction and violence. We desired peace, prosperity, and wisely-restricted liberty—for the rich we desired less superfluities—for the poor more necessities. We desired that men should be judged by their acts and their personal worth solely, and that the unjust privileges of birth should be abolished for ever. But pardon me," said Friedrich, lowering his voice, and exhibiting an air of graceful timidity, which presented a charming contrast to his momentary exaltation,—"pardon me, madame; these words must wound your ear. It is ungrateful in me to pronounce them before you. I should not forget that I am now in France, and that I have been received there in a spirit of generous hospitality."

"Know you not," said Madame de Marly, now excited by the enthusiasm of her companion, "that, in spite of any position at the court of France, I am for the victims against their butchers,—for those who suffer against those who revel in their tortures,—for meritorious indigence against guilty pos-

session? Know you not further, that my birth, my connexions, my prepossessions, all beget hatred of the military despotism which now bestrides France; and, further still, that I share all your ideas, and sympathise with all your sufferings—poor orphan!"

Madame de Marly pronounced these latter words with so much tenderness, stretching out her beautiful hand to Friedrich, that the latter was on the point of throwing himself at her feet. But an insurmountable timidity restrained him. He blushed, cast his eyes on the ground, and relinquished his grasp of the lady's hand; and then, as if yielding to a sudden excess of emotion, he said in a tone of great embarrassment:

"Pardon me, madame, for quitting the room so unceremoniously, but a sudden illness—I know not what—has overcome me," and he precipitately left the apartment.

(To be concluded in our next.)

ANECDOTES OF DISTINGUISHED GLUTTONS AND EPICURES.

THE COUNT DU BROUSSIN

THE count was accustomed to boast that he had acquired the fulness of culinary science, and yet he every day made some new discovery in the province of good eating. As an experimentalist he was indefatigable, devoting as much time and toil to find out a new dish, as the alchemists did to discover the immortal elixir or the philosopher's stone. He could so disguise the natural taste of fish, flesh, and fowl, that nobody could tell what he was eating. Whenever he had produced a new combination of sauces, or made any other lucky hit in gastronomy, he invited the friends of whose taste he had the highest opinion, to deliberate and pass judgment on the dish; and this was done with more solemnity, and with much more sincerity, than people felt in criticising an epic poem or a new tragedy. With the count the word "taste" had only its single, original, and physical meaning; and he esteemed men according to the delicacy and discrimination of their palates. When he had to give what he called a learned dinner, he was up by four o'clock in the morning, directing, ordering, counter-ordering, feeling, seeing, smelling, and tasting; now puzzling himself as to the precise seasoning for a soup, and now racking his invention to produce a new *gout* in an entremets. Like most good eaters, he was a good-natured man; but was unto the servant that neglected or disobeyed his orders on these occasions. He would storm like a madman; the least of his threats to the delinquent being to whip him, send him to the pillory, and cut off his ears.

Nor did the count's cares end with the cooking of the dinner; he was equally particular as to the manner of its serving up; and, above all things, he was anxious that the table should stand most mathematically horizontal, as he had discovered that the least deviation from the straight line affected the flavour and delicacy of some dishes. He was therefore to be seen with rule and line, compasses, and level in hand, setting the dinner-table on what he called its proper legs.

One day he said solemnly to his guests "Gentlemen, do you taste the mule's hoof in that *omelette aux champignons*?" The guests were all astonished at this apostrophe. "Poor ignorant creatures!" rejoined Broussin, "must I teach you that the champignons employed in this *omelette* have been crushed by the foot of a mule? That brings champignons (mushrooms) to the last point of perfection!"

DINERS-OUT.

Some men, with a taste that might do honour to a prince, are so unfortunately situated that they can only afford to pay for the dinner of a peasant. Nothing, therefore, is left for them but to dine at the expense of other people. But it is not every man that can gain an easy access to the tables of the givers of good dinners, or keep it when he has got it. To do this, patience, watchfulness, steadiness of purpose, complacent humour, and a variety of peculiar talents, are required. There is, however, one little rule which parasites will find useful, and that is, always to set off the savouriness of a good dish against the unsavouriness of a remark, and the smiles of a well-covered table against the frowns and sneers of the presiding Amphitryon and the rest of the company.

A man of this humour may do a great deal in the way of dining out, particularly in some countries on the continent, where each wealthy family keeps a sort of open table one day in the week. Nothing more, therefore, is necessary, to dine well every day, than to get a footing in seven houses having different feast-days; but we believe the more experienced and successful of these diners-out do not consider themselves well provided unless they have nine or ten families to count upon, which leaves them two or three as a *corps de reserve*, in case of sickness, death, bankruptcy, or the like, in any of the other houses. "Our days Thursday," said a good dinner-giver, "but you can't dine with us, as it is your day at the duchess's."

"I beg your pardon," replied the parasite, "the duchess has got the quinsy, and my Thursdays will be disengaged for two or three weeks to come."

"Then come and make penitence with us."

THE ABBE C—.

In our time an old abbe carried this art to its utmost perfection; and he knew every man and woman that ever gave a good dinner. He kept a correct register of all the dishes for which each house was celebrated, and of the days when they were likely to have their best dinners. He established a gossiping acquaintance with every cook of any distinction, and would generally contrive to learn from them what was in cogitation for the day's or the morrow's dinner. We met him one morning perplexed in the extreme. "Timpino di maccheroni with Abruzzi truffles, at Don Domenico's; red mullets and pheasants from Persano, at the baron's! which shall I prefer?"

If good dinners could have kept a man alive, the abbe would have lived for ever; but, alas! it was not so, and one day he died. A wit composed his epitaph in Italian doggerel rhyme, the sense of which may be thus rendered into English:

'Here lies the abbe, who lived seventy years and odd. And what, in seventy years, and odd, did he do? He ate more good dinners for nothing than any man that ever lived, but at last he paid for a dinner, and it choked him.'

He was certainly a great man in his way, though not particularly distinguished out of it. One of the best of his sayings was the following:

"It is a vulgar error to say that where there is dinner for two there is dinner enough for three: it ought to be, where there is dinner for three, there is *perhaps* enough for two."

COOK & CHAPLAIN.

The Prince de — was a fond of good dinners as the abbe, and had a Sicilian cook of surpassing excellence. Once having occasion to visit his estates in the provinces, he sent on the *chey* and his assistants and casseroles in a van some days before him, with orders to wait for him at a town near the foot of some mountains where the carriage-road ended. When the prince reached the appointed place, his first inquiry was for the dear cook, the second whether the implements of his art had arrived safe. The next day, being mounted on mules, the whole party, including, besides the chef and his aides-de-camp, the prince's chaplain, steward, valet, two footmen, a groom, and some soldiers as an escort, took a bridle-road across the mountains, which in many places was rather dangerous, being flanked by rocks and precipices. Having seen the *batterie de cuisine* safely packed on one beast, and the cook mounted on another, the prince said, "Take good care of yourself, for if anything should happen to you, what shall I do for a dinner in these barbarous parts?" and having so warned the chef, he went and placed him-

self at the head of the cavalcade. As the road became worse and worse, he turned round now and then to cry, "Have a care of those casseroles! Cook, mind what you are about!" But at the point where the path had turned round the shoulder of a rock, which prevented his seeing along the lengthened line, then marching in Indian-file fashion, his nerves sustained a sad shock, for on a sudden he heard the snort of a mule and the scream of a man, and then a plump and a splashing as if some one had fallen over the precipice into the torrent below. Pale, and with his knees knocking against his saddle, he turned back to see what it was, exclaiming as he went, "The cook! the cook! Holy Virgin, the cook!" "No, your excellency!" replied a voice along the line, "it's Don Prosdocimo!" "Ah! only the chaplain!" said the prince: "God be thanked!"

MONMOR.

In the old days of the Barons, few of the French parasites were more notorious than Montmor, who was, however, a man of wit, as well as a scholar and pluton.

On one occasion, he was asked why he ran so eagerly after good dinners and festivals, "Because they will not run after me," he replied, and then added this ingenious piece of etymology: "Our ancestors called their feasts *festins*, from the Latin verb *festinare*, to hurry or make haste in order to show that people ought always to make haste in going to them."

THE SCOTTISH Heliogabalus.

The most distinguished dinner-giver of these realms, in the olden time, was John Hay, the famous Earl of Carlisle who flourished in the reigns of James the First and Charles the First. He has not unappropriately been styled "the Scottish Heliogabalus." The money he spent in feasting was enormous; but he was born to no fortune, and got his money by means of his talent for giving dinners, his taste, splendor, and agreeable manners. He may almost be called the inventor of the "diplomatic dinner"—a most admirable contrivance which has been improved in modern times, and, by keeping envoys and plenipotentiaries in good-humour, has no doubt greatly contributed to the maintenance of the peace of Europe. When the peace of England was disturbed, and the great civil war, which interrupted dinner-giving, was on the point of breaking out, his lordship, his occupation being gone or going, shut up his cook's recipe-books and bills of fare, and wisely departed this life.

He was the younger brother of a poor but noble Scotch family, and went at an early age to seek his fortune in France, where, his genius following its proper bent, he picked up correct notions in gastronomy and the difficult art of managing banquets and collations. On the accession of James I. he

hurried over from Paris to London; became one of the numerous Scottish candidates for place and pensions and the royal favour, and was one of the few who were not disappointed. His success arose immediately out of his knowledge of the human palate, and the intimate connexion that exists between the stomach and the heart and affection of princes. While other supplicants wasted their time in exposing past services rendered to the royal cause, or puzzled their brains in devising schemes that might merit the royal patronage, Master Jemmie Hay gave the king a dinner, and that did his business at once. But Hay's choice cookery and magnificent expenditure did more than this—they conciliated the esteem and affection of the English nobility and courtiers who were rancorously jealous of all Scotch favourites and courtiers; nor, though his rise was astonishingly rapid, and the enormous sums he received from the sovereign notorious, did they ever show any hatred or malice against him. Never, surely, was the value of the gastronomic science more triumphantly displayed.

It was not enough for his ambition that his suppers should please the taste alone; the eye also must be gratified, and this was his device. The company was ushered in to a table covered with the most elegant art and the greatest profusion; all that the silversmith, the shewer, the confectioner, or the cook could produce. While the company was examining and admiring this delicate display, the viands, of course, grew cold, and unfit for such choice palates. The whole, therefore—called the ANTE-SUPPER—was suddenly removed, and another supper quite hot, and containing the exact duplicate of the former, was served in its place.

Another writer of the time relates that, at one of the feasts he gave to James, one of the king's attendants ate to his own share a pie which cost ten pounds of the money of that day. We should think, however, that this particular dish, like some of the preparations of the ancient Romans, was not very nice though very dear,—“amber-grease, magisterial of pearl, and musk,” being mentioned among the materials of which the pie was composed.

When he travelled, this all-accomplished epicurean took his cooks with him, and sent on couriers to make magnificent preparations for his reception. He could thus convert a road-side inn into a very temple of luxury and gastronomy. Among other instances of his gigantic profusion, it is recorded, that when journeying in Holland he magnificently paid the inn-keepers of the road he did not travel, because they might, in ignorance of his route, have made preparations for him. He knew that to make preparations for my Lord of Carlisle was no trade.

DEATH BY FISH.

Gray, in one of his letters, after inviting a friend to visit him at college, because everybody belonging to it is away, goes on to describe the death of a Cambridge doctor who had been a great glutton.

“Cambridge,” he says, “is a delight of a place now there is nobody in it. I do believe you would like it if you knew what it was without inhabitants. It is they, I assure you, that get it in ill name and spoil all. Our friend Dr. — (one of its nuisances) is not expected here again in a hurry. He is gone to his grave with five fine mackrel (large and full of roe) in his belly. He ate them all at one dinner, but his fate was a turbot on Trinity Sunday of which he left little for the company besides bones. He had not been hearty all the week, but after this sixth fish, he never held up his head more, and a violent looseness carried him off. They say he made a very good end.”

A HINT TO THOSE WHO DINE WITH “THE WORKSHIPT” IN THE CITY.

A stranger, dining with one of our very luxurious city companies, had himself helped to the first dish of meat that stood near him; and being hungry, and making no calculations as to the choiced dishes which were to follow, began to eat his share of the plain joint with great gusto. “God bless my soul!” exclaimed a more experienced glutton, “surely you are not going to throw away that beautiful appetite upon a log of mutton!”

The stranger blushed up to the ears; laid down his knife and fork, and waited for the venison.

NEAPOLITAN BONS-VIVANS.

Though there may be greater gluttons than the good citizens of Naples, the Neapolitans are very fond, not only of eating, but of talking of what they eat.

When there is a dead pause, or when the conversation is about to take a melancholy turn, nothing is more common than for one of the party to smack his lips and say, “Let us speak of merry things! What have you had for dinner to-day?” or, “What are you going to have for dinner to-day?” as the hour may be when the conversation takes place.

No sooner is this key-note struck, than one after the other they all begin to count their dishes on their fingers, and run through a gamut of “green-groen mircaioni”—“stupendous rigouts”—“exquisite fies,”—“magnificent fi li, &c. &c.”

A good many years ago we were talking with the old Bishop of Gallipoli, the stately churchman and the bon vivant, about the city of Sorrento, the birth-place of the poet Tasso.

“Ah! Sorrento!” said this holy father in God, “speak to me of that! I have lived there, and shall never forget its real!”

"Ay! that's a country where you will find every thing the heart of man can desire. Most exquisite real, most stupendous butter, most sincere wines, most fresh (complexioned) women, most delicious milk, most wholesome water! But, oh! what real!"

As the good people of London go to Greenwich and Blackwall, to eat white-bait, to Putney, to eat eel-pie, and to other places for other luxuries, so do the Neapolitans migrate to the Granatella at Portici, to eat red mullet; to the Sarno, to eat sels; to the Fusaro lake, to eat oysters, to the Madonna degli Angeli, to feast upon pig's fry, and (not to mention many other high-places and temples of gluttony) to the country between the city and Mount Vesuvius, to expatiate upon fresh figs and artichokes. The houses of entertainment in all these places are of the commonest and coarsest description, being mere pothouses.

REMARKABLE CASES OF FRAUD AND IMPOSTURE

No. XXXII.—BOOK FOURTH.

ABOUT the year 1760, universal attention was attracted towards a small volume of sixty pages, purporting to be "Fragments of Ancient Poetry, translated from the Gaelic or Erse Language." The cause of the publication of this series of poems, by Mr. Macpherson, the translator, arose from the following circumstance: Mr. Home, author of "Douglas," in company with other gentlemen, being at the spa of Moffat, met there Mr. Macpherson, then tutor to Mr. Graham, afterwards Lord Lynedoch; and from him they heard some specimens of Gaelic poetry, which so much pleased them, that they begged Mr. Macpherson to publish them. He complied, and the extraordinary favour with which the volume was received induced him to propose to make a tour, by subscription, through the Highlands, for the purpose of collecting more complete specimens of the ancient poetry. This journey he performed in 1760, and in 1762 he presented the world with "Fingal, an Ancient Epic Poem, in Six Books;" and in 1763, "Temora," another epic poem, in eight books. The sale of these works was immense. The possibility that, in the third or fourth century, among the wild remote mountains of Scotland, there existed a people exhibiting all the high and chivalrous feelings of refined valour, generosity, magnanimity, and virtue, was eminently calculated to excite astonishment, while the idea of the poems being handed down by tradition through so many centuries, among rude, savage, and barbarous tribes, was no less astounding. Many doubted—others totally disbelieved; but a still greater number "indulged the pleasing supposition that Fingal fought and Ossian sung."

The first regular attack on the authenticity of these poems was made in 1781 by Mr. Shaw, the author of a Gaelic dictionary and grammar; and it was a vigorous one. But, after a lapse of nearly twenty years, a more powerful antagonist took the field. This was Mr. Malcolm Laing, author of a "History of Scotland." The principal grounds on which he decided against their authenticity were, the many false and inaccurate allusions to the history of Britain while the country was under the dominion of the Romans; the flagrant difference between Highland manners as described in the poems and by historians, the many palpable imitations from the classics and the Scriptures, the fact that all the Highland traditional poems yet known referred to the ninth and tenth centuries, and that there existed no Gaelic manuscript older than the fifteenth century, the resemblance which the strains of the pretended Ossian bore to "The Highlander," one of Macpherson's acknowledged compositions; and, lastly, certain startling expressions, used in print by Macpherson, which seemed almost to render it certain that he was not the translator, but the author, of the works which he had given forth under the name of Ossian.

Anxious that the truth should be elicited on a subject so interesting to them as their national poetry, the Highland Society, in 1797, appointed a committee to inquire into the nature and authenticity of Ossian's poems. The result of the inquiry was not published till 1810. The Report, which was drawn up by Mr. Henry Mackenzie, stated that the committee had directed its inquiry to two points; firstly, what poetry, of what kind, and of what degree of excellence, existed anciently in the Highlands of Scotland, which was generally known by the denomination of Ossianic; and, secondly, how far that collection of such poetry, published by Mr. James Macpherson, is genuine.

On the first point the committee spoke decidedly. It declared its firm conviction that such poetry did exist; that it was common, general, and in great abundance; that it was of a most striking and impressive sort, in a high degree eloquent, tender, and sublime. On the second point the assertions were by no means so confident. "The committee," says the reporter, "is possessed of no documents to show how much of his collection Mr. Macpherson obtained in the form in which he has given it to the world. The poems, and fragments of poems, which the committee has been able to procure, contain, as will appear from the article in the Appendix No. 15, often the substance, and sometimes almost the literal expression, of passages given by Mr. Macpherson in the poems of which he has published the translations. But the committee has not been able to obtain one poem the same in title and tenor with the poems published by him.

There seems to be no doubt that a great body of traditional poetry was floating over the Highlands, which Macpherson collected and wrought up into regular poems. It would seem also that Gaelic manuscripts were in existence, which he received from different families to aid in his translation. How much of the published work is ancient, and how much fabricated, cannot now be ascertained. The original materials were probably as scanty as those on which Shakespeare founded the marvellous superstructures of his genius; and Macpherson himself has not scrupled to state (in the preface to his last edition of "Ossian") that "a translator who cannot equal his original is incapable of expressing its beauties."

Sir James Mackintosh has suggested, as a supposition countenanced by many circumstances, that after enjoying the pleasure of duping so many critics, Macpherson intended one day to claim the poems as his own. If he had such a design, considerable difficulties to its execution arose around him. He was loaded with so much praise, that he seemed bound in honour to his admirers not to desert them. The support of his own country appeared to render adherence to those poems, which Scotland inconsiderately sanctioned, a sort of national obligation. Exasperated, on the other hand, by the vehement attacks made on him, he was unwilling to surrender to his opponents. He involved himself at last so deeply, as to leave him no decent retreat. A somewhat sudden and premature death closed the scene on him; nor has there been found among the papers which he left behind him a single line that throws any light upon the imposition.

THE UNFORGIVING ONE.

ON a couch, in a room expensively furnished, sat a lady, on whose marked features impatience and pain were plainly visible. By her, in a deferential attitude, stood a young girl of some eighteen or twenty summers, whose fair brow was overcast with premature care and gloom, and who was watching with ill-concealed apprehension the excited and irascible woman beside her. The contrast was marked and striking. The two beings seemed hardly to belong to the same sex. One—young, gentle, and affectionate—appeared the image of innocence, meekness, and feminine dependence. The other—dark, stern, and forbidding—was the type of passion, violence, tyranny, and selfishness. For an hour neither spoke. The younger, with her anxious gaze fixed steadily on the sufferer, seemed hardly to breathe.

The latter at length broke silence.

"Ah! yes! you may well look at me!" she spoke, in a harsh and angry tone; "I'm worse—much worse! I knew that this

would be the case! More pain,—more a throbbing,—more fever! So much for that filthy stuff, which you persuaded me to take at the doctor's bidding. Do you wish me dead, girl? On my soul, I fancy that hope to be uppermost!"

The gentle being, thus addressed, spoke not; but looked up, sadly and reproachfully, at her wayward relative.

"What! no reply?" continued the elder lady, angrily; "you don't care to spend your breath on me, eh?"

"Dear, dear aunt!" returned the young girl, eagerly, while tears half-choked her utterance, "you would avoid—yes, I am persuaded you would avoid such cruel and unmerited upbraidings, were you aware of the pain they inflict."

"Your pain can't equal mine!" exclaimed the invalid, sharply shifting her posture on the sofa, with an expression of great suffering; "and as for tears—shed them. I intend you to feel. For whom upon this earth, I should like to know, should you feel, but for me? Haven't I educated you, and fed you, and clothed you, and housed you? Feel, indeed! You're bound to feel!"

"I do feel," was the rejoinder, "grieved at your present sufferings; and deeply grateful to you for much and continued kindness."

"Miss Ossulton," cried the other, "don't use such honeyed words, they cloy."

"Oh! that any thing I could say,—that any thing I could do,—might have the good fortune to please!" murmured the youthful nurse.

Tap—tap—tap! at the door.

"Listen!" resumed the sick lady; "listen, and be alive!"

"Miss Ossulton!" was whispered, in a very subdued tone, by a voice outside the apartment; "Miss Ossulton! the doctor is below in the dining-room."

"And there he may stay," ejaculated the sick lady.

The voice continued,—

"He begs to know whether Mrs. Dunsterville be asleep; and if not, wishes to see her."

"Asleep! no! I'm wide awake; and have been all my life!" said Mrs. Dunsterville, sharply "Tell him to be off. I'll follow no more of his directions, and take no more of his decoctions. I'm worse—much worse—after his every visit. Tell him to be off!"

"Oh, madam," interposed the young lady, "send no such message as that. I entreat you. It would be a positive insult to Mr. Steveright, whose care and attention have been unremitting."

"Well! He has shown attention, I admit; but that's no more than his duty. He'll be paid for it! I'll not see him! I ought to have been well long ago—that I ought!"

"What am I to say, miss?" persevered the voice at the outside; "be pleased to give me my answer."

"You have it," cried Mrs. Dunsterville, sternly; "I'll not see him. Tell him to be off—he'll be more useful elsewhere."

"I'll say as much, ma'am," whispered the voice, and ceased.

"Oh! aunt!" cried the young lady, deeply moved, "how can you speak and act so harshly? What a return for Mr. Sieveright's kindness! You do him great injustice. And as for recovery, how can you expect it when you refuse a fair trial to your doctor's remedies?"

"He shall poison me no further, that I'm resolved upon!" was the closing rejoinder.

Mrs. Dunsterville passed a most uneasy night, was materially worse the following morning, and her niece desired and succeeded in procuring a second opinion upon her case. The view taken of her situation was so serious that, at the suggestion of both her medical attendants, a hint was given her that no time should be lost in arranging her worldly affairs. She received this intimation with her habitual haughtiness.

"I understand you, and the remark does not alarm me. Your depression is mine, I believe I am bound for my last journey. In truth I've been of opinion from the first that the drags I've been taking would end me. On other points you think, and I agree with you, that it is time I should dispose of my property. But I must have a couple of hours to consider how and to whom. Meanwhile, send for Mr. Haldimand, my attorney."

Prior to that gentleman's arrival she had two hours of apparently deep and serious solitary reflection. At the expiration of that interval she rang for her niece.

"Fanny," cried the elder lady, with an air of stern decision, "I'm about to pay you a sorry compliment. I'm about to leave you what I can't take with me. Now, girl, no tears. Justen: my will will convey to you all I possess, but upon one condition. I must have your solemn promise—nay, your oath—that not one sixpence of your income shall ever pass to your father; and that you will never permit him, even for an hour, to be an inmate of your house."

The young lady gazed steadfastly on her harsh and forbidding relative, but no word of comment escaped her.

"You hear me, I presume?" thundered the rich woman, vehemently.

"I do," was the scarcely audible reply.

"And you assent to my conditions?"

Miss Ossulton trembled. Her colour faded rapidly from her face, lips, brow, till she resembled rather a statue than a living, breathing being; but whatever was her emotion, it found no vent in words.

"Speak, and quickly—time passes, and my share of it is small," resumed the elder lady, passionately—"in one word, do you assent?"

"I cannot," murmured the niece, slowly and distinctly.

"Then all I have to leave will be bestowed elsewhere."

To the inexpressible indignation of the excited Mrs. Dunsterville, the sole reply which this threat elicited was a mute gesture of acquiescence.

"Be it so!" she exclaimed, with a forced and frightful laugh. "And now, where is Mr. Haldimand? Why does he tarry? Hasten him by another messenger. My instructions will soon be given. And these," she resumed, again addressing her niece while her order was being executed, "and these will chiefly affect you. They will—ha! ha! ha! they will render you a beggar." The pale and trembling being at whom these immoderates were hurled replied in low and feeble tones. The gist of her answer it was difficult to gather. But it terminated with the word "endured." Mrs. Dunsterville poured upon her at once.

"Ah! yes! that sounds well from your lips! You who have from childhood been surrounded with every comfort which money could procure, know, forsooth, much about endurance! You, who have yet to learn what 'sunt' is, have truly had much to 'endure'! But your trials are coming, poverty among them—an awkward-looking for even at a distance; but desperately disagreeable to grapple with at close quarters. You'll know something about it when I'm gone."

"Lute has evils worse and more humiliating to face than poverty," was the calm reply.

"Oh! it has, ah! well, you'll know them practically when you go out governing on 20*l.* per annum. Your father, saucy and audacious man, can't support you. Of that, I presume, you feel by this time asured?"

"He cannot, I know it well!"

"And you used to express a desire to be able to lighten his burdens?"

"I did wish, I do still wish—Heaven knows how earnestly—to help him. It has been the cherished aim of my life."

"You'll be able to manage it when you're in service! Ha! ha! ha! Miss Ossulton, whom the young men used to flatter as Mrs. Dunsterville's heiress, going out as a governess on some 20*l.* a-year. What an agreeable reverse of fortune!"

And the ailing woman laughed hideously. The young lady listened with a flushed cheek and tearful eye, but in silence. Another peal of mocking laughter was heard from the invalid's couch. As it ceased, a low and gentle voice said:

"Aunt, hear me. You know I have never harassed you with repeated requests, but now I urge one most earnestly. Deal with me as you please, but remember in this solemn hour my father. He has had many trials, many struggles, much to brave and much to bear. His character is blameless, that I can assert fearlessly. Leave me penniless, if you will, but I implore you to be-

breath to him some small bequest, some trifling annuity, not so much to cheer and help him as to testify your forgiveness and good-will."

"You'll be clever if you get me into that mind," said the old lady, shifting her cushions.

Her young relative persevered.

"Aunt," said she, "you are rapidly hastening where forgiveness of injuries is indispensable."

"Don't pretend, girl, to teach me my duty—mind your own. Your father deeply offended me; I said I never would forgive him, and I never will."

"True; but listen—"

"No, I will listen to nothing farther on that point." Then with a bitter expletive, frightful at that hour and from a woman's lip, she added, "*Into this house, that man shall never enter, nor one shilling of my money shall he ever have.* Such is my fixed resolution, and I defy what is under the earth or above the earth to rule it otherwise."

Shocked and terrified, the listener retreated and buried her face in her hands.

A step was now heard outside the door, and a voice whispered

"Mr. Haldimand, ma'am, is below, and waits your pleasure."

"Show him into the dining-room, and say I'll see him almost immediately."

The step retreated.

"Now, Miss Ossulton, poverty or independence?"

"Poverty," was the reply; "poverty and a calm conscience."

"Quite heretical! a sensible choice, and most deliberately made. But, understand me, while I withhold I also give."

The niece looked up timidly, in evident doubt as to the speaker's intentions.

"You don't catch my meaning, eh? I'll explain it. Your expectancies by my will I take away, and in lieu of them bestow my curse."

"No, no!" shrieked her auditor. "You cannot be serious, for mercy's sake speak not thus, and now."

"But I will speak, and you shall hear. To you, Fanny, I have been all but in name a mother. Every kindness, every indulgence, every vigilance which a mother could bestow I have shown; nothing has been grudged, nothing has been withheld that could make you happy. And now, ungrateful girl, my dying curse shall follow you—"

"Stay! stay!" interrupted the shrinking Fanny, and as she spoke she threw herself before her strange benefactress, and grasped, convulsively, her hand; "cease, cease these frightful threats. I'll make any promise you ask—take any oath you require—do anything—but oh! curse me not, I implore you."

"Then do, and at once, my bidding. Write on that sheet of paper the words I now dictate."

The niece—pale and tearless—obeyed almost mechanically; so thoroughly had anguish and apprehension possessed her.

"Show me what you have written."

The victim handed to her tormentor the revolting document. The latter read it over thrice, and thoughtfully weighed each expression. Returning it to her grave and dejected relative, the old lady observed

"Yes; that's my meaning. I must now endeavour to make your promise binding. First of all, sign it. Good! Now bring me that New Testament which is lying on my toilette-table. Hold it in your right hand, and take an oath, as they do in courts of justice, in my presence, on that book, to abide by what you have in that paper written."

Miss Ossulton did so.

"There—nothing can be better—that's just as it should be!" and now I'm ready for Mr. Haldimand—let me see him at once."

The party thus summoned was an honourable man, who took Mrs. Dunsterville's instructions, and more than once reminded her of the position of some who he thought had claims upon her. To these she turned a deaf ear. Miss Ossulton's rights she regarded as paramount; and a will was drawn up, conveying to that lady, *absolutely*, the bulk of her relative's property.

Fatigue, exertion, and emotion, were now telling fearfully upon the sufferer. She was evidently worse; and after considerable hesitation, she was asked whether she would like to see a clergyman. She replied in the affirmative, named one, and begged that that party might be summoned without delay. He came. She told him that she was arranging her affairs; that the exertion incident upon such a task had aggravated her complaint, that she believed her life was "beyond insuring," and that therefore she had wished to see him.

"You are rich," was the ecclesiastic's reply, "you are childless; you have no near relatives. Be merciful in the closing act of your life. Show, in the final disposition of your property, a kindly and compassionate spirit. *Remember the poor*."

She looked up with an air of surprise.

"Why, upon earth, am I to do that? Remember them? Out upon it! They have often remembered me, and unrepentantly enough in all conscience! Upon one occasion I got into trouble, and yes—they actually hooted me!"

"Requite evil with good," said the clergyman, mildly.

"No; I'm not likely to do that. *Remember the poor*, quotha! They're an imprudent, saucy, good-for-nothing set. I hate the everlasting cant about the poor—it's nauseous. Let others remember them," said she; "I won't."

"But the conduct you allude to, though indefensible, was probably accidental—"

not deliberate; thus regard it, and forgive it."

"I'm none of your forgiving sort. That girl's father"—pointing to Miss Ossulton—"offended me. I've never forgiven him, and won't. He didn't frequent this house in my lifetime; he shan't enter it after I'm gone!"

"Heaven is barred to the unforgiving: have you considered this?" asked the astonished visitor.

"Ah, well! I'm tired and in pain; I can listen to nothing further at present. Will you repeat your visit to-morrow?"

The wondering churchman took his leave. As he lingered for a brief space in the breakfast-room below, he asked a loiterer, "Was this lady's property hers by inheritance?"

"Oh, no!" was the reply. "She filled a subordinate station in the household of the late Mr. Dunsterville. He was her senior in years, and required a good deal of attendance. She played her cards adroitly, and was amply rewarded. He married her, and at his death left her all he had."

"Ah," said the churchman, "that explanation solves a riddle."

She died as she had lived—stern, exacting, and unforgiving.

The funeral array was costly; but among those who followed her to the tomb it would have been difficult to point to one saddened spectator. Her will was produced and read. The necessary forms were gone through, and Miss Ossulton was declared sole heiress to her kinswoman's entire property.

To effect the transfer occupied some little time. But the day at length arrived when all the forms were completed, and all the requisite documents signed; and then Miss Ossulton was actual possessor of the ample means bequeathed to her.

She had taken a final leave of her man of business, and had received his congratulations on the last signature being given, and the last out-standing claim arranged.

Her spirits, naturally joyous, rose at her escape from business details, which she never liked, and for which she was unfitted.

With a light heart she returned home to an early tea. Her attendants heard her dancing, and singing, apparently in high spirits, and looking forward to a bright and happy future. On a sudden there was a pause—a faint scream, and a dull, heavy fall. The housemaid rushed into the sitting-room. There lay her young mistress senseless and partially convulsed upon the floor. She raised her and applied restoratives. To no purpose. Miss Ossulton gasped once or twice feebly, and expired.

An inquest was held—a verdict returned, "Died from natural causes," and the young girl was buried.

Who was her heir? No will could be found. No document of a testamentary nature was forthcoming. She had died in-

testate. Who was her successor? Her father. And consequently Mrs. Dunsterville's entire property became his property.

To that headstrong and wayward woman it seemed never to occur that her niece was mortal; might die childless and intestate. For such a contingency her will—so decidedly worded—made no provision. One feeling animated her—revenge. She aimed at carrying it out beyond the grave. Her resolve was to punish her kinsman even when she was in her coffin. But the fiat of a higher power mastered hers. The party to whom she left her property never enjoyed it, and the being whom she resolved on barring from any share of it came into its full and prompt undisturbed possession.

A few weeks passed, and in the large and well-plinished abode of Mrs. Dunsterville presided as owner Mr. Ossulton, owner of that house which he "was never to enter!" Of her income he was master, to save or squander as he pleased—that income for which she vowed he "should never be one sixpence the better."

Reader! one parting word. Is it impertinent to assure you that this is no fictitious tale? The will, thus over-ruled, was made. The characters thus portrayed existed. The sentiments here recorded were deliberately avowed. The sudden death here described actually occurred. Does not the narrative warn us how wretchedly they miscalculate who fancy that they can control and command events? Does it not remind us that the issues of every scheme, however cruelly planned or resolutely executed, rest alone with Him who is the Irresistible?

PLAYING CARDS.—It must be confessed that we are yet in the dark as to the precise period of the introduction of cards into Europe,—supposing them to have been originally brought, as Mr. Chatto and others contend, from the East. In France the nearest point at which the best antiquaries seem to have arrived, is between 1392 and 1440; a date that seems hardly consistent with the fact (if fact it be) that they were known in Viterbo as early as 1379,—from whence they might easily have been conveyed into France. In Germany it is pretty certain that card-making was carried on to a considerable extent about the year 1418.

REMEDY FOR TOOTHACHE.—A mixture of two parts of the liquid ammonia of commerce with one of some simple tincture is recommended as a remedy for toothache, so often uncontrollable. A piece of lint is dipped into this mixture, and then introduced into the carious tooth, when the nerve is immediately cauterised, and the pain stopped. It is stated to be eminently successful, and in some cases is supposed to act by neutralising an acid product in the decayed tooth.—*Lancet*.

USEFUL RECIPES.

DYEING AND SCOURING.

We continue our extracts from Mr. Chubb's valuable work.

FOR DIPPING BLACK SILKS WHEN THEY APPEAR RUSTY, OR THE COLOUR FADED.—For a silk dress, your own discretion must be used, whether the silk can be roused, or whether it requires to be redyed. Should it require redying, this is done as follows:—For a gown, boil two ounces of logwood; when boiled half an hour, put in your silk, and simmer it half an hour, then take it out, and add a piece of blue vitriol as big as a pea, and a piece of green copperas as big as the half of a horse-bean; when those are dissolved, cool down the copper with cold water, and put in your silk, and simmer half an hour, handling it over with a stick, wash and dry in the air, and finish as above. If only wanting to be roused, pass it through spring water, in which is half a tea-spoonful of oil of vitriol. Handle in this five minutes, then rinse in cold water, and finish as above.

OF SILKS STAINED BY CORROSIVE LIQUORS.—We often find that lemon-juice, vinegar, oil of vitriol, and other sharp corrosives, stain dyed garments. Sometimes by adding a little pearl-ash to a soap lather, and passing the silks through these, the faded colour will be restored. Pearl-ash and warm water will sometimes do alone, but it is the most efficacious method to use the soap lather and pearl-ash together.

TO CLEAN SILK STOCKINGS.—Wash them in soap and water: and then, either into a tin or copper boiler, cut an ounce of white soap into thin slices, and, putting the stockings in, boil them gently ten minutes, then take them out and rinse them in cold water. If they are to be of a blue cast, take one drop of liquid blue, put it into a pan of cold spring water, run the stocking through this a minute or two, and dry them in the air. If they are to be of a pink cast, drop one or two drops of the saturated pink dye into a pan of cold water, and run them through this instead of the blue. If they are designed to have a flesh colour, a little rose pink is used in a thin soap liquor. All silk stockings, black excepted, are to be rubbed with a clean flannel, and sent to be calendered or mangled.

METHOD OF TAKING OUT THE SPOTS OF PAINT, OR OTHER SOLID SUBSTANCES, FROM CLOTHS, SILKS, &c.—Supposing a small quantity of paint had dropped on a coat, a pen should be dipped in spirit of turpentine, and its contents should be dropped on the paint spot, in a quantity sufficient to discharge the oil and gluten that is mixed with the paint. Then let it rest several hours, that it may penetrate and suck up the oil; and when it has done this, take the cloth between your hands, and rub it; the paint

spot will then crumble away like diled earth. The turpentine will by no means injure either the cloth or colour. If, however, the spots be numerous, the best way is to apply the spirit of turpentine over the silk, &c., with a sponge, as soon as possible after the oil or paint, ~~and~~ has been split upon it, and *before it is become dry*: by these means it may in general be completely washed out.

THE MODE OF EXTRACTING GREASE-SPOTS FROM SILK, COLOURED MUSLIN, &c.—Take French chalk, finely scraped, and put it on the grease-spot, holding it near the fire, or over a warm iron reversed, or on a water plate in which is boiling water. This will cause the grease to melt, and the French chalk will absorb it, and it may then be brushed or rubbed off. If any grease remains, proceed as before, until it is all extracted.

TO PREVENT SCARLET CLOTH FROM BEING STAINED BLACK.—As all corrosive, vitriolic, or salt liquors stain this colour, as the dirt of the streets, the dropping of houses, &c., and as these generally contain a vitriolic property, especially in large cities, when any spots of this nature appear upon your return home, wash them out in a little hard spring water, in which a dust of tartar has been thrown, and it will extract the dirt, and leave no manner of stain.

FOR CLEANING THIN COTTONS, AS GOWNS, &c.—Instead of rubbing the soap on the cotton, as is the custom with laundresses, make a solution of soap, and put in your goods; then wash them as a washerwoman would. The benefit resulting from the difference of procedure is, that the cottons are cleaned all over in an equal degree, which is not the case when the soap is rubbed on the body of the cotton, for then we often find much soap in the pores of the cotton, which prevents such parts from receiving the dye, or appearing clear. It often happens in coloured cottons, where greens, reds, &c., are used, that the colour will run; in such case, some acid, as lemon-juice, vinegar, oil of vitriol, &c., should be infused into the rinsing waters to preserve the colours, especially in Scotch plaids.

MR. Cooper, at a party the other night, being much pressed to sing, when he did not wish it, having the influenza, observed "that they wished to make a *butt* of him." "By no means, my dear fellow," rejoined a bystander, "we only want to get a *stave* out of you."—*Albert Smith's "Howl of Punch."*

On the Marquis of Blandford first taking his seat for Woodstock, Mr. Hume said, in allusion to his youth, that he looked as if he had not sown his wild oats. The other replied, with great quickness, "Then I am come to the proper place where there is a goose to pick them up."

POPULAR PASTIMES.

**SOLUTIONS TO THE ENIGMA, CHAFADES,
CONUNDRILMS, ETC., IN OUR LAST.**

ANSWER TO ENIGMA. 1—Sparrow.
1—"Drought" a po 4 CIVIL—civil
tion, bill drawn!
for the payment, ANSWERS TO CONUN-
DRILMS.

ANSWERS TO CHAFADES. 1 The axle-tree
1—Antelope. 12 It was surprise
2—Book. 1st, Rec. 2nd against Shylock.
and 'ed, O' and 1—Spain—pain
last, key 11 Lupine—upino

CHAFADES.

1—"Allah, if Allah!" about the Pagan
band,
"Carl and St. George" the brave crus-
saders cry,
As, mingling with each other, hand to
hand,

They all resolve to conquer or to die!

And then was heard the sound of con-
flict done,

The mother'd groan, the agonising
groan,

And then was seen the belted knight
expire,

Retaining still MY SECOND in his
grasp!

Rinaldo, the "Lion Hearted," held com-
mand

Over the Christian forces, and his
might

Was such, that not an infidel could
stand

Before him in that sanguinary fight!

For long the strife continues, but at
length,

The Christians rout their unbelieving
host,

Who dash across the plain with all
their might,

For the Christian comrades dead, and in
death's throes,

Witness my murderous WHOLE, the
"Lion Hearted"

Spoke thus—"Assembled knights,
my first is won!"

Shout, shout for England's isle, from
which we parted,

And, "Death to Raimond" as we has-
tened on!"

MAZEPPA.

2—I am a word of five syllables. My
first two are beasts of burden; my third a
personal pronoun; my fourth and fifth a
nation, and my whole, though of great
iniquity, and still in use, held in general
abhorrence.

ANAGRAMS.

1—Rise, mint!

2—Never able

3—Rum in tents.

4—Go near

5—Red baron.

6—As traitor, mind!

7—Ague fits.

8—Ram a nag.

J. M. R.

ENIGMA

Pronounced by one letter,

Yet written with three;

Two letters there are;

And two only in me;

I roam far and wide,

My store to increase;

And furnish a model

Of industry and peace.

H. MAYR.

RIDDLES

1—One of the vowels and a word signi-
fying to burn, will give the name of a town in
Hackney, hitherto noted for its public school.

2—My first is *esca*, but cannot hear;
my second is a solid fence, my whole is an
English county celebrated for its winds.

3—My first is an English river, my
second part of a violin, my whole a uni-
versity town in England. MYSTIC.

4—I am an animal, lightly made,
I roam about in the forest glade,
Transpose me, and I then shall pass
At once into a kind of grass.

J. W. R.

FACTS AND SCRAPS.

LA FONTAINE.—La Fontaine was very ill,
and, having received his last sacrament, he
asked his good friend Madame Cornuel
whether it would not be quite proper that
he should be carried in a cart to the gate of
Notre Dame, in his shirt, barefooted, and
with a rope round his neck, as a penance
for the tales he had written. "I must find
somebody to carry the torch, for I have not
strength to hold it; and I should be glad if
one of the tall sergeants of our neighbour,
the President Nicolas, would do it."—"Make
yourself easy, and die quietly, my good man,"
replied the old lady, who was not very
clever, "you have been always as stupid as
a goose."—"It is very true," replied the
great man, "and it is very lucky for me that
it is so. I hope God will forgive me on that
account. Do not fail to tell every body that
I suffered from folly, and not from malice. It
will be much less scandalous, will it not?"
—"Will you let me be quiet, and die in
peace?" replied the dame. The Chevalier
de la Salitre told Fontenelle that the con-
fessor of La Fontaine, and all the persons
present, burst into a laugh; and that the
last words of La Fontaine were, "I see very
well that I am become more stupid than
God is holy, and that is indeed saying a great
deal."—*Memoirs of Madame de Crequi.*

EFFECT—Mr. Lee, a celebrated barrister, was famous for studying effect when he pleaded. On the circuit of Norwich, a bribe was brought him by the relatives of a woman who had been deceived by a breach of promise of marriage. Lee inquired, among other particulars, whether the woman was handsome. "A most beautiful face," was the answer. Satisfied with this he desired that she should be placed at the bar in front of the jury. When he rose, he began a most pathetic and eloquent address, directing the attention of the jury to the charms which were placed in their view, and painting in glowing colours the guilt of the wretch who could ignore so much beauty. When he perceived then feelings wrought up to the highest pitch, he sat down, under the perfect conviction that he should obtain a verdict. What, then, must have been his surprise when the counsel retained by the opposite party rose, and observed that it was impossible not to assent to the encomiums which his learned friend had lavished on the face of the plaintiff, but he forgot to say that she had a *woman's leg*. This fact, of which he was by no means aware, was established to his utter confusion. His eloquence was thrown away, and the jury, who felt ashamed of the effect it had produced upon them, instantly gave a verdict against him.—*Alpha.*

At Seacombe, a No. 1 pilot boat, built of gutta percha, has been shipped. It is 17½ feet long, and though nearly filled with water, and having four men on its gunwale, kept its buoyancy. It weighs 190 lbs., and sustains a pressure of 15 cwt. It not only answers the purpose of a pilot boat, but is also convertible into a life-boat.

As the Count von Arlais was travelling from Paris to Lyons, he met with the senior of the merchant-guild. The latter, inquisitive and fond of news, thus addressed the count. "My friend! what do they say in Paris?" "*Murder*," was the answer. "What is there just now in circulation?" "A number of *equipages*." "That is not my meaning," said the merchant. "What is there now?" "*Green peas*." Growing impatient, the newsmonger said pettishly, "My friend! what is your title?" "Fools," was the reply, "style me *my friend*. At court I am called Count von Arlais."

WHEN Jenny Lind heard that Barroni was to sing second to her in the Norma duet, she said: "Second, indeed! before she tries a *second*, I would advise her to learn to sing *first*." Mr. Lumley, on hearing this, was angry.

"Of all the plagues by authors cast,"
Says Morton, "sure the very worst
Is to th' assembled mimic crowd
Your last new farce to read aloud."
"That may be bad," sly Keeley said,
"But worst to sit and hear it read."

THE DISGUISED STUDENTS.—During the reign of Louis XV., three young men of St. Germain, who had just left school, not knowing any one at court, and having heard that foreigners were always well received there, resolved to disguise themselves as Armenians, and go to see the ceremonies attending the admission of several knights of the Order of the Holy Ghost. Their trick was as successful as they expected. When the procession was defiling through the long mirror-gallery, the guards placed them in front, and requested every one to make way for the foreigners. Not content with this, however, they were so rash as to enter the antechamber, where they found MM. Coudonne and Ruffin, interpreters of the Oriental languages, as well as the first clerk of the consulates, whose office it was to watch over all that concerned Asiatics who might be in France. The three scholars were immediately surrounded and questioned—first of all in modern Greek. Without being disconcerted, they made signs to show that they did not understand it. They were then addressed in Turkish and Arabic, at last, one of the interpreters, losing all patience, cries out: "Gentlemen, you must surely understand some one of the languages in which we have spoken to you. Where do you come from?" "I am St. Germain en-Laye," replied the boldest. "This is the first time that you have asked us in French." They then avowed the motive of their disguise: the oldest of them was not eighteen. The story was told to Louis XV., who laughed excessively, and ordered them to be imprisoned for a few hours, and then set at liberty with a good scolding.

At a late supper, company was the order of the day. Somebody wanted to see the fowls gobbling, at which somebody else said that the fowls might well go gobbling, since they were so very poor.

We deceive ourselves more than we deceive others, and did we not so easily deceive ourselves, others could not so easily deceive us.—*Thoughts—G. H. Lewis.*

THE Bible contains 2,366,190 letters, 819,697 words, 31,173 verses, 1,189 chapters, 66 books, the word *and* 16½ times; the word *received* only once, which is in the 9th verse of the 11th Psalm, the word *Lord*, 1,855 times; the middle and last chapter is the 117th Psalm, the middle verse 8th of Psalm 114th, in 21st verse 7th chapter of Ezra contains the alphabet. The finest chapter to read is the 26th of Acts; the 19th chapter of Second Book of Kings, and the 37th chapter of Isaiah, are alike. The least verse 3rd, 11th chapter of John; the 8, 15, 21 and 31 verses of 107th Psalm are alike. Each verse of the 136th Psalm ends alike, there are no words or names in the Bible of more than six syllables.

G. JAMES B.

MOST people are agreeable on first acquaintance, because they endeavour to be so—why not continue our endeavours?—*Thoughts*.—G. H. Leves.

WISDOM is that olive that springeth from the heart, bloometh on the tongue, and beareth fruit in the actions.

HAPPY is that mishap whereby we pass to better perfection.—*Elizabeth Grymstone*.—*Miscellanea*, 1604.

DR. JOHNSON said of Lord Chesterfield that he was a wit among lords, but only a lord among wits.

MY HAT.

By CHAPPAU.

WHAT cost me more than four and nine,
Is more it fairly could be mine,
And every beauty doth combine?

My hat

What when 'twas bought did look so bright,
Reflecting every ray of light,
And was, besides quite water-tight?

My hat.

What on my rounded, curly head,
Hath made itself a downy bed,
And much improves me, it is said?

My hat.

What, when the weather's thick and wetting,
Prevents the rain from being let in,
And will not by its force be beat in?

My hat.

What on a fair and sunny day,
So primly on my head doth lay,
And makes me figure quite au fait?

My hat.

What, when it's cook'd aside, doth make
Each beauteous maiden's heart to ache,
And think me such a handsome rake?

My hat.

What, when on windy days I pace,
Is apt to give me many a chase,
In running after it a race?

My hat.

But still I love my worthy nap,
It has saved my head from many a rap,
And is far better than a cap!

My hat.

SLEIGH RIDING.

SLEIGH riding isn't it very good fun,
With the mercury almost too thick to run,
Down below zero twenty-one?

When, if you are—

The spray will freeze,

And your legs are numb as high as your knees.

Glorious pastime is this, I woen

How you admire the silvery scene,

As your lungs collapse in the blast so keen!

Of nose and ears, as the steeds proceed,

You pleasantly lose all consciousness;

And the buffalo hide!

And the cap well tied!

And the woollen of easter, too, beside,

Are powerless all to shield off the blast

That hurls your vitals in hurrying past.

Oh! 'tis fine, on a moonlight night,

Thus with the joy winds to fight!

And frost-bitten ears, when the race is done,

Aply close the "capital fun."

—*Troy Wrig, U.S.*

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, No. 33, Strand.

J. W. R. (Manchester).—Many thanks for the charades, &c. The letter accompanying them was very gratifying to us.

EMILY F. (Rochdale).—The handwriting is remarkably good. We are unable to gratify the curiosity of our fair correspondent respecting the real name of our esteemed contributor, "Young Chestwood."

A SUBSCRIBER (Skipton).—Accept our thanks for the lines, which, however, are scarcely suitable for our work.

J. WILSON (Birmingham).—The fragment shall appear at a convenient opportunity.

VOLUNA (Glasgow).—The enigmatical list shall appear shortly. Thanks.

JANE (Manchester).—We will attend to your request. We do not know of a work such as you write about, with the exception of "Home Amusements."

J. WILLIAMS (Liverpool).—There are several very good books on Arithmetic.—Abram's "Complete Treatise of Practical Arithmetic," "Ingram's Principles of Arithmetic,"—and "Introduction to Arithmetic," published at Edinburgh. You must refer to the "Keys," as you are unable to provide yourself with a supervisor.

ICOMANUS (Commercial-road).—The apothecary's pint contains sixteen ounces.

W. GUARNEY (Sutton).—Procure the "Compendium of Pharmacopœia," published at the "Pharmaceutical Times" Office, Mr. Churchill, of Prince's-street, Soho, has published the "Prescriber's Pharmacopœia," which contains all the medicines in the London Pharmacopœia, arranged in classes according to their action, with their composition and doses.—2s. 6d.

A BIRMINGHAM MECHANIC.—We must refer you to the editor of the "Mechanic's Magazine," who will, no doubt, oblige you with the information required.

E. C. DAVIES.—Thanks.

W. M. H. (Macclesfield).—Your style of writing is not suitable.—To improve the Voice.—Bees' wax, two drachms; copaiba balsam, three drachms, powder of liquorice-root, four drachms. Melt the copaiba balsam with the wax in a new earthen pipkin; when melted, remove them from the fire, and while in a melted state, mix in the powder. Make pills of three grains each. Two of these pills to be taken occasionally.

F. B. (Vauxhall-bridge-road).—You may solder or weld tortoise-shell thus:—Provide yourself with a pair of pincers or tongs, so constructed that you can reach four inches beyond the rivet; then have your tortoise-shell filed clean to a lap-joint, carefully observing that there is no grease about it; wet the joint with water, apply the pincers hot, following them with water; and you will find the shell to be joined as if it were one piece. Your second query was answered in No. 30.

CONTRIBUTORS RESPECTFULLY DECLINED.—The Fractional Sailor, by C. Rayner; The Village Child, by H. H. L.; On the Tooth-ache, by W. M. H.; Diary of a Clerk out on an Excursion, by H. T. Lepistrier; The Enslaved, by Charles Rayner; The Maniac, by Jane A-la-Mode; Sonnet, by M. R.; The Firmament, by Ogwen; Forget and Forgive, by L. W.; The Briton's Prayer, by T. V. H.; Conundrums, &c., by J. Boden; A Piece for the Times, by B. W. H.

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TRACTS

For the People;

A WEEKLY MISCELLANY OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE AND AMUSEMENT.

NO. 33. VOL. IV.]

SATURDAY, JULY 29 1843.

[PRICE ONE HALFPENNY.]



[WAR-DANCE OF THE LUNDU DYAKS.]

BORNEO.

THE island of Borneo extends over 11 degrees of latitude and the same of longitude, from 4 deg. N. to 7 deg. S., and 108 deg. to 119 deg. E. The N.W. coast is but thinly populated; and the natives who inhabit the banks of some of the beautiful rivers differ from each other in manners and customs, and have but little communication among themselves. The S., E., and N.E. coasts of Borneo are also but thinly inhabited, and very little known. There are various divisions of Malaya, as well as different tribes of Dyaks, who live in an unsettled state, and occasionally make war on one another: their principal occupation,

however, is piracy. The north part of the island was once in the possession of the East India Company, who had a settlement and factory on the island of Balambangan, which was attacked in 1775, when in a weak and unguarded state, by a powerful piratical tribe of Suuloos, who surprised the fort, put the sentries to death, and turned the guns on the troops. Those who escaped got on board the vessels in the harbour, and reached the island of Labuan, near the mouth of the Borneo river. From that time these pirates have never been punished, and still continue their depredations.

The remainder of the coast on the N.W. is now called Borneo Proper, to distinguish it from the name that custom has given to

the whole island, the original name of which was Kalamantan, and Bruni that of the town now called Borneo, and which was probably the first part of the coast ever visited by Europeans, who extended the appellation throughout.

The inhabitants may be divided into three different classes, viz., the Malays, the Chinese, and the Dyaks, of the two former nothing need be said, as they are well known. The Dyaks offer to our view a primitive state of society. For several reasons, they are supposed to be the original race of the Eastern Archipelago, nearly stationary in their original condition. Whilst successive waves of civilisation have swept onward the rest of the inhabitants—whilst tribes as wild have risen to power, flourished, and decayed, the Dyak in his native jungles still retains the feelings of earlier times, and shows the features of society as it existed before the influx of foreign races either improved or corrupted the native character.

We owe almost all the information which we possess respecting Borneo, its inhabitants, its productions, &c., to Mr. Brooke and Captain Keppel, the latter having published, in 1848, a most interesting work with the following title:—"The Expedition to Borneo of H.M.S. Dido, for the Suppression of Piracy: with Extracts from the Journal of James Brooke, Esq. of Sarawak."

The objects of Mr. Brooke in leaving England, the reasons which induced him to settle at Sarawak, and the circumstances which led him to take a deep interest in promoting the civilisation and improving the condition of the singular people whom he has adopted, form a story very unlike the common course of events in modern times.

Mr. Brooke was the second, and is now the only surviving son of the late Thomas Brooke, Esq., of the civil service of the East India Company; was born on the 29th April, 1803; went out to India as a cadet, where he held advantageous situations, and distinguished himself by his gallantry in the Burmese war. He was shot through the body in an action with the Burmese, received the thanks of the Government, and returned to England for the recovery of his prostrated strength. He resumed his station, but shortly afterwards relinquished the service, and in search of health and amusement left Calcutta for China in 1830. In this voyage, while going up the China seas, he saw for the first time the islands of the Asiatic Archipelago—lands of vast importance and unparalleled beauty—lying neglected and almost unknown. He inquired and read, and became convinced that Borneo and the Eastern Isles afforded an open field for enterprise and research. To carry to the Malay races, so long the terror of the European merchant-vessel, the blessings of civilisation,

to suppress piracy and extirpate the slave-trade, became his humane and generous objects; and from that hour the energies of his powerful mind were devoted to this one pursuit. Often foiled—often disappointed, with a perseverance and enthusiasm which defied all obstacle, he was not until 1838 enabled to set sail from England on his darling project. By September, 1841, he was Governor of Sarawak, armed with the fullest powers by the native prince!

In 1842, Captain Keppel was ordered to the Malacca Straits, a station in which was included the island of Borneo, his principal duties being the protection of trade and suppression of piracy. While at Pinang (in the month of March), Captain Keppel received intimation from the governor of various acts of piracy having been committed near the Bornean coast on some native vessels trading to Singapore. He proceeded to that port, and, while undergoing a partial rest, he made the acquaintance of Mr. Brooke, who accepted his invitation to return to Sarawak in his ship the Dido.

During the short stay of Captain Keppel at Sarawak, and whilst preparations were being made for an expedition against the pirates, he made, in company with Mr. Brooke, a pleasant excursion up the river Sarawak. The whole party, including some native chiefs, consisted of about sixty persons, occupying, with provisions, &c., eight or ten boats. The scene presented to the travellers was most novel, and particularly fresh and beautiful. On one of their visits to the village of a tribe of Dyaks, they were received in a circular hall, hung round with hundreds of human heads, most of them dried with the skin and hair on, with small shells (the cowry) inserted where the eyes once were, and tufts of dried grass protruding from the ears.

"Of course the natives crowded round us; and I noticed that with these simple people it was much the same as with the more civilised, and that curiosity was strongest in the gentler sex; and again, that the young men came in more gorgeously dressed—wearing feathers, necklaces, armlets, earrings, bracelets, besides jackets of various-coloured silks and other varieties—than the older and wiser chiefs, who encumbered themselves with no more dress than what decency actually required, and were, moreover, treated with the greatest respect.

"We strolled about from house to house without causing the slightest alarm: in all we were welcomed, and invited to acquaint ourselves on their mats with the family. The women, who were some of them very good-looking, did not run from us, but laughed and chatted to us by signs in all the consciousness of innocence and virtue.

"We were fortunate in visiting these Dyaks during one of their grand festivals (called Maugut); and in the evening danc-

ing, singing, and drinking were going on in various parts of the village. In one house there was a grand *fête*, in which the women danced with the men. The dress of the women was simple and curious—a light jacket open in front, and a short petticoat not coming below the knees, fitting close, was hung round with jingling bits of brass, which kept 'making music' wherever they went. The movement was like all other native dances—graceful, but monotonous. There were four men, two of them bearing human skulls, and two the fresh heads of pigs; the women bore wax-lights, or yellow rice on brass dishes. They danced in line, moving backwards and forwards, and carrying the heads and dishes in both hands; the graceful part was the manner in which they half turned the body to the right and left, looking over their shoulders and holding the heads in the opposite direction, as if they were in momentary expectation of some one coming up behind to snatch the nasty relic from them. At times the women knelt down in a group, with the men leaning over them. After all, the music was not the only thing wanting to make one imagine oneself at the opera. The necklaces of the women were chiefly of teeth: bears' the most common—human the most prized.

"In an interior house at one end were collected the relics of the tribe. These consisted of several round-looking stones, two deers' heads, and other inferior trumpery. The stones turn black if the tribe is to be beaten in war, and red if to be victorious. Any one touching them would be sure to die; if lost, the tribe would be ruined.

"The account of the deers' heads is still more curious. A young Dyak having dreamed the previous night that he should become a great warrior, observing two deer swimming across the river, he killed them; a storm came on with thunder and lightning, and darkness came over the face of the earth; he died immediately, but came to life again, and became a *rumah guna* (literally a *useful house*) and chief of his tribe: the two deer still live, and remain to watch over the affairs of the tribe. These heads have descended from their ancestors from the time when they first became a tribe and inhabited the mountain (*Sarambo*). Food is always kept placed before them, and renewed from time to time.

"While in the circular building, a young chief seemed to take great pride in answering our interrogatories respecting different skulls which we took down from their hooks. Two belonged to chiefs of a tribe who had made a desperate defence; and judging from the incisions on the heads, each of which must have been mortal, it must have been a desperate affair. Among other trophies was half a head, the skull separated from across between the eyes, in the same manner that you would divide

that of a hare or rabbit to get at the brain—this was their division of the head of an old woman, which was taken when another (a friendly) tribe was present, who likewise claimed their half. I afterwards saw these tribes share a head. But the skulls, the account of which our informant appeared to dwell on with the greatest delight, were those which were taken while the owners were asleep—cubning with them being the perfection of warfare."—*Collected for the TRACTS, by W. E. H.*

THE STUDENT'S REVENGE.

A GERMAN TALE.

(Concluded from our last.)

CHAPTER IV.

ABOUT noon the following day, Friedrich solicited an interview with Madame de Marly, which was readily granted. In a resolute tone, but in a voice which occasionally trembled, he communicated to her his determination to return to his countrymen at Vienna, to participate in their political movements, and, above all, to seek out the minister's wife and her son, who must be languishing in the last stage of misery, if absolute destitution had not yet terminated their existence.

Madame de Marly heard the resolution with deep emotion. The noble spirit of the young enthusiast, with the utter absence of selfishness which pervaded his mind and conduct, had made a deep—too deep an impression on her heart; and she now, for the first time, felt the full danger of her position. Friedrich, too, had communed with his heart during the previous night, and the result of his rigid self-examination had contributed in no small degree to the formation of that unalterable resolution which he had announced to Madame de Marly. Duty to a benefactor, and duty to a confiding, though little sympathising husband, pointed on both sides to the only efficacious remedy in sure and perpetual separation.

And yet it was not without a severe struggle, and with a deep-drawn sigh, that Madame de Marly acceded to Friedrich's resolution; and promised to use her utmost influence with her husband to procure the removal of the legal impediment which opposed the young secretary's return to Vienna.

"I consent to this measure the more readily," she said, "because a piece of intelligence which I have it in my power to communicate to you removes the dangers which would otherwise encircle you on your return, by withdrawing you from the machinations of secret political associations, whose efforts are now hopeless. The emperor is

about to fortify his position by an alliance with your native country; and the Prince of Neuchâtel sets out to-morrow to wed the Archduchess of Austria in his name."

"Then, my poor country, thou art lost!" exclaimed Friedrich, in a tone of wild excitement. Bound in these chains of adamant, I lose all hope of thy regeneration."

"But in the pursuits of learning, to which you are so deeply devoted," said Madame de Marly, "you will find some compensation."

"Alas! there is a stronger motive still," murmured Friedrich: "those poor unfortunate!"

"Generous young man! your warm emotions shall be no longer frustrated. I will go this instant to the councillor, and entreat him to use his influence with the gentlemen of the Prince of Neuchâtel's suite to procure the removal of your sentence of proscription. He will not, I think, refuse me this favour, and the joyous occasion of the prince's journey will render the matter of easy attainment."

Friedrich threw himself at the feet of the lady, and, seizing her hand, covered it with kisses. "Angel of my life!" he exclaimed, and his emotion was so violent that he could not utter another word.

CHAPTER V.

THE Prince of Neuchâtel arrived at the metropolis of the Austrian dominions, and was received with all the pomp and splendour of an imperial ambassador approaching an imperial throne. Permission to return to Vienna was readily accorded to the poor student, Friedrich. The accession of strength which these nuptials would bring to the Austrian government rendered the secret machinations of the discontented spirits a mere feather-weight in the estimation of triumphant statesmanship; and the gratifying intelligence was communicated to Friedrich in the midst of public rejoicings.

At parting, Madame de Marly presented to Friedrich a small locket, of little value for the thin fragment of gold from which it was wrought, but priceless in his estimation, for it contained a tress of the dark and silken hair which adorned the beautiful head of his benefactress.

CHAPTER VI.

UPON his return to Vienna, Friedrich found, after much difficulty, the obscure and miserable abode in which, destitute of every comfort, and of most of the necessities of life, the minister's widow and her son were existing in the last stage of want and misery.

Friedrich pressed their trembling and emaciated forms to his bosom, as he exclaimed: "Courage! The God whom the

good man, who is departed, worshipped in spirit and in truth, has not deserted you, but has permitted my return from exile to render back to you a portion of the benevolence with which he covered me like a shower!"

The mute eloquence of eyes starting from their sockets, and mouths wide opened through astonishment, and gasping for breath, was their sole reply.

Friedrich sought and obtained abundant employment. The alliance formed between the reigning powers of France and Austria, and the enlargement of Friedrich's sphere of thought, consequent upon a more extended course of reading and knowledge of mankind, withdrew him from the range of the secret associations which still existed in Vienna, and the relaxation of his leisure hours was divided by that passion for music which may be said to be inherent in every true *Deutschlender*, by secretly gazing at the precious relic which spoke of Madame de Marly's sympathy, nay, of a more tender feeling still, by contemplating the precious charge which he believed the pious minister had confided to his keeping, and expending on them the inexhaustible treasures of kindest and most considerate treatment,—in which alone consisted the STUDENT'S REVENGE.

MEILDENVOLD.

A PERSONAL REMINISCENCE.

WHILE in Germany, I resided some months in a town which is the seat of one of the minor universities. Being at that time rather poor, I engaged apartments, in a lonely house, a considerable way beyond the suburbs. Its occupants, besides myself, were an old man and his wife, to whom it belonged, and a person of the name of Meildenvold, who was studying medicine. He lived in a very retired and singular way. However, as both he and I boarded as well as lodged with the landlord, a certain degree of intimacy soon took place between us. I quickly discovered that my companion was no common character. In him reserved manners and a melancholy deportment were combined with a wildness and extravagance of ideas that sometimes almost approximated to madness. His conversation was abrupt, and had nothing of common-place; for he never talked except when excited to do so by some emotion; and he often made dark allusions, and expressed thoughts and opinions of such a mysterious and startling nature, that they seemed almost superhuman. He evidently avoided society as much as possible, never going into town except to attend the lectures, and always returning home as soon as they were over.

In addition to his apartments in the house,

he occasionally occupied a small detached building about twenty yards off. He kept the key of this place himself, and never allowed any one to enter its walls, within which he regularly shut himself at an early hour on a certain night every week, and remained in seclusion till the middle of the succeeding day. When he came forth he was always haggard, ghastly, and dejected; but notwithstanding this, he never failed to commence writing very busily, and to continue doing so often for several hours together. He then seemed relieved, and resumed his usual habits and appearance till the mysterious evening returned.

My curiosity was excited, and the more so as my companion showed every disinclination to gratify it, and repelled my hints and inquiries in the most decided manner. I also felt an interest in the young man, who evidently was in a declining state of health and very unhappy. I had since, too, when passing the out-building, caught a glimpse of its interior, and seen some objects of an extraordinary kind, among which was a board covered with black cloth, and placed against the wall in a sloping direction, and clamped at its lower end to prevent it from sliding forwards. There was also a large trough full of water, and a number of phials and some chemical apparatus.

One night I had continued reading to a later hour than usual; the host and hostess had both retired to rest, and everything was quiet and solitary around me. On accidentally looking out, I observed a faint light glimmering in Meildenvold's secret apartment, and recollected that the young man's period of seclusion had commenced that evening. Impelled by irresistible curiosity, I resolved to ascertain how my friend was employed. I left my apartment, and proceeded cautiously towards the small building, though the darkness prevented any chance of my being discovered. On reaching it, I found that the windows were so high above the ground that I could not raise myself sufficiently to see through them without climbing up the walls. This I accomplished with some difficulty, and at length obtained a view of the interior of the apartment. It was lighted by one lamp, which was hung from the roof, and the form of Meildenvold lay immediately under it, on the board already mentioned. He was habited in a white dressing-gown, and looked pale, stiff, and ghastly; his eyes, though only half closed, being dim, and fixed in their sockets. I thought him dying or dead, and my first impulse was to force open the door and hasten to his assistance; but on observing things more attentively, I became almost convinced, from the state of the apartment and the position of Meildenvold, that his insensibility was the effect of design. I therefore continued to watch the body, which exhibited no symptoms of life,

though the faint flickering of the lamp sometimes almost deceived me into the idea that it moved, and that the countenance began to acquire animation.

I waited half an hour, but still no change took place. I then descended to the ground, irresolute whether to remain any longer, or to return to the house and call up the landlord, and make him break open the door, which was locked inside. But I reflected that I had no right to force myself into the private haunt of any one, even for a good purpose, and therefore sought my own apartment again, and went to bed—though not to sleep, for the death-like form of my friend occupied my mind constantly; and in the morning I got up, expecting to learn that Meildenvold was no longer in life. The day advanced to noon without his appearing; but this circumstance passed unnoticed by the host, because it had nothing unusual in it. I, however, was in a state of anxious trepidation, and at length determined to ascertain the fate of my friend by personal inquiry. On leaving my room, which opened into a large passage, I saw Meildenvold at one end of it, and started back, almost doubting the reality of the object before me. The young man hurried past me without speaking, and entered his own chamber and shut the door, though I called after him, and asked how he did.

Things went on as usual till the recurrence of Meildenvold's night of retirement, when he shut himself up in the same manner, and at the same hour, as formerly. I was desirous of knowing whether or not my friend would have another lethargic fit, and likewise of witnessing its commencement. I therefore went to the building as soon as the lateness of the hour enabled me to elude observation. I mounted the wall with a palpitating heart, and looked into the apartment. There was Meildenvold stretched out in the guise of death, and everything around him in the same state as before. I gazed upon him a few moments, and then, from a sudden impulse, forced my way through the window, and leaped upon the floor, and advanced cautiously towards the body, fearing lest I should awake it from its torpid state; however, this seemed almost impossible, for the surface was cold, the pulsation of the heart scarcely perceptible, and the breathing very feeble and protracted.

I now observed that the window was so high above the floor that I could not reach it, and make my egress in the same way that I had entered; for the wall was too smooth to be climbed, and the apartment did not contain any piece of furniture upon which I could elevate myself. The door was locked inside, but the key had been removed. I found myself a prisoner, and strolled about the chamber in a most uncomfortable state of feeling. The midnight hour, the loneliness of the place, the mysterious condition

of my friend, and the ghastly appearance of his body, as seen in the glimmering of a dim and unsteady light, excited an undefined awe and apprehension. I wished my friend would revive; yet I almost feared to encounter him, conscious as I was of having acted the spy, and viewed him in a situation which he evidently desired should be a secret one.

But, in the midst of these reflections, my attention was drawn to the lamp, which seemed on the point of going out. I stepped upon the edge of the platform, for the purpose of trimming it, but, while doing so, the wick dropped into the oil, and the flame was instantaneously smothered. The darkness which succeeded was nearly total, and I remained fixed in the same spot for several minutes, but when my eyes became accustomed to the obscurity, I began to discern the platform and the white dress of Meldevold. I seated myself in one end of the apartment, resolving to await patiently the issue of the adventure in which I had imprudently involved myself.

It was not till the lapse of three hours that Meldevold began to give signs of returning sensation. I heard a succession of deep-drawn sighs, and soon after saw my friend raise himself up and lean his head upon his hand. He gradually gained an erect position, and staggered across the room, and the next moment a loud plunge took place. He arose from the bath in a state of complete resuscitation, and appeared, for the first time, to observe that the lamp was extinguished. Seizing a tinder-box, he struck a light, and I stood disclosed before him. His astonishment was great, but it soon yielded to displeasure, and he demanded angrily to what cause he owed such an untimely visit. I dealt sincerely with him, and related the origin and progress of my curiosity, and explained how I had gained admission into his private retreat. Meldevold was appeased; "And yet," said he, after a short silence, "why should I refuse to explain the scene you have just witnessed, for it has nothing of guilt in it? I am only sacrificing my health and life to intellectual enjoyments; and health and life may surely be used at pleasure by one so disuniting from the world as I am. You must know, that some years ago I accidentally discovered that certain plants possess peculiar powers over the mind and body, emancipating, as it were, the former from the thralldom of the latter, and enabling those who know how to employ them to enter, for a time, into an existence almost purely spiritual. You see on that table various preparations of the hemlock, foxglove, deadly nightshade, and other narcotic herbs. I am in the habit of occasionally using these to produce the effects I have described; and you have recently become under their influence." It would be impossible now to go into particulars; but

you must be convinced, from what you observed while I lay on the platform, that my body was then the seat of the simplest powers of animal life only; in short, that my spiritual part had fled, or, at least, had lost all sympathy or connection whatever with my corporeal. At present I have no recollection of anything during that period; but a short time hence, a flood of ideas and images of the most vivid, wonderful, and tremendous description, will rush upon my mind, and bear evidence that I have partaken of a superhuman state of existence. Many of these I have recorded in a book, with the contents of which I may perhaps one day make you acquainted. I will tell you more when we next meet; but, in the meantime, I wish to be left alone."

He unlocked the door of the room, and I departed. In the course of a few days I did not fail to remind Meldevold of the promise he had made to disclose to me some of his mysterious secrets; however, he for a long time deferred doing so, on various pretexts; at length he fixed a night for this purpose, and it was agreed that I should come to his apartment at a certain hour.

I had gone into town, as usual, on the morning of the preceding day, and some circumstances occurred to detain me there all night, and likewise till the afternoon of the evening on which I was to meet my friend. My business being finished, I hurried homewards, and arrived there just as the hour of rendezvous was tolled by the bell of a neighbouring cathedral. All was quiet in the mansion, and I hastened up stairs to Meldevold's apartment, but found no one in it, nor any fire nor lights, nor any marks of its having recently been occupied. After my first sensations of astonishment had subsided, I thought it possible that I might have misunderstood my friend, and that my own apartment was to be the place of meeting. I hastened there, but saw no traces of Meldevold. I strolled from one room to the other in a state of perturbation and vague alarm, and at a loss what conclusions to form.

At length I determined to seek Meldevold in his private apartment. I crossed the court-yard and gained it in an instant, and, on looking in, saw him extended, as usual, on the couch; but, if possible, more pale and inanimate than on any other former occasion. I did not scruple to enter through the window; but, on approaching and examining the body, I found, to my horror and astonishment, that life had entirely departed! Those accustomed to the aspect of death never mistake it. The stiff limbs, sharp features, and frozen physiognomy of Meldevold, showed that life would never revisit his frame, and that he had fallen a victim to the influences of experimental philosophy, and to a love of imaginative existence. I had scarcely re-

covered from the shock of this discovery, when I began to look for the manuscripts which my friend had mentioned; but my search proved ineffectual. I immediately roused the host, and announced the death of my fellow-lodger. His remains were interred privately; for he had left no clue that could lead to a knowledge of his relations or connections, or even afford grounds for supposing that he had any.

ENGL.

THE ACTOR AND THE EMPEROR.

A RUSSIAN TALE.

FROGERE had been a comic actor, of no very great celebrity, in Paris. He went to Russia, where he became the favourite and the intimate associate of the Emperor Paul. Easy and pleasant as was the friendship which subsisted between these two personages, it once happened that the actor was provided with leisure and opportunity for considering the important question,—Whether it be altogether prudent or safe to make very free indeed with an “Emperor of all the Russias?”

At supper, one evening, at the emperor’s table, some one present took occasion to pay the illustrious host a compliment at the expense of Peter the Great. The emperor, turning to Frogere, said:

“This is really robbing Peter to pay Paul, ’tis hardly fair, is it, Frogere?”

“Quite the reverse, sire,” replied the actor; “for the reputation your majesty will leave behind you will hardly tempt any one to rob Paul in return.”

Now, though this was almost as good a thing as any one need wish to say, it somehow happened that his majesty did not appear in the least tickled by it; and as his majesty did not condescend to honour it with his imperial laugh, no one else could presume to notice it by such a symptom of approbation. In fact, the joke, with all its merit, was a total failure.

After a short time the emperor withdrew, and the company separated. Frogere retired to his own apartment.

It was the middle of a Russian winter. In the dead of the night Frogere was aroused by a loud knocking at his chamber-door. He arose and opened it, and, greatly to his astonishment, an officer, accompanied by four soldiers armed to the teeth, entered the room. Frogere, having no reason to expect such a visit, naturally concluded that the officer, an old acquaintance of his, who had had the honour of being of the emperor’s party in the early part of the evening, had mistaken his room for that of some other person. Alas! he was speedily convinced that there was no mistake, but that the untimely and alarming visit was indeed to him. The officer exhibited the emperor’s warrant

for his arrest, and his immediate banishment to Siberia!

The effect produced on him by this terrible announcement may be more easily conceived than described. The idea of a trip to Siberia has shaken firmer nerves than those of poor Frogere. He wept—he screamed—he knelt—he tore his hair. What crime had he committed to draw down upon him so heavy a punishment? Could he not obtain a short delay?—of a day—a few hours only—merely, then, till he could see the emperor, that he might throw himself at his majesty’s feet?

His supplications were in vain; the emperor’s commands were precise and peremptory. All that the unfortunate man could obtain from the officer, was just sufficient delay to enable him to throw a small quantity of clothes and linen into a trunk; and, having done this, he was led forth.

A carriage, guarded by a sufficiently strong body of cavalry, was in waiting; and, more dead than alive, he was lifted into it; a soldier, armed with a brace of pistols, and a sabre drawn, taking his seat on each side of him. The officer having seen that the windows of the carriage were carefully closed, so as to prevent the prisoner’s communicating with any one from without, headed the cavalcade, gave the word, and they started, at a brisk trot, on their formidable journey.

How long they had travelled till they made their first halt the prisoner knew not, for he was in total darkness, and his guards were dumb to all his inquiries; but, reckoning time by his sighs, and groans, and lamentations, it seemed to him an eternity.

At length the carriage-door was opened. It was broad day; but he was not long permitted to enjoy the blessed light of the sun, for he was almost instantly blindfolded, and in that state led into a miserable hovel. Here the bandage was removed from his eyes, and he found himself in a small room, the windows of which being closed, was dimly lighted by a solitary torch. Some coarse food was placed on a rough wooden table, and signs were made to him that he should eat. But a few hours ago he was reveling amidst the splendour and enjoying the luxuries of a palace, princes the partakers of his pleasures, a mighty potentate his boon companion. Now—disgraced; a banished and forlorn man, a wretched shed for his resting-place, his fare so little tempting, he would not yesterday have offered it to a starving mendicant, surrounded by faces which, for the sympathy he would have implored, struck hopelessness into his soul as he did but look upon them; a traveller on a dreary journey, which, when ended, no tongue should say him “welcome,” nor should he rejoice as he should utter—“Here will be my dwelling!”

Siberia! In that one word seemed to him to be concentrated all of human suf-

fering; and, as he wildly paced the mud floor of the comfortless apartment, no sound escaped his lips, save only—"Siberia—Siberia!"

His despair was, to some extent, relieved by the entrance of the friendly officer. Frogere was about to rush into his arms, but a slight movement of the hand, and a look of withering sternness, sufficiently convinced him that such a demonstration of friendship was not very cordially desired by the other party. He prepared to speak, but a finger on the lip constrained him to silence.

"Frogere," said the officer, in an under tone; "Frogere, here we part, the officer who will take charge of you to the next station is in attendance. Tell me, what can I—And yet I hardly dare. The emperor's commands are not to be disobeyed with impunity, and should it be discovered that I—No matter, to serve an old friend I will run the hazard of my disobedience. Tell me, then, what can I do for you on my return to Moscow?"

Frogere burst into tears, and, instead of replying directly to the friendly inquiry, he indulged in wild acclamations on the severity of the punishment for a crime, the nature of which he had yet to learn.

His companion looked at him with amazement.

"Yet to learn! Are you mad, Frogere? surely you are, and you must have been (as we all thought you) mad last night, or you never would have ventured that bitter sarcasm." And he added, in a still lower voice: "the more keenly felt, as it was not altogether destitute of truth."

"Good heavens! and it is for a trifle like that that I am to be—?"

"This is no time, Frogere, to waste in words. The emperor, as you well know, is implacable in his resentments: you cannot hope for pardon; so make up your mind to bear your punishment like a man, and tell me what I can do for you at Moscow."

But the mind of the traveller was too bewildered to think upon any other service his friend might render him, than the only one which he could not perform for him. He could think of nothing—he could think of nobody.

"Then," said his friend, "I must think for you, and I must act for you. Should you properly escape confinement, I will deposit it in safe hands, and on your return you can claim it."

"My return! Am I not banished for life? Is there, then, a hope that—?"

"For life?" interrupted the officer, "do you imagine you are banished for life? Ha! ha! ha! no wonder, then, you are so grieved at your departure. No, my dear friend; and happy am I to be the means of pouring consolation into your bosom. Courage, courage, my dear Frogere; thirty years are soon past, and then—"

"Thirty years!" groaned the luckless jester.

But there was no time for farther conversation. The fresh escort was in readiness; and the eyes of the victim having been bandaged as before, he was replaced in the carriage. The blinds were again carefully closed, the word to proceed was given, and away went the cavalcade, much faster than was agreeable to at least one of the party.

For many hours poor Frogere rode on in total darkness, and in silence unbroken but by his own unavailing lamentations. At length the party stopped. He underwent the same ceremonies as before, his eyes were bandaged, he was led out of the vehicle; and when he was permitted the use of sight, he found himself in another miserable hut, dimly lighted by the flickering glare of two or three burning twigs of the fir-tree. Here another repast was presented to him, and when he had partaken of it the escort was relieved by a party of fresh men, and again was he hurried forward on his journey.

As nearly as he could guess, he had travelled three nights and three days, with occasional halts, always attended by similar circumstances, when, on the night of the third day, again they halted. His eyes were bound, but, instead of being allowed to walk, he was carried in the arms of his guards, till he found himself placed on a wooden bench. Here he was left for several minutes, wondering why the bandage was not removed as usual. Presently he heard an indistinct whispering. Footsteps approached him. His hands were suddenly seized, and bound firmly together. He tremblingly asked the reason of this proceeding. No answer was returned. Rapidly, but silently, the upper part of his dress was loosened, and his neck laid bare. His heart sank within him. He began to doubt whether it was intended he should end his mortal journey by taking so cold a place as Siberia in the way. A word of command was given, and he heard the clank of musketry. The word was given to march! He was carried forward in the arms of four men; and, as they proceeded, he heard the regular tramp of many footsteps before him and behind. "Halt!" He was placed on a seat—his hands were unbound—the bandage was removed from his eyes—and he found himself—

At the very same place, of the very same table, in the same apartment, where he had cut his unlucky joke, the same persons being present, with the emperor at their head.

His wild look of terror, astonishment, and doubt, was greeted with a loud shout of laughter, and Frogere fainted.

This had been a sort of Tony Lumpkin's journey, for he had merely been driven backwards and forwards the distance of about half-a-dozen miles on the same road; and

though, computed by the standard of his own melancholy sensations, the time had appeared much longer, he had, in fact, been absent for but little more than four-and-twenty hours—the emperor, in disguise, being present at each of the stoppages.

Though this was but a *trick*, the anguish and the sufferings of the object of it were *real*, and the consequence was a severe illness, from which it was long before poor *Progere* recovered.

Some time after this, the actor was supping with the “merry monarch,” whilst at the same hour, a *trick* was preparing of which Paul himself was to be the *butt*. Not long had they separated when the palace was alarmed. *Progere*, with several others, rushed to the emperor’s apartments, and there lay the imperial joker—a murdered corse!

REMARKABLE CASES OF FRAUD AND IMPOSTURE. ●

No. XXXIII.—BOOK FOURTH.

In the middle of the year 1826, M Chabert, “the celebrated continental salamander,” commenced his performances in London. *The Times* of the 8th of June thus described his first appearance:—

“*Hot! Hot! ALL HOT!*—Monsieur Chabert exhibited his power in withstanding the operation of the fiery element, at White Conduit Gardens, yesterday evening. In the first instance, he refreshed himself with a hearty meal of *phosphorus*, which was, at his own request, supplied to him very liberally by several of his visitors, who were previously unacquainted with him. He washed down this infernal fare with solutions of arsenic and oxalic acid, thus throwing into the back-ground the long-established fame of *Mithridates*.* He next swallowed with great *goût* several spoonfuls of boiling oil, and, as a dessert to this delicate repast, helped himself with his naked hand to a considerable quantity of molten lead. M Chabert also offered to swallow prussic acid, perhaps the most powerful of known poisons, the effect of which is instantaneous if any good-natured person could furnish him with a quantity of it. During the period when this part of the entertainment (if

entertainment it can be called) was going on, an oven, about six feet by seven, was heated. For an hour and a quarter large quantities of faggots were burnt in it, until at length it was hot enough for the bed-chamber of his satanic majesty. ‘O for a muse of *fire*!’ to describe what followed. M. Chabert, who seems to be a piece of living asbestos, entered this stove, accompanied by a rump-steak and a leg of lamb, when the heat was at about 220. He remained there, in the first instance, for ten minutes, till the steak was properly done, conveying all the time with the company through a tin tube, placed in an orifice formed in the sheet-iron door of the oven. Having swallowed a cup of tea, and having seen that the company had done justice to the meat he had already cooked, he returned to his fiery den, and continued there until the lamb was properly done. This joint was devoured with such avidity by the spectators, as leads us to believe that, had M. Chabert himself been sufficiently baked, they would have proceeded to a Caribbean banquet.”

The *Morning Chronicle* account is still more full and explicit. We extract some portion of it. “M. Chabert poured nitric acid upon metallic filings, mixed, we suppose, with sulphur, to form pyrites; these he suffered fairly to ignite in the palm of his hand, and retained the burning mass some time, although a small quantity ignited in our hand quickly made us glad to plunge it into water. M Chabert then deliberately rubbed a hot shovel over his skin, through his hair, and finally upon his tongue. The next feat was that of swallowing boiling oil. We tried the thermometer in the oil, and found it rose to 310 degrees. M. Chabert swallowed a few table-spoonfuls of this burning liquid, which perhaps may have cooled to about 320 degrees, between the taking the oil from the saucepan and the putting it into his mouth. A gentleman in the company came forward, and, dropping lighted sealing-wax upon M Chabert’s tongue, took the impression of his seal. This, we suppose, is what is called *sealing a man’s mouth*.”

Deceptions such as the above were employed in ancient times. When the slaves in Sicily, about a century and a half before our era, made a formidable insurrection, and avenged themselves in a cruel manner for the severities which they had suffered, there was amongst them a Syrian named Euxus, a man of great craft and courage, who, having passed through many scenes of life, had become acquainted with a variety of arts. He pretended to have immediate communication with the gods, was the oracle and leader of his fellow-slaves, and, as is usual on such occasions, confirmed his divine mission by miracles. When heated by enthusiasm and desirous of inspiring his followers with courage, he breathed flames or sparks among them from his mouth

* *Mithridates* the Seventh, surnamed the *Great*, king of Pontus, was full of ambition, cruelty, and artifice. Lempiere says that he fortified his constitution by drinking antidotes against the poison with which his enemies at court attempted to destroy him. After some years’ reign his subjects revolted from him, and made his son Pharnaces king. The son showed himself ungrateful to his father, which treatment broke the heart of *Mithridates*. He attempted to poison himself, but in vain, the frequent antidotes he had taken in the early part of his life are said to have prevented the poison from performing its usual deadly office.

while he was addressing them. By the same art, the Rabbi Bar-Cocheba, in the reign of the Emperor Hadrian, made the credulous Jews believe that he was the hoped-for Messiah.

"I am not acquainted," says Prof. Beckmann, "with every thing that concerns the trial by ordeal, when persons accused were obliged to prove their innocence by holding in their hands red-hot iron; but I am almost convinced that this was a juggling trick of the priests, which they employed as might best suit their views. It is well known that this mode of exculpation was allowed only to weak persons, who were unfit to wield arms, and particularly to monks and ecclesiastics, to whom, for the sake of their security, that by single combat was forbidden. The trial itself took place in the church, entirely under the inspection of the clergy: mass was celebrated at the same time; the defendant and the iron were consecrated by being sprinkled with holy water; the clergy made the iron hot themselves, and they used all their preparatives as jugglers do many motions, only to divert the attention of the spectators. It was necessary that the accused persons should remain at least three days and three nights under their immediate care, and continue as long after. They covered their hands both before and after the proof; sealed and unsealed the covering; the former, as they pretended, to prevent the hands from being prepared anyhow by art, and the latter to see if they were burnt."

GARDEN FLOWERS.

SOME of the flowers introduced into our gardens, and now cultivated either on account of their beauty or the pleasantness of their smell, have been procured from plants which grew wild, and which have been improved by the art of the gardener. The greater part of them, however, came originally from distant countries. Though we often find mention of flowers in the works of the Greeks and Romans, it appears that they were contented with those which grew in their own neighbourhood. We do not think that they ever took the trouble to form gardens for the particular purpose of rearing in them foreign flowers or plants. The modern taste for flowers came from Persia to Constantinople and was imported thence to Europe, for the first time, in the sixteenth century. The new plants brought from America by the travellers who then began frequently to visit that continent, tended to increase the stock. As this taste for flowers has gradually increased, prevailing more at

present than at any former period, a short history of some of the objects of it may not be disagreeable, perhaps, to many of our readers.

Simon de Tovar, a Spanish physician, brought the tube-rose to Europe before the year 1594, from the East Indies, where it grows wild in Java and Ceylon, and sent some roots of it to Bernard Palludanus, who first made the flower publicly known in his "Annotations on Linschoten's Voyages." The full tube-roses were first procured from seed by one Le Cour, at Leyden, who kept them scarce for some years, by destroying the roots, that they might not become common.

The auricula grows wild among the long moss covered with snow, on the Lower Alps of Switzerland and Steyermark, whence it was brought to our gardens, where, by art, it has produced abundant varieties.

The common fritillary, or chequered lily, was first observed in some parts of England, France, Hungary, &c., and introduced into gardens about the middle of the sixteenth century. It had the name of fritillary given to it because the red or reddish-brown spots of the flower form regular squares, much like those of a chess-board. The roots of the magnificent crown imperial lily were, about the same time, brought from Persia to Constantinople, and were carried thence to the emperor's garden at Vienna, from which they were dispersed all over Europe. The Persian lily was known also at the same period. The bulbs or roots were brought from Susa to Constantinople.

African and French marigolds were, according to some authors, brought from Africa to Europe, at the time when the Emperor Charles the Fifth carried his arms against Tunis. This, however, is impossible; for these plants are indigenous in South America, and were known to botanists before that period.

A beautiful ornament of our gardens is the belladonna lily, the flower of which, composed of six petals, is of a deep-red colour, and in a strong light has an agreeable yellow lustre like gold. The first roots of it ever seen in Europe were procured in 1593, on board a ship which had returned from South America, by Simon de Tovar, the physician of Seville.

Of the comprehensive genus ranunculus, florists have obtained innumerable different kinds; for, according to the manner in which they are distinguished by gardeners, the varieties are infinite and increase almost every summer, as those with half-full flowers bear seed which produce plants that from time to time yield new kinds that exhibit greater or uncommon beauties. The principal part of them, however, and those most esteemed, were brought to us from the Levant. This flower was in the highest repute during the time of Mahommed IV. His Grand Vicer.

* History of Inventions, Discoveries, and Origins Vol. II. p. 123.—Francis and Griffiths edit.

Cara Mustapha, well known by his hatred against the Christians and the siege of Vienna in 1683, wishing to turn the sultan's thoughts to some milder amusement than that of the chase, for which he had a strong passion, diverted his attention to flowers; and as he remarked that the emperor preferred the ranunculus to all others, he wrote to the different pachas throughout the whole kingdom to send him seeds or roots of the most beautiful kinds. The pachas of Candia, Cyprus, Aleppo, and Rhodes, paid most regard to this request; and the elegant flowers which they transmitted to court were shut up in the seraglio as unfortunate offerings to the voluptuousness of the sultan, till some of them, by the force of money, were at length freed from their imprisonment. The ambassadors, from the European courts in particular, made it their business to procure roots of as many kinds as they could, which they sent to their different sovereigns. Marseilles, which at that period carried on the greatest trade to the Levant, received on this account these flowers very early; and a person there, of the name of Malaval, is said to have contributed very much to disperse them all over Europe.

The varied and social pelargoniums (commonly called geraniums), which, from their capability of living in the confined air of rooms, almost form a part of the household furniture in this country. They are nearly all members of the Cape of Good Hope. A large number, however, of those with which we are familiar are not distinct species, but mere varieties. Geraniums were first introduced into this country at the end of the seventeenth century. Pelargoniums differ from geraniums principally in the irregularity of their flowers, their shrubby stems, and tubular nectaries.

The dahlia is an universal favourite; its exquisite symmetry, when perfect, and the size of its flowers, rendering it one of the most beautiful of our garden plants. It is generally stated to have been introduced by Lady Holland in 1804, but it was introduced many years before that period, and was only brought from Madrid by Lady Holland, who apparently did not know that it was already in the country. The first species of dahlia known to Europeans was *D. superba*; it was discovered in Mexico by Humboldt, in 1789, and sent to the Botanic Garden at Madrid, who named the genus in honour of the Swedish professor Dahl. Professor Cavandish, of Madrid, sent a plant of it to the Marchioness of Bute. From this species nearly all the varieties known in our gardens have been raised. There are now in England about twelve species, including innumerable varieties.

The calceolarias are natives of South America. Their great variety has rendered them especial favourites. They abound in Chili and Peru. The name is derived from

calceolus, from the resemblance of the corolla (the coloured part of the flower) to a slipper. In 1820, half-a-dozen species only were known in this country. During the next ten or twelve years five or six more species were introduced from Chili. Innumerable hybrids are now raised every year, varying in colour through every possible shade of crimson, brown, orange, purple, pink, and yellow: there are now one or two of a pure white colour.

Of the introduction of the fuchsia, Mr. Shepherd, of the Botanical Garden at Liverpool, has given the following account:—“Old Mr. Lee, a nurseryman and gardener near London, well known fifty or sixty years ago, was one day showing his variegated treasures to a friend, who suddenly turned to him and declared, ‘Well, you have not in your collection a prettier flower than I saw this morning at Wapping.’—‘No! and pray what was this phoenix like?’—‘Why, the plant was elegant, and the flowers hung in rows like tassels from the pendent branches, their colour the richest crimson, in the centre a fold of deep purple,’ and so forth. Particular directions being demanded and given, Mr. Lee posted off to Wapping, where he at once perceived that the plant was new in this part of the world. He saw and admired. Entering the house, he said: ‘My good woman, this is a nice plant; I should like to buy it.’—‘Ah, sir, I could not sell it for no money, for it was brought me from the West Indies by my husband, who has now left again, and I must keep it for his sake.’—‘But I must have it!’—‘No, sir!’—‘Here’ (emptying his pocket)—‘here are gold, silver, copper’ (his stock was something more than eight guineas).—‘Well-a-day, but this is a power of money, sure and sure.’—‘Tis yours, and the plant is mine; and, my good dame, you shall have one of the first young ones I rear to keep for your husband’s sake.’—‘Alack, alack!’—‘You shall, I say, by Jove!’—A coach was called, in which was safely deposited our florist and his seemingly dear purchase. His first work was to pull off and destroy every vestige of blossom and blossom-bud: it was divided into cuttings, which were forced into hawk-beds and hot-beds, were redivided and subdivided. Every effort was used to multiply the plant. By the commencement of the next flowering season, Mr. Lee was the delighted possessor of 300 fuchsia plants, all giving promise of blossom. The two which opened first were removed into his show-house. A lady came. ‘Why, Mr. Lee, my dear Mr. Lee, where did you get this charming flower?’—‘Hm!’—‘Is a new thing, my lady—pretty, is it not?’—‘Pretty!’—‘Is lovely. Its price?’—‘A guinea, thank your ladyship,’ and one of the two plants stood proudly in her ladyship’s boudoir.—‘My dear Charlotte! where did you get it?’ &c.—‘Oh! ’tis a new thing; I saw it at old Lee’s. Pretty,

your carpet, and beat it out with the dolly; afterward, wash it in as many different clean waters as it may require. In the last rinsing water put a table-spoonful of oil of vitriol; it will brighten the colours, and make the carpet look clear, especially where reds and greens are in it.

POPULAR PASTIMES.

SOLUTIONS TO THE ENIGMA, CHARADES, CONUNDRUMS, ETC., IN OUR LAST.

ANSWERS TO CHARADES.

- 1.—Battle-axe.
2.—Assassination.

ANSWERS TO ANAGRAMS.

- 1.—Minister.
2.—Venerable.
3.—Instrument.
4.—Orange.
5.—Bernard.
6.—Administrator.

- 7.—Fatigue.
8.—Anagram.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA.

- 1.—Deer.

ANSWERS TO MIDDLES.

- 1.—Eaton.
2.—Cornwall.
3.—Cambridge.
4.—Deer-Head.

MEN'S CHRISTIAN NAMES ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

- 1.—A part of a bridge, a vowel, and destitute of hair.
- 2.—A young sheep (beheaded), and a flower.
- 3.—Three-fourths of boud, a vowel, and a part of yourself.
- 4.—A musical instrument (curtailed), and aged.
- 5.—Three-fourths of an English county, and a tree.
- 6.—A spear, and fortune.
- 7.—The king of beasts, and a measure (curtailed).
- 8.—To injure, two-thirds of a month, and a title.
- 9.—A female's name (curtailed), and a metal.
- 10.—A tree, and the eighteenth letter of the alphabet.
- 11.—To move with the feet, and a fowl.
- 12.—A fish, and four-sixths of a female's name.

H. MAYER.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

- 1.—In the Irishman's tale there is a county, I ween,
Which, when deprived of its tail, likewise
of its head,
A word of few letters straightway will be
seen,
That tells what all do until they are dead.
- 2.—What country, beheaded and curtailed,
will name a liquor?
- 8.—What personage, beheaded and transposed,
will name a spirit?
- 4.—What country, curtailed, will name a
coin?
- 5.—What country, curtailed, will name a
part of yourself?
- 6.—What grain, beheaded and transposed,
will signify betime?
- 7.—What fence, curtailed and inverted, will
denote a profession?

H. MAYER.

ENTIMAS

1.—I am a word of five letters, signifying a belief; reverse me, and I am still the same.

2.—My whole is a cavern; transpose me and I am a man's nickname; transpose me again, and you will come to a conclusion.

J. W. R.

CHARADES.

- 1.—My first gives rise to joy and mirth,
And oft to sorrow giveth birth;
Remark the wide contrast:
'Tis said it was in heaven framed,
But when on earth you hear it named,
Then look out for my last.

My last is used by prince and peasant;
'Tis often granted as a present—
Token of love or pride:
It even royalty adorns—

'Tis sometimes used by her who mourns,
And always by a bride.

If you would know my whole, attend
My first, where father, husband, friend,
The new-made bride surround.
Though some there be inclined to doubt
me,

She can't be made a bride without me,
So there I'm always found.

J. MARSHALL.

2.—I consist of 14 letters.—My 12, 14, 11, 10 is a constellation; my 10, 7, 5, 14 is a fragrant flower; my 3, 11, 2, 4, 9, 13 is a man's name; my 10, 4, 8, 14, 10 is a stream of water; my 8, 7, 8, 9 is a bird; my 5, 4, 13, 8, 14, 10 is a metal; my 14, 11, 10, 13 is a title of nobility; my 7, 13, 4, 8, 9 is the emblem of peace; any my whole is something not to be found out.

JAMES F.

FACTS AND SCRAPS.

AMERICAN WIT.—A reverend divine—no other than Dr. Channing—was one day paying toll, when he perceived a notice of gun, rum, tobacco, &c., on a board which bore a strong resemblance to a grave-stone. "I am glad to see," said the doctor to the girl who received the toll, "that you have been burying those things."—"And if we had," said the girl, "I don't doubt you would have gone chief-mourner."—Some young men, travelling on horseback among the White Mountains, became inordinately thirsty, and stopped for milk at a house by the road-side. They emptied every basin that was offered, and still wanted more. The woman of the house at length brought an enormous bowl of milk, and set it down on the table, saying, "One would think, gentlemen, you had never been weaned."—Of the same kind was the reply made by a gentleman of Virginia to a silly question by a lady. "Who made the Natural Bridge?" "God knows, madam."

SARCASM OF THE LATE REV. R. HALL.

—When discussing one day the necessity of church reform with a clergyman, who, after being educated by the Dissenters, obtained a communion of the purity of the Established Church, and a lucrative living within her pale, at the same time, Mr. Hall illustrated this kind of logical process in a way unsurpassed in the history of sarcasm. This gentleman's constant refuge, when hard driven by the arguments of Mr. Hall, was, "I can't see it,"—"I don't see it,"—"I can't see that at all." At last, Mr. Hall took a letter from his pocket, and wrote on the back of it with his pencil in small letters the word "God." "Do you see that?" "Yes." He then covered it with a piece of gold. "Do you see it now?" "No." "I must wish you good morning, sir," said Hall, and left him to his meditations.

A HAPPY REPORTE.—Bishop Atterbury happened to say, in the House of Lords, while speaking on a certain bill then under discussion, that "he had prophesied last winter this bill would be attempted in the present session; and he was sorry to find he had proved a true prophet." My Lord Coningsby, who spoke after the bishop, and always spoke in a passion, desired the house to remark, that one of the right reverends had set himself forth as a prophet; but, for his part, he did not know what prophet to liken him to, unless to that furious prophet, Balaam, who was reproved by his own ass." Atterbury, in reply, with great wit and calmness, exposed this rude attack, concluding thus. "Since the noble lord has discovered, in our manners such a similitude, I am well content to be compared to the prophet Balaam; but, my lords, I am at a loss how to make out the other part of the parallel; I am sure that I have been reproved by nobody but his lordship."

DEATH OF HENRY II. OF FRANCE.—From the moment he received his wound, Henry felt that his earthly career was terminated; and soon after he had been carried to his chamber, from which all the court were excluded, he fell into a state of lethargy, accompanied by fever. From this, however, he was roused on the fourth day, recovering his senses perfectly, but displaying no other symptom of convalescence. On the contrary, indeed, it would seem that the surgeons who attended him had by this time given up all hope of his restoration to health. They had employed all the means which the medical sciences of that day put at their command to remedy the injury he had received; and for the purpose of ascertaining more exactly the nature of his wound, they had recourse during the early part of his last sickness to an expedient which must be mentioned here as an exemplification, not only of the manners of the times, but of that disregard of all the forms of law and justice which then prevailed in France. Choosing four prisoners,

condemned for various crimes, they caused them to be decapitated privately in the Conclergerie and in the great Chatelet; and the heads being brought to the palace of the Tournelle, they forcibly drove the fragment of the broken lance into the eye of each corpse to ascertain in what manner the brain of the monarch had been affected. But these inhuman researches proved of no avail.—*G. P. R. James.*

BOOKS.—There is a love of books as well as a love of literature. We are inclined to think that the former has a little too much declined in our active, intellectual age. It may savour somewhat of the spirit of a dark age to love books, not only for their contents, but for the thoughts and associations which they awaken in the mind. We have, however, never yet met with a man whose love of his books did not render him a better, gentler being,—one more fond of his home,—more careful for himself and others, than he would have been, could he have consigned his little collection of choice volumes, without tears, to the book-stall.

GERMAN ARCHITECTURE.—Until the 13th century each convent had its own masons, sculptors, architects, and painters; but at that period there arose a guild, whose members enjoyed the exclusive privilege of building churches, on account of their exquisite architectural skill. These men were bound together by oaths and signs known only to the initiated, were called "Free Masons," and their art the "Royal Craft." The minister of Strasburg was begun in 1016, the foundation of its famous tower laid in 1276, and completed by John Hultz, of Cologne, in 1409. Architects have here displayed their satirical wit in a variety of forms. In one group a bear holds the vessel of holy water and sprinkling brush, a wolf the cross, a hare the taper, a hog and ram a box of reliques, in which lies a sleeping fox, whilst a donkey reads the mass, resting his book on the back of a cat. The cathedral of Cologne was begun in 1248, and the choir finished in 1320. A wild legend, in which the devil is represented as giving the plan of the minister to an architect in exchange for his soul, accounts for the incompleteness of the work in the following manner.—The parties had met according to appointment, at midnight, in a lone spot without the city walls. The architect (as he had been instructed by a priest) stretched forth his left hand and seized the parchment on which the plan was drawn, whilst with his right he held before the eyes of the tempter a reliquary containing a portion of the bones of the eleven thousand martyred virgins. The baffled fiend, uttering a loud cry, strove to repossess himself of his drawing, but the architect held it firmly, shielding himself with his reliquary, and the parchment being torn in the struggle, a small portion of the working plan was for ever lost.

WHY is a man, after walking a mile, like a certain flower?—Because he's cam' o' mile (Camomile.)

A MAN describing a recent robbery committed in his house, complained as follows: "Not content with taking my watch, purse, and great coat, they took my shoes to boot."

DIRGE OF MAC GREGOR

BY T. YOUNG.

MAC GREGOR! Mac Gregor! thy fame is no more,
And the blaze of thy glory for ever is o'er;
And the far-famed and warlike lies cold in his grave.

With no dirge but the wild winds that sweep him
Not as when the mighty strode over the field,
And compelled even the stoutest of men to yield;

When his sword, like a meteor gleamed far o'er
the plain,
And many fell round him, by his strong arm slain

With a soul that, unshrinking, every danger
could dare,—

Where the carnage was thickest Mac Gregor was there;

And far was his war cry sent over the field—
"Gregarach! Gregarach! let us die ere we yield!"

When the clan was assembled in battle array,
And eager to mix in the fatal affray,
The chief would address them in accents of fire,
To rouse high their spirits, and kindle their ire.

"Come on, my brave clansmen, your claymores
insheath,
Let the pibroch's wild notes sound the onset of death;

Ere Mac Gregor shall turn his back on the foe,
The plume of the eagle shall with him lie low!"
No more shall the pibroch in loud triumph
swell!

No more on the deeds of that chieftain shall
dwell!

The moon on Ben Lomond her silver light flings,
But the echoes are silent, no bugle-note rings

The bard too is silent, his harp is unstrung,
That oft of the Gael and his victories sung;
No more for the banquet the table is spread,
And the hall is deserted, the warriors fled!
Farewell to the mighty, oh! soft be his sleep!
The Muse o'er the tomb of her chieftain shall weep.

And lament that the day of his glory is o'er—
Alas for Mac Gregor!—Mac Gregor no more!
Edinburgh.

THE TEAR.

BY MRS.

On beds of snow the moonbeams slept,
And chilly was the moonlight gloom.
When by the cold grave Ellen wept,
Sweet maid! it was her sister's tomb.

A warm tear gushed, the wintry air
Congealed it, as it moved away;
All night it lay an ice-drop there,
At morn it glittered in the ray.

An angel wandering from her sphere,
Who saw this bright—this frozen gem—
To dew-eyed Pity brought the tear,
And hung it in her diadem.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS

All correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, No. Strand.

J. DOWNEY, JUN.—Many thanks for the suggestion, which, however, we cannot adopt. Our respondent will have seen, ere this, that we have timed some of the recipes. The contributions shall be inserted at the earliest possible opportunity.

B. K.—We scarcely know which of the works mentioned to recommend, in preference to the other. If any preference is to be made, it would be, perhaps, in favour of Mr. Couley's.

ATTICIA.—Please to accept our hearty thanks for the "Case," which shall meet with immediate attention.

D. W. (Edinburgh).—The list shall be made use of.

F. H. G. (Richmond).—We cannot yet give a decisive answer to your query.

SECOND ENIGMATHUM.—Your information possesses no interest to our readers.

J. B. K. (Weymouth).—Thanks for the scraps. We were glad to hear that the fellow-townsmen are desirous of proving their gratitude to Mr. John Harvey for his untiring exertions for the improvement of Weymouth and Portland. We trust that the subscription list will prove that something more than mere verbal gratitude prevails.

T. E.—We must decline your very pleasing sketch, as, by the time of its appearance in our columns, the season would be nearly over. Besides, an account of it has lately appeared in the LONDON JOURNAL.

W. J. B.—See page 29, vol. iii.—Try sand.
A. OGLE (Preston).—We shall be glad to receive the description and drawing alluded to.

EDWIN C. (London).—The poetry shall be inserted at the earliest opportunity. Thanks.

ROBERTUS (Exeter).—The charades were very welcome.

HENRY.—Walker, in his Pronouncing Dictionary, says that the word is pronounced *res-se-pi*.

A. SUBSIDIUM (Leith).—Shot metal is composed of lead, 1,900 parts. arsenic, 8 parts, or if the lead is coarse, 6 to 8 parts.

G. W.—A recipe for the tooth-ache has appeared in a late number.

YOUNG CREEWOOD (Manchester).—We are grateful for the valuable assistance accorded to us by our correspondent. He cannot please us more than by pursuing the same course as heretofore. About 60,000.

FOUR-AND-TWENTY YEARS OLD.—"Mesmerism and its Opponents," price 5s, published by Longman & Co. "Popular Guide to Phrenology," published by Wightman, Paternoster-row, price 6s. Mr. George Combe's Treatise is perhaps the most scientific work published on phrenology.

W. F.—We must refer you on account of the space the description would occupy here, to Mr. T. H. Fielding's "Knowledge and Restoration of Old Paintings," published by Askerman and Co., 54, Strand.

A SUBSCRIBER FROM THE FIRST (Bristol).—We believe that the publishers of the "Medical Adviser" have removed to St. Paul's Churchyard.

H. MATR.—Received with thanks.
CONTRIBUTORS REQUESTFULLY DECLINED.—The Wife, by A. H. Wall; The Orphan's Dream, by BOSSUS; Adventure of a British Soldier, by J. S. D.; A Legend of Ebor, by John Curle; The Bond of Death, by John Curle; The Amateur Actor's Debut, by W. Holston; The Mutineer, by W. L. T.

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TRACTS

For the People

A WEEKLY MESSAGY OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE AND AMUSEMENT.

No. 34 VOL. IV

SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1845

[PRICE ONE HALFPENNY]



[BADGER HUNTING.]

THE BADGER.

THE badger is hunted in some parts of the country during the bright moonlight nights. The earths and burrows where he lies, except one or two, are stopped up. In those unstopped, some sacks, fastened with drawing stings, are placed, which shut the animal in as soon as he strains the bag. Some only place a hoop in the mouth of the sack, and so put it into the hole; and as soon as the badger is in the sack, and strains it, the sack slips from the hoop, and secures him in it, where he lies trembling till he is taken from his prison.

The sacks or bags being taken, the hounds are cast off, all the wood is felled, and tulla round about, for the company of a mile or two, being made up of that badgers are abroad being driven by the hounds, he takes them out of the holes. If the dogs encounter one before he can take his sanctuary, he stands at bay like a boar, vigorously baying, and attacking the dogs. In general, when they fight, they lie on their back, using both teeth and nails, and, by mowing up their skins, defend themselves against the bites of the dogs and the blows given by the men. When

the badger finds that the terriers yarn him in his burrow, he stops the hole between him and the dogs; and if the latter continue baying, he removes his "couch" into another chamber, or part of the burrow, and so from one to another, barricading the way before them as he retreats, till he can go no farther.

Sometimes the badger is dug out of his burrow, and then the hunters are provided with similar tools as are used for digging out a fox. It is no unusual thing to put some small bells about the necks of the terriers, which, making a noise, will cause the badger to bolt out.

Until within the last few years baiting the badger, and "drawing" him, were favourite diversions. In the latter case, the badger was inclosed in a bag or chest having an aperture at one end, through which the dog was allowed to enter and draw him out; in the former case the animal was tethered by the tail, to a ring in the middle of the pit, and the dog being let loose at him, his courage was tried by the length of time he continued to worry the badger. In some cases the "sport" lasted an hour.

The common badger is about the size of a middling dog, but stands much lower on the legs, and has a broader and stouter body. The head is long and pointed, the ears almost concealed in the hair of the head, and the tail so short that it scarcely reaches to the middle of the hind legs. The hide is amazingly thick and tough. The hair is uniformly long and coarse over the whole body, and trailing along the ground on each side as the animal walks. The badger offers a strange intermixture of colours. The head, for instance, is white, except the region beneath the chin, which is black, and two bands of the same colour, which rise on each side a little behind the corners of the mouth, and, after passing backwards, and enveloping the eye and ear, terminate at the junction of the head and neck. The hairs of the upper part of the body, considered separately, are of three different colours—yellowish white at the bottom, black in the middle, and ashy grey at the point; the last colour alone, however, appears externally, and gives the uniform sandy grey shade which covers all the upper parts of the body. The tail is furnished with long coarse hair of the same colour and quality; and the throat, breast, belly, and limbs are covered with shorter hair of a uniform deep black.

Though the badger is found throughout all the northern parts of Europe and Asia, it is rather a scarce animal everywhere. It is frequently accused of destroying rabbits, game, and even young lambs; but roots, fruits, insects, and worms, appear to constitute the chief part of its food, and it certainly exhibits a more marked taste for vegetable than for animal food,—at least

when kept in confinement. It sometimes destroys the eggs and young of partridges and other birds which build on the ground, and attacks the nests of the wild bees, which it robs with impunity, as the length of its hair and the thickness of its hide render it insensible to the sting of the bee.

With the powerful claws of its fore-feet it constructs a deep and commodious burrow, generally in a sandy or light gravelly soil: this has but a single entrance from without, but it afterwards divides into different chambers, and terminates in a round apartment at the bottom, which is well lined with dry grass and hay. Its habits are extremely solitary: it is never found in company even with the females of its own species, and as it sleeps all day rolled up in its bed of warm hay at the bottom of its hole, it is always fat and in good condition. It carefully removes everything of an offensive nature from its "earth," never deposits its excrements in the vicinity of its habitation, and is even said to abandon it if accidentally or intentionally polluted by any other creature.

The badger is quiet and inoffensive in its manners; but, when attacked, defends itself with a courage and resolution which few dogs or dogs of double its own size and weight can overcome. It bites angrily, and holds on with great tenacity, which it is enabled to do the more easily from the peculiar construction of the articulation or hinge that connects its under-jaw with the skull.

The female badger brings forth her young in the early part of the spring, to the number of three, four, or five; she continues to suckle them carefully for the first five or six weeks, and afterwards accustoms them gradually to shift for themselves. When taken young, they are easily tamed, and become as familiar and playful as puppies; they soon learn to distinguish their master, and lose their attachment by following or faming upon those who feed them; the old, however, are always indolent, and continue solitary and distrustful under the most gentle treatment.

The badger is of some utility to man. His hide, when properly dressed, makes the best pistol furniture; his hair is valuable for making brushes to soften the shades in painting; and his hind-quarters, when salted and smoked, make excellent hams. This kind of food indeed is not so universally esteemed in our own country as in China, where Bell informs us that the natives of badgers at a time hanging in the meat markets of Peking; but there is no reason why it should be inferior to the flesh of the bear, which is universally esteemed by all who have an opportunity of obtaining it.

How may gaze at the garden's blossoms; but youth climbs the tree, and enjoys the fruit.
Eden's Argemone. — Miscellaneous, 1808.

A TALE OF DOOM.

On a dark and gusty evening in November, 178—, three students at a university in Northern Germany, were sitting with Professor N— around the stove of his study. These four individuals had in the morning accompanied a friend, who was finally quitting the university, on the first stage of his journey homeward, and had returned in haste to reach the city before the closing of the gates. On arrival within the ramparts, they were invited by the professor to partake of a bowl of punch, and accompanied him to his abode, where they sat for some time gazing at the crackling firewood in the stove, and musing upon the good qualities of the friend with whom they had parted—perhaps for ever. Meanwhile the materials for the potation lay untouched upon the table; the candles remained unlighted, and the friends continued to indulge in retrospective musings, until the twilight waned into darkness, and the flickering light from the open door of the stove just enabled each of them to discern the features of his neighbour. Their sadness for the loss of their valued friend had been increased upon returning to the city, by the spectacle, so rare in Germany, of a scaffold erected without the ramparts for the execution of a murderer.

A tap at the door of the professor's room at last made the whole party start from the reverie in which they had been too deeply absorbed to hear any one ascending the stairs.

"Come in," cried the professor.

The door was gently opened, and the dying flame in the stove threw its last blaze upon the pallid features of a tall and handsome young man, who entered the room with diffidence, and inquired if Professor N— was at home.

"Here I am, my dear Julius," answered the kind professor, as he rose from his chair, and grasped with cordial pressure the hand of the inquirer; "can I do any thing to oblige you?"

"I have called upon you to request a favour," answered the stranger, hesitatingly, as he surveyed the three students, whose features were not distinguished in the Rembrandt *chambre-sous* of the professor's study.

"If no secret," said the professor, briskly, as he replenished his stove with beech-wood, "explain yourself freely. All present are my particular friends, and certainly no enemies of yours."

"I believe that Lieutenant B— is your near relation?" began the young youth, in tones which betrayed an inward tremor, as he seated himself near the fire.

"He is my nephew," replied the professor.

"I have understood," continued the stranger, "that he will command the detachment ordered on duty at the execution

to-morrow. I am particularly desirous to stand near the criminal at the moment of decapitation, and wish, through your kind interference with the lieutenant, to obtain admission within the circle."

"By all means," answered the professor, "although, I must own, your request surprises me. How is it, my dear Julius, that you, whose by nature and habit so gentle and fastidious, can seek such strong aliment as the near-inspection of a public execution? Even I, who served three campaigns in the artillery, before I betook myself to mathematics, could not face a catastrophe so appalling."

"I study anatomy as an amateur," replied Julius, somewhat disconcerted; "and as I may eventually embrace the medical profession, it is essential to my purpose to steel my nerves by inuring them to every trying spectacle."

"You are right, Julius," exclaimed the professor, with cordial assent. "Trials are the fostering element of great hearts and lofty natures. To become great in any thing, we must take the Egyptian test, and purify our feeble minds by passing through fire and water. Call upon me to-morrow morning at seven. I will introduce you to my nephew, and I feel certain that he will place you near the headman. And now not another word on this painful subject, which has haunted us ever since we heard the workmen hammering the scaffold this evening. So cheer up, my dear companions. Light the candles, and fill your meerschaums, while I compound a bowl of such punch as Anacreon would have made had he known how. No, no, Julius," he continued, seizing the arm of the young stranger, who was rising to depart. "A friendly chance has brought you into our circle, and I must insist upon your remaining our guest."

Although the three students, by whom Julius was more respected than liked, indicated by significant looks their objection to his stay, the professor, who had for some time observed, with better feelings than curiosity, the pale features and habitual depression of a young man distinguished by great intellectual promise, persevered in his hospitable attempt, and at length succeeded in subduing his visible reluctance to stay.

Julius Ackenbourg had been three years a student at the university, but his retiring habits and tactfulness had hitherto prevented any amiable communion with his fellow-students. His name was that of a Swiss, or of a Strasburger; and although he spoke German with facility, there were certain peculiarities of accent and idiom in his language which betrayed a longer familiarity with French; he shunned, however, all intercourse with the Swiss and French students at the university, and his country and connexions were still a matter of conjecture. His engaging person and address

and the dejection so legibly written in his countenance, had excited on his arrival an immediate and general impression in his favour, but he avoided alike exclusive intimacy and general intercourse; his replies were either common-places or monosyllables; and as the reserved and unhappy find little sympathy from the joyous and the young, his fellow-students left him to solitude and self-communion.

The kind-hearted professor, desirous to lead the young man into habits of social ease and intimacy with the students present, exerted his colloquial powers, and endeavoured to lead them into general conversation; but his efforts were but partially successful. At length, one of the young men, notwithstanding his host's prohibition, could no longer refrain from adverting to the all-absorbing subject of the approaching execution. "Excuse me, professor," he began, "but I find it impossible to withdraw my thoughts, even for a moment, from the present situation of the poor wretch who is so soon to bend his neck to the headsman. It appears to me, that the intervening hours of deadly and rising terror are the real and atoning punishment, and not the friendly blow which releases him from the fear of death. Even the reprieve, occasionally granted on the scaffold, is no compensation for terrors so intense. The criminal has already died many deaths, and the new existence, thus tardily bestowed, can be compared only with the revival of the seeming dead in his coffin. Gracious Heaven!" he continued, with shuddering emotion, "how dreadfully bitter must be the sensations of the poor fellow at this moment!"

"In all probability," replied another student, "he has either made up his mind to the impending catastrophe, or he finds sustaining consolation in the hope of a reprieve. At all events, his reflections must have, in my opinion, a more justified character than those of the wretch who, before another sunset, with as little remorse as the butcher who kills a lamb, will shed the blood of a fellow-creature—of one who never injured him in deed or thought. Verily, I think that I would rather thus suffer death than thus inflict it.

"Does not this view of the subject," remarked the third student, "justify, in some measure, the so often ridiculed prejudice of the multitude, who pronounce an executioner infamous, because they cannot otherwise define the disgust which his appearance, even across a street, invariably excites?" And may not this association of ideas be grounded on a religious feeling? The Mosaic law provided a sanctuary for the blood-guilty who had committed mur-

der in sudden wrath; and, except in cases of rare enormity, compassion for the criminal must tend to increase the popular detestation of a man, who, in consideration of a good salary, is ever ready to shed the blood of a fellow-creature."

"For the honour of human nature," observed the professor, "I will hope that, could we read the hearts of many who fulfil this terrible duty to society, we should behold, both before and during its exercise, strong feelings of reluctance and compassion. I can conceive, too, that those who have by long habit become callous to their vocation, are by no means destitute of kindly feeling in matters unconnected with their calling; but I do not comprehend how any man can voluntarily devote himself to an office which excludes him for life from the sympathy and society of his fellow-men; nor do I believe that this terrible vocation is ever adopted except by those who, through early training, or a long course of crime, have blunted the best feelings of human nature."

Julius, who had hitherto been a silent and but attentive listener, now addressed the professor with an animation which surprised all present. "You have excused me, professor," said he, "if I dissent from your last remark. You seem to have overlooked the fact, that the numerous individuals devoted to this melancholy task, in Germany and France, compose two large families severally connected by intermarriages and adoptions. In France especially, the executioner is under a compulsory obligation to transmit his office to one of his sons, who grows up with a consciousness of this necessity; and, being systematically trained to it, he submits, in most instances, without repining, to his painful lot. If the executioner has only daughters, he adopts a young man, who becomes his son-in-law and successor. I knew an instance of adoption which affords decisive evidence, that even a youth of education and refinement, of spotless integrity, diffident, gentle, and humane to fault, may be compelled, by the force of circumstances, to undertake an office from which his nature recoils with abhorrence, and from which, in this instance, the party would have been saved by a higher degree of moral courage."

It was here remarked by one of the students, that cruel propensities and a want of courage were perfectly compatible.

"But I am speaking of a good man," warmly rejoined Julius; "and good in the best and most comprehensive sense of the word. A man not only pure from all offence, but primitive and uncorrupted singleness of heart. For the truth of this I can pledge myself, for I know him well."

At this undisguised avowal of his acquaintance with a public executioner, his auditors looked at him and at each other with obvious dismay. "Oh!" continued he, with a mournful smile, while his pale face was

* Throughout Germany public executioners are called infamous, and are shut out of the pale of society.

flushed with strong emotion, "wonder not at this acknowledgment. I can assure you that on my part the acquaintance was involuntary; and had we not already devoted too much time to this painful subject, I could, by relating this headsmen's strange and eventful history, fully vindicate my opinion of him, and of the unhappy caste to which he belongs."

The professor, who thought that the detail of an interesting story would excite in the three students a friendly feeling for the melancholy narrator, besought him to indulge them with the recital. "In our present frame of mind," he added, "your narrative will lay a strong hold, and will doubtless tend to reconcile our various opinions."

The students seconded these entreaties, and, thus called upon, Julius could no longer hesitate to comply. A flush, either of timidity or of some more deeply-seated feeling, darkened his pale forehead, while he paused some moments as if to collect his firmness for a trying effort. He then began, in tones which, although tremulous at first, became deep and impressive as he proceeded, the following narrative.

(To be continued in our next.)

ONE OR TWO

It was spring, and a season of frost. A noise proceeded along the banks of the Leff, a figure advanced across the marshy grounds, starting at the rising of the snipe and the lapwing. It was Catherine, who, early as it was, was far from her dwelling.

She had so hastily left her home, that her dishevelled locks hung over her face and shoulders. To her bosom she pressed a bundle, that she looked upon with great anxiety—she stopped frequently—looked round her—advanced again—glided down the steep bank of the river, near Lanleff, and gently submitted to the current that which she had carried in her bosom. Dawn appears; she took a last look at the stream; returns along the river side; kneels down near a stone, and washes there some of her clothes, which were dyed with blood.

The morning song of the shepherd is not yet heard, and the withered fern of last season is still moistened with dew-drops, when Catherine Harry has silently opened the door of her dwelling and regained her bed.

The days were long to her; the nights still longer. What is become of Trebouts? He no longer comes near her, and weeks have passed without his seeing the hearth of Catherine.

The seasons succeeded each other in their course, and the hut remained deserted. Banned to the limits of a barren heath, Catherine never appeared excepting at the hour when, favoured by the shades of evening, she

had finished her daily labour. She might be seen standing at the door of a farm-house, asking for a morsel of bread to support her miserable existence, and give her strength to use the spindle and distaff. At another time, she was on the steps of the chapel of Saint Anne de la Palme, bargaining there with pilgrims to employ her in making the rounds for them, and then she might be seen dragging herself on her bruised knees around the grass-covered tombs of the holy place.

At break of day, Trebouts would be seen wandering on the banks of the Leff, where the unfortunate Catherine had passed along so stealthily. Remorse at last induced him to go to the church. He placed before the image of the Virgin an offering of alms on a plate, which he lighted with two small tapers. His prayers were short, for he had scarcely bent his knees when he became troubled; the eyes of Catherine had encountered his.

Immovable, without gesture, without speech, a cry from the mendicant completed his cup of sorrow; the curse proceeded from her mouth; and the blasphemy echoed in the rustic porch of the house of God. Catherine reminded him of a promise. "I will reveal all," added she, "or thy dwelling shall be mine. Our years of sorrow ought to pass together; return to my hut, for the Kourri-quots* are there—without thee I shall never put foot in it again. Come, Trebouts, hast thou not promised to marry me? Come, and for ten years I will give twenty francs a year to the chapel of the Virgin: the past shall be effaced. I have already made the round of the church on my bare knees as many times as I am years old."

And the mountain again witnessed those children of iniquity following their former course of life. Very humble means supplied their wants; but neither remorse of conscience nor recollection of the past rendered Trebouts a better man—he continued his course of debauchery. And often, while he lay drunk on the roadside, Catherine sat in her cot alone, thinking on the past,—a tear, a sigh, proving that her memory, her heart, was dwelling on a subject of trouble and sorrow. "Yes," she would say, after long meditation, "either Trebouts shall keep his promise, and marry me, or I will deliver him up to the law."

A year had scarcely passed since Trebouts had returned to the hut of Catherine, when one summer morning they were seen proceeding with anxious movements together along the same unfrequented places which the unhappy woman had passed at the commencement of our tale. They had scarcely crossed the marsh which there borders the Leff, when the wretched woman was heard to pronounce these words:

"Support me, Trebouts, since thou hur-

* Spirits or fairies.

riest me away, and dreading the eyes of my neighbours—support me, for my pains are acute; let us cross that hedge, and lay me in the meadow."

A few minutes afterwards Trebounta was seen pacing backwards and forwards—fury and despair in his countenance. Catherine added, in the midst of sobs and tears,—

"Trebounta, thou promised to marry me if I would destroy my first infant. I have destroyed it, and thou hast not kept thy word; do what thou wilt with this; for I will not destroy it."

But Trebounta had now gained the bank of the river. His feet stopped where these of Catherine formerly rested, and the waters once more opened to receive the body of a new-born babe.

All-seeing Providence, however, had conducted a woman to the river, in a spot not far distant from that where Trebounta had committed his crime. Trebounta hastened to her.

"If thou hast seen or heard any thing," said he to the woman, "take care that thou dost not speak of it, or thou shalt die!"

"Yes, I have seen, and the truth shall come out," said the woman, running away.

"What shall I do? What will become of me!" said Trebounta in agony, a prey to his double crime. The monster dreaded himself, and his head, floating for a moment in the current, disappeared, never to be seen more. The same stream of water hurried away the murderer and his victim.

H—B—Y.

DE COURCY;

OR, THE KING'S CHAMPION IN IRELAND.

BY SHARMAN GOODLAND.

DURING the reign of Henry II., tradition says that on some difference breaking out between the courts of England and France, a French champion arrived in London to demand satisfaction.

The far-famed prowess of this hero of the lance and plume spread an unusual terror; the English people were panic-stricken, and the alarm of the court was not only increased by this panic, but by the difficulty of providing a knight to accept the challenge. England had no St. George to encounter this Hector of France.

The dilemma in which the court found itself having transpired, the challenger lost all respect for the country, and the heart of Henry was agonised at the insolence of his exultation.

While France and her champion chuckled at England's embarrassment, one of the nobles of Henry recollected that a knight named De Courcy, who resided in Ireland, was reputed of amazing courage and strength, and of infinite skill, both at the lance and sword. He hastened to his royal master

with the information; the matter was proposed and discussed in council, and, more for curiosity than from expectation, De Courcy was sent for.

Shortly after, without knowing for what he was summoned, arrived at the palace of Henry, in his native habiliments, without heraldic bearings or retinue, John de Courcy, of Kinsale—a man endowed by nature with a fine athletic person, and a noble and commanding countenance. When he was told what was expected of him, with a modest cautiousness he requested to see the hero of France, who was accordingly introduced to him, bedecked with all the splendour of his court, thus forming a singular contrast to the plainness of his proposed antagonist. The Frenchman conducted himself with an insulting hauteur; the Irishman, himself with the greatest indifference. Each took the other's dimensions, and the parties adjourned "for further consultation."

When Courcy was asked in confidence if he would accept the challenge, he declined giving an answer until he should procure from home a certain sword. The king sent for it forthwith.—Courcy, remaining at the palace of Henry, being entertained with all due respect.

At length arrived this sword of expectation; it was to all appearance no more than the unornamented simple sword of a warrior. But the moment this talismanic weapon was presented to its owner, he requested that an immense block of wood should be placed in the tilt-yard, and that the champion of France should be summoned forthwith.

As before, the Knight of Gaul could scarcely forbear rudeness and ridicule,—the Hibernian was polite, reserved, and composed.

Expectation was now excited to see the mystical preparations of Courcy unriddled. When all was arranged and silent, he drew his sword from the scabbard, and with one tremendous blow he wedged it into the block like a thunderbolt. "The man," said he, looking significantly on the king—"the man who shall with one hand draw out that sword, I will acknowledge as conqueror." Then turning to the champion of France, politely requested him to hand him his sword. The boaster was confounded—stammered—stepped forward towards the block—retreated. A laugh broke forth from the spectators. All cried: "Draw forth the sword." Overwhelmed with shame and confusion, the glittering knight not only refused to do so, but declined a single combat with John de Courcy.

An unusual shout of joy and exultation rent the square. John de Courcy was declared to be the champion of England.

When the submission of the foreigner was complete, for the gratification of his curiosity he did attempt with one hand to extricate

the blade from the block. He might as easily have drawn the poles through the earth; but to the consternation and amazement, and to the delight of Henry and his nobles, De Courcy drew it out with the greatest ease.

The grateful monarch instantly conferred upon this "champion of England" the title of Baron of Kinsale, and bid him name the reward that should be appended to his dignity; when this extraordinary man, with romantic disinterestedness, claimed, instead of pecuniary compensation, to be distinguished above other noblemen. He requested permission that the De Courcys should wear their hats in the king's presence. The privilege was granted, and it is still enjoyed by the family.

In proportion as this noble-minded man was proud and generous, Henry was liberal and condescending. His magnificence was not to be counteracted by the delicate pride of his subject. On the departure of Lord Kinsale, his majesty, in private conference, commanded him, when he should arrive at his home, to mount his horse some morning at sunrise, and to take possession of so much land as he could ride round before sunset.

When the Baron returned, conformable to the king's command, he did mount his horse at sun-rise, on a certain day, for the purpose of measuring an estate; but, too convivial to be providing, he stopped at the house of a friend, stayed to dine, and, instead of thinking of his land and of watching the sand of time, chatted over the bottle till darkness told him that the sun and the fortune of De Courcy had met together.

A HUNGARIAN SKETCH.

THE Csikos is employed as guardian and rearer of those immense herds of horses which are sent out by the wealthy nobles to run wild upon the plains of Hungary during the summer months. During the greater part of the year, then, the csikos leads the life almost of a savage, frequently far from any habitation, and without ever sleeping under a roof, in these uncultivated tracts. But his life is as poetical as it is wild, and he desires no happier or more joyous one. His home is the wide plain; his friends are the horses of his herd. He has an innate perception of the savage beauties around him, and expresses his sense of them in his rude poetry of language. What does he need more, as long as his horses neigh around him, and he can lie on his back stretched on his *bunda*, or *skin* cloak, and dream of his bright-eyed himself? This cloak is invariably decorated with the brightest patches of coloured cloth arranged in arabesque device along its seams and edges, the smooth skin of the fleece being turned outwards. By night it serves him as a cover-

lid: when the storm rages over the plain he fixes it up as a tent, and shelters himself beneath. He has his store of tobacco, and his tobacco-pouch is braided with the gayest colours; when he stinks his short pipe into his mouth, and indulges in the narcotic reveries it excites, he can dream himself to be a king—ay, more than a king! If his leathern wine-gourd is filled, he is happy; if it be empty, has he not the pure spring, whence he can draw water in the upturned brim of his broad hat, and quench his thirst as well? All nature was made for him, and he adores nature as his loveliest mistress. His *gatyá* is fringed with the longest fringe, and sometimes embroidered below with the most brilliant embroidery. His *szar*, or short white cloak, the sleeves of which are sewn up at the end, and thus show that they are never used, is also patched and arabesqued in wondrous lively fashion, and is sometimes slung hussar-fashion over his shoulder. A leathern girdle binds his slender waist, into which is stuck his tobacco-pouch and all the requisites for smoking (that is the first consideration), and those for cutting his food and eating (that is quite a secondary thought). His short, white, full-sleeved shirt, which hangs surplice-fashion about his hands, and leaves him the full liberty of his arms, scarcely reaches his girdle, and often shows a piece of sunburnt back behind. His hat is decorated with flowers or wild-geese feathers. His whip, short in the handle and immensely long in the lash, is ornamented with rosettes of coloured leather. His spurs are almost as long as his boots, and are the bright objects of extraordinary cleanliness and care. Although without a tinge of vanity, the csikos has an instinctive knowledge that he is a fine handsome picture of a fellow, and he never fails of showing himself off to the best advantage in the eyes of the stranger. He is gay and melancholy by turns, but in his gaiety or his sadness alike poetical and romantic; the songs which he sings possess this double character, and are full of a pathetic sweetness or wild originality of melody.

But above all, he is strong, hardy, vigorous, and adroit. "The Hungarian is born a horse-man," is a saying common among the people. No one exemplifies it more than the csikos. He is born more than a horseman: he is born the tamer of horses. How he flies over the plain when he has first vaulted upon an animal which has, as yet, never borne man upon his back! How he clings to his seat, heedless of the bounds and plunges of the infuriated beast, without thought of a saddle, with no rein but a rope halter slung adroitly about the horse's neck! If the animal throws himself down he remains still upon his back, and rises with him, a very centaur, a part and parcel of the beast! On he flies, singing, shouting, talking to his unruly scholar with reproving or encouraging, or some-

times tender words, but without ever removing his pipe from his mouth. When, at last, the horse falls, overcome with fatigue, he is already tamed; the *caikos* looks at the direction of the sun or of the stars, and finds his way back unerringly to the herd, from which he has flown far in his rapid course. His horses are his family, and he knows them every one among thousands. The horse, too, knows his guardian; and strange and mysterious are the conversations which take place, with evident comprehension on both sides, between the *caikos* and his herd. How insinuatingly and caressingly the wild horseman hangs his head on one side, and utters his peculiar cry! How intelligently the animal pricks his ears, swells his nostrils, opens his large eyes, and paws with his hoof, uttering a variety of Houyanymian sounds in answer!

REMARKABLE CASES OF FRAUD AND IMPOSTURE.

No. XXXIV.—BOOK FOURTH.

THERE are certain preparations which so indurate the cuticle as to render it insensible to the heat either of boiling oil or molten lead. The callosity may be produced by the skin being continually compressed, singed, pricked, or injured in any other manner. Thus do the fingers of the industrious sempstress become horny by being frequently pricked; and the case is the same with the hands of fire-workers, and the feet of those who walk bare-footed over scorching sand. In 1765, when Professor Beckmann visited the copper-works at Awestad, one of the workmen, for a little drink-money, took some of the melted copper in his hand, and after showing it to the Professor threw it against a wall. "He then squeezed the fingers of his horny hand close to each other; put it a few minutes under his arm-pit, to make it sweat, as he said; and taking it again out, drew it over a ladle filled with melted copper, some of which he skimmed off, and moved his hand backwards and forwards very quickly, by way of ostentation."

The skin may be rendered, to a certain extent, callous and insensible to heat by frequently moistening it with oil of vitriol; according to some, the juice of certain plants will produce the same effect; and we are assured by others that the skin must be very frequently rubbed for a long time with oil, by which means, indeed, leather also will become horny.

Some part of the success of such tricks may depend upon deception. The fusible metal, composed of mercury, tin, and bismuth, which melts at a low temperature, might easily have been substituted in place of lead; and fluids of easy ebullition may have been used in place of boiling water. A solution of spermaceti in sulphuric ether,

tinged with alkanet root, which becomes solid at 50 deg. Fahr., and melts and boils with the heat of the hand, is supposed to be the substance which is used at Naples when the dried blood of St. Januarius melts spontaneously, and boils over the vessel which contains it.

The fatal qualities of certain poisons may be destroyed, if the medium through which they are imbibed is a strong alkali. The deception, however, generally consists in not submitting the drugs professed to be poison to a fair test.

The experiments of M. Tillet, Dr. Fordyce, and Sir Charles Blagden, show the great heat which may be endured by the human body. Some of these gentlemen remained in a room where the heat was one or two degrees above 260 deg. Fahr., for eight minutes; a beef-steak was cooked in the same atmosphere, and was overdone in thirty-three minutes; when the steak was blown upon with a pair of bellows, it was found to be pretty well done in thirteen minutes. But the late Sir Francis Chantrey exposed himself to a still greater heat in the furnace used for drying his moulds. When raised to its highest temperature, the thermometer indicated 350 deg. Fahr., and the iron floor was red hot. The workmen often entered it at 340 deg.

In the case of M. Chabert, the maximum heat of the oven was found to be only 220 deg., although, when he took the thermometer from the oven, it indicated 590. The bulb had been kept in the burning embers, of which, on a close inspection, it bore signs.

There is a curious black-letter "Booke of Secretes of Albertus Magnus, imprinted at London by H. Jackson," which has some curious information relating to this subject:

"1. When thou wilt that thou seeme inflamed, or set on fyre from thy head unto thy fete, and not be hurt:—Take white great malowes or holyhockes, myxe them with the whyte of egges; after, anoynte thy body with it, and let it be until it be dried up; and after, anoynte them with alume, and afterward caste on it smal brymstone beaten unto poulder, for the fyre is inflamed on it, and hurteth not; and if thou make upon the palme of thy hand, thou shalt bee able to hold the fyre without hurte.

"2. A merveilous experience, which maketh menne to go into the fyre without hurte, or to bore fyre, or red hote yron in their hand, withoute hurte:—Take the juyce of Bismalua, and the whyte of an egge, and the seede of an herbe called Psillium, also *Pulicarius herbe*, and breake it unto powder, and make a confection, and mix the juyce of radysh with the whyte of an egge. Anoynt thy body or hande with this confection, and let it be dried, and after anoynte it again; after that, thou mayest suffer boldly the fyre without hurte."

The deception of breathing out flames or sparks is now thus performed. The juggler rolls together some flax or hemp, so as to form a ball about the size of a walnut; sets it on fire, and suffers it to burn till it is nearly consumed; he then rolls round it, while burning, some more flax; and by these means the fire may be retained in it for a long time. When he wishes to exhibit, he slips the ball unperceived into his mouth and breathes through it, which again revives the fire, so that a number of weak sparks proceed from it; and the performer sustains no hurt, provided he inspires the air not through the mouth, but the nostrils.

When persons favourable to the priest-hood underwent the fiery ordeal, certain artificial preparations must have been made use of, else no precautions would have been necessary. It is highly probable that during the first three days the preventive was applied, and that the three days after the trial were requisite to let the hands resume their natural state. The sacred sealing secured them from the examination of presumptuous unbelievers; for to determine whether the hands were burnt, the last three days were certainly not wasted.

JAMES ALLEN.

A VILLAGER'S SKETCH.

I WAS lately walking, at the dusk of evening, in the suburbs of a country town. My ramble brought me to a public-house by the road-side. I was tired, and sat down for a minutes' rest on the bench which invited the "weary traveller." There was a ground adjoining the house, where several persons were engaged in various sports. There is nothing to me more delightful than to see people amusing themselves after the labours of the day; this love of rural sports carried me as an observer into the playing-ground of the little public-house. But I was quickly disgusted. I saw the clenched fist of passion, and I heard the fearful oath of desperation. There stood one who was maliciously exulting over the opponent he had beaten; and then another, who, while he staked his little all with a frantic eagerness upon the chances of the game, was endeavouring to forget the consequences of his folly in quick draughts of intoxicating liquor. In one corner of the yard sat a young woman, weeping for the obstinacy of her husband, who refused to accompany her home; in another an angry master was upbraiding an idle and insolent apprentice, who had been seduced from his employ by some dissolute companions.

As I walked hastily out of the ground my attention was arrested by these words:—"My dear boy, if you value your father's blessing, never go into a skittle-ground." This advice was addressed by a decent,

middle-aged man to a lad who was walking by his side. A respectable-looking woman, who was resting on her husband's arm, added her own injunction:—"Mind what your father says, William, and you will never suffer as he has done by a game at skittles." My curiosity was roused, and I entered into conversation with the good people. I found the man possessed much strong sense, and he had evidently bestowed some pains in the acquirement of useful knowledge. He was a gardener by trade. Our conversation gradually became more free, and at last I ventured to say to the worthy man, whose name I found was James Allen, "And pray what evils have you experienced from a game at skittles? I know the miseries that wait upon gambling, but from your appearance I should take you to be the last man who has suffered from this vice."

As I proposed this question, we arrived at a cottage which stood on the side of a small nursery-ground and market-garden. The neatness which surrounded this dwelling added to the comfort and decent pride of its inmates, whilst it offered an example to the passers-by, which might recommend the employment of the tasteful gardener in the introduction of the same ornaments. The good man smiled as he invited me to enter his gate, and his wife placed a chair for me in their comfortable parlour, and said, "There was a time when I could not have thought of the skittle-ground without a tear, but James's old misfortunes now only serve to make us more thankful for our present happiness."

"About twenty-five years ago," said Mr. Allen, "I came to work as foreman to my wife's father. This garden and house were his property. He was aged and infirm; and I endeavoured to discharge my duty, and to recommend myself to his good opinion by industry and fidelity. He soon left to me the entire charge of his business, and it so prospered under my management, that he admitted me into his most perfect confidence. He had an only daughter. My occupation in the garden frequently brought us together; and an attachment was quickly formed between us, which the kind old man rather encouraged than repressed."

"He was ever an affectionate parent," said the wife; and I saw a tear trickling down her cheek.

"All went on well for a year. But one evening, when Susan was out, and I was indolently inclined, I happened to take a walk along the road where you met me just now. On the bench at the public-house, a gardener, who lived in the next village, was smoking his pipe. He invited me to join him; and in a short time a companion came out of the skittle-ground and challenged him to play. I thought there would be no harm in looking on. The gardener played unskillfully, and as I had seen something of the

game when a boy, my vanity induced me to take up the ball, to show him how he might have knocked down the pins. I accepted a challenge to play; and we played for money. I won two shillings;—my opponent made me promise to give him his revenge the next night. I went home late, with a new passion in my breast.

"The next evening, after my day's labour, Susan invited me to walk in the fields; but I had made an engagement at the skittle-ground. I saw she was hurt when I excused myself from accompanying her; but she did not reproach me. I went to the skittle-ground, and lost nearly a week's wages; and I got half intoxicated.

"The passion for gambling began to haunt me like an evil spirit. I was restless and discontented in my business; if I gave my hours of leisure to Susan, I was absent and sullen; the affectionate lessons of the old man became tedious and insupportable. My hours of innocence were gone, and with them my feelings of generous and confiding love. I became impatient to be married, because I thought more of Susan's little portion than of her own deserts."

"Now, James," said the affectionate wife, "you do injustice to yourself."

"No, no," said the husband, with energy; "I know the wickedness of my heart at that time, and I shall not disguise it. I went on from bad to worse. When I came to live with Susan's father, I possessed fifty pounds, and I had hoped to have added it to his stock, and have become his partner as well as his son. I drew this out of the bank where I had placed it. There were other temptations besides the skittle-ground. My new companions introduced me to public-houses, where there were card-playing and dicing. I lost my money, for I hated myself, and I was therefore impetuous. The hours of leisure became too little for my fatal pursuit. I often went to the places at my dinner-time; and I sometimes stayed through the whole afternoon. The garden became neglected, my master's trade fell off; he had heard of my follies, and he told me that, for the peace of himself and his child, we must part."

"I had long seen how my fatal passion would terminate, but yet I was so besotted that I thought my master used me ill. I loved his daughter, though I had treated her unkindly; and I fancied that, if I could recover back my little property, the objection to our union would cease. I went to A—y, and spent all my remaining money in the purchase of a lottery-ticket.

"When the time came that I was to quit my good old master, he would not allow me to see Susan; but he wept bitterly as he gave me his hand. I fell at his feet, and confessed my errors with sincere contrition; but he would not hear of any proposition that I should continue with him. He loved

his daughter too well, he said, to confide her happiness to a gambler.

"The day on which I left a place which had been so dear to me was the day on which the drawing of the lottery was announced. I went to the office. I could scarcely ask the fate of my ticket. When the clerk said it was a *blank*, I rushed out of the place like a madman. I passed that night in the fields. My next impulse was to commit suicide, but I struggled with that temptation. In the morning I recovered a little composure. I thought of the Heaven I had so long abandoned. I prayed most fervently; and my prayer was heard.

"I wandered on to the next town. I saw from a newspaper that a gentleman wanted a gardener. I applied for the vacant situation. He asked for a reference for my character. I told him the story of my follies without the slightest concealment. He trusted in my contrition;—he wrote to my old master, who did not speak very ill of me. I was engaged.

"For two years I served this gentleman with diligence and fidelity. I lost not an hour; and I shunned all sort of gambling as I would the plague. At the end of that time I heard that the father of Susan was no more. I hastened to assure her of my repentance and reformation. I had saved a little money once again; I threw it into her lap, and it enabled her to pay a pressing creditor,—for her father's business had been neglected, and he had scarcely left money to discharge his debts. She had confidence enough in me to accept this sum as a loan. In another year her prudence did not prevent her affection from receiving me as a husband. We married; and the world has gone smoothly with us. But I sometimes grieve to think how my errors must have embittered the lives of these I loved. So now you see why I cautioned my boy against a game of skittles."

BYRON WHEN A BOY.—Byron was now placed in Nottingham under the care of a quack called Lavender, who professed to cure such cases of lameness; and his system was to rub the foot over for a considerable time with handfuls of oil, to twist the limb forcibly round, and screw it up in a wooden machine. Meanwhile the patient took lessons in Latin from a respectable schoolmaster, Mr. Rogers, with whom he read Virgil and Cicero, unmoved by torture, which proved him a true stoic. "It makes me uncomfortable," said Mr. Rogers one day to him, "to see you sitting there in such pain as I know you must be suffering."—"Never mind, Mr. Rogers," answered the heroic boy, "you shall see no signs of it in me"—*Moore's Life*.

LET thy will be thy friend, thy mind thy companion, thy tongue thy servant.

GUTTA PERCHA.

WE have collected the following information respecting this remarkable substance from the second edition of a pamphlet issued by the "Gutta Percha Company."

Gutta Percha is a product of the vegetable world, and, although but recently known in this country, the tree producing it has for centuries waved in its native forests—exuding its juice only to be received by the soil, and lost to the many useful purposes to which it might have been applied. In directing our attention to this article, we cannot but be struck with the fact of the inexhaustible resources of nature to contribute to the comfort and welfare of man; and also of the extensive scope for enterprise for the trader—of interesting investigation for the philosopher—and exercise of ingenuity for the artisan.

It is not quite certain who was the discoverer of this valuable substance, but all accounts appear to allow that Dr. Montgomerie was the first to direct attention to it in this country; and we cannot proceed on better authority than that of Sir W. Hooker, whose account is as follows: "Gutta Percha is a vegetable substance, which, though only known to Europeans for a few years, is now extensively used in the arts for various purposes. But while thus frequently employed, and constituting an important article of commerce, the plant which produces it was unknown, until, by a lucky accident, during the residence of Mr. Thomas Lobb in Singapore, where he has been (and in other Malay Islands) employed in a botanical mission by Mr. Veitch, of Exeter, he detected this plant, and sent home numerous specimens, which prove it to be a new *sapotaceous* plant. Accompanying numerous well-dried specimens, Mr. Lobb judiciously sent small sections of the wood, which is peculiarly soft, fibrous, and spongy, pale-coloured, and traversed by longitudinal receptacles or reservoirs filled with the gum, forming ebony black lines.

"It appears that Dr. Montgomerie was the person who first brought the Gutta Percha into public notice. He writes thus in the 'Magazine of Science,' 1845: 'I may not claim the actual discovery of Gutta Percha; for, though quite unknown to Europeans, a few inhabitants of certain parts of the Malayan forests were acquainted with it. Many, however, of their neighbours residing in the adjacent villages had never heard of it; and the use to which it was applied was very trifling, for I could only ascertain that it was occasionally employed to make handles for *parangs* (or wood-choppers), instead of wood or buffalo horn. So long ago as 1822, when I was assistant surgeon at Singapore, I was told of Gutta Percha, in connexion with casouthou; and some very fine specimens were brought to me.

"There are three varieties of this substance—*Gutta Girek*, *Gutta Tuban*, and *Gutta Percha*. The name Gutta Percha is pure Malayan, *Gutta* meaning the gum or concrete juice of the plant, and *Percha* the particular tree from which it is obtained. I could not help thinking that the tree itself must exist in Sumatra, and perhaps derive its name from thence, the Malayan name for Sumatra being *Pulo Percha*; but though the Straits of Malacca are situated only one degree to the north of Singapore, I could not find that the substance has ever been heard of there, or in Sumatra.

"But to return to the period when I first noticed the *parang* handle that was made of Gutta Percha. My curiosity being excited by the novelty of the material, I questioned the workman (a Malay woodsman), in whose possession I saw it, and heard that the material of which it was framed could be moulded into any form by dipping it into boiling water till it was heated through, when it became plastic as clay, regaining, when cold, its original hardness and rigidity."

"Illness prevented Dr. M. at that period from visiting the forests where the tree grows. He, however, ascertained from the natives, that the *Percha* is one of their largest trees, attaining a diameter of three or four feet; that its wood is of no use as timber, but that a concrete and edible oil, used by the natives with their food, is obtainable from the fruit.

"In many parts of the island of Singapore, and in the forests of Johore, at the extremity of the Malayan peninsula, the tree is found: it was also said to grow at Ootl, on the south-eastern coast of Borneo; and Dr. M. accordingly addressed his inquiries to the celebrated Mr. Brooke, resident at Sarawak, and was assured by that gentleman that it commonly inhabits the woods there also, and is called *Niato* by the people, who are not, however, acquainted with the properties of the sap. The tree is often six feet in diameter at Sarawak, and is believed by Mr. Brooke to be plentiful all over Borneo. Its frequency is proved by the circumstance that several hundred tons of the Gutta Percha have been annually exported from Singapore since 1842, when the substance first came into notice here."

In 1843, specimens of Gutta Percha were sent by H. Gouger, Esq., a relative of Dr. Montgomerie, to the Society of Arts, for the purpose of examination; it was brought before the chemical committee of this society on the 30th of November of the same year, when Mr. E. Solly was in the chair. The specimens produced on that occasion were of four kinds, or rather the substance in four different states; the first being the juice contained in a bottle,—the second was in thin pieces resembling scraps of leather,—the third the substance in a spongy mass,

as it concretes when exposed to the air,— and the fourth the thin pieces agglutinated together by means of hot water. At that time it was stated from Dr. M. that it would “make a good substitute for India rubber in the formation of bougies, catheters, and similar instruments.”

On May the 13th, 1844, Mr. Varley, one of the members of the Society, produced a pair of shoes mended with Gutta Percha, which met with approval; he also produced two phials containing varnish, one obtained by dissolving Gutta Percha in turpentine, and the other by using naphtha. Mr. Whilshaw exhibited at one of the ordinary Wednesday evening meetings of the Society, casts from medals, a lathe band, and a small piece of pipe which had been formed by him for the occasion; and to show how easily it could be used, he produced a soda water bottle which he had entirely inclosed in Gutta Percha, which formed a coating as firm and as tough as leather; but on being immersed in hot water for a few minutes was removed with the greatest ease, and again formed into a mass. Dr. Montgomerie had awarded to him the Gold Medal of the Society of Arts, for the introduction of Gutta Percha to the attention of this country.

Such was the introduction of Gutta Percha into this country, since which time it has rapidly grown into celebrity and most general application, although even now it can only be regarded as in its infancy, and, perhaps, its use is but very partially known. We should just add, that the manner of collecting it as reported by Dr. Montgomerie is by cutting notches in the bark of the tree, from which a milky juice exudes, which very soon curdles.

The properties this remarkable substance possesses are described in the “Mechanic's Magazine” to be the following:—

It is highly combustible, yet it inflames only at a very high degree of heat, and is not injuriously affected by *atmospheric* heat.

It is soluble in essential oils, but to a great extent resists the action of grease and unctuous oils. It mixes readily with paints and most colouring matters. *It is repellent of, and completely unaffected by, cold water or damp.* It may be softened by dipping in hot water,* and then is capable of being moulded or rolled out, or pressed into any desired shape, and to almost any extent of thinness. It is, when heated, of a strongly adhesive or agglutinating nature, yet when dry is quite free from the stickiness found in caoutchouc or India rubber.

In its solid state it is flexible, and to a slight degree elastic. And as a last, though not least, important property, it is declared to be little injured by use. Nay, more, after

* It is quite plastic at 180 deg. to 140 deg. Fahrenheit, and will retain any shape into which it is moulded at any temperature under 110 deg.

it has been employed in a manufactured state, it may be recovered or renovated, and manufactured again.

With respect to the uses of Gutta Percha, at present they can but very partially be told. When we consider the great facility with which it can be moulded into any shape—the ease with which detached parts can be united, and its durability in wear—the question rather is, to what may it *not* be applied?

In the arts and manufactures, and for many surgical purposes, its uses are very numerous. Of this the “London Report of Patent Inventions” gives ample proof. No less than five patents have been granted in relation to it, since the first taken out by Mr. Richard Archibald Brooman, for “Certain improvements in the application of fuels, mastics, cements, &c.” These severally refer to its application in the manufacture of “piece goods, ribbons, paper,” &c; improvements in book-binding, “flexible syringes, tubes, bottles,” and “producing an elastic substance, entirely waterproof, of any degree of hardness or elasticity required,” by an alteration in the proportions of Gutta Percha, India-rubber, and jintawan, which articles are by one patent united; and for “waterproofing boots, shoes, gaiters, and other like articles of apparel.”

In the account of Brooman's patent, a strong and perfectly waterproof fabric may be formed by laying a number of Gutta Percha threads side by side upon a foundation of cotton, linen, or other textile fabric, and passing them between heated rollers, which has the effect of cementing the threads firmly to the fabric and to each other; and by using threads of different colours and sizes, every variety of striped pattern may be given to the fabric.

In no particular will the interest in the use of Gutta Percha be so general as its adaptation to the soles of boots and shoes; having been extensively and most satisfactorily tested, and its merits fully established, very little need be said by way of recommending the material for general use. Experience has proved that Gutta Percha soles are impervious to wet until quite worn through, and from their greater warmth they afford much additional comfort to the wearer.

How they will wear has been proved by experience; but one thing may be added, that after they are done the wearer good service and no longer preserve their entirety, they can be taken off, and, being warmed, remodelled again into a perfect article fit for use, so that *there will be no waste.*

Some objection has been made to them, in that they will not bear the heat of the summer: a little reflection will at once show that it is perfectly groundless—the fact that it is used in tropical climates will at once set aside the objection, and we have known

those who have tested it for summer wear to their perfect satisfaction. We may also meet another objection, with respect to the heat, which, it is apprehended, it may occasion to the foot. It must be borne in mind that the inconvenience which we experience in hot weather is not only occasioned by the heat of the body, but also arises from the reflected rays of the sun from the surface on which we walk. Gutta Percha being a slow conductor of heat, will partially prevent this inconvenience,—and we have no doubt but that time will dispel all fears in this respect.

For bands in machinery it has to a great extent superseded leather, for which it has been generally adopted.

Among other articles manufactured of this substance, we have seen some very beautiful specimens of riding whips. They possess this advantage over the ordinary ones, that they are not affected by the wet.

As an important article of manufacture in Gutta Percha, that of harness deserves especial notice. It possesses these advantages over leather—that not only is it more durable, being a non-absorbent of wet, which is so detrimental to leather, but less expensive, and does not require the repeated process of oiling for its preservation. It is also very easily repaired.

The following articles are also made of Gutta Percha: Galoshes, tubing* of all sizes. It may here be observed, that for conveying acids, or alkalis in a cold liquid state, it is especially deserving attention. Gutta Percha pipes can be used for this purpose without the detriment which is occasioned to those of metal. Picture-frames, decorative mouldings, tennis, golf, and cricket balls, drinking cups, fire-buckets, leathers, buckets, clacks, &c. for pumps; inkstands, pen-knives, and other similar fancy articles; waterproofing for coats, &c. It can be also used for preventing oily particles penetrating silks, &c., traveling bags, coats from medals, which are beautifully perfect.

We might proceed to tell what Gutta Percha may be applied to, but we should not know where to end; time will best unfold its varied uses, and experience will be the best proof of its adaptation to those uses.

That "there is nothing like Leather," must

* As illustrative of one of its uses as tubing, the following extract from a lecture by Mr. Stora, delivered at the Manchester Mechanics' Institution, will satisfactorily corroborate:—"One excellent use was for the conveyance of sound: to illustrate which, a pipe of some eighty-six feet long was stretched from gallery to gallery, and returned to the lecturer's table. The tick of a watch was heard distinctly by an auditor seated in the gallery, who held his ear to the extreme end of the pipe, twenty-eight yards distant from the watch. Whispered inquiries were then made, and answers as expeditiously returned."—*Manchester Examiner*, May 11th, 1848.

certainly now allow of a question, as it is certain that Gutta Percha will be extensively used as a substitute in many important applications; and we think that the leather-seller will find it an equally advantageous investment of his capital, and will do well to turn it to his interest, rather than suffer a decrease in his own trade, and lose the profit he might have gained on the new article. To consumers of leather in the manufacture of boots and shoes, it may be made the source of great advantage—it would be folly of us to say *how*—they should know their own business best. We feel assured of its adaptation to the purposes named; and the prejudice which we have seen manifested against it will be to their own detriment, not to that of the article—as what they may refuse to do, others soon will, and secure what would have been to their own advantage.

We conclude our notice of Gutta Percha, by the following receipts:—

FOR ATTACHING GUTTA PERCHA TO THE SOLES OF BOOTS AND SHOES—Scrape the sole of the boot or shoe quite clean, and make its surface rough by rasping or otherwise. Place it near the fire till quite dry and warm, and apply a coat of dissolved Gutta Percha, (or solution) previously made hot. Rub it well in, and put it aside in a warm situation to dry. Repeat this process two or three times, and lay aside the boot or shoe, until no unpleasant odour remains.

Place the Gutta Percha sole in boiling water about two minutes, till soft enough to take the required shape, wipe it, and dry it well before the fire.* At the same time warm the solutioned boot or shoe sole until it has become sticky, and without delay lay the softened sole in its place, beginning at the toe, and gradually pressing it down closely, taking care that no air be allowed to remain underneath. When quite cold, trim the edges off with a sharp knife, and smooth as required.

FOR JOINING THE PATENT GUTTA PERCHA DRIVING BANDS.—Cut the ends of the bands obliquely, at an angle of thirty or forty degrees, making the band rather shorter than the length required. Secure one end by a couple of nails or clamp to a piece of board or a bench. Then, having heated a piece of iron (say inch broad and half inch thick), to the temperature of a laundress's smoothing iron, so that it will soften the Gutta Percha without burning or colouring it, place it between the cut edges of the band and press them against it (keeping the band always in a straight direction), until they are thoroughly softened, and in a sticky state; then remove the iron and press the two edges together as closely as possible; after which a couple of

* By some it is considered preferable to heat the surface of the sole before a fire, to avoid the least degree of damp.

nails may be driven into the loose end of the band, to keep it in its place. The ridge or burr may be pressed down as much as possible into the substance of the band, by a heavy weight, or by means of a clamp, so as to make a smooth joint. A band of ordinary thickness will be ready for use in ten or fifteen minutes, or sooner, if cold water be applied. Flat joints may be made in like manner, by shaving down the ends a little (so as, when laid one on the other, not to be much thicker than the band), heating the surface of the splices, and pressing them together by a weight or clamp. *Avoid heating the band throughout.* Pare the edges when cold. N.B.—If there be much friction or rapid motion with cross bands, it is advisable to separate them by a roller or fixed round iron bar.

POPULAR PASTIMES.

SOLUTIONS TO TRANSPOSITIONS, ENIGMAS, CHARADES, AND CHRISTIAN NAMES, IN OUR LAST.

ANSWERS TO TRANSPOSITIONS.

1.—Meth. 2. Wales. 3. King. 4. France. 5. China. 6. Harle. 7. Wall.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS.

1.—Tonet.
2.—Den—Ned—End.

ANSWERS TO CHARADES.

1.—Wedding-ring.
2.—Undiscoverable.

ANSWERS OF CHRISTIAN NAMES.

1.—Archibald. 2. Ambrose. 3. Boniface. 4. Harold. 5. Kenelm. 6. Lancelot. 7. Lionel. 8. Maimaduke. 9. Martin. 10. Oliver. 11. Stephen. 12. Shadrach.

NAMES OF EMINENT BRITISH PAINTERS ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

- 1.—A swine, and the world beheaded.
- 2.—Three-fourths of turbulent, one-half of kind, and a vowel.
- 3.—A town in Lancashire.
- 4.—City in Europe curtailed, and a French marshal.
- 5.—One-half of diseased, and to come on shore.
- 6.—A clown, a pronoun, and six-eighths of "to bud."
- 7.—A statute, to tear curtailed, a hundred, and a vowel.
- 8.—A plank two-thirds of a snare, and a liquid.
- 9.—A grain, transposed, a negative, and pounds, pence, and shillings.

CHARADES.

- 1.—My first is a secret every day to your call;
My second a small insect, and a pattern for us all;
My whole, ye riddling bards, if rightly guessed by you,
Is what both you and I have oftentimes been to view.

2.—My first, you'll find, will name a tree;

My next, a thing of great power;
And in an inn or an hotel

I'm wanted every hour. ROBERTUS.

3.—I am a word of 8 letters: My 6, 5, 4, 2 is an insect, my 8, 4, 6, 7 is passion; my 2, 4, 3 is a very inflammable article; my 8, 7, 5, 2 is what landlords expect of their tenants; my 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 is to wander; my 1, 2, 4, 6, 7 is a vehicle; my 6, 8, 7, 4, 2 is large; and my whole is not known to you. T. G. A.

4.—I am a word of 10 letters: My 1, 5, 8 is a genius; my 2, 6, 7, 5, 6, 2 is a machine; my 4, 9, 8, 5, 9, 10 will be found in a chemist's shop; my 6, 2, 1, 8, 9, 10 is a great astronomer; my 4, 2, 7, 5, 9, 6 is a military force; my 7, 4, 2, 6 is a valley; my 4, 9, 7, 3, 5, 6, 2 measures a ship's way; my 1, 5, 10, 6, 9, 1 is to examine; my 1, 5, 10, 6, 5, 10, 7 is attractive; my 5, 10, 7, 2, 6, 5, 8, 2 is native; and my whole is a town in Somerset. P. T. O.

CONUNDRUMS.

1.—When has a point a title?

E. C. DAVIES.

2.—Why is "Punch" like a country lady lately conquered by France?

W. E. J. F.

FACTS AND SCRAPS.

A LITTLE ANECDOTE FOR VIRGINS.—I remember somewhere to have read a story of a youth, who hesitating in his choice between two young ladies, by both of whom he was beloved, was brought to a decision by means of a rose. It happened one day, as all the three were wandering in a garden, that one of the girls, in a haste to pluck a new-blown rose, wounded her finger with a thorn: it bled freely; and, applying the petals of a white rose to the wound, she said, smilingly, "I am a second Venus; I have dyed the white rose red." At that moment they heard a scream; and fearing the other young lady, who had lusted behind, had met with some accident, hastened back to assist her. The fair one's scream had been called forth by no worse an accident than had befallen her companion. She had angrily thrown away the offending flower, and made so malicious and fretful a lamentation over her wounded finger, that the youth, after a little reflection, resolved on a speedy union with the least handsome, but more amiable, of the two young friends. Happy would it be for many a kind-hearted woman, did she know by what seeming trifles the affection of those whom she loves may be confirmed or alienated for ever!—*The Young Lady's Book.*

THEATRICAL managers make but indifferent architectural draughtsmen, as they seldom succeed in drawing good houses.

IMPROMPTU

Upon a Young Lady declaring herself too easily won.

You've made yourself too cheap, you say,—
Pray what would you have clearer
Than what I've proved you day by day,
Being dearest can't be DRAUGHTER!

HENRY IV. of France, reading an ostentatious inscription on the monument of a Spanish officer, "Here lies the body of Don, &c., who never knew what fear was." "Then," said the king, "he never snuffed a candle with his fingers."

"My dear fellow," said a waggish young gentleman to a conceited friend, "you have been certainly put to the wrong business." "I do not understand." "You should have been a cooper." "A cooper!" ejaculated the coxcomb in horror. "Yes!" said the waggish, with some severity upon his countenance, "a cooper, because you make such a capital butt."

COST OF MEXICAN WAR.—WHAT HAS THE MEXICAN WAR COST?—What has the war cost us?—120,000,000 of dollars! 120,000,000 of dollars! Is this a great sum? Is it a loss to us? Could we have made any use of it? With the interest of 120,000,000 dollars we might found a National Gallery that would rank with the British Museum as the British Museum does with the Cabinet of Pennsylvania College. The famous "Garden of Plants," founded and endowed at Paris by Richelieu, in the times of Louis XIV., and which is the greatest in the world, did not cost, from then till now, as much as three months of the Mexican war. With 120,000,000 dollars, a school-house and church might crown every hill-top, from the Penobscot to the Rio Grande; and teachers of knowledge and righteousness might do their mission of good without hope or price from any one.—*North American.*

THE DANUBE.—The common people living on the banks of the Danube talk of that river as a living thing, and they have a superstitious notion that the monster requires every year, like another Minotaur, a certain number of victims to be sacrificed to its wrath. Has the number of victims been complete during the year, a fearful inundation is sure to be the consequence, and in spite of the following spring.—*Letters from the Danube.*

ANCHORED WATER-MILLS.—Each mill consists of two great bails stonily anchored and chained together in couples, between which turns the wheel of the mill, the mill itself being hidden in the shed-like house which occupies one boat—the residence of the miller and other parts of the machinery occupying the other. These mills constitute one of the most characteristic features of the Danube during its whole passage through Hungary.—*Ibid.*

FAIR REVENGE.—It is related in the Danish Chronicles, that in one of the wars between the Danes and the Swedes, a private soldier of the former had retired, after a hard-fought battle, to enjoy himself with a flask of ale. Just as he was raising the flask to his parched lips, he heard a groan. It came from a wounded Swede, lying on the ground close by. Though fainting with weariness and thirst, the Dane, instead of drinking the beer himself, offered it all to the bleeding soldier. But at the instant, when he was bending over him to put the flask to his lips, the Swede drew out a pistol and took aim at his head. The ball passed harmlessly by; and the Dane, seizing the flask, drank a draught of the beer, saying, as he put the bottle back into the hand of the Swede, "There, you rascal, you shall have only half of it now." Tradition reports that this circumstance reached the ear of the Danish sovereign; and that he gave the soldier armorial bearings, on which was painted a half-empty flask. It is said that some of the descendants of the brave man of whom the story is related, were, till very lately, living at Flensburg.

WHY ought the new Houses of Parliament to be most strenuously protested against? Because they will enclose the Commons.

FISHMONGERS find that marble preserves fish 24 hours longer than slate.

TAXES on knowledge are treason to good government. The penny stamp is addition, and the eighteen-penny advertisement duty is a misdemeanour against the best interests of the state. Publicity is the spring of business; and, as if to cloy trade, the legislature tax advertisements—with a similar degree of prudence to that which characterises the taxes on fire insurances. Advertising forms the most profitable branch of the tradesman's outlay; and if the tax were taken off, we hesitate not to say, that twelve times as many advertisements would appear in the newspapers and periodicals. The penny red stamp on the corner of newspapers is the badge of slavery—a barricade of knowledge, as the window-tax is the barricade of light and health—and the country cannot be free where both exist.

WHY is a miser's chest like an asthmatic gentleman?—Because it is a coffer (cougher.)

DURING the progress of repairs at the theatre of Valenciennes, about the year 1836, the following extraordinary discovery was made:—A cannon ball thrown from the Imperial batteries during the siege in 1793, fell upon the roof of the theatre, and lodged in the ceiling of the audience part of the building, where it was sustained by two laths. Thus for forty-two years had this mass of iron remained suspended, like the sword of Damocles, over the frequenters of the pit, ready to fall upon their heads, had any accident deprived it of its frail support.

TO A FRIEND IN ADVERSITY.

BY MARY MASON CLARK.

Oh, why, tell me why, you my friendship regret,
love!

Did I ever prove faithless, or e'er break a vow?
But oft will my memory with pleasure look back,
love,
To the time when no sorrow was seen on thy brow.

Oh, why, tell me why thus in anguish I see thee!
Thy cheek, once so blooming, alas! now is pale;
Thy eye, once so bright, now has lost all its
brightness;
Thy form seems to bend 'neath fortune's rude
gale.

Oh, tell me, my dear one, the cause of thy sorrow:
How oft have you own'd I could mitigate pain!
And has then my power of soothing diminished?
Oh, no, you will find I am ever the same.

I will not, beloved one, I will not upbraid thee;
But why not allow me to share thy distress?
There are some that would flee in the hour of
anguish.
But that is the time I would most care.

Then why, tell me why, you my friendship regret,
love!
Did I ever prove faithless, or e'er break a vow?
Full oft will my memory with pleasure look back,
love,
To the time when no sorrow was seen on thy brow.

SONG OF THE FLIRT.

BY YOUNG CHELTWOOD.

LIGHT as the honey-bee, roaming and roving,
Now on terra firma—now up to the sky;
Eyes flashing, gait dashing, but ne'er formed for
loving,
Flirting and fluttering, how merry am I!
Mid music gay,
Bright as day,
Happy I, the ball-room gem!

I'm a goddess, a queen, and my reign is supreme;
The "lords of creation" I love to subject;
Smile and beguile, and then leave them to
dream;
I play with their hearts, while my own I pro-
tect.

Now provoking,
Beneath no king,
How I coquet, charming them!
Ogadgad I dress, my bright charms each confess,
No rival admitting, my power all assert.
At my feet they crouch, my tyrant happiness.
Man! presumptuous man! with your hearts I
but flirt.

I deny you,
Then defy you,
For merry and merrymen I.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All correspondence must be addressed to the
Editor, No. 334 Strand.

A BLUEBOTTLE.—The Corporation of the City
of London has power by charter, confirmed by Act
of Parliament, to take toll for ordinary vehicles
passing through the city; so that carts and
wagons cannot legally pass through such city
without paying toll.

G J.—The "Models" are perfectly original:
they are written expressly for the "TRACTS" by
a gentleman residing at Manchester.

J. Y. (Dublin).—The following process has been
recommended for making black or white elder
wine.—Gather the elder-berries ripe and dry,
pick them, bruise them with your hands, and
strain them. Set the liquor by in glazed earthen
vessels for twelve hours to settle: put to every
pint of juice $\frac{1}{4}$ pint of water, and to every gal-
lon of this liquor 3 pounds of good moist sugar;
set it in a kettle over the fire, and when it is
ready to boil, clarify it with the white of 4 or 5
eggs; let it boil one hour, and when it is almost
cold, work it with strong ale yeast, and tun it,
filling up the vessel from time to time with the
same liquor, saved on purpose, as it sinks by
working. In a month's time, if the vessel holds
about 8 gallons, it will be fine, and fit to bottle,
and, after bottling, will be fit to drink in twelve
months.

S. T. (Gloucestershire).—It must be the fault of
your bookseller, as the engraving is not out of
print. To the second query, the answer is "No."
JOM—In a common press you can vary the
pressure from one to one hundred pounds.

W. H. B.—Odell's.

D. G. CASSAVETTI (London).—See article
"Newspaper," in the Penny Cyclopædia. We
think that the first-named work is equal to the
last.

NERO (Colno).—The riddles have already ap-
peared.

W. E. J. F.—Thanks.

P. F. AND C.—We regret to say that our corre-
spondent must exert his patience for a short time
longer.

ROVER (Manchester).—We think you will en-
counter considerable difficulty in attempting to
enter either service, not being a practical sea-
man.

PICKWICK.—See answer to P. F. and C.

T. LEITH (Edinburgh).—The letter of this cor-
respondent can be best answered by the editor of
the WEEKLY TIMES.

H. LAWSON (Chester).—Unfortunately, we pos-
sess no information respecting "Ferdan Falint-
ing."

ROGER ASCHAM (Hall).—Mr. Francis, in his
"Dictionary of Practical Receipts," (page 165),
gives the instructions issued to soldiers relative
to the browning of their musket barrels. The
same process is used in our arsenals, as well as
by the manufacturers of fire-arms. It is too long
for quotation.

S. H. S.—We can only say that resolution will
do much in respect to early rising.

JAMES WILDS (Oldham).—The article, "Book-
binding," in the supplement to the "Penny Cyclo-
pædia," is the best that we have seen. Published
by C. Knight, Fleet-street, price 1s. 6d. per part.

S. T. ALLMY.—Thanks. Mr. Vickers cannot
do as you request.

W. M. (Old Kent-road).—Thanks for the scrap.

G. W. S. S. (Leeds).—As we receive weekly
contributions sufficient for all three numbers of
the "TRACTS," our correspondent must not be
displeased if his communication be delayed a
short time. But we have had occasion to
state that we are compelled to be a few numbers
in advance of the current number. It may be
as well, also, to inform G. W. S. S., that a change
of editors took place with No. 34.

CONTRIBUTIONS RESPECTFULLY DECLINED.—
Sonnet, by J. Shaw; Earthly Career, by Mary P.;
Irish Gratitude and English Dumpings, by
W. H. S.; Riddles, &c., by Importance; The Idiot's
Love, by F. R.; Love at First Sight, by G. B.

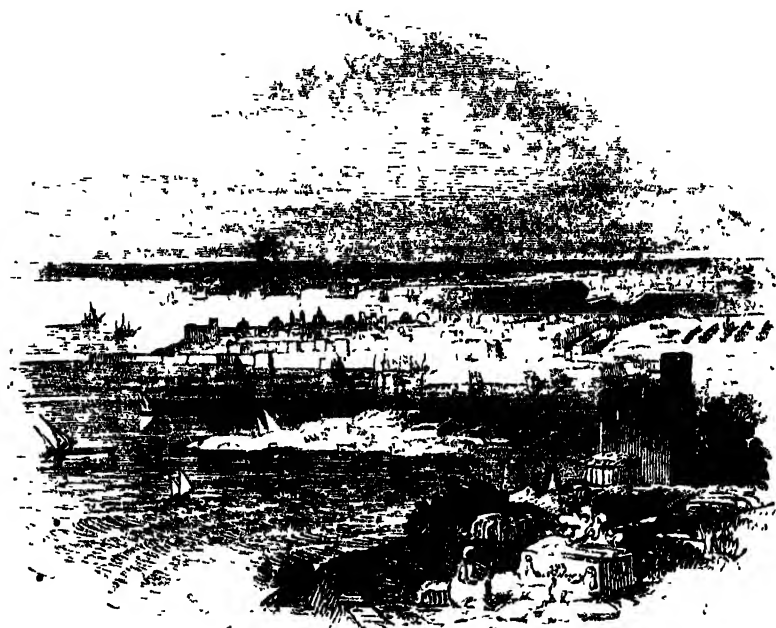
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TRACTS

for the People.

A WEEKLY MISCELLANY OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE AND AMUSEMENT.

No. 35. Vol. IV.] SATURDAY, AUGUST 12, 1848. [PRICE ONE HALFPENNY.



[MALTA, FROM THE ANCHORAGE.]

MALTA.

THE island of Malta is about sixty miles in circumference, containing about 140,000 inhabitants. It is composed principally of magnesian limestone, and, being cultivated with great labour, produces oranges, cotton, indigo, saffron, sugar, and large quantities of melons, grapes, and other fruit, in the soil of Sicily, which has been carried hither, and which is retained in little trays or shelves of terraced, built up with dull grey stones.

Malta is an important naval station. It is also the great quarantine station in the Mediterranean, and, of late years, it has be-

come a place of considerable resort to invalids. For the latter it has many attractions, besides a cheerful climate, in which there is little variation of temperature, and an almost constant sea-breeze to temper the warm atmosphere. Asthma, here breathes freely, and hostile consumption preserves its beauty, but foregoes its victim. Sea-bathing is continued through the winter. There are excellent horses.

La Valetta, the present capital, is a sort of hybrid between a Spanish and an Eastern town; most of its streets are flights of steps, to which the *verandahs* are like gigantic banisters. Its terraced roofs restore to the cramped-up citizens all the ground lost by

building upon; and there are probably five or six hundred acres of promenadable roof in, or rather on, the city. The church of San Giovanni is very gorgeous, with its vaulted roof of gilded arabesque, its crimson tapestries, finely-carved pulpits, and its floor, which seems one vast escutcheon. It is a mosaic of knightly tombs, on which their coats of arms are finely copied in coloured marble and precious stones. The chapel of the Madonna in the eastern aisle is guarded by massive silver rails, which were saved from French spoliation by being painted wood-colour. Amidst all this wealth and splendour, the proudest and most chivalric ornament of this church is a bunch of rusty old iron suspended on the crimson tapestry. They are the keys of Rhodes, which the order, overcome, but unconquered, carried away with them from their ancient seat, the island of Rhodes, the bulwark of Christendom.

The hotels of the different nations (or tongues, as they were called) are palaces that bear testimony to the taste and power of their former proprietors. The principal are the Auberges de Castle, de Provence, and the palace of the Grand Master, now that of the British governor. The others are converted into barracks; and probably the costumes of their olden time did not differ more from one another than those of its present military occupants. Every costume of Europe, Asia, and Africa, is to be met with in the streets, which swarm with the most picturesque and picturesque population. The brilliant sunshine gives an almost prismatic effect to every object, from the gorgeousness of the Turk to the beautiful fish streaked with every colour in the rainbow; quantities of fruit and vegetables are arranged on tables along the pavé; and roguish-looking little children persecute you with flowers.

The principal dress of the natives is a bright blue cotton shirt, with a coloured scarf round the waist, and a scarlet or blue cap hanging down behind, containing all their worldly goods. Among the poorer class, these last appear to consist, for the most part, of a comb and a needle and thread. These people generally sleep in the streets, and wear their clothes like their skins. They are a swarthy, stunted race, of very indifferent character, with great vivacity and intelligence in their glistening eyes. The celibacy enjoined to the Knights of Malta produced its usual licentious results; and the Order bequeathed its morals to the present inhabitants—a legacy which does not tend to diminish their numbers.

Many of the women are very beautiful, combining the gazelle eye of the East with the rich tresses of the North, and the statuesque profile of Greece and Italy. Their peculiar head-dress, the *onnella*, contributes not a little to the effect of their beauty. It

is a black silk scarf, worn over the head like a veil, but gathered in on one side, so as not to eclipse the starry eyes which it seems always endeavouring to cloud over.

Valetta is the most warlike-looking town in the world; the glitter of uniforms is never out of your eyes, the blast of the bugle and the roll of the drum are never out of your ear. The citizens have their only walks upon ramparts, their drives along covered ways, and their very gardens are in the fosses; instead of curbstones there are old cannon, and, if you want to dismount, you tie your horse's bridle to an anchor. The Grand Harbour is crowded with stately ships of war, among which, gaily painted boats, with high prows quaintly carved, are perpetually darting.

The deserted city of Citta Vecchia is a very interesting spot. "You pass along fortifications of great strength, without a stone displaced, and enter by a broken drawbridge into a stately but silent city. The houses are handsome, in good repair, and seem to want only inhabitants to be homes once more. The palaces are magnificent, and appear the more imposing from the deep silence that invests their mysterious-looking walls. Grass and rank weeds are growing in the streets, which echo to your horse's hoofs; and the wind sighs among the lonely pillars and porticoes, with that wailing sound so peculiar to deserted places." This was anciently the capital of the island, removed first to Vittoria, and finally to its present position by La Valetta, from whom it derives its name.

In the suburbs of Citta Vecchia are found the *Cattocombe*, which are of considerable extent, and probably of Phœnician origin.

A little beyond Citta Vecchia is St. Paul's bay, which, notwithstanding the arguments (ill-founded, as it seems to us,) of modern authors against Malta being the Melita of the ancients, retains the traditional honour of which no pen and ink can now deprive it.

THE POWER OF CONSCIENCE.—A Mr. John Deferne, formerly a respectable tradesman in Leeds, was committed for a contempt to the Queen's Bench Prison in March, 1812, and is now its inmate, having been incarcerated thirty-six years; his conscience not allowing him to make a statement that would, at any time, restore him to liberty.

THE GOOD TIME.—At a concert for the distressed poor, given at Stourbridge, at the conclusion of the song "There's a good time coming," a man in the garb of a labourer rose in the midst of the assembly, and exclaimed, "Mr. Russell, you couldn't fix the date, could you?"

THE only true spirit of tolerance consists in our conscientious toleration of each other's intolerance.—*Jacobi*.

THE FALLACY OF GHOSTS.

MR OLLIER has lately published a work (the title of which will be found below*) of a very meritorious character, inasmuch as it will tend, in a great measure, to destroy certain superstitious fears still swaying the minds of many. To aid the writer in his good work, we shall extract a few anecdotes from his book, although we have already devoted some space in the "TRACTS" to the subject.†

A young lady was terrified, one night, by seeing at the foot of her bed a tall shadowy phantom making perpetual obeisances. This was grotesque and horrible enough—the more so because of its combination with the ludicrous; and though it is quite natural that beauty should be in the receipt of homage, the damsel, accustomed to adulation at other times, was alarmed by such intrusion in "the dead waste and middle of the night."

Hiding her head under the bed-clothes, she collected her scattered spirits, took counsel within herself, and having recovered her presence of mind, looked with a scrutinising eye at the spectre. There it was still, making salaams according to the Eastern mode of adoration. "A figure of the other world!" thought she. "Hideous!"

How far she might have blamed her attraction for bringing such unwelcome visitants, no one can tell; but her self-possession had acquired strength; and self-possession is fatal to ghosts, whether their advent be to worship or to terrify. Though trembling in every limb, she arose, went to the window, and detected the "cause of the effect." The house was on the border of a suburban by-road; and a gas-lamp recently placed there had projected into the room a shadow of an intermediate tree, whose branches swayed in the night-breeze. She took care afterwards to close the shutters.

I have heard of a gentleman of nervous temperament (who always burnt a lamp in his chamber) being haunted by a colossal figure, robed and turbaned like a Turk, and having a fiery visage. Night after night did this gaunt apparition present itself. The visitation at length became intolerable, and the sufferer fortified in courage,

("For man as resolute appear
With too much as too little fear.")

desperately resolved to attack the disturber of his nocturnal slumbers. It would not do to let his impulse subside; so he jumped out of bed, rushed towards the phantom, seized it—and found the window-curtain in his grasp. The fiery face was ascertained

to be a large brass knob, over which the upper part of the curtain was thrown.

In Bennet and Tyerman's "Voyages and Travels," we have a couple of good stories, which all but turned out to be additions to the "well-and-numerously attested" ghost facts.

"Our chief mate said, that on board a ship in which he had served, the mate on duty ordered some of the youths to reef the main-top sail. When the first got up, he heard a strange voice saying, 'It blows hard!' The lad waited for no more; he was down in a trice, and told his adventure. A second immediately ascended, laughing at the folly of his companion, but returned even more quickly, declaring, he was quite sure that a voice, not of this world, had cried in his ear, 'It blows hard!' Another went, and another,—but each came back with the same tale.

"At length the mate, having sent up the whole watch, ran up the shrouds himself; and when he reached the haunted spot, heard the dreadful words distinctly uttered in his ears: 'It blows hard!' 'Ay, ay, old one! but blow it ever so hard, we must ease the ear-rings for all that,' replied the mate undauntedly; and, looking round, he saw a blue parrot perched on one of the clues—the thoughtless author of the false alarm—which had probably escaped from some other vessel, but had not previously been discovered to take refuge on this.

"Another of our officers mentioned that, on one of his voyages, he remembered a boy, having been sent up to clear a rope which had got foul above the mizen-top. Presently, however, he came back trembling, and almost stumbling to the bottom, declaring that he had seen 'Old Davy' aft the cross-trees; moreover, that the Evil One had a huge head and face, with prick-ears, and eyes as bright as fire. Two or three others were sent up in succession, to all of whom the apparition glared forth, and was identified by each to be 'Old Davy,' sure enough.

"The mate, in a rage, at length mounted himself, when resolutely, as in the former case, searching for the bugbear, he ascertained the innocent cause of so much terror to be a large horned owl, so lodged as to be out of sight to those who ascended on the other side of the vessel, but which, when any one approached the cross-trees, popped up his portentous visage to see what was coming. The mate brought him down in triumph, and 'Old Davy,' the owl, became a very peaceful shipmate among the crew, who were no longer scared by his hoars and eyes; for sailors turn their backs on nothing when they know what it is.

"Had the birds, in these two instances, departed as they came, of course they would have been deemed supernatural visitants to the respective ships, by all who had heard the one and seen the other."

* Fallacy of Ghosts, Dreams, and Omens; with Stories of Witchcraft, Life-in-Death, and Monomania. By Charles Ollier. London: Ollier.

† See page 41, 57, and 76 of Vol. I.; and page 147 of Vol. III.

An edifying story is told of a haunted house, in which, it was said, an heir-apparent had been murdered by his uncle. Dreadful sounds, shrieks, and unearthly moaning were heard in the mansion (a baronial castle, and for nearly a century no one dared inhabit it. At length, one of the heroes of Waterloo, to whom the property descended, was determined to unravel the mystery; for which purpose he resolved to sleep in the castle alone, on the night he took possession. After his first slumber the screams and hollow moans were, as usual, audible; and leaving his bed, he followed the sounds, till he arrived, as he thought, in the immediate vicinity. This was the great hall of his ancestors. The unseen voice evidently came from behind the arras in this place. Springing towards the spot, he ran his sword into it, but the blade was so fixed that he could not withdraw it.

Having retraced his steps to his chamber, he betook himself to his couch, and slept till morning, when several persons called at the castle, inquiring if he had met the ghost.

"Oh yes," he replied; "the disturber is now dead as a door-nail; he lies behind the screen, where my sword has transfixed him. Bring a crowbar, and we'll haul the spectre out."

With such a leader, and broad day to boot the throng tore down the screen where the sword was fixed, when, in a recess, they found the fragments of a chapel-organ, of which the wooden trunks had, a hundred years ago, been used as props to shore up the work when the hall was repaired. These had been forgotten; and the northern blast, finding its way through crannies in the wall, had played wild and discordant music on the pipes.

A lady who had been to Sierra Leone with her husband (an army captain) was compelled to leave the settlement on account of ill-health, and return to England by herself. During the voyage, she was too weak to quit her cabin, which was divided by a screen, having on one side a sofa, where she reclined during the day, and on the other her night-berth.

One afternoon, when not far from the termination of her voyage, she saw, as she reposed on the sofa, her husband (whom she had left in Africa) seated by her side. In spite of a deadly faintness that came over her, she uttered a hurried exclamation of wonder at seeing him there, when he instantly arose, and glided from her view behind the screen.

A convulsive outcry brought the ship's surgeon to her cabin.

"My husband is here!" gasped she; "why did you not tell me so?"

"You have been dreaming, dear madam," replied the doctor; "Captain — is at Sierra Leone with his regiment. Compose yourself."

"He is here, I tell you," rejoined she, with a wild emphasis. "Go behind that screen, and you will see him."

The surgeon drew aside the screen; no one was visible there; when the lady, exclaiming, "Then he is dead!" sank back, and became for a time insensible.

The idea was too strong to be repressed. Being certain she had seen her husband's ghost, the lady felt already the desolation of a widow. Soon after landing in England she received a letter from her husband, announcing his probable return earlier than was before expected. But even this did not remove the gloomy impression. "He must have died in that horrible climate," thought she, "after his letter was dispatched." At length, however, the captain arrived in London in good health, and the writer believes that both he and his lady are living at the present hour.

This vision was nothing more than a "brain-image," or hallucination of disease, aided, probably, as Coleridge says, by "one of those unconscious half-sleeps, or rather those rapid alternations of the sleeping with the half-waking state, which is the true watching time—"

'The season

Wherein the spirits hold their wont to walk,'

the fruitful matrix of ghosts."

By way of companion to the above, another supposed ominous appearance may be mentioned, which was equally fallacious, and occasioned by morbid perceptions resulting from long watchfulness.

A solicitor in London left his private house one morning, telling his wife that he should dine with a friend, and desiring her to send a change of clothes to his chambers in Lincoln's Inn, where, to save time, he should dress. This was accordingly done. It was the month of November. Between five and six in the evening, the lady, who, with the sweet and untiring solicitude of a mother, had several days and nights watched the bed-side of a sick infant, heard a carriage draw up at her door; and, happening at that moment to be going towards the nursery, saw, from above stairs, her husband pass into his dressing-room.

"Why," said she to a female servant, "I thought your master was going to dinner from his chambers. Were not his clothes sent there?"

"I believe so, ma'am," was the answer.

"It has been neglected," responded the lady; "his carriage has just stopped at the door, and he is now in his dressing room. Go and ask his man why the commands were disobeyed."

The girl went on her errand, and returned, saying the things had been sent as ordered, and that her master was not in the house. Strong in her first impression, the lady descended to her husband's dressing room—

that room into which, a few moments before, she had seen him enter: it was vacant!

Hour after hour did she pass in dismal perturbation, refusing to be comforted. Not knowing whither her husband intended to go, she was ignorant where to make inquiry; and only after his return would she be persuaded that a warning phantom had not been seen by her. Had any accident happened to her husband in his homeward path, nothing would have removed her belief in a supernatural vision.

A lady having watched several nights by the bed-side of her sister (a married woman) suffering under dangerous illness, was at length fairly exhausted by physical fatigue and mental anxiety. Long privation of sleep had worked its bewildering effect. Further attendance was out of the question at that time. It was absolutely necessary that she should repair to her mother's house, and recruit her strength and spirits, in order that she might better be able to resume her affectionate offices on behalf of one so dear to her: and her brother having undertaken to sit up with the patient's husband, and to communicate, in case of need, with his unmarried sister, the latter set out on her return to the maternal home, there to find repose, of which she stood so excessively in need.

Utterly weary, worn out, and plodding towards her residence, more by instinct than by perception of outward objects, she almost slept as she walked, and was only roused to consciousness by the sudden glare from a shop window, produced by a strong light before a polished reflector. Looking about, she could not distinctly remember how she came to be where she was. She felt bewildered and alarmed. Being in the neighbourhood of one of her friends, she thought it would be prudent to call, and, distrustful of further progress in the streets by herself, ask for some one to accompany her. Accordingly, attended by a servant, she reached her home safely.

But whether her somnolency while walking, or the shock she had received on having been startled into consciousness, or the extreme agitation under which she laboured on account of the critical state of her sister—whether any or all of these had induced nervous irritability, certain it is that she had no tendency to sleep on sitting down in her own apartment, where she remained in a state of painful vigilance—her thoughts shaping themselves in all kinds of dreary prognostics.

A pianoforte, closed up, was in the room; and, as the almost exhausted lady leaned back in her chair, she heard (so she thought) the keys of the instrument struck on a sudden by some unseen hand, which, after a wild and dismal prelude, performed a dirge-like melody. She had never before heard the air, nor could she imagine how so

mournful, so ghastly, so funeral, so spiritual a character could be given to music. In the weakness of her fear, she started up, grasped the back of the chair for support, and ejaculated to herself, "My sister is dead!—these sounds, which seem born of tears, announce to me her dissolution!"

On a sudden the strains ceased; and the returning silence was quickly broken by a loud knocking at the street door. Gasping with terror, she staggered to open it, when her brother appeared.

"Maria is just dead!" she shrieked; "you come to tell me so!"

"Be calm, I beseech you," he replied; "I bring you news from the physician that all danger is over, and that she will soon be well."

The delight was too much. The poor watcher fainted in her brother's arms, was conveyed to bed, and, after a night's repose, waked happily at sunrise.

IRELAND SIXTY YEARS AGO.*

A GREATER change has taken place in the manners of the inhabitants of Ireland within the memory of living men, than any wrought within the same space in any other country. "Sixty years ago," all classes in Ireland appear to have enjoyed "a fight" with a keenness now hardly credible even to a native of Georgia or Kentucky.

Lawyers were by far the most pugnacious body in Ireland; a barrister was bound to be ready "to give the satisfaction of a gentleman" to any witness whom he had treated harshly in cross-examination, to any opponent on whom he had reflected in a speech, or to any client who was dissatisfied with his skill in pleading. Curran owed his early success as much to his courage as to his eloquence. Lord Norbury literally shot his way up to the Bench;—and there was scarcely ever an important trial which did not give rise to one or two duels. "It is time" said a veteran of this school,—"*It is time for me to retire from the bar, since this new-fangled special pleading has superseded the use of powder.*" On the promotion of the present Justice Ball, the retired veteran exclaimed,—"*It is an appointment that smacks of old times—in my day a ball was deemed a final judge in every controversy.*"

The training which youth received in the university was well calculated to nurture such warlike propensities. In a scarce pamphlet, entitled "*Advice to the Students of Trinity College, in the style of Swift's*

* Our anecdotes are taken from two works published by Orr and Co. London, entitled "*Skeetches of Ireland Sixty Years Ago,*" and "*Revelations of Ireland in the Past Generation.*"

Advice to Servants," we find that it was the custom for the gowmsmen to have the keys of their chambers as large and heavy as possible. These, when slung in the tails or sleeves of the gown, were most formidable weapons; and "Shall I give him the key, boys?" was a question which, when answered in the affirmative, led to more than one homicide. The night of Trinity Sunday was annually marked by the most desperate riots; no office in the world would insure the life of a Dublin watchman on the eve of that anniversary.

The interior of the college was considered a sanctuary for debtors, and was to the unfortunate bailiff who violated its precincts. There stood at that time a wooden pump in the centre of the front court, to which delinquents in this way were dragged the moment they were detected, and all but smothered. One of the then Fellows, Dr. Wilder, was a man of very eccentric habits, and possessed little of the gravity and decorum that distinguish the exemplary Fellows of Trinity at the present day. He once met a young lady in one of the crossings, where she could not pass him without wading in the mud. He stopped opposite her, and, gazing for a moment on her face, he laid his hands on each side and kissed her. He then nodded familiarly at the astonished and offended girl, and saying, "Take that, miss, for being so handsome," stepped out of the way and let her pass. He was going through the college courts on one occasion when a bailiff was under discipline; he pretended to interfere for the man, and called out, "Gentlemen, gentlemen, don't be so cruel as to nail his ears to the pump." The hint was immediately taken; a hammer and nails were sent for, and an ear was fastened with a tennepenny nail; the lady dispersed, and the wretched man remained for a considerable time bleeding and shrieking with pain, before he was released.

"Pranceriana," a satire on Provost Hutchinson, ascribed to the late Dr. Duigenan, contains many allusions to similar outrages, and more than insinuates that any breach of decorum would be pardoned in an elector who promised to vote for the nominee of the provost. It was, indeed, established in evidence before a committee of the Irish House of Commons, that the provost offered a candidate for fellowship the private use of his roll of questions in one of the most important courses as a bribe for his vote. Though the result of the examination was doubtful, the bribe was refused; it is, however, gratifying to add, that the virtuous candidate obtained the fellowship, and is now the venerable octogenarian, Dr. Millar of Armagh. The author of the "Sketches" has recorded one instance of a homicide perpetrated by a student of Trinity College in the wantonness of riot.

McAllister was a native of Waterford, and

one of the young members of the university most distinguished for talent and conduct. He supped one night at a tavern, with a companion named Vandeleur, and they amused themselves by cutting their names on the table, with the motto, *Quis separabit?* Issuing from thence in a state of ebriety, they quarrelled with a man in the street, and, having the points of their swords left bare through the ends of their scabbards (a custom then common with men inclined for a brawl), ran him through the body in the course of the fray. They were not personally recognised at the time, but the circumstance of carrying their names on the tables was adverted to, so they were discovered and pursued. McAllister had gained his rooms in college, where he was speedily followed. He hastily concealed himself behind a surplice which was hanging against the wall, and his pursuers, entering the instant after, searched every spot except the one he had chosen for his superficial concealment. They tore open chests and clothes-prases, ran their swords through the beds, but without finding him; and supposing he had sought some other house of concealment, they departed. On their retreat, McAllister fled on board a ship, and escaped to America, where he died.

Society was at this period infested by a set of professed duellists, who perpetrated the most wanton outrages in the belief that their reputation as "dead shots" would prevent any demand for satisfaction. Bryan Maguire was the last of the race; and of him we have the following account.—

"His domestic habits were in keeping with his manner abroad. When he required the attendance of a servant he had a peculiar manner of ringing the bell. His pistols always lay on the table beside him, and, instead of applying his hand to the bell-pull in the usual way, he took up a pistol and fired it at the handle of the bell, and continued firing till he hit it, and so caused the bell below to sound. He was such an accurate shot with a pistol, that his wife was in the habit of holding a lighted candle in her hand for him, as a specimen of his skill, to snuff with a pistol bullet at so many paces' distance. Another of his strange habits was his mode of passing his time. He was seen for whole days leaning out of his window, and amusing himself with annoying the passers-by. When one went by whom he thought fit to subject, he threw down on him some rubbish or dirt to attract his notice, and when the man looked up he spit in his face. If he made any expostulation, Bryan crossed his arms, and presenting a pistol in each hand, invited him up to his room, declaring he would give him satisfaction there, and his choice of the pistols. After a time Bryan disappeared from Dublin; he has since died, and has had no successor."

With one exception, Mr. Owen Madden's "Revelations" relate to events late in the present century. His stories of the old Munster Bar introduce us to a race of lawyers very different from those described in the "Sketches." Jokes take the place of duels, and hoaxes are substituted for deeds of violence. We have, a lively recollection of one of these, which was practised on an excellent clergyman, whose only fault was his noted epicurism:—

"This gentleman was once dining in company with Frank M'Carthy, who knew the parson's weak point. He was much pleased with the lively wit and convivial powers of M'Carthy, whom he had not met before; he liked him still more, when the learned counsel affixed to have similar tastes with his own. M'Carthy dwelt with raptures on the exquisite relish of a shoulder of mutton which had been buried in the ground for a fortnight. He said that he had recently partaken of mutton that had been subjected to that process. The parson was incredulous as to the fact of burial improving the flavour of a leg of mutton; M'Carthy, however, was positive, quoted a fragment of Latin, calling it a passage from Pliny the Younger, to the effect that the ancients buried their meat at times. Worked upon by the eloquence of M'Carthy, the incredulity of the parson gave way, and the master of the feast proposed that the experiment should be tried. M'Carthy having said that the spot for burying the mutton should be dry, and of a gravelly character, the parson eagerly exclaimed, 'I have the place suited for it—the corner of my garden.' The experiment was made; the mutton was buried. A dinner-party was arranged for the purpose of partaking of the exquisite dish! Meanwhile, intelligence was conveyed in a private manner to Mr. James O'Brien, the county coroner before mentioned, that a very mysterious circumstance had occurred in the parish of —, in the barony of Carberry, to wit, that the body of a full-grown infant had been privately buried in the garden of Parson —. The hoax was well managed. O'Brien was made positively certain that a particular part of the garden was disturbed, and that something had been buried there. Advantage was taken of the reverend epicure's absence for a couple of days from the glebe. Suspecting nothing, the coroner of the county fell into the snare. He left Cork without delay, and soon arrived at the scene of guilt. He asked for the reverend clergyman, and was told that he was from home. He gave his name, and said that he was coroner for the county. Without ceremony, he summoned a jury from the neighbouring villages and town-lands. Some of the simple rustics were quite agast on the occasion. The servants of the glebe were astounded, as the officer of the law proceeded to make his inquiry. A crowd clustered

round the grave—the spade was stuck into the earth—soon something was struck against—a discoloured cloth was next apparent; a deep groan of horror came from the standers-by—terrible revelations were expected. 'Take care, my good man, of the little unfortunate body,' said the coroner to the irreverent rustic, who was going to pick the body on the ground. Gravity was on every countenance—all were excited, as the napkin was slowly unfolded—when, instead of the corpse of an unhappy child, was beheld a half rotten shoulder of mutton!"

Mr. Owen Madden relates some curious anecdotes of the great popular preachers of Ireland. One which he records of the late amiable but eccentric St. Lawrence (son to the late Bishop of Cork) will a little surprise English churchmen:—

"He was once appointed to preach a charity sermon, at a well-known church in Dublin, on behalf of a popular institution. It was the first time he had ever preached in the metropolis, and amongst the clergy generally there was considerable anxiety to hear him. His friends were most anxious that he should appear to advantage, and that he should justify the reports which had preceded him from the south of Ireland. He was himself desirous to sustain his reputation, but took no uncommon alarm about the matter, leaving it to the last to prepare his sermon. He arrived in Dublin two days before the time appointed for the sermon, and intended to spend the interval in preparation: but St. Lawrence's practice very often differed from his resolutions. Instead of passing the intervening days in study, he spent them in company, and joined a gay party—a very gay one—on the Saturday evening before the appointed day. It was precisely such a party as St. Lawrence rejoiced in. Gentlemen of 'the old school' were there, with droll tales of other times; wits were there, with buoyant spirits; jolly old college companions, and jovial blades. The mirth was great, and the jest passed with the wine-cup, and several of the small hours had elapsed before the revellers broke up. One of the company really felt for St. Lawrence, and feared, not unreasonably, that he would belie all the hopes entertained of him in the pulpit. He called upon St. Lawrence, the next day, and found him at a late breakfast. The visitor told St. Lawrence how the rest of the company had concluded the night after, he had left them. It seems that they had adjourned to a gambling-house, and that one of the parties, Major —, had been fleeced! At this St. Lawrence was much distressed, and he expressed real compunction for the way he had spent the night. He then begged to be left alone; and at the appointed hour St. Lawrence entered the pulpit, but, weary, and depressed. He saw that the congregation expected a

good sermon, and he recognised many a distinguished member of Trinity College, and many an old friend amongst the crowd. But what was his amazement at beholding four of his fellow-revellers of the previous night, seated side by side in a pew near the pulpit! The sight at once aroused his mind, and supplied him with a topic. St. Lawrence on that day preached from his heart, and gave eloquent utterance to the feelings of compunction and sorrow which he felt to the core. He painted in the most striking colours the ruin and misery occasioned by loss of time, by opportunities wasted, and by great talents misapplied to trifles. He struck at the vice of gaming—a vice which at all times has been prevalent in Dublin; he then described the very scene which he had witnessed the previous night, and adding the fact of the withdrawal to the gaming table (of which he had been informed previously), asked how could such persons expect to meet the judgment of the living God? Roused by the subject, he continued to speak with earnest force; and the picture of the ruined gambler, led to ruin by idleness and the craving for excitement, moved the mayor even to tears. 'Ah!' said St. Lawrence, afterwards, when some of his friends were congratulating him on the eloquence he had displayed, 'I was at first very nervous; the sight of so many of the big-wigs of the university dispirited me, but when I saw old Jack — shed tears, I knew that I had done well.' In truth, the presence of his fellow-revellers had saved him from failure. He confessed afterwards that he should have utterly failed, but for the train of ideas suggested by their presence."

REMARKABLE CASES OF FRAUD AND IMPOSTURE.

NO. XXXV.—BOOK FOURTH.

A LADY who was closely allied to two of the best families in the county of Kent (to the one by birth, to the other by marriage), was, to the inexpressible grief of both, called to pay the debt of nature very young. All her friends were inconsolable for her loss; even her domestics lamented her extremely; among whom was a young woman who waited on her, and for whom she had a great regard. Some months after her mistress's death, this girl pretended she had appeared to her, and seemed to be so terrified, that she would not stir out of one room into another alone. The report of so uncommon a phenomenon excited the curiosity of the public, and several persons asked it as a favour to sit up with her, in hopes to see this visionary guest. This was complied with. However, they were not per-

mitted to be eye-witnesses, for, like the spirit in Cock-lane, she never made her appearance to any one; but in other respects, she exceeded that, as it would ask questions, and give answers, in articulate sounds; and no sooner was the girl in bed, than it began to play tricks, such as drawing the bed curtains, pulling the pillow violently from under her head, and flinging it with great force into the room, while twenty, and sometimes thirty, persons were watching her, with many other pranks too tedious to mention. In short, the story increased every day, and surprising it was to find that it even gained credit enough for persons of superior rank to listen to it, and even to sit up with the girl whole nights. I should have told you, that immediately after the curtains began to draw and undraw, the girl would go into fits so strong that the most volatile spirits applied to her nose had no effect; nor did she regard the running of needles under her nails, which must undoubtedly give exquisite pain. This scene was acted many months, and numbers crowded thither every night, in hopes to detect the fraud, but to no purpose; they changed her room, but it signified nothing; the ghost found its way to all apartments. Being asked if the spirit had informed her what was the occasion of her visits, she replied she had, and that her being so disturbed was owing to a debt of honour that she had contracted some months before her death, and till that was discharged she could not rest; and that she was the person who must be employed in this negotiation. The sum, I think, was three hundred pounds. The gentleman to whom it was owing was not in England, but in a distant country, to which place this young woman was to go to pay the money. This declaration opened people's eyes, and they began to suspect that she had some accomplice; nor was it difficult to guess who that accomplice was. There lodged in the same house a man of infamous character, and it was suspected that he aided and abetted this vile imposition. But how to discover it was the question; for the stratagem was so artfully managed that it baffled the strictest attention. At length a clergyman in the neighbourhood, who had been absent all the time of these strange transactions, returned home, and on hearing the story, was determined to find out the imposture. For this purpose he took incredible pains, by watching and observation. The girl, who had never been so closely attended before, found it difficult to carry on the imposition, and it is supposed would have been glad to have given it over. One night, as the above clergyman was sitting by her, she suddenly started up and said she must attend her mistress, who called her in the next room. She went with great precipitation. Her observer followed her close, and was probably nearer than she apprehended. On hearing a voice call her by her

name, which seemed to be at the farther corner of the room, he owned afterwards he was greatly astonished. He observed the girl answer the question; and after waiting some moments with impatience to find if the conversation would go on, being much taller than her, by leaning forward he could see the movement of her lips; and by so doing, he plainly perceived that she could convey her voice into any part of the room, and that it was really she herself that asked, as well as answered. Upon which he tapped her on the shoulder, and said, "Hussy, your fraud is now detected, and I will proclaim to the whole town your unparalleled assurance." What answer the girl made I could never learn; neither could I, by all my inquiries, find whether it appeared how she contrived her other tricks; but what was discovered was sufficient to silence the ghost. The girl also shortly after disappeared, nor could I learn what became of her. The person who was supposed to assist her was some time afterwards condemned and executed for a robbery; and so ended this iniquitous affair.

A TALE OF DOOM.

(Continued from our last)

It is about five-and-thirty years since a murderer was condemned to suffer death by the sword, at a town in Western Normandy. On the morning of the execution, two senior pupils of the Jesuit seminary went, by permission of their superiors, to view a spectacle of rare occurrence in that province. The intimacy subsisting between these young men had long been a problem both to their tutors and schoolfellows. So widely different, indeed, were they in appearance and character, and so strangely did the ferocity and cunning of the one contrast with the pure and gentle habits of the other, that they were called the "Wolf and the Lamb."

Bartholdy was a native of Strasburg, tall and robust in person, but high-shouldered, stooping, and in dress and gait slovenly and clownish. His yellow visage was deeply furrowed with the small-pox, and his large and staring eyes, which were of a pale and milky blue, indicated a dulness bordering on imbecility. His appearance, however, was belied by his habitual cunning, and by the dexterity with which he generally contrived to exculpate himself under criminal circumstances. His spreading jawbones, large mouth, and coarsely moulded lips, betokened his proneness to sensual gratifications; and the collective expression of his forbidding features was so remarkable, that a single glance sufficed to fix it in the memory for ever. It was rumoured that he had been sent by his friends to a seminary so remote from Strasburg in consequence of

some highly culpable irregularities, and certainly these rumours were justified by occasional instances of ferocity and duplicity.

Florian, the friend of Bartholdy, was nearly of the same age. His figure was slender and elegant—his countenance eminently prepossessing. His companion was of that pure red and white through which every sitting emotion is instantaneously legible. His hazel eyes sparkled with intelligence; looks of glossy chestnut curled round his fair and open forehead; and there was about his lips and smile a winning grace, which, at maturer age, would have been thought too feminine. An habitual and blushing timidity of address made him shrink from a free and general intercourse with his fellow-students. He had few friends, because his bashful habits had made him fastidious and reserved; but his gentle and unassuming deportment, and the sweetness of his temper, endeared him to the few who had penetration enough to discern his real merits.

Thus widely different in physical and in moral attributes were Florian and Bartholdy; and yet, so cordial appeared their attachment, so incessant was their intercourse, that the superiors of the seminary could only solve the psychological enigma by conjecturing that Bartholdy, whose fierce temper and great bodily strength made him detested and shunned by all the other students, had found in the gentle sympathies of Florian a relief, which long habits had made essential to him. On the other hand, they considered that Florian was bound to Bartholdy by the tie of gratitude, for the protection which he derived from his friend when insulted or aggrieved in the quarrels which so frequently occur in large seminaries.

Hoping that the trying spectacle of a public execution would make a salutary impression upon the hitherto callous feelings of Bartholdy, the reverend fathers had permitted him to be present on the awful occasion. Florian, who, at the urgent entreaty of Bartholdy, had applied likewise for permission to be present, followed his friend with reluctant steps, and a heart beating with terror. They gained an elevated station, and so near the scaffold as to enable them to discern the features of the hapless criminal. Florian saw him kneel before the headsman; the broad weapon glittered in the sunbeams, and the assumed firmness of the trembling gazer utterly failed him. An ashy paleness overpread his features; his joints shook with terror; and closing his eyes, he saved himself from falling by clinging to the arm of Bartholdy, who, with unshaken nerves, opened to their full extent his large dull eyes, and gluted his savage curiosity by gazing with intense eagerness on the appalling scene. In a few seconds the severed head fell upon the scaffold; the headsman's assistant, grasping the matted

looks, hold it aloft to the gazing crowd; and Bartholdy exclaimed, with heartless indifference, "Come along, Florian! 'tis all over, and capitally done! I would bet a louis that you saw nothing, and yet your face looks as white as if it had left your shoulders. Be more a man, Florian. If thus daunted at the sight of another's execution, how would you face your own, if destined to mount the scaffold?"

"Face my own?" exclaimed Florian, shuddering at the suggestion; "God forbid! I shall take good care to avoid it."

"Say not so," rejoined Bartholdy; "no man can avoid his doom; and it may be yours or mine to die upon the scaffold. Avoid it, indeed! I wish from my soul that you had never uttered those unlucky words. How often do the very evils we most carefully shun fall upon our devoted heads! My mind has been long made up to avoid nothing; and, soon as I become my own master, I will throw myself on the world, and grapple with it boldly. Avoid your destiny, indeed! Beware of using those words again, for, trust me, Florian, they bode no good to you."

Florian felt his blood freeze as he listened; but, recollecting himself, he was about to express his reliance upon the integrity of his life and principles, when he shuddered again as he considered the complexities of human and circumstantial evidence. In deep dejection, he walked homeward with his friend. He felt as if his existence had been blighted by some sudden and dreadful calamity; and even fancied that he saw his future fate rising before him in storm and darkness, through which menacing images were indistinctly shadowed. Bartholdy, meanwhile, appeared as much exhilarated as if returning from a comedy, and amused himself with making sarcastic and ludicrous remarks upon the saddened countenances of the returning spectators.

The lapse of several months gradually weakened the strong hold which the execution and the strange comments of Bartholdy had laid upon the imagination of Florian; but they tended to increase the timid indecision of his character, and induced a disposition to endure, in uncomplaining silence, many school annoyances, which more energy of character would have easily repelled. An extraordinary incident, however, gave a new turn to his situation. About six months after the execution, Bartholdy suddenly disappeared from the seminary; and this unaccountable event, by which Florian was the only sufferer, was neither explained, nor even alluded to by the reverend fathers. To the students, who in vain sought an explanation of the mystery from Florian, it was for a few days a subject of wondering conjecture, which then, however, subsided into indifference with all save Florian. He had lost his only, and, as he firmly believed, his

sincerely attached, friend and companion; and as this friendship had deprived him of the sympathy of every other student, he had now no alternative but to retire within himself, and rest upon his own thoughts and resources.

For some time Florian brooded incessantly upon the strange disappearance of his friend. He recollected that, for several days preceding the event, the spirits of Bartholdy were so obviously depressed as to create inquiries, to which his replies were vague and unsatisfactory. Notwithstanding the guarded silence of the reverend fathers, it was evident to Florian that his friend had not absconded from the seminary, as not only his clothes and books, but even his bed, had disappeared with him. One article only remained, which had been left in the custody of Florian. It was a large clasp-knife, of excellent workmanship and finish. The handle was of ivory, wrought into curious devices; and the long blade, which terminated in a sharp point, was secured from closing by a spring—thus serving the double purpose of a knife and a dagger. The owner of this weapon had told Florian that it was precious to him, as the legacy of a near relation, and requested him to take charge of it, from an apprehension that, if discovered in his own possession, it would be taken from him.

"And now," sighed Florian, as he gazed with painful recollections on the knife, "it is too probable lost to him for ever. But if he is still in being, I may yet see and restore to him his favourite knife; and, that I may be always ready to restore it, as well as in remembrance of the owner, I will henceforth always carry it about me."

During the remainder of Florian's stay at the seminary, his thoughts continually reverted to his lost friend, who had, he feared, from a mysterious expression of the presiding Jesuit, met with some terrible calamity. During confession, he had once expressed his grief for the sudden deprivation of his friend, when, to his great surprise, the venerable priest, placing his hand solemnly upon the brow of Florian, exclaimed, with fervent emphasis:

"Thank God, my son, that it has so happened!"

Florian often pondered upon these remarkable words, which, until some years after his departure from the seminary, he could never satisfactorily interpret. For a long period he fondly cherished the memory of Bartholdy, and this feeling was prolonged by the knife, which he continued to carry about him.

(To be continued in our next.)

A MAN who gets courageously out of bed in the morning is said to have his ribs organs very much excited.

POULPIQUETS.

A BRETON LEGEND.

IN the romance of "Le Bandonnet" is a spirited tale illustrative of the popular notions which prevail respecting the Poulpquets. They are a race of little beings which delight in laughing at mankind; and like sin, they are everywhere on earth, and very suitable representatives of the malignant principle, being ill-favoured demons, and as cunning and mischievous as poltercoats, as many of the farmers about Lamballe can testify.

Among these honest folks was one who bore the sobriquet of *le Moqueur*—mockster—but whose proper baptismal name was Jean Cado. This poor fellow one day missed two of his oxen from the field; and after a vain search for them during an entire day, was returning home disconsolately across a heath of wild broom and gorse, when he heard a burst of malicious laughter, which sounded on every side. He stopped, looked round, but saw no object whatever. He walked on again; the laughing recommenced, but louder and more mockingly. Jean Cado was amazed. He struck the bush of broom with his walking-stick, as one would do in beating for a hare; a doleful cry came forth. Poor Jean Cado, though no poltroon, quailed at the sound, his spirit failed him at that moment, and then a cold perspiration chilled his veins. After he had assured himself that there was nothing within or under the bush that he had struck, he hastened home, and, without once looking behind him, entered his humble kitchen, closed and locked the door, and before he went to bed placed a trencher full of millet seed on the floor, to ascertain if the *Bolbiqueaudets**—whose agency he suspected in the abstraction of his cattle, from the supernatural laughter which had assailed his ears on the heath, and which could only have proceeded from the fairy race—would come to it, and be surprised in the act of scattering the seed about the floor, as these mischievous imps are known to do in their frolicsome humours.

Jean, during his feverish and fitful sleep, heard the same peals of mockery and laughter as those which had alarmed him on the heath—and then there plainly stood before him a diminutive little black roan—a mannikin we shall call this diminutive being—whose eyes had an unearthly and piercing brilliancy which left no doubt in the bewildered farmer of his being a genuine Poulpquet.

"What dost thou want with me?" enquired Jean Cado, cautiously and timidly, advancing a very small portion of his head from beneath a heavy envelope of blanket; "why art thou not dancing round the Celtic stones, on the heath, at this hour?"

* The husbands of fairies.

"I wish to restore your oxen to you," said the little black man, with a pleasing grimace, that made Jean Cado laugh; "I shall go to the dance afterwards." He vanished with inconceivable agility.

"*Merci Dieu!*" said Jean, arousing himself. He hastened to look at the trencher of millet seed, which had not been disturbed. "Wonderful!" said Jean.

At the first dawn of daylight he rose, and went to his neighbour Yvonne, an expounder of dreams, to whom he related all that had passed. Yvonne, who had served a community of holy monks, in the capacity of gardener, looked unusually wise and thoughtful for a time, and then gave forth his solemn judgment, which was that Jean should go to the fairy stone on the heath on the ensuing night, and say, distinctly, three times,—

"Poulpquets, j'ai perdu mes bœufs."†

Shortly after sunset he accordingly went to the mystic mound, and pronounced three times the words that Yvonne had dictated to him:

"Poulpquets, j'ai perdu mes bœufs."

But added to them these:

"Rendez les moi ou prêtez moi les vôtres."‡

He then returned home. At an early hour the next morning he heard a lowing at his door; his heart beat with joy; he hastened to open the door; two fine oxen were there chewing the cud most contentedly, and when he extended his hand to them, as if in welcome, licking it most affectionately. But they were not his oxen, nor had they horns. How was it possible to yoke them after the fashion of Brittany?

"Good," said he to himself, "I will visit the Poulpquets again."

He put the oxen in the byre, and in the evening he went to the fairy mound again, and said:

"Poulpquets, j'ai perdu mes bœufs; rendez les moi avec leurs cornes, leurs yeux, leurs jambes, leurs oreilles, leurs beaux poil rouge, tacheté de noir."§

After this enumeration he had, however, omitted an essential thing. Jean Cado returned home in the highest degree of hope, and the next morning he saw at his door a pair of fine oxen, with horns, eyes, ears, legs, fine red skins spotted with black. They were his own, but disfigured, dishonoured—they had lost their tails! Twice in error, it was too much for his patience. He swore by his *bragoubas* that he would make no mistake next time.

The night he was on his way to the heath again, he met Perron Kero, one of his neighbours.

• "Poulpquets, I have lost my oxen."

† "Restore them to me, or lend me yours."

‡ "Poulpquets, I have lost my oxen, return them to me with their horns, their eyes, their legs, their ears, their beautiful skins spotted red and black."

"Jean," said he, shaking his hand, "it would be much better for you to go to the curé and ask for a mass, than to visit the Poulpiquets so often: keeping bad company will end in bad deeds."

Jean Cado stopped short on hearing this advice—for Jean, though a wag, was a good and pious man—and, urged by his friend, went to the curé and preferred his request.

The mass was said the next morning, and Jean, who had knelt on the tombstone of a holy priest all the time, went home in great anxiety to ascertain the result; and who could be happier than he was, when on his arrival there his oxen lowed, and turned their beautiful heavy heads towards him, and lashed their fine flanks with their tails?

No more mocking laughter was ever heard again from the little black Bolbiqueaudet, who was compelled to curry and comb the oxen of Jean Cado every night, and their skins were always smooth and bright to the day of their death.

II—B—Y.

AMATEUR SURGICAL OPERATION.

THIS being an idle day among the crew, owing to the shady breeze that blew over the level country, some of the sailors recollected that they had the ophthalmia, and came to beg me to cure it. Every Englishman is supposed to possess unbounded medical skill, besides a knowledge of where all the buried treasure lies, for which we are always risking our lives in tombs and desert places. I was determined to try my skill, and began with a fellow who had two eyes, knowing that if I extinguished one it would be doing the proprietor a favour, most of the party possessing only one eye each—that is, our crew of twelve had only seventeen eyes among them. Into one of these seventeen, which was coated with a dull grey film, I poured a solution of sulphate of zinc, that made him yell with agony; he ran dancing about the deck amid the laughter of the crew, one of whom, with great presence of mind, snatched up the reed-pipe, and played an Egyptian jig, which redoubled the amusement of the bysitters. Notwithstanding this demonstration of suffering, another ophthalmist lay down immediately on the deck, opening his solitary eye for the burning drop. I applied a weaker solution in this instance, which, as it gave the patient less pain, induced him to consider himself ill used. Every morning and evening for a week, I had half a score of anxious eyes gazing through their films at my prentice hand, as it applied the magic drop. Strange to say, it cured them, and that effectually in most cases; and, what is more remarkable, it did not blind any of them. Henceforward my practice became widely extended; not only was I applied to if any of the crew got

a kick on his shins, or a bruise, however slight, on his fingers, but, whenever the boat touched the shore, the halt, and maimed, and blind swarmed around me, and were only too happy to get a bit of sticking-plaster for a consumption, or a rhubarb pill for a broken limb.—*Warburton's Crescent and the Cross.*

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.—An ingenious musician, who goes up and down daily, between London and a country station, proposes to establish another class on the line, besides the first and second—that for learning the cornet-à-piston, which popular instrument produces great ill feeling between lodgers, when taught in-doors; indeed, to indulge in the worst pun we ever recognised, a cornet may be succeeded by a *leftenant*. The medium of tuition will be the wires of the electro-telegraph. On these, being five, notes will be fastened by non-conducting materials; and the pupil will play them as they travel. The andante movements will be placed close to the stations, where progress is slow; and the tunes will be so arranged as to finish at the stoppages. These will be constantly changed, to extend the benefits to all classes; for instance, gallopers will be chosen for the express trains; sets of quadrilles for the stop-plug ones; and marches, or dirges, for the luggage-class. At the same time, the passengers generally will be diverted with agreeable harmony. The invention is registered.—*Albert Smith's Pottle of Strawberries.*

MISTAKE OCCASIONED BY PERSONAL RESEMBLANCE.—An officer in Uhlan's corps of cavalry (says Major Keppel) well known to the consul, was walking along the streets, when a Bulgarian woman rushed out of her house, and ran towards him, exclaiming, "My dear boy! what I now that you are in a fine dress, are you ashamed of your poor mother?" Soon after, an older woman claimed him for her grandson, and the younger branches of the family hailed him as brother. He managed to make his escape for the time; but, in passing shortly after through the streets, he was upbraided for his unnatural conduct in disowning his relations. Thus assailed, he applied to Count Diebitsch for protection. An inquiry was instituted through the medium of the Bulgarian archbishop. The parties were confronted; the supposed mother called out, "If it be my son, he has a scar on the left side of his forehead." The officer's cap was removed, and strange to say, the scar on the identical spot appeared. The woman triumphantly exclaimed, "He had that scar when he was eight years old." But here several Russian officers interposed, and said that the officer had left St. Petersburg without that scar, and had received it in an affair with the enemy, before Shumla.

HINTS TO THE LADIES.

TASTE and judgment are apt to get bewildered in—hair. What must a young lady do who has a head of it fiery-red? Why, she must take a lesson from the sun behind a cloud. Let her cover it partly with some eclipsing net-work, that subdues the colour down to that of the coat of the captain who whirls her in the waltz.

By such judicious treatment, and by gown of corresponding and congenial hue, red hair may be tamed down into what, by courtesy, may be called a bright auburn. A fair skin and a sweet smile aid the delusion—if delusion it be; thus Danish locks do execution; and the "Lass wi' the gowden hair" is by many thought the beauty of the night. But, whatever be the reigning mode, and however beautiful a fine head of hair may be esteemed, those who are short in stature, or small in features, should never indulge in a profuse display of their tresses, if they would, in the one case, avoid the appearance of dwarfishness and unnatural size of the head; and, in the other, of making the face seem less than it actually is, and thus causing what is thereby petite to appear insignificant. If the hair be closely dressed by others, those who have round or broad faces should, nevertheless, continue to wear drooping clusters of curls, and although it be customary to part the hair in the centre, the division should be made on one side if it grow low on the forehead, and beautifully high on the temples; but if the hair be too distant from the eyebrows, it should be parted only in the middle, where it is generally lower than at the sides; whatever temptations Fashion may offer to the contrary. As it would be in bad taste for a fair young lady who is rather short in stature, however pretty she may be, if irregular as well as petite in her features, to take for a model, in the arrangement of her hair, a cast of a Greek head; so also would it, for one whose features are large, to fritter away her hair—which ought to be kept, as much as possible, in masses of large curls, so as to subdue, or at least arrange with her features—into such thin and meagre ringlets as we have seen trickling, "few and far between," down the white brow of a portrait done in the days of our first King Charles. There are but few heads which possess, in a sufficient degree, the power to defy the imputation of looking absurd, or inelegant, if the hair be dressed in a style inconsistent with the character of the face, according to those canons of criticism which are founded upon the principles of a sure and correct taste, and established by the opinions of the most renowned painters and sculptors in every highly civilised nation for ages past.

Young ladies ought never to wear many flowers in their hair, or many leaves, what-

ever be the fashion. If a bud, it should just peep out, now and then, while the lovely wearer, with a light laugh, sweetly waves her ringlets to some pleasant whisper; if a full-blown rose, let it—as ye hope to be happily married—be a white one. York for the hair, Lancaster for the bosom.

We are partial to pearls; they have a very simple, very elegant, very graceful, very innocent look; with a certain pure, pale, poetical gleam about them, that sets the imagination dully a-dream of mermaids and sea-nymphs, gliding by moonlight along the yellow sands. Be that as it may, we are partial to pearls, even though they be but paste—provided all the rest of the fair creature's adornments be chaste and cheap, and especially if you know that her parents are not rich,—that she is a nurse to several small sisters, and that her brothers are breeding up to the army, navy, bar, and church.

Nothing in art more beautiful than lace—

"A web of woven air!"

as it has been charmingly called by one who knows how to let it float charmingly over brow or bosom. How perfectly simple it always seems, even in its utmost richness! So does a web of dew veiling a lily or a rose. It imparts delicacy to the delicate forehead, from whose ample gleam it receives a more softening fineness in return.

ANECDOTE OF A SHARK.—In a shark which we caught, we found a newspaper of later date than any we had on board, and which was dried and read by all of us, not having been at all injured by its adventures. It must have been dropped from some other ship, and swallowed by our eccentric friend.
—*Captain Greenwood*

THE WIG RIOT.—In the year 1764, owing to changes in the fashion, people gave over the use of that very artificial appendage the wig, and wore their own hair when they had any. In consequence of this, the wig-makers, who had become very numerous in London, were suddenly thrown out of work, and reduced to great distress. For some time both town and country rang with their calamities, and their complaints that men should wear their own hair instead of periwigs; and at last it struck them that some legislative enactment ought to be procured in order to oblige gentlefolks to wear wigs, for the benefit of the suffering wig-trade. Accordingly they drew up a petition for relief, which, on the 11th of February, 1765, they carried to St. James's to present to his Majesty George the Third. As they went processionally through the town, it was observed that most of these wig-makers, who wanted to force other people to wear them, wore no wig themselves; and this striking the London mob as something monstrously unfair and inconsistent, they seized the petitioners, and cut off all their hair *par force*.

POPULAR PASTIMES.

ANSWERS TO EMINENT BRITISH PAINTERS.

- 1—Hog(e)arth—Hogarth.
- 2—Wit(d)ki(nd)je—Witkie.
- 3—Gainsborough—Gainsborough.
- 4—Rom(e)Ney—Romney.
- 5—Mor(b)id land—Morland.
- 6—Lout(her)bourg(eon)—Louthborough.
- 7—Law(ren)d(e)s—Lawrence.
- 8—Hop(ne)s(r)—Hopner.
- 9—Key(n)o-L(d)s—Keynolds.

ANSWERS TO CHARADES.

- 1—Page-ant.
- 2—Cork screw.
- 3—Stranger.
- 4—Wollington.

ANSWERS TO CONUNDRUMS.

- 1—When it is a Capr. dinal.
- 2—It is all joers (Al-giers).

CHARADES.

"He's gone! he's gone!" she cried,
In agony and tears,
As he sprang from her side,
The loved one for years.
"Upon him be my blessing,
While riding o'er the foam;
I e'en feel grief oppressing
When he is far from home!"

The good ship on the ocean
Skims steady 'fore the gale,
Though seeming without motion,
Strains every stitch of sail.
Chief object of attraction,
The captain sums each "knot,"

With air of satisfaction,
And smile, of care forgot.
But "cozswain!" old and steady,
See how he strolls about;
His measmates ever ready
To list his honest report.
"There'll be a squall ere morning,"
And scarce these words are said,
Than the beautiful sun, adorning
The azure sky, has fled.
"Look to the pumps, the gale
Is driving on us fast!"
No leisure to bemoan,
They're working them at last.
Well fitted to my fate,
They're worked with frantic zeal;
Each prepared for the worst,
What love of life they feel! —
The thunder rolls above,
Along the blackened sky;
The trembling timbers move;
List to the sea-mew's cry!
Hark! hark! what is that crash?
That booming sound so dire?
The vivid lightning flash:
O Heaven! the ship's on fire!
The pitchy smoke upwares,
From horrid glare each shrink;
But Providence oft saves
While trembling on the brink.
A friendly sail is seen,
Despair's once more defeated,
The deck with joyful men
My second's oft-repeated.

Homeward now they sail,
To blessed Albion's shore;
There friends that never fail
Shout my *whole* gladly o'er.
The maid has met her love,
The father clasped his child;
A blessing from above,
The dame's invoked and smiled.
And all are happy now,
No more at sea to roam;
With pleasure on his brow,
The tar remains at home.

YOUNG CHEETWOOD.

CONUNDRUMS.

1. The name of a celebrated village is a word of one syllable, and is composed of five letters; if this word be beheaded, a word of two syllables (the name of a disease) will remain. What is the name of the village?

2. Which bridges are the most frightened of all those crossing the Thames?

3. What word of five letters has no vowel in it? E. C. DAVIES.

NAMES OF EMINENT MEN ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

1. A French gentleman's house, a name very common in Ireland, and a consonant.

2. A contraction for a book, a consonant, the atmosphere, and a vowel.

3. A cavern, a consonant, and a culinary utensil. VOLCAN.

FACTS AND SCRAPS.

WHEN the popular Duke of Ormond (whose family name was *Butler*) was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, he had given a Rev. *Joseph* — his promise to promote him on the first vacancy, nevertheless he had the mortification to experience two disappointments. On his next turn to preach before his 'Excellency, he took this method of refreshing his memory, by selecting for the text Gen. xi. 23rd ver., "Yet did not the chief *Butler* remember *Joseph*, but forgot him." This hint was successful; for soon after the sermon he was told that the next vacancy should convince him that the *Chief Butler* had not forgot *Joseph*, and the Duke fulfilled his promise.

ONCE UPON A TIME.

SUNNY locks of brightest hue
Once around my temples grew, —
Laugh not, lady, for 'tis true;
Laugh not, lady, for with thee
Time may deal despicably;
Time, if long he lead thee here,
May subdue that mirthful cheer;
Round those laughing lips and eyes
Time may write sad histories;
Deep indent that even brow,
Change those locks, so sunny now,
To as dark and dull a shade
As on mine his touch hath laid.

SCHOLARSHIP.—The following letter, written in a fair Italian hand, was addressed to Mr. Johnson, one of the commissioners appointed to report upon the state of education in Wales, by a schoolmaster in a populous mining district in North Wales:—"9th March, 1847.—Honoured Sir,—I was feeling much grieved for not been present when your Assistant came to visit my school, I was that day in a Rumerak one of my relation Brother-in-law that was the cause. And now at your desire I shall in this place obey to give and answer to your questions. Question, of teaching Catechism in the school I have not put some questions myself from the Holy Scriptures. I learn the Creed the Ten Commandments, and the Lord's Prayer for them. What do I teach them is spelling, reading, writing, an arithmetic, some of the Grammars of the Geography some, they are all But young for the two last named."—*Educational Times*, No. 9.

CARE OF PROVIDENCE.—Lured by the calmness and freshness of a summer's eve, I wandered forth to observe the handiwork of nature's mighty Lord, and soon found myself in the midst of gorgeous and enchanting scenery, which almost bid defiance to the pencil of the artist, and the descriptive powers of the poet. The declining orb of day, as his parting blessing, threw his golden beams over all surrounding objects; the cooling zephyrs, bearing on their noiseless pinions the sweetest odours, wafted slowly by; the melancholy notes of the cuckoo echoed and re-echoed from the distant woods; the lark, high in the vault of heaven, carolled her Maker's praise; and occasionally, the mistress of night—the nightingale—might be heard trying her sweet notes prior to her nocturnal devotions. All nature seemed vocal with the holy sentiment, "all thy works praise thee, O Lord"—But hark! what mean that rustling noise and twittering sound issuing from yonder flowering shrub? Impelled by curiosity, I cautiously approached the spot to ascertain the cause. And, to my astonishment and delight, I discovered a family of naked little birds, snugly cooped up in a neatly constructed nest, carefully lined with soft white wool. The parent bird stood on the side of the nest in the act of feeding her hungry progeny; many times she flew away in search of more food, and again returned to her helpless charge; at length, all having had a good supply, she affectionately covered her tender offspring with her own body and extended wings, and began in soft and plaintive notes her evening lullaby. As I looked and listened I thought of that beautiful part of Scripture, "Behold the fowls of the air, for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them."

J. WILSON.

GIFTS TO KINGS.—There was a law much observed among the Persians, that when the king rode near the residence of his subjects, each one according to his means should set something before the king; husbandmen who were occupied in the tillage of the earth, or handicraftsmen, brought what was neither contemptible on one hand, nor costly on the other, but oxen, or sheep, or corn, and others wine. As the king walked or rode by, these things were set forth by every one, and were called gifts, and accepted by him. Others who were more needy than these offered milk, or palms, or cheese and even sweetmeats, and the first-fruit of their lands or gardens. These were esteemed as a symbolical acknowledgment of the allegiance due on the part of the subject to his sovereign.

CURIOUS AFFECTION OF THE EYE.—Among the affections of the eye which not only deceive the person who is subject to them, but those also who witness their operation, may be enumerated the insensibility of the eye to particular colours. This defect is not accompanied with any imperfection of vision, or connected with any disease, either of a local or a general nature; and it has hitherto been observed in persons who possess a strong and a sharp sight. Mr. Huddart has described the case of one Harris, a shoemaker at Maryport, in Cumberland, who was subject to this defect in a very remarkable degree. He seems to have been insensible to every colour, and to have been capable of recognising only the two opposite tints of black and white. His first suspicion of this defect arose when he was about four years old. Having by accident found in the street a child's stocking, he carried it to a neighbouring house to inquire for the owner: he observed the people call it a red stocking, though he did not understand why they gave it that denomination, as he himself thought it completely described by being called a stocking. The circumstance, however, remained in his memory, and with other subsequent observations, led him to the knowledge of his defect. He observed, also, that, when young, other children could discern cherries on a tree by some pretended difference of colour, though he could only distinguish them from the leaves, by their difference of size and shape. He observed also that, by means of this difference of colour, they could see the cherries at a greater distance than he could; though he could see other objects at as great a distance as they, that is, where the sight was not assisted by the colour. Harris had two brothers, whose perception of colour was nearly as defective as his own; one of these, whom Mr. Huddart examined, constantly mistook light green for yellow, and orange for green.

"HAVE you any sheep?"—"Yes, I sleep on flocks every night."

THE RAILWAY OF LIFE.

LIFE's a railway!—on its line

Many people come and go.

Some, like first-class trains, are "fast,"

Others most immensely "slow."

Stations form the lapse of years—

Changing prospects and condition;

And the grave's a terminus,

With a stoker for physician.

CON.—When is a rope well educated?

When it's well ~~cut~~ (taught).

WHY is the popular food of China like a very celebrated assemblage?—Because it is a *Dish of Worms*.

WHICH is the most inactive plant?—The *sloe*.

WHY would an opening in a sty conduce towards the intellectual advancement of its inhabitants? Because it would make the pigs' litter airy (literary).

"You are not going to *abate* me this time," as the wary fish said to the angler.

"I SLEEP on a down bed," as the fellow said when he retired to rest on the floor.

"COME, sheer off," as the ram exclaimed to the man who was cutting off his wool.

THE HERSCHELIAN TELESCOPE SONG.*

[The following song was written by Sir John Herschel, for a family carousal, held within the enormous tube of the old telescope.]

The Requiem of the Forty feet Reflector at Slough, to be sung on the New Year's Eve, 1838-40, by Papa, Mama, Madama, and all the little Bodies in the Tube thereof assembled.—

In the old telescope's tube we sit,
And the shades of the past around us flit;
His requiem sing we, with shout and with din,
While the old year goes out, and the new one comes in.

Chorus of youths and virgins.

Merrily, merrily, let us all sing,

And make the old Telescope rattle and ring

Full fifty years did he laugh at the storm,
And the blast could not shake his majestic form;
Now prone he lies, where he once stood high,
And search'd the deep heavens with his broad bright eye.

Merrily, merrily, &c.

There are wonders no living wight hath seen,
Which within this hollow have pictured been;
Which mortal record can never recall,
And are known to Him only who makes them all.

Merrily, merrily, &c.

Here watched our father the wintry night,
And his gaze hath been fed with pre-Adamite light;

While planets above him, in circular dances,
Sent down on his tolls a propitious glance.

Merrily, merrily, &c.

He has stretched him quietly down at length
To bask in the star-light his giant's strength;
And Time shall bore a tough morcel find,
For his steel devouring teeth to grind.

Merrily, merrily, &c.

* Extracted from "A History of the Royal Society," by C. R. Weld, Esq., 2 vols., Parker, 1844.

He will grind it at last, as grind it he must,
And its brass and its iron shall be clay and dust;
But soothless rays shall roll away,
And nurture its fame in its form's decay.

Merrily, merrily, &c.

A new year dawns, and the old year's past,
God send us a happy one, like the last;
A little more sun, and a little less rain,
To save us from cough and rheumatic pain.

Merrily, merrily, &c.

God grant that its end this group may find
In love and in harmony fondly joined;
And that some of us, fifty years hence, once
more,
May make the old Telescope's echoes roar.

Chorus fortissimo

Merrily, merrily, let us all sing,

And make the old Telescope rattle and ring

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All correspondences must be addressed to the Editor, No. 334 Strand.

C D (Chelsea).—We cannot oblige this correspondent with the treatise he requires. Dyson's "Hand Book of Swimming" will give every information.

JAMES B. (Leeds).—Our correspondent would not be justified in paying over the money, although there may be a strong presumption of death. For instance, assume the probable fact that the person alluded to died, leaving a husband or children, in which cases they, and not the sisters, would be entitled. She also might not be dead, and in a short time claim it herself. She might also have recently died, bequeathing all her property to third parties, not her sisters. Other reasons why our correspondent should not pay the money over, might be urged. We think he should invest it, and also the dividends, or proceeds, as they accrue.

PUL.—Nature has more to do in forming a great actor than you seem to be aware of. If book-knowledge alone were necessary, there would be no poor scholars.

W. G.—Francis's "Dictionary of Practical Receipts" is published by Strange, 21, Paternoster-row, in eleven parts, price sevenpence each. Denville's, published by Knight, Fleet-street. The price we believe is 1s.

E. C. DAVIZA.—Some of them shall appear shortly.

JAMES HALFORD.—We believe there are three Lord Mayors in the United Kingdom London, York, and Dublin.

A CONSTANT SUSCRIPTOR (Manchester).—For cleaning white satin, see page 13, vol. iv.

A YOUNG DRAMATIST (Dublin).—You had better procure the sanction of its author.

K W.—It shall be inserted as soon as possible.

YOUNG COUNTRYMAN (Manchester).—The poem has not come into our possession. Many thanks.

J. JOHNSON.—Unavoidably postponed.

A. D. G.—Thanks for the correction.

A CONSTANT READER.—One shilling each.—Yes.

CONTRIBUTIONS RESPECTFULLY DECLINED.—Nature's Sublimity, by J. Lund; Scene at a Railway Booking office, by J. P. W. A.; The Flower Girl, and Four Father, by A. A. Barry's Power of Rhetoric, and Providential Escape from Murder, by Frost; The Retort Courtesan, &c., by Francis J. R.; Origin of the Royal Arsenal at Woolwich, by Scholch.

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TRACTS

For the People.

A WEEKLY MISCELLANY OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE AND AMUSEMENT.

No. 36 Vol. IV.] SATURDAY, AUGUST 19, 1848. * [PRICE ONE HALFPENNY.



[DEER STALKING.]

DEER STALKING IN THE HIGHLANDS.

A most graphic account of deer-stalking is given by Mr. St. John, in his very interesting work entitled "Short Sketches of the Wild Sports and Natural History of the Highlands." We give it almost verbatim.

"September 22nd, 18—. Started this morning at day-break with Donald and Malcolm Mohr, as he is called (Anglicæ, Malcolm the Great, or big Malcolm), who had brought his two deer-hounds, Bran and

Oscar, to show me how they could kill a stag. Malcolm himself is as fine a looking "lad" (of thirty-five years old, however) as ever stepped on the heather; a head and shoulders taller than Donald, who, for this reason, and I believe for no other, affects to treat his capabilities as a deer-stalker with considerable contempt, always ending any description of a sporting feat of Malcolm's with the qualification, "Twas no that bad for so long-legged a chiel as you."

The dogs were perfect. Bran, an immense but beautifully made dog, of a light colour,

with black eyes and muzzle; his ears of a dark brown, soft and silky as a lady's hand, the rest of his coat being wavy and harsh, though not exactly rough and shaggy like his comrade Oscar, who was long-haired and of a darker brindle colour, with sharp long muzzle, but the same soft ears as Bran, which, by-the-by, is a distinctive mark of high breeding in these dogs. Malcolm and I took no guns with us; but Donald, as usual, had his old "double barrel," as he calls it—an ancient flint-and-steel affair.

Our path for some time was along the course of the river, where the great yellow trout were plainly to be seen in the perfectly clear water, waiting for the insects as they fell off the weeping branches of the birch-trees which overhung the still pools, as if admiring their own elegance in the water, where every leaf was as plainly reflected as it would have been in a mirror; and as we made our way up the hill-side the autumnal air felt fine, fresh, and exhilarating.

On coming out of the scattered wood which clothed the glen on each side of the stream, we saw a fine roebuck feeding in a grassy spot a few hundred yards out of the wood. I and Donald were much tempted to run the dogs at him, as he was so far from cover; but as Malcolm voted against it, I yielded, though Donald was obliged to take sundry plashes of snuff before he quietly acquiesced in my determination to leave the buck unmolested. As we edged off from him in order that the dogs might not see him and be tempted by his starting-off to break away from us, the buck lifted his head, and Bran's quick eye immediately caught sight of him; the dog stood immovable, with his ears erect, and one fore-foot raised from the ground. The sensible creature, however, instead of remaining at his leish, looked up inquiringly at his master, asking him plainly, "Am I to chase that beauty?" Oscar, who had been trotting quietly behind Donald, who held him, seeing that Bran had game in view by his manner of gazing, and following the direction of his eyes, also saw the buck. Not being so well broken as Bran, the sight caused him to spring forward, pulling the old-keeper down on the flat of his back. Luckily, Donald had the strap twisted round his arm, or the dog would have escaped after the deer. As it was, Donald managed to hold him; and having got up, he rubbed his back, and vented his ill-humour in numberless Gaelic imprecations against the dog for upsetting him, and against Malcolm, "the muckle fule," as he called him, for laughing at his mishap. He then got under way again. In the meantime the roe had disappeared down some hollow of the ground, and we proceeded on our way.

After leaving the woods, we traversed a long range of broken ground, where we had but small chance of seeing the deer, though

their tracks were tolerably fresh here and there; our object was to find the animals in certain places more adapted for the running of the dogs than the ground we were then passing. We therefore did not examine two favourite but rugged and steep crannies, where deer were generally found.

Our forbearance was rewarded, for on coming to a point overlooking a long and wide stretch of hill-side, through the centre of which ran a winding but not very rapid burn, we immediately distinguished nine deer still feeding, though the morning was somewhat advanced. They were scattered about a green spot at the head of the burn, and were feeding on the coarse grass and rushes which grew about the springs and marsh that fed the main stream. They could not have been better placed, and after a short consultation, we turned back behind the shoulder of the hill, in order to get into a hollow of the ground, which would enable us to reach the cottage of the burn—for, this done, our task was comparatively easy.

As the water, owing to the dry weather, was but shallow, and the little wind which there was was blowing right down the stream, by keeping its course we hoped to reach the deer unobserved. Before starting, I took a good look at them through my glass, and saw that the herd consisted wholly of hinds, except one tolerably handsome stag. The dogs, instinctively knowing that we had found game, changed their careless and slouching trot for an eager and quick walk; every now and then they looked with pricked-up ears, and an inquiring glance at Malcolm's face, as if to ask him where the deer were, and how soon they would be near.

Malcolm proposed to me that Donald should get up to a height of the hill, from whence he could see for a long distance on the other side, to see the deer crossed the top, and wait up there in any of the barns that were within his view; and, after a slight demur, Donald started off.

Malcolm and I proceeded carefully, though with great ease, till we got into the burn; I led Oscar, while Bran was under his guidance; we waded and scrambled with no great difficulty, excepting that now and then Oscar was a little annoyed at not being close to his master, as both dogs seemed perfectly aware of what was going on, and in momentary expectation of seeing the deer. Never was ground more favourable: till we were within four hundred yards of the deer, we had scarcely an occasion to stoop our heads. Having come at length to rather a difficult pass, Malcolm asked me to look up carefully, that we might know exactly where the deer were, while he held the dogs. Raising my head gradually, I looked through a tuft of rushes, and saw first the horns of the stag, and then the heads of five of the hinds; they had lain down in the long

heather, near the spot they had been feeding on. But where were the remainder of the herd? I looked for two or three minutes in vain, keeping my head perfectly motionless. Presently, however, the rest of the deer appeared from amongst some broken ground, a hundred yards higher up the hill than the others. Having looked anxiously round them, they all dropped quietly down to rest, with the exception of one lankey-looking hind, who stood motionless on a small hillock, with her eyes and ears turned with great attention in the direction of Donald's place of ambuscade: she evidently had some kind of suspicion of danger from that quarter. I lowered myself as gradually as possible, and looked back at Malcolm. He was kneeling on one knee with a dog held in each hand; the dogs themselves were a perfect picture, as they stood, with the most intense expression of anxiety, watching my movements, and snuffing the air in the direction in which I had been looking, the wind was too light, however, for them as yet to scent the deer. As they stood motionless, and scarcely drawing their breath, I could plainly see their hearts beating with anxiety and eagerness; I explained the position of the deer to Malcolm, and we immediately agreed that no time was to be lost, lest they should take alarm at Donald, whose whereabouts the hind seemed strongly to suspect.

We had a difficult task in advancing the next fifty yards with the dogs. The sensible animals, however, crouched when we did, and were wonderfully little in the way, considering the nature of the ground we had to pass. The old hind's ears only were visible as we crept along; she appeared to be still intently watching in the same direction as before. Having crawled over a small height, we got into a hollow place, and then proceeded to put the dogs' collars and straps in a state to enable us to slip them at a moment's warning. Both Bran and Oscar stood motionless, and almost seemed to turn their necks in order to assist us in the operation.

We then advanced with great care and silence, on our hands and knees, for a couple of hundred yards along a cut in the ground that took us away from the burn. Every thing had favoured us, the deer's attention had been taken off by Donald, and the ground had been the easiest I ever stalked a deer in. We were now within about a hundred yards of them, and could get no nearer unobserved; so patting the dogs, and whispering a word of encouragement to them, we led them in front of us, and rising up in full view of the deer, pointed towards them. We had no need, however, to shew their game to the noble hounds, for the deer starting up as soon as they saw us, were at once caught sight of by both Bran and Oscar. Away went the deer those

which were the farthest off waited for their comrades to join them, and then all took the hill in a compact body, and the dogs, with an impatient whine, darted off the instant they were released from their collars.

The deer ran in a sloping direction up the hill, apparently not exerting themselves very much, but in reality getting over the ground at a very quick pace; the two dogs ran neck and neck, not exactly straight at the deer, but almost parallel, sloping a little, however, towards them, and galping slowly, but still perceptibly, on their game. This lasted for half a mile or so, when the dogs had gained so much, that they were within forty yards of the deer. Nearer and nearer they approached, the hinds running in a close body, the stag now and then lagging behind a few yards, and then with a great effort joining them again, his greater weight and fat beginning to tell on his wind. Malcolm danced and shouted with eagerness: for my own part I went along at a quiet trot, in order not to lose sight of the run, in case they turned up the hill and got over the height.

Presently the dogs seemed to be in the midst of the deer; and the next moment we saw the stag coming straight down the hill with tremendous strides, and the dogs ten yards behind him—Bran rather the first: his thinner coat telling in his favour. As for the hinds, they dispersed for a moment, then collected again, and went off up the hill; being intent on the stag, I saw nothing more of them; they probably did not halt till they had crossed the hill and the river too.

Down came the stag at a pace and with bounds that seemed likely to smash his legs every moment. Luckily for the dogs the ground was (as it had been all along) most favourable. I lost view of all three as they got into the course of a burn, which joined the one we had come up. The dogs were then at his haunches, but unable to get hold of Bran's point of attack was always at the shoulder, or fore leg, while Oscar had a habit of biting at the hind leg, above the hock, frequently cutting through the flesh and tendons in a most extraordinary manner, and tumbling the deer over very quickly. He had, however, not yet got a fair chance at his present chase. Once in the burn, I knew that neither dog could do much, excepting to bring the stag to bay. I ran as hard as I could towards them, and soon saw the deer rattling down the stream, with stones and water flying about him in all directions. The dogs were still keeping up as well as they could in the narrow and rough path the stag had chosen, and sometimes springing at him, but unable to get a hold. Malcolm and myself were in great dread that they would be injured or killed. When within fifty yards of us, both dogs were

thrown down, after making an ineffectual attempt at holding the deer, who broke away, and, getting a little a-head of his pursuers, came to bay under a rock in a pool of the burn which reached to his knees. The dogs had recovered themselves almost immediately, and, crouching in the water, bayed furiously at the stag, who, with his back to the rock, presented only his armed front to them. Knowing their business well, from having gained experience in many hard-fought battles, they did not risk their lives by rushing at his horns, but contented themselves by keeping him there, while they now and then looked round at Malcolm, as if to ask for his assistance. "Down, good dogs, down," he said, when, seeing us approach, they seemed inclined to rush in.

The deer now and then appeared anxious to break off, but whenever he attempted to move, the hound nearest the direction towards which he turned sprang in front of him, baying and preventing his leaving the spot.

Not seeing Donald and his gun, we consulted together as to what was to be done, and at last Malcolm determined, by cautiously attacking the deer from above with his stick, to make him turn from the dogs, and give them a chance of fixing on him without risk from his horns; if they succeeded, I was to run in, and act as circumstances permitted, and, if possible, to help the dogs by stabbing the deer in the throat. As soon as Malcolm had commenced his part of the business, by going round the deer, I called off the dogs in order that they should not be trampled down by the first rush of the beast. They came quite willingly, evidently placing entire confidence in our manner of attack. Malcolm got just above the stag, and then flinging his heavy stick at his legs, and shouting loudly, frightened him so that he rushed out of the pool, passing close to me.

"Now, then, good dogs, at him;" and the next moment the stag was tumbled over, with both hounds fixed on him—Bran at his shoulder and Oscar at his throat. I easily managed my part of the affair, and put an end to the poor animal's pain with my hunting-knife.

"Well done, sir—well done," said Malcolm; "that was quickly finished."

"Deed, ay," said Donald, who just then came up, panting like a walrus—"no that bad either;" this being the utmost praise he ever bestowed on any one.

The hounds, as soon as they saw that the stag was quite dead, left him, and, lying quietly down, began to lick the bruises and cuts they had received in the run. Every now and then one of the dogs would get up, and, going up to the deer, examine him all over, as if to satisfy himself that there was no life remaining. We examined the dogs' limbs to see that there was no serious strain

or cut, and then, after rubbing the dirt and blood off their skins, set to work to open the deer and dispose of the body, ready to be carried off the next day.*

A TALE OF DOOM.

(Continued from our last.)

ABOUT three years after the disappearance of Bartholdy, the guardians of Florian removed him from the seminary, and placed him as a law-student at the university of D—; but here again, although advantageously introduced and recommended, he found himself a stranger, unheeded, and desolate. His timid and now invincible reserve, which prevented all advances on his part towards a frank and social communion with his fellow-students, chilled that disposition to cultivate his acquaintance, which his graceful person and intelligent physiognomy had excited; while his hesitating indecision, at every trivial and common-place incident, made him ridiculous to the few who had been won, by his prepossessing exterior, to occasional intercourse. Thus he continued as deficient as a child in all practical acquaintance with society. Without a single friend or associate, he acquired the habits of a solitary recluse; and, yielding supremely to what now appeared to him his destiny, he became anxious, disconsolate, and misanthropic. Conscious, however, that in France a comprehensive knowledge of jurisprudence was a frequent avenue to honourable civic appointments, and yet overlooking his own incompetency to make any degree of legal knowledge available for this purpose, he pursued his studies with great assiduity; and, during the last year of his stay at D—, his endeavours to ensure himself an honourable support were stimulated by a growing attachment to the lovely daughter of a merchant, through whose agency he drew occasional supplies of money from his guardian.

But even the passion of love, which so often rouses the latent powers of the diffident into life and energy, failed to inspire Florian with that external ardour and prompt assiduity so essential to success, and although the fair object of his regard did not appear insensible to his silent and gentle homage, he never could collect resolution to reveal his feelings. His diffidence was increased, too, by the unmeaning gallantry of two young and lively officers of the garrison, who, although precluded by their nobility from marriage with the daughter of a citizen, employed a portion of their abundant leisure in making skirmishing experiments upon the affections of the lovely Angelique. While these military

* Murray's Home and Colonial Library. 1947.

Butterflies were fluttering round the woman he loved, poor Florian, daunted by the consciousness of his comparative disadvantages, rarely presumed to enter the villa in which her father resided, about half a league beyond the city gates, and endeavoured to console himself by wandering in a grove immediately contiguous. Here a majestic elm was endeared to him by the knowledge that his beloved Angelique often took her work to a turf seat beneath its spreading branches. Here, too, he sometimes left a flower, or other silent token of his regard, the ascertained acceptance of which did not, however, encourage him to any decisive measure.

At length arrived the autumnal vacation, which closed his academic studies; and he determined to pass the winter in his native province, where he thought the influence of his guardians, and the favourable testimony of his teachers, would procure for him such recommendations as would render his legal knowledge available for his future support. He proposed to return in the ensuing spring to D.; and should his mistress have stood the test of six months' absence, and still regard him with an eye of favor, he would then openly declare himself. He called upon her father at his counting-house, and after explaining to him the probable advantages of his visit to Normandy, bade him farewell, and hastened with a beating heart to the villa, where he had the good fortune to find his Angelique alone. Always timid and irresolute in her presence, the fear of betraying his feelings on this occasion made him tremble as he approached her. Her cheek glowed with unaffected blushes as she observed a confusion which led her to anticipate an avowal of his attachment; and when he merely told her that he was going to pass the winter in Normandy, and had called to say farewell, her fine eyes became humid with the starting tears of sudden and uncontrollable emotion. Yet even this obvious proof of sympathy failed to encourage the timid and ever-doubting Florian. Persuaded that he had nothing but his sincerity to recommend him, he dreaded a repulse; and, pressing with gentle fervour her proffered hand, he hastily quitted the apartment, without daring to take another look.

After having secured a place in the diligence for the following morning, he called upon the few acquaintances he had in D——, and late in the afternoon repaired with eager haste to the grove behind the abode of Angelique. He had determined that his favourite elm, hitherto the only witness of his love, should become the medium of a more palpable declaration of his feelings than he had hitherto dared to convey. Intending to carve in the bark the initial letters of his own and his fair one's names within the outline of a heart, he drew from his pocket the clasp-knife of Bartholdy, and, kneeling

on the bank of turf, he was enabled, by the sharpness of the point, to cut in deep and firm characters the initials of the name so dear to him. Laying down the knife upon the seat, he gazed, with folded arms, upon the beloved cipher, and fell into one of his accustomed reveries. An hour had thus elapsed, when suddenly he was roused from his dream of bliss by tones of loud and vehement contention at no great distance from the elm. Prompted by his natural aversion for scenes of violence, he concealed himself behind the tree, from whence he was enabled to discern his two military rivals, out of uniform, approaching the elm, and indicating, by furious tones and gestures, feelings of mutual and deadly animosity. Florian, whose sense of the awkwardness of his situation was increased by his timidity, fancied that he should be accused of listening to their conversation, and, retreating unobserved into the wood, he had gained the high-road before he recollected that he had left his knife on the seat of turf. Ashamed of his cowardice, he determined to return and recover it. He was solicitous, also, to complete the intended cipher on the bark of the elm, while there was light enough for his purpose; and concluding that his angry rivals had walked on in another direction, he hastily retraced his steps. Looking over some tall shrubs, which were separated by a footpath from the elm, he observed that the turf-seat was unoccupied. Supposing, from the total silence, that the hostile youths had quitted the grove, he approached the tree, but recoiled in sudden horror as he almost stepped upon the body of one of his rivals, who lay dead on his back, while the blood was issuing in torrents from a wound in his throat, inflicted by the knife of Bartholdy, the handle of which protruded from the deep incision. His blood froze as he gazed on this sad spectacle; and, covering his face with his hands, he stood for some moments over the body in stolid and sickening horror. Soon, however, his strong antipathy to scenes of bloodshed and violence impelled him to rush, with headlong precipitation, from the fatal spot. Leaving his knife in the wound, he darted forward through the wood, without meeting any one within or near it. When he reached the highroad, the darkness had so much increased as to render his features undistinguishable to the passengers, and, running towards the city, he soon reached the public promenade without the barriers, where he threw himself upon a bench, exhausted with terror and fatigue. Looking fearfully around him through the darkness, he endeavoured to collect his faculties, and immediately the recollection that he had left his knife in the throat of the murdered officer flashed upon him. With this fatal weapon were connected many old associations, which now crowded with sickening potency upon his memory. Again he saw the sarcastic

gyn with which his friend had said, "What we most carefully shun, is most likely to befall us." And would not the knife of Bartholomew too probably verify the malignant prophecy of its owner? Forgetful of the improbability that any one had seen in his possession a knife which, before that evening, he had never used, his senses yielded to an irresistible conviction that this instrument of another's guilt would betray and lead him to the scaffold. Immediate flight was the only resource which presented itself to his bewildered judgment; and, rising from the bench, he hastened to his lodgings, to complete his preparations for departure the following morning. After a sleepless night, during which he started at every sound with apprehension of a visit from the police, he proceeded at day-break, with a heavy heart, to the post-house, where, observing a carrier's waggon on the point of departure for Normandy, he availed himself of the opportunity to facilitate his escape, by putting a few essentials into a cloak-bag, and forwarding his heavy trunk by the carrier. After some delay, of which every moment appeared an age, the diligence departed; and when the church-towers were lost in distance, the goading terrors of the unhappy fugitive yielded for a time to feelings of comparative security. His apprehensions, however, were renewed by every rising cloud of dust behind the diligence, and by every equestrian who followed and passed the vehicle. In vain did he endeavour to console himself with the consciousness that he was innocent, and under the protection of a just and merciful Providence. The judicial murder of Calas, and of other innocent sufferers, detailed in the "*Causas Célèbres*" of Pitaval, were ever present to his fevered fancy; and when he closed his eyes and assumed the semblance of sleep, to avoid the conversation of his fellow-travellers, his imagination conjured up the satanic smile of Bartholomew, who pointed at him jeeringly, and exclaimed, "In vain you seek to shun your destiny! In France, the innocent and the guilty bleed alike upon the scaffold." And then he shouted in the ear of Florian, "Why did you part with the knife I confided to you? Why provoke me to become your evil genius? Or, with a hoarse and fiendish laugh, he seemed to whisper to the shrinking fugitive—"You are a doomed man, Florian! doomed to the scaffold!"

Thus busied did the frenzied fancy of the unhappy youth call up a succession of imaginary terrors, until at dusk the diligence stopped at a solitary inn, and Florian heard, with new alarm, that here the passengers were to remain the night. "And here," thought the timid fugitive, "I shall certainly be overtaken and arrested by the *gens d'armes*." A traveller, who arrived soon after the diligence, and supped with the pas-

sengers, afforded him, however, another chance of escape. This man was lamenting that, at a neighbouring fair, he had not been able to sell an excellent horse, and Florian, watching his opportunity, concluded the purchase with little bargaining. Pleading the necessity of going forward on urgent business, he mounted his purchase, and quitted the inn-yard, with a heart lightened by the certainty that he should gain a night upon his pursuers. At that time France was at peace both abroad and at home; passports were not essential to the native traveller; and Florian, turning down the first cross-road, proceeded rapidly all night, and the four following days; pausing occasionally to refresh his wearied steed, changing his name whenever he was required to declare it, and observing a zig-zag direction to blind his pursuers. On the fifth morning he found himself in a fertile district of central France; and, considering himself safe from all immediate danger, he pursued his journey more leisurely between the vine-covered and gently swelling hills, until the noon-day heat and dusty road made him sensibly feel the want of refreshment. While gazing around him for some hamlet or cottage to pause at, his attention was caught by sounds of lamentation at no great distance, and a sudden turn in the road revealed to him a prostrate male, vainly endeavouring to regain his legs, one of which was broken. A tall boy, in peasant-garb, was scratching his head in rustic embarrassment at this dilemma, and near him stood a young and very lovely woman, wringing her hands in perplexity, and lamenting over the poor male, who was caparisoned with a completeness which indicated the easy circumstances of the owner. Florian immediately stopped his horse, and dismounted, to offer his assistance.

The fair stranger said nothing as he approached, but her beautiful dark eyes appealed to him for aid and counsel with an eloquence which reached his heart in a moment. Examining the male, he said, "There is no hope for the poor animal; and the most humane expedient will be to shoot him as soon as possible. Your side-saddle can be strapped on my horse, which shall convey you to the next village, or as much farther as you like, if you have no objection to the conveyance."

Expressing her thanks for the kind offer, the fair traveller told him that she was returning from a visit to some relations, and that she was still four leagues from her father's house. She would gladly, she said, avail herself of his kindness, but insisted that her servant should not kill the male until she was out of sight and hearing. Then turning towards Florian, she told him that she was ready to proceed, but objected to the exchange of saddles; and, as she was accustomed to ride on a pillion, would rather

at behind him as well as she could, than give him the trouble of walking the long distance. Finding all opposition fruitless, Florian remounted; and, with the assistance of her servant, the fair unknown was soon seated behind him. Blushing and laughing at the necessity, she put an arm round his waist to support herself, and then begged him to proceed without delay, as she was anxious to reach home before night.

(To be continued in our next.)

ASCENT OF BEN-Y-GLOE.

BEN-Y-GLOE is a high and dreary mountain, a few miles to the north-east of Blair Athol. It has several heads, the highest of which attains an altitude of 3,724 feet; and as these heads are distinct mountains of themselves, many mistakes are made in ascending one for another. Ben-y-Gloe is near the Grampian range of mountains, and not far from the vast and sterile tract of ground called the Forest of Athole; it forms the southern screen of Glen Tilt: "You will find it about half a dozen miles, sir," said one of the waiters, as I set off on my mountainous expedition.

My road lay along the high and steep banks of the Fender, and fearful are many of the precipices that rise from the bed of the river. Not far had I proceeded, before a cottager, to my great satisfaction, for the day was burning hot, announced the distance to Ben-y-Gloe to be no more than four miles; but this cup of consolation was soon dashed from my lips, for a boy that I met assured me that it was ten.

It is not in great things only, but in trifling affairs also, that we find our earthly path is not a bowling-green. The ins and outs and the ups and downs of life are grown into a proverb. A broiling walk of ten miles, and such a mountain as that of Ben-y-Gloe to climb, was no light undertaking. "If four miles are too little, ten miles may be too much," said I, trying to console myself. "Who can tell?—truth may lie between!"

After many difficulties I found my way to a burn, or brook, that I had to cross. The rift through which it flowed was narrow and full, a hundred feet deep, and beautifully adorned with grasses, mosses, flowers, shrubs, and pendant plants. I ought to have found the brig, or bridge, that crossed it; but it mattered not. Descending one side of the rift, I creased the waters, and then scrambled up the other. Weary with heat and toil, and with the effort of descending and ascending the rift, I threw myself at full length on the sunny slope, now regarding the sparkling brook, broken into a hundred miniature cascades, now looking at huge Ben Venky, lifting his giant shoulders in the air, and now gazing delighted on the clear, bright, beautiful sky.

On approaching a mountain that hid Ben-y-Gloe from my view, I all at once found myself in a bog. This was an unexpected and an unavoidable difficulty. In the best way that I could, I waded on through the marshy ground, till, quite beset with puddles of black mud, I had no alternative but that of going back or leaping over a broad quagmire to a suspicious patch of reddish moss, which I feared might not bear my weight. I examined the patch, and then took the leap. There was but little harm done, as my feet were already wet; the mossy patch, on the whole, bore me up bravely, so that I sank not deeper than my ankles.

To avoid the bog—for in one place I had well nigh plunged into a hole of black peat mud, that I could not bottom with my stick—I mounted the side of a hill, but found it heavy walking among the deep heather. The swamp had softened the soles of my boots, so that I keenly felt the loose, sharp stones that lay hidden beneath my feet; but when I stopped to look around me on the bushes decked with gorgeous flowers, the glorious garden of glowing purple heather, the distant mountains and the kindling skies, I thought but little of the toil, and the soft boot, and the sharp stones.

The hills were, here and there, strewn with huge blocks of what appeared to me to be white marble. Groups, by twos and threes, were continually springing up from the heather, almost under my feet, and large hares bounded off to a distance, and then sat upon their haunches as if to defy me. Now and then I fell in with a sheep-track, and this greatly assisted me in my onward course. The heat was intense, so that the distant prospect waved incessantly in the rarefied and tremulous air.

Hard work it was to get southerly round the base of the vast mountain that intervened between me and Ben-y-Gloe; but at last this was accomplished. "Keep away from the high pass to the northward," said a sportsman, before I left Blair Athol; "for if you take it, the fall on the other side is so stony that you will not have a bit of shoe-leather left on your foot." With Ben-y-Gloe before me, I began the ascent of what I took to be its southern shoulder in right good will, the fiery sunbeams falling upon me. There was I, with my hat in one hand and my hazel stick in the other, toiling up the mountain, a yellow silk handkerchief thrown over my head, and my coat thrown loosely over my shoulders, the sleeves hanging down before like the paws of the skin of a tiger.

As I mounted the steep, the surrounding eminence in the bright sunlight and contrasting shadows assumed strange shapes. In one direction the hollow of a hill in the shade, covering many acres, resembled a gigantic moor-fowl, with head, breast, tail, and one leg as perfect as if drawn by the hand of a limner, while on the left a half-illuminated

mountain had an appearance like that of the white bear of Spitzbergen. Up, up I climbed, now using my hazel stick, and now fain to lay hold with both my hands on the craggy projections in my path. My toil was great, and my thirst hardly endurable. What was my joy when I suddenly came to a running stream and bubbling fountain of crystal water! Oh, it was exquisite to partake of that delightful stream! I could not satisfy myself in drinking; and even after I had left the place, again I returned to renew my gratification.

In taking an upward survey, a part of my work was fully before me. I had a spongy tract of ground, another of black peat, and a third of loose stones to traverse, before I could reach the top of the mountain on which I was, but I had drunk "of the brook by the way," and being greatly refreshed, with a buoyant spirit I renewed my interesting enterprise. On arriving at the desired summit of the mountain, nothing could exceed my astonishment and mortification. My heart nearly fainted within me when I saw that all my labour had been in vain—I had ascended the wrong mountain. The dip to the north of the eminence on which I stood was awful, while beyond it Ben-y-Gloe towered towards the skies. I paused for a moment, heaved a sigh, and then began to descend to the northward, still fully determined to reach the proudest summit of Ben-y-Gloe.

And reach it I did; but my achievement cost me much. At one time I climbed a hundred paces before I rested; eighty were afterwards as many as I could accomplish; these were by degrees diminished to sixty, forty, and even twenty. I then threw myself, quite exhausted, at full length on the ground, stretching out my arms as though I could not lie flat enough to rest me; I wanted my very fingers to obtain a temporary relief. These things, however, only heightened my joy when I stood erect on the summit of the giant mountain.

Was it nothing to witness the difficulties I had overcome!—to look down on the proud head of Ben Vracky!—to find myself above the two other summits of Ben-y-Gloe, and to gaze on Ben Mac Dhui, who, with the snow-wreaths in the folds of his garments, seemed to stand so near me that I felt as if I could almost have shaken him by the hand! Was it nothing to look round on the Grampian Hills, on Spittle of Glenshee, Schiehallion, and more distant Ben Lawers; to range with my eager eyes over the great Forest of Athol, where the red deer hides in the shadowy woods, glens, and mountain fastnesses his antlered head! And was it nothing to see from that commanding height the glorious sun gathering around him his garments of crimson, purple, and gold, as he withdrew himself from the world! Oh yes—it was much: much to be enjoyed at

the moment; and much to be afterwards remembered!

The stony top of Ben-y-Gloe was too cool to remain long upon it, and yet I was in no haste to descend. To the west was the Caledonian Canal and Loch Laggan—while to the east, a grand accompaniment to the extended prospect, rolled the waters of the Northern Sea. Mighty ocean! even seen from afar thy form arrests the eye, but when we approach thee we feel thy might and majesty!

"Thy voice is like the thunder, and thy sleep
Is like a giant's slumber—loud and deep
Thou speakest in the east and in the west
At once; and on thy heavily laden breast
Fleets come and go; and shapes that have no
life
Or motion, yet are moved and meet in strife
I love to wander on thy rebbled beach,
Marking the sunlight at the evening hour,
And hearken to the thoughts thy waters teach—
Eternity, eternity and power!"

As I descended, I passed over a tract of ground covered with myriads of dark-coloured roots; they looked as if they were the surface veins of the mountain. In one place I stumbled and fell; and had my body been round like a ball, I must of necessity have bounded and rolled two thousand feet before I had been arrested in my career. I clearly saw my danger, and I deeply and gratefully felt my preservation.

As I descended lower, and looked around me—how sternly still, how solemnly silent, were those mountain fastnesses and gloomy glens! There was neither sound nor living motion—not a bird seemed abroad, not a single bee was buzzing on the purple heath beside me. There had the plover often wailed in the air, the swift-winged falcon pursued her prey, and the screaming, hook-billed eagle launched himself on the timid leveret; but the sun had set, evening was coming on, and the feathered race had sought their accustomed retreats. By degrees my mind became solemnized by the dreary solitudes and oppressive stillness, and I mused on the shadowy scene of Scotland's persecutions:

"There came a shadow o'er the land, and men
Were hunted by their fellow-men like beasts,
And the sweet feelings of humanity
Were utterly forgotten, the white head,
Darken'd with blood and dust, was often laid
Upon the murder'd infant, for the sword
Of pride and cruelty was sent to slay
Those who in age would not forego the faith
They had grown up in."

My pulse quickened, and I drew my breath shorter as I thought on those days when many a sequestered Scottish glen was the theatre of bloody tragedies. Oh! that season was a dark page in the book of time, a black brand on the brow of humanity, when the rascal and cruel trooper, with a curse, hewed down the Covenantanter with his sword, cleaving him as the woodman cleaves a billet; and when the unrelenting Covenantanter, with a text from holy writ in his

mouth, drove the cold steel through the turbulent heart of the struggling soldier. Peace and Mercy were then called; Persecution shook her scorpion scourge; pale-faced Fear fled to the rocks and caves; Revenge and cruel War, and red-handed Murder panted with their speed, hunting for the precious life. Good men fell on their knees: the land was filled with lamentation; and could glorified spirits weep, angels had wept in heaven!

The moon gliding on over the summit of Ben Vracky was my only guide on my return from the base of Ben-y-Gloe, for I had occupied much time in my descent. The wild district traversed by me, different to that I had before trodden, was full of deep holes of black mud and water; and when I gained the road, it led me more than a mile through a dark wood. The distance from the brow of Ben-y-Gloe to Bhir Athol can hardly be less than ten miles.

As I trudged along, sometimes gaining a glimpse of the moonbeams, and then again walking in deep shadows, I mused on the adventures that had befallen me. The plains, the mountains, and the skies had all contributed to my delight. The clouds of heaven had that day assumed many shapes: now they were like "robes of light of all colours, crimson, and ruby, and emerald, and purple, and yellow as the topaz;" now like "rocks of coloured crystal and diamond glittering on the brink of a lake of molten gold;" now in tufts scattered over a part of the fair face of heaven, like "sheep that had wandered from the fold;" now like "mountains of the purest snow piled up one above another, even to heaven;" and at last they were heavy and black, like "a dark curtain, stretched across the sky."

Between ten and eleven I reached my hotel; weary, it is true, but not the less delighted with the treat I had enjoyed.

OLD HUMPHREY.

REMARKABLE CASES OF FRAUD AND IMPOSTURE.

NO. XXXVI.—BOOK FOURTH.

DURING the reign of Henry VI. great carnage and misery were caused by the contests between the houses of York and Lancaster, generally known in history as the "Wars between the Roses." These contests also gave rise to several remarkable impostures on the part of the Yorkists.* The Duke of York, in 1460, animated one John Cade to personate Mortimer, Earl of March. Shakespeare, in the second part of "King

Henry the Sixth," has thus portrayed this man:—

York—I have seduced a headstrong Kentish-man,
John Cade, of Ashford,
To make commotion (as full well he can)
Under the title of John Mortimer.
In Ireland have I seen this stubborn Cade
Oppose himself against a troop of Kerne,
And fought so long till that his thighs with darts
Were almost like a sharp-quilled porcupine;
And, in the end being resened, I have seen him
Caper upright like a wild Morisco,
Shaking the bloody darts as he his bells.
Full often, like a shag haired crafty Kerne,
Hath he conversed with the enemy,
And undiscovered, come to me again,
And given me notice of their villanies.
This devil here shall be my substitute;
For that John Mortimer, which now is dead,
In face, in gait, in speech, he doth resemble."

The men of Kent had long been noted for their determined spirit; they were the boldest and least vicious of the insurgents, who, under Wat Tyler, nearly overturned the weak government of Richard II. They were probably better informed in political matters than the people of the inland counties: and they were, in 1460, more violent in their complaints against the government of Henry VI. than the rest of the nation. Cade threw himself among those men, who selected him to be their captain.

He led them towards the capital; and about the middle of June a great multitude, estimated at fifteen or twenty thousand, encamped at Blackheath, from which point Cade kept up a correspondence with the Londoners. The court sent to demand why the good men of Kent had quitted their homes. Cade gave their reasons in a paper, entitled, "The Complaint of the Commons of Kent." After alluding to a report that Kent was to be destroyed and made a hunting-forest by the queen, in revenge for the death of her favourite, the Duke of Suffolk, Cade (or the pens that wrote for him) went on to complain that justice and prosperity had been put out of the land by misgovernment; that the king was stirred to live only on the substance of the commons, while other men fattened on the lands and revenues of the crown; that the people of the realm were not paid for staff and purveyance forcibly taken for the king's use; that the princes of the royal blood were excluded from the court and government, which were filled exclusively by mean and corrupt persons, who plundered and oppressed the people; that the commons of Kent had been specially over-taxed and ill-treated; that their sheriffs and collectors had been guilty of infamous extortion; and that the free election of knights of the shire had been hindered. The court pretended to be preparing a proper answer to this list of grievances, but it employed the time thus gained in collecting troops in London. In this interval Cade sent in another paper, headed, "The Requests by the Captain of

* We have already given an account of the impostures of Lambert Simnel and Perkin Warbeck, in Henry the Seventh's reign. See No. 2 of "Remarkable Cases," page 26 of Vol. I.

the Great Assembly in Kent." This document, though conceived in respectful language, went more directly to the points of complaint.

The court had by this time levied a considerable army, and this force was sent out to give the rebels their answer. Cade fell back from Blackheath to Sevenoaks, where, in a good position, he halted, and waited the attack of a detachment of the royal army. This detachment was defeated on the 24th of June, and the commander, Sir Humphrey Stafford, was slain. The soldiers had not fought with good will at Sevenoaks; and when their main body, still at Blackheath, received intelligence of that affair, they began to say that they liked not to fight against their own countrymen, who only called for a reasonable redress of grievances. The court now found that concession was expedient; and they sent Lord Say, and some other individuals, who were obnoxious to the people, to the Tower, which Lord Scates undertook to maintain for the king. The army was disbanded, and the king was conveyed for safety to the strong castle of Kenilworth.

While these transactions were taking place, Cade re-appeared at Blackheath; and by the end of June he had made himself master of all the right bank of the Thames, from Lambeth and Southwark to Greenwich. From Southwark he sent to demand entrance into the city of London, and this, after a debate in the common council, was freely granted to him by the Lord Mayor. On the 3rd of July, Cade led his followers into the heart of the capital. He seemed anxious to preserve the strictest discipline—he issued proclamations forbidding plunder, and in the evening he led his host back to the Borough.

The next day he returned in the same good order; but he forced the mayor and judges to sit in Guildhall, and pass judgment upon Lord Say, of whose person he had, by some means, obtained possession. His head was cut off at the Standard as Cheapside. Again the insurgents retired quietly to the Borough for the night.

In the course of the following day a few houses were pillaged. The citizens now took counsel with Lord Scates, who had a thousand soldiers in the Tower, and it was resolved that they should prevent Cade from entering the city on the morrow. The rebels got news of this intention in the night, and instantly made an attack on the bridge. The citizens resolutely defended that passage, and after a nocturnal fight, which lasted six hours, and cost many lives, they remained masters of the bridge.

The insurgents retired into Southwark, and, in concert with the irritated citizens, it was resolved to delude them by promises of pardon. The Lord Chancellor and the Archbishop of York and Canterbury, who

had taken refuge in the Tower, despatched from thence the Bishop of Winchester with a general pardon, under the great seal, to all such as should return to their homes. They also promised a redress of grievances.

The mission had the immediate effect of creating a division among the insurgents—one party being of opinion that they ought to accept the conditions; the other, that there was no faith to be put in them. Some began to retire into Kent: Cade accepted the pardon, and then the whole force began to disperse.

In two days, however, Cade was again in Southwark, with a considerable host, who maintained that it would be folly to lay down their arms until they had obtained some security from government for the performance of its promises. But dissension broke out afresh amongst them, and being awed by the warlike attitude of the Londoners, they retreated to Blackheath, and thence marched to Rochester, where their feuds so disgusted their leader that he left them secretly. Expecting every moment to be murdered or delivered up to government, which had proclaimed him a traitor, and offered one thousand marks for his apprehension, he galloped across the country towards the Sussex coast. He was closely followed by one Alexander Iden, an esquire, who overtook him, and attacked him sword in hand. After a desperate fight, the rebel chief was killed. His head was stuck upon London-bridge, with the face turned towards Kent; and Iden received the promised reward. Pursuit was then made after Cade's companions, and many were taken and executed as traitors.

THE MAZE AT HAMPTON COURT.

THIS Maze at Hampton Court may be described as an endless quickest hedge tied in a knot; and the process of finding out your way to the sanctuary somewhat resembles the progress of a Chancery suit towards judgment; for there are such ins and outs, and windings and doublings, and sudden obstacles when you imagine you are on the point of succeeding, and so little to get when you have succeeded, that it requires a very light heart and a cheerful disposition to undertake the expedition satisfactorily. To our own thinking, the best fun is all outside, like that of a dancing show.

A man is stricken on an elevated bench, opposite the gate, to direct the travellers, and prevent them from losing their way, and perishing from hunger in this labyrinth; for, if this was not the case, there are, assuredly, feeble-minded persons who would never come out again. The task of the guardian is somewhat difficult, inasmuch as he sees, apparently, nothing but hats and bonnets running along the tops of hedges, and the instant he tells one in particular to

turn to the left or right, all the rest do it, for all are in the same haze of incertitude.

Possibly, the surest way of arriving at the centre, is to creep through the hedges, when nobody is looking, and then the goal is arrived at "comparatively in no time." The sanctuary itself is not an exciting place. It consists of fifteen or twenty square feet of shuffled ground and two benches. Indeed, we may question the advantage—as we might do in the ascent of Mont Blanc, in the popularly received notions of Freemasonry, in the sitting out a standard five-act play, or in the reading of one of the present long debates—of going through so much to learn so little.

"How to get to Hampton Court" might form a paper by itself; for the transit is not so easy. There are railway carriages, which drop you two miles off; and steamboats which get there the day after the morrow of starting—and some which never get there at all; and vans, which get there and never come back. But, as we think the more of anything in the proportion as the trouble of possessing it increases, so these little diversions tend to make us regard the Maze as a marvellous attraction.

If you wish to pass off for an experienced traveller, we will tell you, as a great secret, a simple method of proceeding at once to the centre of the labyrinth. On entering the gate, turn to the left; then touching the hedge on the right hand, *never take your hand away from it*; even proceed to the end of the card as you can, and double again, rather than leave go. You will appear, at times, to be going wide away from the mark; but, all joking apart, if you do this carefully, it will conduct you to the centre. The left hand must be similarly used to come out again.

The Minister's last tariff has not affected this favourite resort; you will find, from the gardener, that the "duty on mazes" is still in force.

HISTORICAL CARDS.

UPON the subject of "Historical Cards," Mr. W. A. Oshro, in his "Facts and Speculations on the Origin and History of Playing Cards" (just published), has some curious particulars. We make the following extract:

"At 1679, there was published a pack of cards, containing, according to the advertisement, 'An History of all the Popish Plots that have been in England, beginning with those in Queen Elizabeth's time, and ending with the last damnable plot against his Majesty Charles II., with the manner of Sir Edmundbury Godfrey's murder, &c. All excellently engraved on copper plates, with very large descriptions under each card. The like not extant. Sold by Randal Taylor, near Stationers' Hall, and by most book-

sellers, price one shilling each pack.' In a 'puff collusive,' forming a kind of postscript to this announcement, approbation of these cards is thus indirectly made a test of staunch Protestantism: 'Some persons who care not what they say, and to whom lying is as necessary as eating, have endeavoured to asperse this pack by a malicious libel, intimating that it did not answer what is proposed. The contrary is evident. Aspersers of this pack plainly show themselves popishly affected.' Such a pack of cards as that announced in the advertisement referred to—'containing an history of all the popish plots that have been in England, beginning with those in Queen Elizabeth's time—I have never seen; and from the objection which was made to it at the time, namely, that 'it did not answer what was proposed,' I am inclined to think that it was the same pack as that which relates entirely to the pretended Popish plot of 1678, and the murder of Sir Edmundbury Godfrey.' A pack of the latter now before me appears to have been published about 1680 and certainly subsequent to the 18th of July, 1679; as on the Four of Clubs is represented the trial of Sir George Wakeman and three Benedictine monks, who on that day were arraigned at the Old Bailey on an indictment of high treason for conspiring to poison the king. The complete pack consists of fifty-two cards; and each contains a subject, neatly engraved, either relating to the plot or the trial and punishment of the conspirators, with a brief explanation at the foot. At the top are the marks of the suit; and the value of the low cards, from one to ten, is expressed in Roman numerals. The suits of Hearts, Diamonds, and Clubs consist chiefly of illustrations of the pretended plot, as detailed in the evidence of Titus Oates and Captain Bullock; while the suit of Clubs relates entirely to the murder of Sir Edmundbury Godfrey. An index of the whole pack may be formed from the following description of a few of the cards of each suit. HEARTS: King: the King and privy councillors seated at the council-table; Titus Oates standing before them; inscription at the foot, 'Dr. Oates discovereth y^e Plot to y^e King and Council.' The Eight: 'Colman writing a declaration and letters to la. Obess.'—Piscia Chase. The Ace: the Pope with three cardinals and a bishop at a table, and the devil underneath: 'The Plot first hatched at Rome by the Pope and Cardinals, &c.' DIAMONDS: Knave: 'Pickersin attempts to kill y^e K. in St James Park.' The Four: 'Whitebread made Provisional.' The Ace: 'The consult at the white horse Tavern.' CLUBS: King: 'Capt Bedlow examined by y^e secret Committee of the House of Commons.' The Nine: 'Father Comyn preaching against y^e oaths of allegiance & supremacy.' The Six: 'Capt Berry and Alderman Brooks are offered 500*l* to cast

the plot on the Protestants.' SPADES: Queen: 'The Club at y^e Plow Ale house for the murder of S. E. B. Godfree.' The Nine: 'S^r E. B. Godfree strangled, Giraldo going to stab him.' The Five: 'The body of S^r E. B. G. carry'd to Primrose hill on a horse.'

Cards of this description are and have been well known on the Continent, and from thence it is extremely probable they were introduced after the return of Charles II.

A SLEEPY SUBJECT.

SLEEP may appear to be a "living death" to the "wide-awakes," but to many when under its way it seems to be a time of incessant action. Some of the most stirring pictures have passed in review before my senses when under the spell of Morpheus. In his magic mirror have I caught glimpses of a possible futurity, which I hope will not prove to have been but as a *mirage*.

But there are occasional exceptions even in the world of dreams.

I once dreamed that I, together with an old acquaintance (who occupies as peaceful a station in life as myself), had been, for several years of our dreamy lives, subaltern officers in her Majesty's service.

'One fine afternoon, we went out upon a mountain excursion in search of the picturesque. After we had scrambled over several odd thousand *feet*ers, we resolved to rest ourselves upon a very inviting-looking rocky platform, which we accordingly did. We lit a fire, made some coffee (leaving, of course, all the requisite equipage along with us), and after partaking of a comfortable repast, had a calm and philosophic smoke, during which, by the rays of the setting sun, we complacently regarded a distant Lord of chamols, or a solitary ibex, or a troop of those interesting mountain sheep, the argalis; or that mountain surveyor the condor; or that extraordinary bird, the roc, regaling its tender progeny with a few elephants (the latter spectacle occasionally to be witnessed in dreams);—that is to say, whether we were amongst the "Mountains of the Moon," or the "Rocky Mountains," or the "Alps," or the "Andes," or the "Apennines," or that mammothian firm the "Dhawalagiri" and Co., every thing appeared to be in perfect keeping and harmony with our own thoughts. "Now," cried my friend Dick, "this is just what I like after the customary business of the day, thus to——" Here his congratulation was abruptly stopped by the whizz of something by our ears, bearing a somewhat disagreeable resemblance to the sound of a bullet, and which we almost immediately discovered to proceed from a company of sharpshooters, who were, for their sport, within very fair rifle distance. We, too late, discovered that the ledge upon

which we were had an extraordinary predilection for our company, for it would by no means permit us to depart; and there we were (as Hood says), "like cocks at Shrovetide."

Upon the receipt by "myself and friend" of the next shot, I remarked that the last bullet appeared not to have passed beyond us. "Your observation is perfectly just," gallantly responded my friend; "here the shot is, lodged in my right shoulder." "Every bullet has its billet." The next ball billeted on my right leg.

Perhaps the patient reader of these, my Morphean experiences, may be aware that, upon the immediate receipt by an animated carcass of a bullet, although no instant pain is felt, nevertheless a by no means agreeable sensation pervades the frame; such now was my case. "The last shot, my dear sir," cried my heroic friend, "has shattered your right leg, a little below the knee;" which same bulletine dissolved the charm, for I sank into a syncope. J. W.

THE JUVENILE HERO.

THE heroic conduct, filial attachment, and lamentable death of the young Casabianca at the famous battle of Aboukir, will be read with feelings of the liveliest emotion by the latest posterity. His father commanded the Orient, the flag-ship of Admiral Bruyes, and being mortally wounded at the moment the Orient caught fire, he was carried into the gun-room. The boy, whose age did not exceed thirteen, displayed the utmost activity during the engagement. Stationed among the guns, he encouraged the gunners and sailors, and when firing happened to be impeded in the heat of action, through excess of zeal and agitation, he restored order and tranquillity, by a coolness which was quite astonishing for his age; he made the gunners and sailors sensible of their inadvertencies, and took care that each-gun was served with cartridges suited to its calibre. He knew not that his father had been mortally wounded; and when the fire broke out on board the Orient, and the guns were abandoned, this courageous child remained by himself, and called loudly on his father, asking him if he could quit his post without dishonour. The fire was making dreadful ravages, yet he still waited for his father's answer, but in vain! At length an old sailor informed him of the misfortune of Casabianca, his father, and told him that he was ordered to save his son's life by surrendering. The noble-minded boy refused, and immediately ran to the gun-room. When he perceived his father, he threw himself upon him, held him in his close embrace, and declared he would never quit him! In vain his father entreated and threatened him; in vain the old sailor, who

felt an attachment to his captain, wished to render him this last service. "I must die—I will die with my father!" answered the generous child. "There is but a moment remaining," observed the sailor; "I shall have great difficulty in saving myself—adieu!" The flame reaching the powder-magazine, the Orient blew up, with a tremendous explosion, at eleven o'clock in the evening. The whole horizon seemed on fire; the earth shook, and the smoke which proceeded from the vessel ascended heavily in a mass, like an immense dark balloon. The atmosphere then brightened up, and exhibited the terrific objects of all descriptions which were precipitated on the scene of the battle. Thus perished the young and the gallant Casablanca, who in vain covered with his body the mutilated remains of his unfortunate father. On landing at Alexandria, the above particulars were circumstantially related to General Kleber and Louis Bonaparte, afterwards King of Holland.

SHARMAN GOODLAND.

THE TIGER-KING.

IN Habeshah, the monarch is dignified with the title of Tiger. He was formerly Melek of Shendy, when it was invaded by Ismael Pasha, and was even then designated by this fierce cognomen. Ismael, Mehemet Ali's second son, advanced through Nubia, claiming tribute and submission from all the tribes. Nemmir (which signifies Tiger), the King of Shendy, received him hospitably, and when he was seated in his tent, waited on him to learn his pleasure. "My pleasure is," replied the invader, "that you forthwith furnish me with slaves, cattle, and money, to the value of 100,000 dollars."

"Pooh!" said Nemmir, "you jest; all my country could not produce what you require in one hundred moons."

"Ha! Wallah!" was the young Pasha's reply, and he struck the Tiger across the face with his pipe. If he had done so to his namesake of the jungle, the insult could not have roused fiercer feelings of revenge; but the human animal did not show his wrath at once.

"It is well," he replied; "let the Pasha rest; to-morrow he shall have nothing more to ask."

The Egyptian and the few Mameluke officers of his staff were tranquilly smoking towards evening, entertained by some dancing-girls, whom the Tiger had sent to amuse them; when they observed that a huge pile of dried stalks of Indian corn was rising rapidly round the tent.

"What means this?" inquired Ismael, angrily; "am not I Pasha?"

"It is but forage for your highness's horses," replied the Nubian; "for were your troops once arrived, the people would fear to approach the camp."

Suddenly the space is filled with smoke, the tent-curtains shrivel up in flames, and the Pasha and his comrades find themselves encircled in what they well know is their funeral pyre. Vainly the invader implores mercy, and assures the Tiger of his warm regard for him and all his family; vainly he endeavours to break through the fiery fence that girds him round; a thousand spears bore him back into the flames, and the Tiger's triumphant yell and bitter mockery mingled with his dying screams.

The Egyptians perished to a man. Nemmir escaped up the country, crowned with savage glory, and married the daughter of a king, who soon left him his successor, and the Tiger defied all the old Pasha's power. The latter, however, took a terrible revenge upon his people. He burnt all the inhabitants of the village nearest to the scene of his son's slaughter, and cut off the right hands of five hundred men besides.

USEFUL RECIPES.

HOW TO WASH PRINTED DRESSES.—A very cool lather of white soap, of the best quality, should be used, as the inferior soaps contain rosin, and other pernicious ingredients most destructive to colours. Soda, pearl-ash, vinegar, alum,* salt, washing-powder, &c., although they may not injure some colours, should never be used; for they will most certainly destroy others. Printed dresses should not be washed with household or body linen, or put into scalding water. It is desirable to wash colours with a light hand, so as not to subject them to hard rubbing, and to rinse with plenty of clean cold water, and to dry in the open air. Claret, chocolate, purple, lilac, red, pink, and black, are the most permanent; the cloth for these colours being prepared in a peculiar manner, and which process has the effect of better fixing them to it. Blue, green, drab, ruby, crimson, buff, dahlia, orange, and cinnamon, as they do not admit of the cloth being so prepared, of course require more careful treatment, or some of the surface colour may possibly on the first washing scale off and tinge the white, especially if not well rinsed; but by a little discretion the most delicate colours may be effectually preserved.

TO PRESERVE GREEN GOOSEBERRIES, OR CURRANTS, DAMSONS, OR BULLACE, ALMOST WITHOUT SUGAR.—The fruit should be full grown, but not becoming tender with ripeness. Let them be carefully picked, and put into clean, dry, wide-mouthed bottles: tie over with bits of bladder. Stand the bottles in a large pot, copper, or boiler, with cold water to reach to the necks of the bottles. Kindle a fire under, and let the water boil. As the bladders begin to rise and puff, prick

them. As soon as the water boils, remove the fire, and let the bottles remain where they are to become cold. Next day, remove the bladders, and strew over the fruit a thick layer of powdered loaf sugar. Fit the bottles with corks, and let each cork lie close at hand to its own bottle. Hold for a few moments, in the neck of the bottle, two or three lighted matches, either brimstone or lucifer. When they have filled the bottle neck with gas, and before they go out, remove them very quickly, and instantly cork the bottle close, and dip it in bottle cement.

BOTTLE CEMENT.—Common red and black sealing-wax, of each half-a-pound; bees' wax, quarter of an ounce. Melt them in an earthen pipkin or brass kettle. The former is preferable, because the cement may be kept in it, and again melted whenever it is wanted for use. When the mixture begins to froth, and seems likely to boil over, stir with a tallow candle, which will settle the froth. As soon as the whole is melted it is ready for use.—*The Family Economist.*

POPULAR PASTIMES.

ANSWERS TO CHARADE.

1—Wel-come.

ANSWERS TO NAMES OF Eminent Men.

- 1—Chuteau-brian-d.
- 2—Vol-t-air-e.
- 3—Cave-rd-ill.

ANSWERS TO CONUN- DRUMS.

- 1—Hagne (H) ague. and
- 2—Hungerford and
- Haumersmith, be-
cause they are
always in suspen-
sion.
- 3—Myrrh.

CHARADE.

"Ha! minister of God, we have thee now!"

"Twas thus vile "Graham of Claverhouse" did speak,

As, with wild-exultation on his brow,
He saw his trusty soldiers bringing with them

An old deceitful man.—"And did ye seek long, ere ye found this rascal singing with them?"

(The Covenanters). Speedily we'll make him

Sing to another tune! Now, soldiers, take him,

Some twenty yards away, and safely bind him;

And as a consolation, ye may leave him

His tattered Bible.—Tie it fast behind him;
For who can say but that it may relieve him?

Ha! ha! you know it will not do
To treat him as we would a Jew,
For that would be a sin.

Now, bold dragons attend to me,
Respecting him I swear there'll be
More than one bullet-in.

"I'll give a golden piece to him
That puts a bullet through the rim
Of that old Bible! Also, two
The man shall have that sendeth through
Its pages. Men, you have your cue!"

"Each soldier, take my whole,
And haste to yonder knoll;
For I have calculated 'tis
Some twenty years from where he is.
When my first I say,
Speedily obey!"

In line the soldiers stand,
Awaiting the command.

Each second is raised, and each whole is
level'd!—

The poor old man, with hair dishevell'd
Turns his tearful eye
To the azure sky.

For he knows that his time hath come—to
die!

A pause.—My first by the colonel's given—
That sufferer's soul is now in heaven!

MAZLFA.

ENIGMA

I am a word of ten letters; my 8, 6, 2 is a shrub; my 3, 2, 1, 6, is a designation; my 5, 6, 10, is a pronoun; my 5, 2, 8, 6, is to detest; my 4, 5, 9, 2, 8, is to defraud; my 3, 6, 7, 8, is a bird's habitation; my 10, 2, 1, is a sleep; my 1, 2, 4, 9, is a spice; my 8, 6, 3, is a number; my 4, 6, 3, 8, is an American coin; my whole is an English city.

J. W. R.

I am a word of nine letters; my 8, 9, 1, 3, is a Spanish coin; my 4, 1, 8, is part of the body; my 1, 3, 3, 4, 9, is a narrow passage; my 5, 7, 8, 3, is to make certain; my 9, 4, 1, 8, is a period of time; my 8, 7, 6, 2, is a precious stone; my 8, 2, 8, 4, is a musical instrument; my 1, 3, 8, 7, 8, 4, is to entice; my 6, 1, 6, 3, 4, 8, is a peatier; my 8, 7, 5, 4, 3, 3, is a statesman; my 6, 1, 6, 3, 4, 8, is a fish; my 4, 1, 8, 3, is a noble title; my whole is a town in England. K. W.

RIDDLES.

The commencement of love,
The neck of a dove,

With part of a wonder;

The head of a dog,

The middle of a bog,

One clap of thunder.

The spout of a jug,

One fourth of a frog,

With part of a slounder;

The horns of a ram,

The latter end of a man,

The inside of a can,

A bit of a blander.

E. T. ALLNEY.

CONUNDRUMS.

1.—Why does a donkey prefer thistles to corn?

2.—What game is most popular during windy weather?

FACTS AND SCRAPS.

BENEVOLENCE OF AN ACTRESS.—At one period, Mrs Porter, the celebrated actress, lived at Highwood. She drove home nightly, after playing, in a chaise, armed with pistols against highwaymen. One night in the summer of 1781, she was ordered to "stand and deliver;" she obeyed by pulling up and delivering the muzzle of a pistol at the head of her assailant. This was enough, the man assured her that he was not a regular blackbeard, but now appeared in that part positively for the first time, only urged by the wants of a starving family. He gave her address, and entreated her to make inquiries. The actress was moved, and gave him all the cash she had, amounting to ten guineas. Then, whipping her horse, the animal started suddenly off, overturned the vehicle, and the poor lady's leg was broken. While on her sick couch she caused inquiries to be made respecting the man, they were satisfactory, and she raised sixty pounds amongst her friends, which completely restored the cause of her disaster to respectability.

ROSSINI—In 1831, Rossini, being asked how he liked Paganini, who was then performing at Paris, replied, "I have wept but three times in my life: first, on the failure of my earliest opera; the second time, when in a boat with some friends, a turkey, stuffed with truffles, provided for our dinner, tumbled into the water; and, thirdly, on hearing Paganini for the first time."

The Irish Lord Clonmell used to say, "Whatever you have to do in the course of the week, do it on Monday."

OPEN YOUR LETTERS.—The Archbishop of Auch passed his time in Paris, in a bed-chamber, lounging about in his night-gown and slippers, without even seeing company, or even opening any letters. Through negligence, he suffered them to accumulate in a vast heap upon the table. The king was displeased at hearing of his long stay in the capital, and ordered him immediately to return to his diocese. But the archbishop knew not where to raise money to defray the expense of his journey. He had been for a long time in the habit of borrowing from his friends, who now began to cool; and he had the mortification to meet with refusal in every quarter. In this embarrassed situation his secretary proposed to attack the enormous heap of letters, and examine if any of them contained a draft or order. For want of a better resource, the archbishop at last assented to the proposal. The secretary fell to work, and soon found at least fifteen hundred thousand livres, in bills of exchange! Though possessed of this immense sum, the poor prelate, through mere negligence, had reduced himself to a starving condition, and ran the risk of being arrested by his creditors.

HARTLINE was a friend of Milton; he lived in the time of Cromwell, and collected together every manuscript that ever had been written on agriculture, the management of fruit-trees, and gardening. He projected a plan for enclosing waste lands, and planting them with spots for public use. Cromwell gave him a pension; but at the succession of Charles II. it dropped, and he died in poverty.

THE BUNT OF LOCALITY.—A nobleman once commissioned his son to go into the city for him to transact some business, and rung for the carriage to convey the young gentleman. "The city! the city! my lord," he said, inquiringly, "I've been told that is a dreadful way off; where shall I change horses?"

MISS KELLY was one day standing in the street enjoying the vagaries of Punch with the rest of the crowd, when the showman came up to her and solicited a contribution. She was not very ready in answering the demand, when the fellow, taking care to make her understand what he knew who she was, exclaimed: "Ah! it's all over with the drama if we don't encourage one another!"

BAD WRITING.—On one occasion Bishop Birrington, while expostulating with Archdeacon Coke for sending a letter he could not read, told him of a very bad writer, a Frenchman, of high rank, who, answering a letter which he had received from a person of similar rank, expressed himself thus:—"Out of respect, sir, I write to you with my own hand, but, to facilitate the reading, I send you a copy, which I have caused my amanuensis to make."

In the palmy days of the "Edinburgh Review," Sydney Smith happened to call on a colleague, whom he found, to his surprise, actually reading a book for the purpose of reviewing it. Having expressed his astonishment in the strongest terms, his friend inquired how he managed when performing the critical office? "Oh!" said Smith, "I never read a book before reviewing it, it prevents me from doing so."

A MISAPPROPRIATE VOCATION.—After Mirabeau had concluded his celebrated speech on the National Bankruptcy Bill, M^r de la Motte, the famous actor, went up to him and exclaimed: "Ah! Monsieur le Comte, what a speech; and with what an accent did you deliver it! You have surely misused your vocation!"

A CALCULATION.—On an average there are 67 lines to each column of the *TRACTS*. As there are 32 columns in each number, it follows that there are 2144 lines forming a number. Supposing that 7 words form a line, we find that there are upwards of 15,000 words to each number. A moderate calculation will give 6 letters to each word so that in each number of this work there will be found the enormous number of 94,000 letters!

THE WIDOW OF NAIN.

The Roman sentinel stood helmeted and tall
Beside the gate of Nain. The busy tread
Of comers to the city mart was done.
For it was almost noon, and a dead heat
Quiver'd upon the fine and sleeping dust,
And the cold snake crept panting from the wall.
And bask'd his scaly scales in the sun.
Upon his spear the soldier lean'd, and kept
His idle watch, and, as his drowsy dream
Was broken by the solitary foot
Of some poor mendicant, he raised his head,
To curse him for a tributary Jew,
And simultaneously dozed on.

'Twas now high noon.
The dull, low murmur of a funeral
Went through the city—the sad sound of feet
Unmix'd with voices—and the sentinel
Shook off his slumber, and gazed earnestly
Up the wide street along whose paved way
The silent throng crept slowly. They came on,
Bearing a body heavily on its bier,
And by the crowd that in the burning sun
Walk'd with forgetful sadness, 'twas of one
Mourner's with uncommon sorrow. The broad gate
Swung on its hinges, and the Roman bent
His spear-point downwards as the bearers past,
Bending beneath their burden. There was one—
Only one mourner. Close behind the bier,
Crumpling the pall up in her wither'd hands,
Follow'd an aged woman. Her short steps
Falter'd with weakness, and a broken moan
Fell from her lips, thickened convulsively
As her heart bled afresh. The pitying crowd
Follow'd apart, but no one spoke to her.
She had no kinsmen. She had lived alone—
A widow with one son. He was her all—
The only tie she had in the wide world—
And he was dead. They could not comfort her.
Jesus drew near to Nain as from the gate
The funeral came forth. His lips were pale
With the noon's sultry heat. The beaded sweat
Stood thickly on his brow, and on the worn
And simple tassels of his sandals lay
Thick the white dust of travel. He had come
Since sunrise from Capernaum, tiring not
To rest his lips by green Bethesda's pool,
Nor wash his feet in Bethan's silver springs.
Nor turn him southward upon Taber's side
To catch Gibeon's light and spicy breeze.
Gennesareth stood ope upon the East,
Fast by the sea of Galilee, and there
The weary traveller might hide till eve,
And on the alders of Bethsaida's plains
The grapes of Palestine hung ripe and wild,
Yet turn'd he not aside, but gazing on
From every swelling mount, he saw afar
Amid the hills, the humble spires of Nain.
The place of his next errand and the path
Touch'd not Bethulia, and a league away
Upon the East lay pleasant Galilee.
North from the city-gate the pitying crowd
Follow'd the stricken mourner. They came near
The place of burial, and, with straining hands,
Cling'd upon her breast the clasp'd pall,
And with a gasping sob, quick as a child's,
And an inquiring wildness flashing through
The thin, gray lashes of her fever'd eyes.
She came, where she came stood beside the way.
He look'd upon her, and his heart was moved.
'Weep not!' he said, as they stayed the bier,
And as his right hand rest'd on his foot,
He gently drew the pall from over her grasp,
And laid it down in silence from the dead.
With tremble'd voice the faint throng drew near,
And gazed on his pale cheeks. A minute's space
He stood and pray'd. Then taking the cold hand
He said, 'Arise!' And instantly the breast
Heav'd in its ornaments, and a sudden flash
Ran through the lines of the divided lip.
And, with a murmur of his mother's name,
He trembled and sat upright in his shroud.
And, while the mourner hung upon his neck,
Jesus went calmly on his way to Nain.

W.H.M., the Anti-Slavery Port.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All correspondence must be addressed to the
Editor, No. 334 Strand.

C. S. (Worcester).—All contributions to the
TRACTS must be *gratuitous*; we must, therefore,
beg to decline making use of the Ms. forwarded to us.

G. M. F.—Y.—Received with pleasure.

TOM KAIN.—We return you thanks for the
kind offer, but really the book would be of no
service to us.

O. D. T. (Hackney).—The following pomatum
will have, to some extent, the effect desired—
Beef marrow, an ounce; hog-lard, an ounce;
spermaceti, an ounce; oil of balm, a pint. Melt
the whole together, strain it through a linen bag,
and add—oil of bergamot, a dessert-spoonful; oil
of roses, ten minims. Oil of nutmeg, ten minims.

A. W. and W. R. (Liverpool).—The word *he*
refers to the antecedent, *enemy*. It certainly is
not appropriate, as the enemy consisted of ferocious
barbarians. Poets, however, are allowed some
license.

H. J. L.—At the first favourable opportunity
we will make use of your kind communication.

AN ABERDONIAN.—We thank our fair cor-
respondent for the hint, but we cannot avail our-
selves of it. We know, for a fact, that by far the
greater part of our readers consider the "notices"
as one of the most valuable sections of our work.
Our literary vanity was shocked to find ourselves
clashed with the work mentioned in our cor-
respondent's note.

VIN.—Dean and Co., Threadneedle-street, have
published two little books, to which we must
refer our correspondent for the information de-
sired—"The Bird-Keeper's Companion," and
"The British Aviary." The price of the former is
1s., of the latter, 2s.

J. STURGEON (Birmingham).—Your contributions
will be inserted with pleasure.

F. S. (Myddleton Square).—We have not re-
ceived the short poetical piece alluded to. Ac-
cept our best thanks for the last contribution.

J. S. B. (Liverpool).—Unfortunately an ac-
cident has occurred, which will cause its postpone-
ment for a somewhat time longer.

EDWARD (Manchester).—Cheap clocks are made
without alarm, which can be set to strike at
any particular time required.

E. W. R.—(Donnton).—Please to accept our
thanks. Also LONDON.

J. M. (Aberdeen).—Thanks.

WILLIAM B.—Carefully remove the grease by
means of flannel; then apply the blacking, &c.

W. N.—The Tracts will be continued so long
as they are a successful speculation. At the very
least, we hope they will see the commencement
of the 50th century.

VILKS and GUTHRIE (Bristol).—Nothing is more
agreeable to us than to be under obligation to
such correspondents. We will inquire for you.

W. GUTHRIE.—See answer to J. S. B.

W. H. (Liverpool).—We really must decline the
insertion of the epitaph.

E. H. (Birmingham).—See answer to J. S. B.

CORRECTIONS RESPECTFULLY DECLINED—
"Origin of the Forget-Me-Not," by C. J. F.; "A
Vision from the Effects of Vitriolic Ether," by
A. Stettin; "Lines on the Death of a 'Promis-
ing Child,'" by J. Mel.; "The Negro to a Sinner,"
and "A Word for the Tracts for the People," by
J. R. N.; "Napoleon Bonaparte," by Leonardus;
"Childhood's Pleasures," by J. M.; "The De-
spairing One," by G. C.; "The Martyr," "The
Dying Warrior," by W. L. H.

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for the People

A WEEKLY MISCELLANY OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE AND AMUSEMENT.

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[EXECUTION OF A TRAITOR IN DAHOMEY.]

WESTERN AFRICA.

THE latest traveller into the interior of Africa is Mr. John Duncan, who, in 1845, traversed a country which had been previously untrod by any European traveller. He reached as far as 13 deg. 6' N.

lat, and 1 deg. 3 min. E long. Towards the close of 1847, Mr. Duncan* published the result of his wanderings, in a work which he denominated "Travels in Western Africa." In a visit which our traveller paid to the king of Dahomey, he met with much kindness, and was fêted and feasted in an extraordinary manner. Among the curious modes by which the king of the country "delighted to honour" his visitor, were the following, viz., a review of his Amazon warriors, and the execution of some traitors. These we shall proceed to describe, nearly in the words of our author.

Mr. Duncan arrived at the town of Abomey, where the king of Dahomey resided, on the 10th of June, 1845. On the following morning he rode, attended by some of the king's principal men, to the parade-ground in front of the palace. "The king had not arrived at the appointed place, where a high stool and footstool were placed for him under a huge umbrella, surrounded by about twenty more of nearly the same dimensions, forming a crescent—his own being in the centre. When his majesty came, I saluted him according to military regulation, with which he seemed much pleased, and returned the compliment in a much more graceful manner than I expected. I then stepped forward to the king, and he descended from his stool or throne, and shook me cordially by the hand, declaring his great satisfaction at having an Englishman in his country."

During some ceremonies which now ensued, troops of female soldiers arrived, preceded by a band of very barbarous music, similar to sheep-bells and drums, made from part of the trunk of a hollow tree, with some sheep-skin covered over the top of it. These Amazons took their stations at a distance, lying down, or crouching. No particular discipline was preserved. When they were called upon to come before the king, the regiments successively formed up in an irregular column, and the com-

mander called out the officers, who knelt on both knees, and covered their heads and bodies with dust. The commander then introduced, one after the other, each officer of this female army; those who had in any way distinguished themselves were complimented and rewarded. When all this ceremony had been gone through, the officers fell in, and the whole force sang a song in compliment to the king. After all was over the whole knelt down, with the butt of their muskets on the ground, and the barrel slanting back over the shoulder, and with both hands scraped up the dust and covered themselves with it. The dust being of a light red colour, gave them a very singular appearance. Many had their heads entirely shaved, except a tuft resembling a cockade; others had only shaved a breadth of two inches from the forehead to the poll. After the ceremony just mentioned, they all rose up from the stooping position, still on their knees, but body otherwise erect, and poisoning their muskets horizontally on their two hands, all joined in a general hurrah. Suddenly they all rose up, threw the musket sharply into one hand, held it high in the air, and at the same time gave another hurrah. The whole then shouldered muskets, and ran off at full speed. Each individual ran as fast as she was able, so that it was a race with the whole force of six hundred women. It was surprising to see their speed, considering they carried a long Danish musket and short sword each, as well as a sort of club.

Our traveller gives an account of the dress and equipments of these Amazons. "They wear a blue and white striped cotton surtout, the stripes about an inch and a half wide, of stout native manufacture, without sleeves. The shirt reaches as low as the knee of the Highlanders. A pair of short trousers is worn underneath, reaching two inches below the knee. The cartridge-box forms a girdle, hanging all their dress snug and close; it contains twenty cartridges (about four times the quantity of that used in England, owing to the inferiority of the powder) and the ball is not attached to the cartridge."

During the day, about six thousand women soldiers passed successively before the king, who frequently introduced the principal officers to Mr. Duncan, relating their achievements to him. Next morning, June 12th, he was again summoned to attend the review. Between 7 and 8 o'clock in the morning, the female soldiers made their appearance in full marching order, (with provisions) amounting to about 1700. "The regiment was preceded by its band. The drum is carried on the head; one end to the front and the other to the rear; the person beating it walks behind the carrier. The drum was ornamented with twelve human skulls. The women carrying provisions

* Mr. John Duncan was born in the year 1818, of humble parentage, on the farm of Galsbrook, near Kilmacduff, N.B. In 1832, he enlisted in the First Regiment of Life Guards. During the honours devoted to military duties, he applied himself to the cultivation of drawing and painting, and to mechanics, all of which he found of great service when he afterwards became a volunteer. In 1839, he procured his discharge, and in consequence of meritorious service, he obtained the appointment of Master-at-Arms in the late expedition to the Niger. In this unfortunate expedition he narrowly escaped the fate of so many of his fellow-travellers. He returned to England in an emaciated condition; but, having naturally a very robust constitution, he was speedily recovered. He now offered his services to the Royal Geographical Society, to proceed to Africa and penetrate to the Kong Mountains from the west coast. The Society provided him with the necessary instruments and instructions; and the Lords of the Admiralty directed that he should have a free passage to Cape Coast. He started upon his long and toilsome journey on the 16th of June, 1844.

march in the rear, each of them having a certain portion of baggage; some carry mats for the officers to lie upon, and one woman carries a large umbrella for the commanding officer. Those carrying provisions have large calabashes on their heads, weighing about sixty pounds each, containing different sorts of provisions, such as fowls cooked in palm-oil, &c. Seven standards are carried with this regiment, the tops of which are ornamented with human skulls. Altogether there appeared before me about eight thousand of these women-soldiers."

The king next requested his visitor to go and see what his Amazons were about to perform. "I was accordingly conducted to a large space of broken ground, where had been erected three immense prickly piles of green bush. These three clumps, or piles, of a sort of strong briar or thorn, armed with the most dangerous prickles, were placed in line, occupying about 400 yards, leaving only a narrow passage between them, sufficient merely to distinguish each clump appointed to each regiment. These piles were about 70 feet wide and eight feet high. Upon examining them, I could not persuade myself that any human being, without boots or shoes, would, under any circumstances, attempt to pass over so dangerous a collection of the most efficiently armed plants I had ever seen. Behind these piles were large pens, at the distance of 300 yards, fenced with piles 7 feet high, thickly matted together with strong reeds. Enclosed therein were several hundred slaves belonging to the king. This affair was entirely got up to illustrate an attack upon a town and the capture of prisoners. After waiting a short time, a regiment of the women-soldiers made their appearance at about 300 yards from or in front of the first pile, where they halted with shouldered arms. In a few seconds the word for attack was given, and a rush was made towards the pile, with a speed almost beyond conception, and in less than one minute the whole body had passed over this immense pile, and had taken the supposed town. Each of the other piles was passed with equal rapidity, at intervals of twenty minutes. After this, we again returned to our former station.

"In a short time after our return, the regiment passed, on their return, in single file—each leading in a string a young male or female slave, carrying also the dried scalp of one man supposed to have been killed in the attack. On all such occasions, when a person is killed in battle, the skin is taken from the head, and kept as a trophy of valour. I counted 700 scalps passed in this manner. One officer of this regiment was now introduced to me; her name was Adadimo. This female had, during the two last years' war, taken successively, each year, a male prisoner, for which she was promoted, and his majesty had also presented her

with two female slaves. Adadimo is a tall thin woman, about twenty-two years of age, and good-looking for a black, and mild and unassuming in appearance.

"It will doubtless seem singular that the male soldiers are not mentioned as taking any part in the two days' review, but they remained inactive the whole time, except when eating; as this part of the ceremony they played their part well.

"I may be permitted to make a few remarks on the army of women. It is certainly a surprising sight. I had often heard of the king's female soldiers, but now I have seen them, all well-armed, and generally fine, strong, healthy women, and doubtless capable of enduring great fatigue. They seem to use the long Danish musket with as much ease as one of our grenadiers does his firelock, but not with the same quickness, as they are not trained to any particular exercise, but, on receiving the word, make an attack like a pack of hounds, with great swiftness. Their appearance is more martial than the generality of the men; and if undertaking a campaign, I should prefer the female to the male soldiers of this country."

On the 13th of June, the Dahoman king asked Mr. Duncan if he should like to be present on the following day, to witness the execution of four men (traitors), proferring him the honour of being their executioner. The honour was declined by Mr. Duncan, on the plea that he would rather save a man's life than take it, unless in self-defence.

An hour before sunset, on the 14th, the four traitors were brought forth for execution. They marched through the assembled crowd, apparently as little concerned as the spectators, who seemed more cheerful than before the prisoners made their appearance, as if they were pleased with a prospect of a change of performance. "The prisoners were marched close past me in slow time, consequently I had a good opportunity of minutely observing them, particularly as every one continued on his knees, with the exception of myself and the guard who accompanied the prisoners.

"They were all young men, of the middle size, and appeared to be of one family. They had attempted the life of the king. Each man was gagged with a short piece of wood, with a small strip of white cotton tied round each end of the stick, and passed round the pole. This was to prevent them from speaking. They were arranged in line, kneeling before the king. The head gong-gong man now gave four beats on the gong, and then addressed the culprits on the enormity of their crime and the justice of their sentence. During this hurraque the gong-gong was struck at short intervals, which gave a sort of awful solemnity to the scene. After this, the men were suddenly marched some distance

from the king, as on this occasion he refused to witness the execution. The men were then ordered to kneel in line about nine feet apart, their hands being tied in front of the body, and the elbows held behind by two men, the body of the culprit bending forward. The executioner, at one blow on the back of the neck, divided the head from the body of the first culprit, with the exception of a small portion of the skin, which was separated by passing the knife or bill-hook (the instrument of execution) underneath. Unfortunately, the second man was dreadfully mangled, for the poor fellow, at the moment the blow was struck, having raised his head, the knife struck in a slanting direction, and only made a large wound; the next blow caught him on the back of the head, when the brain protruded. The miserable wretch struggled violently. The third stroke caught him across the shoulders, inflicting a dreadful gash. The next caught him on the neck, which was repeated. The officer, steadying the criminal, now lost his hold, on account of the blood which rushed from the blood-vessels on all who were near. The executioner, now quite pained, took hold of the head, and after twisting it several times round, separated it from the still convulsed and struggling trunk. During the latter part of this disgusting execution, the head presented an awful spectacle; the distortion of the features, and the eyeballs completely upturned, giving it a horrid appearance.

"The next man, with his eyes partially shut and head drooping forward near the ground, remained all this time in suspense; casting a glance on the head which was now close to him, and the trunk dragged close past him, the blood still rushing from it like a fountain. The executioner refusing to make any more attempts, another man acted in his stead;—at one blow the spinal cord was separated. The fourth culprit was not so fortunate, his head not being severed from the body till after three strokes. The body rolled over several times, when the blood spurted over my face and clothes."

The most disgusting part of this abominable and barbarous execution is yet to be described. "An old ill-looking wretch stood with a calash in his hand, ready to catch the blood from each individual, which he greedily devoured before it had escaped one minute from the veins!

"Before execution, the victim is furnished with a clean white cloth to tie round his loins. After decapitation, the body is immediately dragged off by the heels to a large pit some distance from the town, and thrown therein. It is soon devoured by wolves and vultures, which are here so ravenous, that they will almost take your victuals from you."^a

^a London: Richard Bentley, New Burlington Street, 1847.

A TALE OF DOOM.

(Continued from our last)

CONVERSING as they journeyed onward, their communications became every moment more interesting; and as Florian felt the warm hand of his lovely companion near his heart, he began to feel a soothing sense of gratification, which cheered and elevated his spirits. He had never before found himself in such near and agreeable relation to a beautiful woman; and, whenever he turned his head to speak or listen, he found the finest black eyes, and the most lovely mouth he had ever seen, within a few inches of his own. So potent, indeed, was the charm of her look and language, that he forgot for a time the timid graces and less sparkling beauty of her he had lost for ever, and was insensibly beguiled of all his fears and sorrows as he listened to the lively sallies of this laughter-loving fair one. Meanwhile, they had quitted the cross-road, and pursued, by her direction, the great road from Paris towards eastern France. Here he remarked with surprise that she invariably drew the hood of her cloak over her face when any travellers passed them; and his surprise was converted into uneasiness and suspicion when, after commencing the last league of their journey, she drew the hood entirely over her face; and her conversation, before so animated, was succeeded by total silence, or by replies so brief and disjointed as to indicate that her thoughts were intensely pre-occupied.

The sun had reached the horizon when they arrived within a short half-league of the town before them, and here she suddenly asked her conductor whether he intended to travel farther before morning. Florian, hoping to obtain some clue to her name and residence, replied that he was undetermined; on which she advised him to give a night's rest to his jaded horse, and strongly recommended to him an hotel, the name and situation of which she minutely described. He promised to comply with her recommendations; and immediately, by a vigorous effort, she threw herself from the horse to the ground. Hastily arranging her disordered travelling dress, she approached him, clasped his hand in both her own, and thanked him, in brief but fervent terms, for the important service he had rendered her. "And now," added she, in visible embarrassment, as she raised her hood, and looked fearfully around, "I have another favour to request. My father would not approve of your accompanying me home, nor must the town-gossips see me at this hour with a young man and a stranger. You will, therefore, oblige me by resting your horse here for half an hour, that I may reach the town before you. Will you do me this favour?" she repeated, with a pleading look. "Most certainly I will," replied the

good-natured but disappointed Florian. "Farewell, then," she rejoined, "and may Heaven reward your kindness!"

Bounding forward with a light and rapid step, she soon disappeared round a sharp angle in the road, occasioned by a sudden bend of the adjacent river. Florian gazed admiringly upon her elastic step and well-turned figure, until she was out of sight. He recollected, with a sigh of regret, the graces and intelligence of her conversation; again the sense of his desolate and perilous condition smote him; he felt himself more than ever forlorn and unhappy, and reproached himself for the baseness which had prevented him from inquiring more urgently the name and residence of this charming stranger. While thus painfully musing, the time she had prescribed elapsed, and Florian let the bridle fall upon the neck of the exhausted animal, which paced towards the town as deliberately as the unknown fair one could have wished. At a short distance from the town gate the high road passed under an archway, composing part of a detached house of Gothic structure; and on the town side of the arch was a toll-bar, at which a boy was stationed, who held out his hat to Florian, and demanded half a sou. "For what?" asked Florian.

"A long-established toll, sir," said the boy; "and if you have a compassionate heart, you will give another half sou to the condemned criminals," he continued, as he pointed to an iron box placed near the house-door, under a figure of the Virgin. Shuddering at the words, Florian threw some copper coins into the box; and, as he hastened forward, endeavoured to banish the painful association of ideas, by fixing his thoughts upon the mysterious fair one. Suspecting, from the pressing manner in which she had recommended a particular hotel to his preference, that, if he went there, he might possibly see or hear from her in the morning, he proceeded to the *Houvi Quatre*, which proved to be an hotel of third-rate importance, but well suited to his limited means, and recommending itself by an air of cleanliness and comfort. The evenings at this season were cool; and as it would have required some time to heat the parlour, the landlord proposed to him to sit down and take some refreshment in his well-warmed kitchen. Florian complied with this invitation, but not without some apprehension of the presence of strangers; and, stepping into the kitchen, was relieved by the discovery that it was occupied only by servants, who were too busily engaged in preparing supper to take notice of him.

Sitting down in a corner near the fire, the combined effects of a genial warmth and excessive fatigue threw him into a sound sleep, from which he was aroused by the landlord, who told him that his supper had been ready some time, but that he had been

unwilling to disturb a slumber so profound. Rising drowsily from his chair, he followed the landlord to a table where a roasted capon and a glass jug of bright wine waited his arrival. The servants had all retired for the night,—the landlord quitted the kitchen, and Florian, busily employed in dissecting the fowl, thought himself the sole tenant of the spacious apartment, when, looking accidentally towards the fire, he saw with surprise that the chair he had just quitted was occupied. Looking more intently, he distinguished a short man of more than middle age, whose square and sturdy figure was partially concealed by a capacious mantle. His hair was grey, his forehead seamed with broad wrinkles, and his bushy brows beetled over a set of features stern and massive as if cast in iron. His eyes were small and deep-set, but of a lustrous black; and Florian observed with dismay that they were fixed upon his countenance with a look of searching scrutiny. It was near midnight, and in the deep silence which reigned through the house, this motionless attitude, and marble fixedness of look, gave to the stranger's appearance a character so appalling, that, had he not broken the spell by stooping to light his pipe, Florian would ere long have thought him an unearthly object. The stranger now quitted his seat by the fire, took from a table near him a jug of wine, and approached the wondering Florian.

"With your leave, my good sir," he began, "I will take a chair by your table. A little friendly gossip in the best of all seasoning to a glass of wine."

Without waiting for a reply, the old man seated himself directly opposite to Florian, and again fixed a scrutinising gaze upon his countenance. The conscious fugitive, who felt a growing and unaccountable dread of this singular intruder, muttered a brief assent, and continued to eat his supper in silent but obvious embarrassment; stealing now and then a timid look at the stranger, but hastily withdrawing his furtive glances as he felt the beams of the old man's eyes penetrating his very soul. He observed that the features of his tormentor were cast in a vulgar mould, but his gaze was widely different from that of clownish curiosity, and there was in his deportment a stern and steady self-possession, which suggested to the alarmed Florian a suspicion that he was an agent of the police, who had probably tracked him through the cross-roads he had traversed in his flight from D—. The colour of his cheeks turned to an ashy paleness at this appalling conjecture; and, leaving his supper unfinished, he rose abruptly from the table to quit the room, when the old man, starting suddenly from his chair, seized the shaking hand of Florian, and looking cautiously around him, said in subdued but impressive tones:

"It is not accident, young man, which

brings us together at this hour. I came in while you were asleep, and begged the landlord would not awaken you, that I might say a few words to you in confidence after the servants had gone to bed."

"To me?" exclaimed Florian.

"Hush!" said the old man, again looking round the kitchen. "My object is to give you a friendly warning; for, if I am not for the first time mistaken in these matters, you are menaced with a formidable danger."

"Danger?" repeated the pallid Florian, in a voice scarcely audible.

"And have you not good reason to expect this danger?" continued the stranger. "Your sudden paleness tells me that you know it. I am an old man, and my life has been a rough pilgrimage; but I have still a warm heart, and can make large allowances for the headlong impetuosity which too often plunges a young man into crime. You may safely trust me," he continued, placing his hand upon his heart, "in whose bosom the confessions of many hapless fugitives repose, and will repose, so long as life beats in my pulses. I betray no man who confides in me, were he stained even with blood."

Pausing a little, he fixed a searching look upon the shrieking youth, and then whispered in his ear:

"Young man, you have a *murder* on your conscience!"

For a moment the apprehensions of Florian yielded to a lofty sense of indignation at this groundless charge.

"It is false, old man!" he exclaimed with energy. "I swear by the just God who searches all hearts, that I am not conscious of any crime."

"I shall rejoice to learn that I am mistaken," replied the old man, with evident gratification, as again he fixed his searching eyes upon the indignant Florian. "If you are innocent, it will be all the better for both of us; but," he continued, after a hasty look around him, "the danger I alluded to still hangs over your head. I trust, however, that with God's help I shall be able to shield you from it."

Florian, too much alarmed to reply, looked at him doubtingly.

"I will deal candidly with you," resumed the old man, after a pause of reflection. "When you rode by my house this evening—"

"Who and what are you?" exclaimed Florian, in new astonishment.

"Have a little patience, young man," replied the stranger, while his iron features relaxed into a good-natured smile. "Do you recollect the archway under an old house where a toll of half a sou was demanded from you? That house is mine; and I was sitting by the window as you threw an alms into the box for the condemned criminals. Had you then looked upward, you would

have seen a naked sword and a bright axe suspended over your head."

At these words Florian shuddered, and involuntarily retreated some paces from his companion.

"I see by your flinching," sternly resumed the old man, "that you guess who is before you. You are right, young man! I am the town executioner, but an honest man withal, and well inclined to render you essential service. Now, mark me! When you stopped beneath the broad blade, it quivered, and jarred against the axe. Whoever is thus greeted by the headsman's sword is inevitably doomed to come in contact with it. I heard the boding jar which every executioner in France well knows how to interpret, and I immediately determined to follow and to warn you."

The unhappy youth, who had listened in great emotion to this strange communication, now yielded to a sense of ungovernable terror. Covering with both his hands his pallid face, he exclaimed, in agony:

"O God! in thy infinite mercy, save me!"

"Ha!" ejaculated the headsman, sternly, "have I then roused your sleeping conscience? However, whether you conclude to open or to shut your heart, is now immaterial. In either case, I will never betray you—for accusation and judgment belong not to my office. Profit, therefore, as you best may by my well-intended warning. Alas! alas!" he muttered between his closed teeth, "that one so young should dip his hands in blood!"

"By all that is sacred!" exclaimed Florian, with trembling eagerness, "I am innocent of murder and incapable of falsehood; and yet so disastrous is my destiny, that I am beset with peril and suspicion. You are an utter stranger to me, but you appear to have benevolence and worldly wisdom. Listen to my tale, and then in mercy give me aid and counsel."

He now unfolded to the executioner the extraordinary chain of circumstances which had compelled him to seek security in flight, and told his tale of trials with a simplicity of language, look, and gesture, which carried with it conviction of his innocence. The rigid features of the headsman gradually relaxed, as he listened, into a cheerful and even cordial expression; then warmly grasping the hand of Florian as he concluded, he said:

"Well! well! I see how it is. In my profession we learn how to read human nature. When I watched your slumber, I thought your sleep looked very like the sleep of innocence; and now I believe from my soul that you are as guiltless of this murder as I am. With God's help I will yet save you from this peril; and indeed, had you killed your rival in sudden quarrel, I would have done as much for you; for I well know that sudden wrath has made

many a good man blood-guilty. There was certainly some danger of your being implicated by the singular circumstances you have detailed; but the real peril has grown out of your flight. That was a blunder, young man! but I see no reason to despair. 'Tis true, the broad blade has denounced you, and my grandfather and father, as well as myself, have traced criminals by its guidance; but I know that the sword will speak alike to its master and its victim. You have yet to learn, young man, that in this life every man is either an anvil or a hammer, a tool or a victim; and that he who boldly grasps the blade will never be its victim. Briefly, then, I feel a regard for you. I have no sons, but I have a young and lovely daughter. Marry her, and I will adopt you as my successor. You will then fulfil your destiny by coming in contact with the sword; and, if you clutch it firmly, I will pledge myself that you never die by it."

At this proposal Florian started on his feet with indignant abhorrence.

"Hold!" continued the headsmen. "Why hurry your decision? The night is favourable to reflection. Bestow a full consideration upon my proposal, and recollect that your neck is in peril; that all your prospects in life are blasted; and that my offer of a safe asylum, and a competent support, can alone preserve you from despair and destruction. The sword has sent you a helper in the hour of need, and if you reject the friendly warning, you will soon discover that the consciousness of innocence will not protect a fugitive from the proverbial ubiquity and prompt severity of the French police."

The headsmen now emptied his glass, and with a friendly nod left the kitchen. Soon after his departure the landlord appeared with a night-lamp, and conducted Florian to his apartment. Without undressing, the bewildered youth extinguished his lamp, and threw himself on the bed, hoping that the darkness would accelerate the approach of sleep. Vain, however, for some hours, was every attempt to lull his senses into forgetfulness. The revolting proposal of the old man haunted him incessantly.

"I become an"—he muttered, but could never utter the hateful word. The shrinking diffidence which had been a fertile source of difficulty to him through life, had been increased tenfold by this recent calamity; he was conscious even to agony of his total inability to contend with the consequences of his imprudent flight; but, from such means of escape, he recoiled with loathing. He felt that he should never have resolution to grasp the sword which was to save him from being numbered with its victims, and yet his abhorrence of this alternative failed to rouse in him the moral courage which would have promptly rescued him from the toils of

the sunning headsmen. The broken slumber into which he fell before morning was haunted by boding forms and tragic incidents. The sword, the axe, the scaffold, and the rack, flitted around him in quick procession, and seemed to close every avenue to escape. He awoke from these visions of horror at daybreak, and left his bed as wearied in body, and as irresolute in mind, as when he entered it. Dreading alike a renewal of the executioner's proposal, and the risk of being arrested and tried for murder, he saw no alternative but flight—immediate flight beyond the bounds of France. While pondering over the best means of accomplishing this now settled purpose, the tin weathercock upon the roof of his bedroom creaked in the morning breeze. Florian, to whose excited fancy the headsmen's sword was ever present, thought he heard it jar against the axe, and started in terror. "Whither shall I fly?" he exclaimed, as tears of agony rolled down his cheeks. "Where find a refuge from the sword of justice? Alas! my doom is fixed. Anvil or hammer I must be, and I have not courage to become either."

Again the weathercock creaked above him. Florian, discovering the simple cause of his terrors, rallied his drooping spirits, and hastened down stairs to order his horse, that he might leave the hotel and the town before the promised visit of the fearful headsmen. Notwithstanding his urgency, he found his departure unaccountably delayed. The servants were not visible, and the landlord, insisting that he should take a warm breakfast before his departure, was so dilatory in preparing it, that a full hour elapsed before Florian rode out of the stable-yard. His officious host then persisted in sending a boy to shew him the nearest way to the town gate; and the impatient traveller, who would gladly have declined the offer, found himself obliged to submit. His guide accompanied him to the extremity of the small suburb beyond the eastern gate, and quitted him; while Florian, whose ever ready apprehensions had been roused by the tenuous civility of the landlord, rode slowly forward, looking round occasionally at his returning guide, and determining to take the first cross-road he could find. A little farther he discovered the entrance of a narrow lane, shaded by a double row of lofty chestnuts, and as he turned towards it his horse's head, he saw the old man, whose promised visit he was endeavouring to escape, issuing from the lane on horseback.

"I guessed as much," said the headsmen, smiling, as he rode up to the startled fugitive. "I knew you would try to escape me, but I cannot consent that you should thus run headlong into certain destruction. Men have neither sanguine hopes nor a fixed purpose to support you, and you want firm-

ness to answer with discretion the trying questions which will every where assail you. You are silent—you feel the full extent of your danger—why not then embrace the certain protection I offer you? Fear not either that I shall repeat my last night's proposal. My sole object is your protection at this critical period, when you are doubtless tracked in all directions by the police. At the frontiers you will inevitably be stopped and identified; but under my roof you will be safe from all pursuit and suspicion. I live secluded from the world, I have no visitors, and your presence will not be suspected by any one. In a few weeks the heat of pursuit will abate, and you may then take your departure with confidence."

The good sense of the old man's advice was so obvious, that Florian determined to avail himself of so kind an offer. Gratefully pressing his hand, he dismissed all doubts of his sincerity, and said, "I will accompany you; and may God reward your benevolence, for I cannot."

"We must return by the road I came," said the headsmen, turning his horse. "It will take us outside the town to my house; and, at this hour, we shall arrive there unperceived. Your landlord, who is under obligations to me, sent you this road at my request. He supposes that you are my distant relative, and that, unwilling to appear in public with an executioner, you had made an appointment with me for this early hour on your way homeward."

After a ride of half-an-hour through the shady lanes which skirted the ramparts, they reached the back entrance of the Gothic building before mentioned, and Florian entered this sanctuary with emotions not easily described. The old headsmen was in high spirits; and the blunt but genuine kindness and cordiality of his manners soon removed from the mind of his guest every lurking suspicion that some treachery was intended. The table was promptly covered with an excellent breakfast, and the old man sent a message to his daughter, requesting that she would bring a bottle of the best wine in the cellar.

Florian fixed his eyes upon the door in shrinking anticipation. He suspected new attempts to ensnare him to the headsmen's purpose; and, notwithstanding his determination to resist them, he recoiled with fastidious disgust from the possible necessity of contending with the advances of a female, whose limited opportunities of marriage would impel her to lure him by any means to her father's object. How widely different were his emotions when the door opened, and his lovely travelling companion, whom, in the terrors of the past night, he had forgotten, entered, in blushing embarrassment, with the bottle of wine! In a tumult of mingled apprehension and delight, he started from his chair, but the cordial

greeting he intended was checked by a significant wink from the lively fair one as she passed behind her father to the table. It was obvious to Florian that she wished to conceal their previous acquaintance, and with a silent bow he resumed his seat, while the smiling maid, whom her father introduced to his guest by the name of Madelon, took a chair between them, and the conversation soon became general and exhilarating.

The continued fever of apprehension which had almost unhinged the reason of the timid Florian, now rapidly subsided. The cordial hospitality of the old headsmen soon made him feel at home in an abode which he had once contemplated with horror and disgust; while the artless attentions and fascinating vivacity of Madelon soon wove around him a magic spell, and invested the Gothic chamber of her father's antique mansion with all the splendours of Aladdin's palace.

(To be continued in our next.)

REMARKABLE CASES OF FRAUD AND IMPOSTURE.

No. XXXVII.—BOOK FOURTH.

THERE is a well near Aborgeley, in Wales, consecrated to St. Eilian, and celebrated in history and song, which has been the scene, for ages, of unnumbered and scarcely credible impostures. A few years ago, the county prosecuted one of the chief attendants, who, in consequence, was found guilty of fraud, and consigned to prison. For some time the celebrity of St. Eilian and his protégé died away; but it was subsequently revived by a person named Evans, who commenced business near the same spot. He had a shallow well on his premises, which he called Ffynnon Eilian, and put into it a large quantity of pebbles, slates, and stones, inscribed with numberless initials and names. No sooner did he hear of the sickness of any poor person, or of any one visited by misfortune, than he contrived to let them know their names were in the well, and that nothing could relieve them except they were taken out. Of course, this could not be done without money; and many hundreds of ignorant people were known to travel on foot thirty or forty miles to seek relief, and that in the most distracted state of mind. Nor was this all: he pretended that he had power to put any person into the well—thus bringing upon them affliction and distress; and to take them out, for money, whenever he pleased. The consequence was, that ignorant persons were led to charge their misfortunes on the malignity of their neighbours—thus producing dreadful strifes; while hundreds of equally infatuated persons

gave their money to this man, to gratify, as they thought, their own spite.

This impostor was, however, brought to justice. On his trial, a female, named Davies, stated as follows:—"She went to him to know if her husband's name were in the well. He said he would see; and sent a girl out with a man, who soon returned with pebbles and slates on which various initials were written or engraved. He looked at them attentively, and said my husband's name was not among them. The girl was sent a second time, and she brought back a dish half full of small pebbles, which were thrown upon the table by the prisoner. I picked out one from among them, marked R. D., and asked him if that was meant for my husband. He looked at it, and said, 'Yes.' I said to him, 'Did you put my husband into the well?' He replied, 'No.' I was not satisfied, and told the prisoner I did not think it was my husband's pebble; but he insisted that it was, and the water should prove it. Both of us went to the well, and he took some of the water out in a leaden vessel, and bade me drink it, which I did. He then said there was no doubt that the letters on the pebble meant my husband, and that when I returned home I should find him better, and that 10s. was the lowest price he could charge for taking my husband out of the well. I said I had not so much money, but would procure it, and return as soon as I could. By his permission I took the pebble home. He cautioned me not to show it to any one; and in answer to my inquiry, what I should do with it, he said I must bruise it, mix it with salt, and throw it into the fire. He said he knew who brought the illness on my husband, and that he could, if he thought fit, put him into the well, and afflict him with any disease or misfortune. I said, 'Pray do no such thing, for I leave it with God to deal with the person who has punished my husband, and caused all my sufferings.'"

The testimony of the brother of the sufferer throws still further light on the movements of the impostor. He went with the last witness to him, and thus describes what took place:—"The prisoner took some water out of the well in a leaden vessel, and told me to drink it, and at the same time to thank God and St. Eilian for the cure of my rother. I did so; and then agreed to give him 7s. for a bottle of water to take home. He ordered me to throw the money into the well, which I did; but the prisoner took it out before it reached the bottom, and put it into his pocket. I then asked him how he knew that R. D. meant my brother? He said, 'By the colouring of the water.' He then began to discharge the water from the well, and I observed him to stir up the mud on one side with his right hand, which rendered it muddy. 'There,' said he, 'the water changes colour—to show you that the

pebbles taken out mean your brother.' I asked the prisoner if he knew who had put my brother into the well. He said, 'No,' but there was a book in the house that would tell. I went into the house with him; he then put a book on the table and a pack of cards, and asked my sister-in-law if she suspected any one more than another; she said she did. He then told her to whisper who it was in my ear, and when she had done so, he opened a book, and there appeared two circles. My sister cut the cards, and there turned up three of diamonds; the prisoner then uttered a deal of miraculous words, and at last decided that the person suspected was not guilty."

A SKETCH FROM NATURE.*

A CIRCUMSTANCE, unimportant in itself, obliged me a month or two since to stop for the night in a small village, remote from any of the great roads. After refreshing myself in mine inn, after the usual manner of travellers, I began to reconnoitre the locality in which fate had cast my lot for the next twelve hours. It was an ancient hostelry, called "The Leather Bottle;" beneath its faded sign an inscription denoted that the house was kept by Millicent Gillyflower, a widow. A great, obtrusive-looking bow-window gave the place an air of consequence above that of the surrounding tenements, and there was a little enclosed green on one side, intended for playing at bowls. In one corner of this green stood several benches and a rustic arbour; and in another reposed the body of an old yellow post-chaise of the most ancient fashion.

The wheels had long trundled themselves away, and had been replaced by four low posts, upon which stood this veteran of the roads, like some Greenwich pensioner resting upon his wooden legs. The interior had been converted by the ingenuity of Mistress Gillyflower into a resting-place for her feathered subjects, the upper part being fitted up with perches, whilst from below two fierce-looking hens stretched out their necks, and threatened to peck at the eyes of all those who were rash enough to look under the seat. Beyond this enclosure was the little garden, the especial pride and care of the hostess; the entrance to it was guarded by two tall yew-trees, cut into the shape of pepper-casters, which stood like sentries on each side of the gate.

The garden was kept with the utmost neatness, and was gay with summer flowers; it did my heart good to look at them, for there I recognised many old friends which

* Extracted, with the kind permission of the author, from "Love, War, and Adventure," by H. Harkness. 3 vols. London: E. Churton. 1844.

are now banished from modern gardens: there were goodly plots of camomile and rosemary, and rue, and pennyroyal, interspersed with the livelier hues of "love lies bleeding," "Venus' looking-glass," and "the devil in the bush." There the "star of Bethlehem" reared its spiral bloom, and there flourished the stately sunflower. Commend me to a well-grown sunflower, with his jolly round face, that one can see out of the parlour-window. Half the "grandifloras" of the present day are so insignificant, that one is obliged to kneel down upon the border, and examine their beauties with a microscope. Having selected a fine clove pink for the ornamenting of my waistcoat, I sauntered forth into the village to pass away the evening till bed-time. My arrival seemed to have caused a considerable sensation, for the whole population of the place, including, I believe, every cat and dog, turned out to look at me. The village was like most of its kind, a straggling collection of hovels, some old, some new, some thatched, and some tiled; most of them were crowded with ragged and noisy children, whilst some few were remarkable for their neatness, and seemed the abode of peace and happiness.

"Here, at least," thought I, "dwell content and prosperity. Man seems in the country to be of a different species from the pale, care-worn beings of a crowded city; he has leisure to pause from toil, to look around him, and to feel conscious that he exists for a noble purpose. What a relief it is to turn one's back upon the great Babylon, to lose sight of the pale-faced clerks and eternal blue-bags, that haunt one in the smoky parlours of Lincoln's Inn." Many were the smiling faces that peeped from beneath their snowy cap-borders to take a look at the strange gentleman. A troop of bare-legged urchins were wading through a brook, engaged in the humane employment of spearing minnows with a two-pronged fork; these also abandoning their piscatory sport, joined the retinue which had already followed me from the door of the "Leather Bottle." Thus escorted, I sauntered along in my favourite attitude, my hands clasped behind me under the tails of my coat, my chin slightly elevated, my step deliberate and measured as that of a village Domine. After many stoppages, to muse upon whatever attracted my attention, I entered a narrow lane, the approach to which was guarded by a turnstile. A few yards further stood a cottage which I wished to examine, for I was attracted towards it by a kind of old-world appearance about the place. It was built of wood, and plastered between the beams with yellow clay, being constructed after the fashion in which our ancestors delighted; the gables stood towards the front, with their little diamond-paned windows of coarse glass, almost obscured by the capacious eaves.

According to the taste of former times, the whole skeleton of the house was visible; there were beams and uprights, and corner pieces, and cross-trees, all formed of solid oak, and intersecting the plaster in a lozenge-like pattern. In front of the cottage was a small enclosure, for it could scarcely be called a garden; here grew the stumps from which some cabbages had been cut, and a few stunted specimens of that vegetable; the whole of the floricultural department was comprised in one large rose-tree, which, though old and cankered, was covered with bloom; beyond this, there was no attempt at a garden. Another object, however, very soon engaged my attention, and this was a wicker cage containing a young blackbird, which hung upon a nail near the window. It was about five o'clock in the afternoon, and the whole force of a summer sun poured down upon its devoted head, without even the shelter of a leaf or a bough to protect it. The poor creature lay at the bottom of its cage, gasping for breath, and was unfurnished with either food or water. So strongly did I feel moved to pity by its unfortunate condition, that I determined to intercede in its behalf. I knocked repeatedly with my knuckles on the door, but receiving no answer, I gently raised the latch, and found myself in a small low apartment, which appeared to answer the double purpose of a kitchen and a living-room.

The scene which presented itself to my eyes was worthy the pencil of a Wilkie or a Hunt. There was but one human being present; but from her I could not take my eyes. . . . Nay now, my dear reader, repress that smile, which is curling your lip so disdainfully, and cease your bantering remarks; for methinks I hear you say, "Now for a love adventure; the author has mounted his high-dyer, and is going to rave about dimpled cheeks, pearly teeth, and dove-like eyes, in a strain more befitting a midshipman in her Majesty's navy, than a sober, middle-aged gentleman, who wears short-gaiters, and carries two seals to his watch." No, my dear friend, there were neither dimples, teeth, nor even eyes to be seen, for these last were closed in sleep; and as for the two first, they had long taken a final leave of the person before me. In sober parlance, she was an old woman,—a very old woman,—and one who bore no traces of ever having been remarkable for personal attractions. What, then, you will say, could I see so interesting about her? I scarcely knew myself; perhaps it was the whole scene together that pleased me; there was, besides, an air of neatness and comfort in the interior of the cottage, which the outside did not lead one to expect.

Seeing that my entrance into this dwelling did not awake its inmate, who still continued to slumber in her high-backed chair, I hesitated what to do; but being like the

good dame before me, rather overcome with the heat of the weather, I took possession of a vacant seat, and began to look about me. The old-fashioned, one-handed clock ticked solemnly in its tall and well-polished case, and the walnut-wood dresser was garnished with its holiday plates; but the large open chimney pleased me the most;—it was capacious enough to form a little room of itself. The massive fire-dogs, of cast iron, seemed as if they had once belonged to the hall of some baronial mansion, and accorded well with the stout iron plate which defended the chimney-back from the fire.

Across the mantel-piece was stretched a small valance of printed cotton, over which was suspended, in a neat black frame, a picture of the Nativity, upon which the artist had not been sparing of his colours. On either side of this hung a china medallion; upon that on the right was inscribed, "Prepare to meet thy God," and on its companion, "Lay hold on eternal life." Near the fire-place stood a quaint looking-arm-chair, the seat of which was covered with a well worn calf-skin.—But to return to the old woman: there she sat near the ample chimney, and by the side of a small round table, whose three legs each terminated in a claw holding a ball. Before her lay a few of those miscellaneous articles which are supposed to be necessary to the art of stitchery. In the midst of these things sat a pretty tortoiseshell kitten, diving its little busy paw into the recesses of the work-basket, and making a glorious confusion amongst the cotton and bobbins: luckily for her, all this mighty mischief was unperceived by her mistress, who still continued her nap.

The work upon which the good woman had been engaged was the knitting of a stocking, and though the grasp of her fingers was unloosed from the pins, they were frequently moved by the convulsive twitchings of an uneasy sleep. The ball of worsted had rolled into the middle of the room, assisted perhaps by the same mischievous agency that was at work amongst the cottons.

The slumbers of the person before me were by no means tranquil; ever and anon she sighed bitterly: and once I thought that I saw a tear stealing from under her eyelashes. "Poor soul!" thought I, "you, too, have tasted of the bitterness of life!" It seemed to me, also, as if she had known better days; for her dress, though made of coarse materials, and in a bygone fashion, had something about it above that of a common cottager. Her silvery hair was neatly parted below her platted cap-frill, and her neckerchief was of snowy whiteness. She was a little woman, of a spare habit; and though there was nothing approaching to a lady about her, yet she did not look exactly like a village goody.

At length, with a heavy sigh, she awoke,

and, contrary to my expectation, manifested but little surprise at seeing me before her. It is true I have not much the appearance of either a housebreaker or a pedlar. She did not even ask my business, but mechanically resuming her knitting, she quietly informed me that her nephew would be home from his work in a few minutes, as the clock had gone five, and that Susan had stepped out to Mrs. Simmons's with some clothes to mangle.

"You seem to have been enjoying a comfortable sleep, ma'am," said I; for, with my usual absence of mind, I had quite forgotten the original cause of my entering the cottage.

"Indeed I have, sir," she replied; "but bless me, here have I dropped one, two, three stitches, while I have been dosing. Well-a-day, sleep's a refreshing thing, come when it will. It makes one forget all one's troubles, though new ones do seem to rise up ever a-while in one's dreams. Do you believe in dreams, sir?"

"Why, partly, madam," said I, willing to fall in with her humour; "I cannot say but what I think there is sometimes more in them than most people will allow."

"Do you think so, sir?" she replied, rather eagerly; "I have oftentimes strange dreams myself; one in particular, which returns to me again and again."

"I should like to hear it," said I.

"Ah! sir, it would tire the like of you to be listening to an old woman's dreams. There's my nevery, whenever I say anything about them, he tells me I am growing childish; and Susan, too, begins to talk to me about the marsh of intellect, and all manner of things, that I never heard of when I was young."

"Young people will presume a little upon their education now-a-days, ma'am."

"But they are very kind to me too, sir. Five years, next Martinmas, I have lived with them. Once I had children and a husband, but now all are gone, and it appears to me like a dream that I was once a wedded wife."

Oh! the long weary years that have passed over my head since those happy days! It seems almost as if death had forgotten me. Around me I see falling the young and healthy; fathers and mothers, the young wife and the only child; whilst I, who have none to care for me, still live on. Sometimes, in my dreams, I seem to die, and pass into another world, so bright, so beautiful, and peopled with familiar forms: when I wake up to the dull cold reality of this life, I feel almost angry at being recalled to sufferings and infirmities which seemed to have left me for ever. Even while you have been sitting here, sir, one of these dreams which I mentioned to you has been busy with my mind, and which, as you wish it, I will relate to you. I must have fallen asleep with my eye open, for I recollect perfectly that

at first I saw every thing in the room as distinctly as I now see it. I heard the clock tick, and watched the flickering shade of the rose-tree upon the casement, but I had not the power to move or speak. I felt exceedingly faint, and gradually a kind of mistiness seemed to come between me and the objects in the room; they appeared to get further off, yet larger. A chilly feeling crept over me; it came first in my hands and feet, and seemed gradually to invade my whole frame, till my heart itself was frozen and lost the power of beating. The shade deepened, till all was dark, and a feeling of icy coldness seemed to wrap me round on every side; this, in its turn, faded away into total insensibility. Gradually came returning consciousness, accompanied by a feeling of being poised in the air. I could as yet see nothing, but all around was a rushing, rustling sound, as of angels' wings. The vision returned to me, and the air seemed alive with beautiful forms, which came thronging round in countless myriads; thousands of sweet voices were singing the praises of the Most High, and other spirits seemed to be journeying the same road with myself. After appearing to traverse a vast space, a great and shining light was seen afar off in the distance. I approached, and was permitted to behold the Supreme Being, without a veil between. On his right hand was the Saviour of mankind, and around about his throne the spirits of just men made perfect. Great fear came upon me, and I durst not raise my eyes; but I felt that the Almighty countenance beamed upon me. Angels were then commissioned to bear me to some distant planet, there to await the final judgment. After another flight, gradually rocks, mountains, trees, and rivers became visible, and I found myself in a garden more beautiful than it can enter into the imagination of man to conceive; cool fountains, mossy dells, and the sweetest flowers were on every side; the spirits of those I loved on earth came thronging round to welcome me. Though they had neither shape nor form, I knew them for friends, and my heart yearned towards them. They appeared but as the small pale light of a glow-worm, shining from its leafy tower. Here again I seemed to rejoin the husband of my youth, long lost and ever mourned; and a still small voice gently whispered, in accents once familiar, 'Mother!'

Here the poor old woman paused, to wipe from her eyes the tears which were slowly straining down her furrowed cheeks.

Poor weary soul! Who knows, thought I, that this dream of thine be not a foreshadowing of the future? Why should we strive to make Death a King of Terrors? Rather let us think of him as a herald of bliss. Weep not for the dead!

WATER sold in the West Indies for 1s. the pailful in 1781.

THE LEGEND OF THE HORN.

THE window was half open, the moon was just appearing above the old ivy-mantled tower, and the valley of Penhouet was indistinctly visible, with its arbours of willows and garlands of eglantine. They were both in the recess of the window, half hidden by the drapery of the curtain. The hands of Anna were placed in those of her betrothed; and they looked at each other with that earnest lovers' regard which fascinates the soul, and must be experienced to be fully understood. The next day they were to become one, and were contemplating in their thoughts that immeasurable happiness a boundless affection for each other made them both anticipate as a certainty. The young man was the first to rise; his handsome features beamed with that excess of joy which the heart can scarcely contain; in the overflowings of his soul, he would have embraced the whole world at once: such was the expanded philanthropy of his heart. One hand was placed on the head of the girl, the other on the balcony. He remained silent a few minutes, contemplating Anna, and the valley, and the flowers; and then, as if the view had suddenly recalled to his recollection some former event, he repeated the following lines, in a low voice,—

"Well—were it not a pleasant thing
To fall asleep with all one's friends;
To pass with all our social ties
To silence round the paths of men;
And every hundred years to rise,
And learn the world, and sleep again?"

Then, after a short silence, Alfred added, playfully, "If the sound of the horn could be heard!"—"Ah! do not mention that, my Alfred!" exclaimed the maiden, with terror; "you do not know that the sound of a horn in the valley announces misfortune to those who hear it." Alfred smiled. "Do not smile, dearest! You know when I lost my mother,"—and her eyes filled with tears,—"I was here, in this same place, when I heard the sound of a distant horn! Ah, Alfred, you cannot comprehend the indescribable effects which those sad and mysterious notes had on me. When they fell on my ears, I was terrified and sad, in spite of myself, and the sound struck upon my heart. Its sharp, piercing note thrilled through my frame; it was like a sensation of bitter cold—of something agonizing to the mind; and between each note, even the silence was terrible. I wished to run—a secret power held me there—oh, my Alfred!—The next day—at the same hour—O God!"—The poor girl wept aloud.—"My Anna!"—the young man's cheek was close to that of hers, and he felt the burning tear upon it; then, with a tender, reproving voice,— "you are foolish, my Anna—a nurse's tale—what power can the sound of a horn have over our life?—superstitious creature." He drew her close to him. "So in my

arms, thy arm round my neck, dost thou yet fear for our happiness?"—Anna smiled through the tears.—"See how beautiful the night is!"—and as if he had a voluptuous pleasure in alarming the timid soul of his dove—"ah—yes,"—he repeated, "I should like to hear the sound of a horn issuing from that shady valley—"

He had scarcely finished speaking, when a low, soft, solemn sound was heard from that quarter. The two youthful lovers pressed close to each other, and trembled as one body. "Listen, hark, Alfred!" murmured the young girl, in a stifled voice—"hark!" The sound was repeated more distinctly, more fatally. "It is it! it is the same! I know it again!" She shook all over, and was pale and dismayed. Another note was heard. "Alfred!" exclaimed the trembling girl, throwing her arms round his neck, and pressing him with an hysterical power—"you hear it; it is death—death!" In spite of his incredulity, the young man felt cold at heart; he wished to speak to Anna, but she did not hear him. They both stood motionless and almost breathless from anxiety—every thing was silent in the valley.

The next day they were at the same place, near the half-open casement. They had been united, but an undefinable solemnity weighed heavily on their souls. Anna felt a cold tremour through her veins and her heart, as if in fear of the fatal future. "Oh, Alfred, I do not know what I feel," she murmured, "but I do suffer something—I fear—" "What, my beloved?" "I do not know, but I have no strength; it seems as if my present happiness overwhelmed me; I cannot believe it real; yesterday you heard the prophetic sounds." "Child, that folly again," said Alfred, smiling; "what, a horn in the valley?" "Oh, Alfred, do not speak thus of it." "No, my angel, no; but why these tears? Come, sit on my knee—rest your head on my shoulder—rest thus. You are fatigued with the emotions of the day—sleep!" and, as if obeying this request, she closed her eyes, her joints relaxed, her head fell forward. The young man contemplated with delight the lovely bride sleeping in his arms. He was about to impress a kiss on her forehead. He suddenly gave a loud cry—called upon her—raised her. At that moment the mysterious horn was heard in the valley. Anna was dead!

H—B—Y.

USEFUL RECIPES.

THE HUMAN HAIR.

WE have discovered a great deal of entertaining and useful matter in a little treatise written on this subject, the full title of which

will be found below.* As the writer observes, "Medical and physiological experience has enabled many clever writers to lay down certain rules and regulations in respect of the proper management of the hair. All these authorities have been investigated and duly considered by the writer of the present treatise; and while he has carefully collated all the hints and information which are truly valuable, he has sedulously eschewed all those suggestions or dogmatic opinions which savour of quackery, or which are based upon untenable speculation. . . . In a word, his object has been to supply a work which may enable all persons to undertake the management of their own hair, without being compelled to trust to the cosmetics which are announced in newspaper advertisements, or to have perpetual recourse to the art of the hair-dresser."

"A GOOD POMATUM is that made by the French. Into a proper vessel put half, a pound of prepared hogs' lard, half a pound of picked lavender flowers, orange flowers, jasmine, buds of sweet briar, or any other sweet scented flower, and knead the whole together with the hands into a paste, as uniform as possible. Put this mixture into a pewter, tin, or stone vessel, and cork it tight. Place the vessel in hot water, or a vapour bath, and let it stand in it six hours; at the expiration of which time strain the mixture through a coarse linen cloth by means of a press. Now throw away the flowers which you have used, as being useless; pour the melted lard into the same pot, and add half a pound of fresh lavender flowers. Stir the lard and flowers together while the lard is in a liquid state, and repeat the first process. Then, when you have separated the pomatum from the refuse of the flowers a second time, set it in a cool place to congeal, pour off the reddish brown liquor or juice extracted from the flowers, wash the pomatum in several cold waters, stirring it about with a clean stick till the last water strained off be completely colourless. Then melt the pomatum once more in a bath; and lastly, leave it in an open vessel to congeal."

HARD POMATUM is made thus:—Take six ounces of common pomatum, and add to it two or three ounces of very clean white wax, scraped very fine. Melt the whole together in an earthen pan, which stand in a large one containing boiling water, over a clear and steady fire. When properly incorporated take it off, and keep stirring it with a stick until it be about half cold or congealed, when scent it with whatever essential oil you may fancy as the most agreeable.

SOFT POMATUM is made in this manner:—Take half a pound of hogs' lard, two ounces of mutton suet, a quarter of an ounce of oil

* "A Treatise on the Human Hair." By a Physician. G. Vickers, Holywell Street, London.

of bergamot, a quarter of an ounce of essence of lemons, and two or three drops of oil of lavender. These ingredients are to be combined in the same manner as those for the hard pomatum.

ORANGE POMATUM may be made in this manner:—Take half a pound of hogs' lard, two ounces of mutton suet, half an ounce of Portugal water, a few drops of essence of bergamot, half an ounce of yellow wax, and a quarter of a pound of palm-oil. Mix as directed for hard pomatum; then add an equal weight of orange flowers, and for the rest of the process follow the directions for the French pomatum.

BOTANIC WATER for the hair is an excellent and valuable article. Take a handful of southernwood leaves, a handful of leaves of tea, two pints of boiling water, and infuse till a strong tea is formed. Wash the head with it every other morning.

A LINIMENT for baldness is the following:—Take half an ounce of spirit of rosemary, half an ounce of the best honey, one ounce of prepared lard, and four drops of oil of lavender. Mix and rub into the roots of the hair twice a day.

AN OINTMENT for baldness may be made in this manner:—Take half an ounce of simple ointment, one drachm of balsam of Peru, and ten drops of oil of pimento. Mix, and use in the same manner as the last."

POPULAR PASTIMES.

ANSWER TO CHARADES.
Fire-lock.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMS.
1.—Manchester.
2.—Aylesbury.

ANSWER TO RIDDLE.
"London Journal"

ANSWERS TO CONUNDRUMS.
1.—Because he's an ass.
2.—Draughts (Drafts).

CHARADES.

1.—The prattling infant, when its mother's near;

Will flap my first, with fond endearing smiles;

'Tis Nature's language to a parent dear,
And oft the mother's tender heart beguiles.

My mean, an insect beautiful and gay,
May prove to garments a destructive thing;

And tho' its life be but a summer's day,
It sports its joy upon its shining wing.

My whole's a creature of enormous size,
Tho' but its skeleton can now be seen;
And tho' much strange conjecture may arise,

It proves undoubtedly each thing have been.

2.—A young and beauteous maiden form
Around my first a garment threw—
Not to protect her from the storm,
But make her still more fair to view.

My second, to increase her charms,
As each enraptured swain must own,
Is worn upon her snow-white arms,
And o'er her lovely features thrown.

My whole, bright as Apollo's rays,
An ornament of glittering pearl,
She wears to win her lover's gaze,
Like many a gay and beauteous girl.

And thus adorned in jewels bright,
So young; so beautiful, and fair,
How bless'd must be that gallant knight
For whom she owns a hundred care!

VILES.

NAMES OF TOWNS IN ENGLAND ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

- 1.—A stratum, and a liquid.
- 2.—A man's name, and a weight.
- 3.—Fresh, and a fortification.
- 4.—A flower, and a part of the nose.
- 5.—To observe, and purrle (bebeaded).
- 6.—A fruit, and a proposition.

H. MAYER.

ENIGMA.

I am a word of 10 letters; my 10, 9, 6 is a human being; my 10, 2, 3, 8 is a great deal; my 1, 9, 3, 4 is a part of the body; my 10, 2, 7 is an earthenware vessel; my 8, 9, 6 is a vessel; my 4, 5, 6, 7 is a ruler; my 5, 6 is a proposition; my 8, 9, 10 is a part of a pig; my 1, 2, 3, 4 is a forest animal; my 7, 2, 6 is a fire-arm; my whole is an English town.

REBUS.

The enemy of human kind;
An emanation from the mind,
Whose sceptre genius sways:
The relaxation of the frame;
On men for merces, giv'n a claim;
Of all created worlds the name;
Of mental gloom the maze.

An essence of ethereal birth,
The source of happiness on earth,
Th' initials join'd display:
Man's guide to scenes of heavenly peace,
To regions of immortal bliss,
And realms of endless day.

J. STUNGES.

CONUNDRUMS.

1. Why is the letter T like the present number of the TRACTS?

2. Why are sweetmeats like horns?

W. G. RIDING.

3. Why is a young widow like a poet's coat?

LEONARDUS

4. Why is an insolent fishmonger likely to have more trade than a civil one?

5. Who is she the most beautiful, the best, the noblest, and who yet repels the greater part of mankind.

6. What is that which is white and black; travels night and day, like the wind; and tells a thousand things without speaking?

WILLIAM B.

FACTS AND SCRAPS.

AVARICE OF PAGANINI.—When asked to play at the commemoration festival at Oxford, in 1834, Paganini demanded 1,000 guineas for his assistance at three concerts! His terms were scornfully rejected.

STATUE OF PETER THE GREAT.—A laughable incident connected with this statue occurred a few days since. Some American sailors, who had been making rather too free with the jolly god, sallied forth on a frolicsome cruise, and one of them, not having the fear of the police before his eyes, climbed over the iron palisade surrounding the statue, and, clambering up the rock, seated himself en croupe behind the emperor. He was speedily dismounted, and, after a night's confinement, was brought before the divisional officer of police. His case was summarily disposed of, and so heavy a fine inflicted, that he naturally remonstrated. "No, no," said the officer, "we can make no abatement; if you will ride with great people, you must pay great people's price."

WINDOW-GLASS A FREQUENT CAUSE OF FIRE.—A farmer in the neighbourhood of Ayr had his farm standing improved, and additions made to it, lately. In an attic, containing a bed for the servants, the light was admitted by three or four single panes of glass in the roof. One of these panes, for greater strength, was selected from the centre of a sheet of glass, having what is commonly called a knot in it; and this knot was found, from its convexity, to act as a powerful burning lens when the sun was shining on it. The bed was directly opposite to this pane, and accidentally placed at such a distance from it that the rays of the sun passing through it were collected into a focus sufficiently strong to burn the woollen covering of the bed. The smell of burning woollen attracted the family one day to the bed, when they found a large portion of the covering consumed. The farmer, at length, thinking that the pane of glass might have something to do in the affair, tested its power as a burning lens upon a piece of cotton-cloth, which was very quickly consumed. He immediately placed a screen between the bed and the pane, so as to prevent the collection of the rays of the sun into a focus, and this acted as a safeguard. Lately, the screen was accidentally displaced, and the burning-glass was again allowed its full power. On this occasion a large portion of the covering and blankets was destroyed. Had the texture been of cotton instead of woollen, there can be little doubt that the destruction of the standing might have taken place on either of these occasions; and if they had upon the first occasion, the real origin of the fire would in all probability have remained for ever a mystery.

THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.—The battle of Waterloo was fought on a Sunday, and since then (33 years) the anniversary has fallen five times on a Sunday: viz., in 1820, 1826, 1837, 1843, and 1848.—W. M.

QUEEN CAROLINE, wife of George II., formed the design of shutting up St. James's Park; she asked Walpole what it would cost. "A crown, madam," he replied. She smiled, and gave up the thought.

NEW REMEDY FOR ASIATIC CHOLERA.—Hitherto this formidable disease has resisted nearly all the efforts of medical skill to arrest its progress or to mitigate its virulence; but now, if we may believe the statements by medical men in Circassia, a remedy has been found both simple and efficacious. This is naphtha, a drug hitherto little used in the treatment of disease. The virtues attributed to it are truly wonderful—arresting the copious diarrhoea, rousing the vital powers, and restoring warmth to the surface previously chilled with the coldness of approaching death. The new remedy, however, requires the sanction of experience before it can be looked up to with confidence by the physician.—*Medical Times.*

THE SCHOOLMASTER.—Criminal legislation may vary its punishments—its separate and silent systems, without diminishing the masses of corruption and crime. The schoolmaster alone, going forth with the power of intelligence and a moral purpose among the infant minds of the community, can stop the flood of vice and crime at its source by repressing in childhood those wild passions which are its springs. Education is, in truth, the first concern of society, and it ought to have the energies of society's best minds. The Athenians, who had some glimpses of whatever was most glorious, did in this matter leave mankind a great example. Teaching was the honourable occupation of their greatest men. The brightest minds of Athenian philosophy were the instructors of Athenian youth—so keenly was the truth felt that the mature intelligence and moral power acquired in the struggles of a distinguished life could perform no higher function than that of rearing up the same precious fruits in the rising minds of the community. Education should be considered a liberal and learned profession, and the most honourable of all!—*J. Eccleston, B.A.*

If you desire to enjoy life, avoid unpunctual people; they impede business and poison pleasure. Make it your own rule not only to be punctual, but a little beforehand; such a habit secures a composure which is essential to happiness; for want of it many people live in a constant fever, and put all about them in a fever too. To prevent the tediousness of waiting for others, carry about with you some means of occupation, a book which can be read by snatches, and will afford ample means for thinking.—*Walker's "Original."*

THE BOTTLE.

ILLUSTRATIVE OF MR. GEORGE CRUICKSHANK'S WORK.

BY EDWARD MORDAUNT SPENCER

PART I.—PLATE 1.

Joy and happiness reign in a humble retreat,
Where, at noon-day, an artisan's seated at meat;
All around whispers plenty is domiciled there;
By his side sit his wife and three young children fair.
'Tis some fond cherished day, and he deems it no
crime,
As he holds out the bottle the first fatal time;
His wife is persuaded to take "just a drop."
When evil is sown, who can tell where 'twill
stop!

PART II.—PLATES 2, 3, 4.

Time onward hath rolled, but ah, changed is the
scene!
In the artisan's dwelling no comfort is seen;
Through drink out of work, he at home sits
forlorn,
While their clothes, to replenish the bottle, they
pawn.
Day by day things grow worse, till the law sweeps
away
All their goods, all their chattels—they can't pay
their way;
In the streets they are driven—they beg in
despair,
And replenish the bottle—their comfort is there.

PART III.—PLATES 5, 6, 7.

Cold, hunger, and want dwell where happiness
smiled—
From misery death bears the last born fair
child;
Still the bottle consoles them—mistaken abuse—
Frequent quarrels arise from its too frequent
use.
The children, alas, all in vain interpose—
The demon prevails—words are followed by
blows!
With drink mad to phrensy, in passionate heat,
With the bottle he strikes his wife dead at his
feet.

PART IV.—PLATE 8.

The bottle hath now done its work—all is o'er,
And reason departs, to return back no more.
In a lunatic's cell sits the father, insane,
Oh, he knows not his son or his daughter again:
To vice and the streets both his children are
brought—
How truthful a moral, thereby, is then taught:
Of the bottle beware, bad persuasion dispel—
To abstain is absurd, to be temperate is wise.
4, St. Alban's Place, St. James's Square.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All correspondences must be addressed to the
Editor, No. 334 Strand.

D. G. NICHOLSON.—There has been presented
to the subscribers to the "TRACTS," a beautiful
wood-engraving of the "RENT-DAY," but cer-
tainly not the one mentioned by you.

W. F. C. & L. L.—We cannot oblige you with
the number of Free Churches in Scotland.

W. R. (Manchester).—Many thanks for the
contribution.

A SUBSCRIBER FROM THE 21st NUMBER.—The
following mode of preparing paste blacking has
been highly recommended.—trench, one pound;
ivory black, one pound and a quarter; sweet oil,
two ounces; rub together until the oil be per-
fectly killed, then add a little lemon-juice or
strong vinegar. Paper to tie over the pots in
which the blacking is put may be made by brash-
ing sheets of paper over with boiled oil, and su-
pended on a line till dry.

A WELL WISHER (Birmingham).—We fear to
give any advice on the subject. You had better
apply to a respectable medical practitioner.

AN OBSERVER.—We thank you for the anec-
dote.

TYNE (Newcastle-on-Tyne).—We are much
obliged; some of them will be used immediately.
J. WILKES (Crews).—Thanks for your contri-
bution to the "Popular Pastimes."

TRABLE (Richmond).—A few of the riddles, &c.,
will be used when a convenient opportunity oc-
curs. Thanks.

MCGINTY (Bristol).—We return our correspond-
ent many thanks for his favourable opinion, and
also for his suggestion. One or two papers shall
appear on the subject.

G. SMITH (Dublin Castle).—The charade shall
appear shortly.

EDWIN L.—Those of our friends who really
require, from the nature of their communi-
cations, an early answer, should send their private
address. In reply to Edwin L., we have to inform
him that we have poetry by us, received long
before his letter, which would fill at least three
numbers of this work. He must "bide his time."

H. MAYNE.—We are deeply indebted to you for
the warm interest you take in our little publica-
tion.

J. BARNES (Preston).—We shall feel great plea-
sure in receiving the description of the town
mentioned in your note.

F. LEE (Edinburgh).—In every society, and in
every station. "Do but search, be patient, and
you will not find your research fruitless."

A TRAVELLER.—By moistening the cloth on the
wrong side first with a weak solution of isinglass,
and when dry, with an infusion of nut-galls.

W. L. H.—Unless written with great care, we
should be compelled to decline publishing the
series of articles mentioned.

DICKY SAM.—Our kind correspondent will
see a notice addressed to him in a late number.

DREXTER (Southwark).—We have already
stated our inability to give a remedy for "the
loss of smelling."

HENRY L.—The scraps which this correspon-
dent has transmitted to us will be very service-
able.

A YOUNG ANGLER.—We must refer you to
"Dipple's Hand-Book of Angling."

A MECHANIC.—See the article on "Emigration"
in No. 28. Or, consult "The Emigrant's Hand-
Book and Guide to the United States," published
by Cleave, Shoe Lane, Fleet-street, price 6d.

ZILIA (Manchester).—We should recommend
University College, London. The Eton Latin
and Greek Grammars. We have no idea of the
course of study necessary, nor of the amount of
fees, &c.

E. C. DAVIS.—Thanks to our industrious
friend. We believe it is distributed on Monday
morning.

LEO.—If our kind correspondent will favour
us with his address, we will write and give him
the information required.

CONTRIBUTORS RESPECTFULLY DECLINED.—
"The Past," by V. & V.; "An Account of the
Bug," by J. L.

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TRACTS.

For the People

A WEEKLY MISCELLANY OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE AND AMUSEMENT.

No. 33. VOL. IV.] SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1843. [PRICE ONE HALFPENNY.



[ATTACK ON AN ELEPHANT BY A TIGER.]

TIGER-HUNTING.

THE methods of attacking the tiger are various, and have increased in number and ingenuity as the resources of man have become multiplied. Traps have long been common, and are seen of different constructions. Sometimes they have been made in the form of strong cages, with falling doors, into which the beast is enticed by a goat, &c., enclosed as a bait. Sometimes it is managed that a large beam is made to fall in a groove across the tiger's back; at other times it is noosed about the loins with strong ratans, or led to ascend a plank nearly balanced,

which, turning when it has passed the centre, lets the animal fall upon sharp stakes prepared below. Occasionally the carcass of a horse, buffalo, &c., is fastened to a tree, and a vessel of water strongly impregnated with arsenic placed near it. The tiger having satiated himself with the flesh, is prompted to assuage its thirst with the tempting liquor at hand, and perishes in the indulgence.

Poisoned arrows are also used by the *she-carries* (native sportsmen) in the destruction of the tiger. These animals are likewise shot from platforms and various ambushes, in which the gunner lies concealed. Captains

Williamson, in his amusing work, entitled, "Oriental Field-Sports," thus details the construction of the most usual apparatus for self-discharging bows to shoot tigers by arrows either poisoned or not—"The bow is fixed at the middle by two stakes, distant enough to allow the arrow to pass freely without touching, and at about eighteen inches or two feet from the ground. The great nicety is, to fix the bow so that the arrow may fly quite horizontally, or, at least, as much so as the principles of projectiles will admit. The cord of the arc should be parallel to the road frequented by the tiger. The string being drawn back, so as to bend the bow sufficiently, is kept at its stretch by means of a stiff piece of stick, cut just the length, so as to pinch a wedge against the inside of the bow. This wedge comes down six or eight inches, and at its lower end has a strong line fastened to it, which being carried across the pathway for perhaps twenty or thirty yards, and strained moderately tight, is there fastened to a strong stake driven into the ground for the purpose, if no sufficient bush be at hand. This being done, the arrow is gently deposited in its proper place; for to give it the requisite position before the cord was stretched would be dangerous. The reader will, from this description, understand that the bow is firmly fixed, and that the wedge introduced between the inside and the extended string of the bow, operates as a lever for when any power, such as the step of a tiger, presses against the string and causes it to depart from its right line, the wedge must necessarily give way to the force, and turn the extending stick downwards, thereby setting it at liberty, and communicating the bow to act instantaneously. Such is the velocity of the arrow, and so quickly does this simple contrivance act, that tigers are, for the most part, shot near the shoulder."

A well-detailed account of a tiger-hunt appears in the "Journal" of Bishop Heber:—"At Kullempoor, the young rajah, Gourman Singh, mentioned in the course of conversation that there was a tiger in an adjoining *soppe* which had done a good deal of mischief that he would have gone after it himself had he not been ill, and had he not thought it would be a fine diversion for Mr. Boulderson, the collector of the district, and me. I told him I was no sportsman; but Mr. Boulderson's eyes sparkled at the name of tiger, and he expressed great anxiety to beat up his quarters in the afternoon. Under such circumstances, I did not like to deprive him of his sport, as he would not leave me by myself; I therefore went, though with no intention of being more than a spectator. Mr. Boulderson, however, advised me to load my pistols for the sake of defence, and lent me a very fine double-barrelled gun for the same purpose. We set out a little after three on our elephants, with a servant be-

hind each howdah, carrying a large chatta, which, however, was almost needless. The rajah, in spite of his fever, made his appearance too, saying that he could not bear to be left behind. A number of people, on foot and horseback, attended from our own camp and the neighbouring villages, and the same sort of interest and delight was evidently excited which might be produced in England by a great coursing party. The rajah was on a little female elephant, hardly bigger than the Durham ox, and almost as shaggy as a poodle. She was a native of the neighbouring wood, where they are generally, though not always, of a smaller size than those of Bengal and Chittoogong. He sat in a low howdah, with two or three guns ranged beside him, ready for action. Mr. Boulderson had also a formidable apparatus of muskets and fowling-pieces projecting over his mahout's head. We rode about two miles across a plain, covered with long jungle grass." The bishop then describes the beating of the jungle, the running out of two curious animals of the elk kind, called the moar, and the growing anxiety of all the people engaged in the hunt. He then proceeds thus:—"At last the elephants all drew up their trunks into the air, began to rear, and stamp violently with their forefeet. The rajah's little elephant turned short round, and in spite of all the mahout (her driver) could say or do, took up her post, to the rajah's great annoyance, close in the rear of Mr. Boulderson. The other three (for one of my baggage elephants had come out too, the mahout, though unarmed, not caring to miss the show) went on slow, but boldly, with their trunks raised, their ears expanded, and their eager little eyes bent intently forward. 'We are close upon him,' said Mr. Boulderson, 'fire where you see the long grass shake, if he rises before you.' Just at that moment my elephant stamped again violently. 'There, there,' cried the mahout, 'I saw his head.' A short roar, or rather loud growl, followed, and I saw immediately before my elephant's head the motion of some large animal stealing through the grass. I fired as directed, and a moment after, seeing the motion still more plainly, fired the second barrel. Another short growl followed; the motion was immediately quickened, and was soon lost in the more distant jungle. Mr. Boulderson said, 'I should not wonder if you hit him that last time; at any rate we shall drive him out of the cover, and then I will take care of him.' In fact, at that moment, the crowd of horse and foot spectators at the jungle side began to run off in all directions. We went on to the place, but found it was a false alarm; and, in fact, we had seen all we were to see of him, and went twice more through the jungle in vain. I asked Mr. Boulderson on our return, whether tiger-

hunting was generally of this kind, which I could not help comparing to that chase of bubbles which enables us in England to pursue an otter. In a jungle, he answered, it must always be pretty much the same, inasmuch as, except under very peculiar circumstances, or when a tiger felt himself severely wounded, and was roused to revenge by despair, his aim was to remain concealed, and to make off as quietly as possible. It was after he had broken cover, or when he found himself in a situation so as to be fairly at bay, that the serious part of the sport began, in which case he attacked his enemies boldly, and always died fighting. He added that the lion, though not so large or swift an animal as the tiger, was generally stronger and more courageous. Those which have been killed in India, instead of running away when pursued through a jungle, seldom seem to think its cover necessary at all. When they see their enemies approaching, they spring out to meet them, open-mouthed in the plain, like the boldest of all animals, a mastiff dog. They are thus generally shot with very little trouble; but if they are missed, or only slightly wounded, they are truly formidable enemies. Though not swift, they leap with vast strength and violence; and their large heads, immense paws, and the great weight of their body forwards, often enable them to spring on the head of the largest elephant, and fairly pull him to the ground, riders and all. When a tiger springs on an elephant, the latter is generally able to shake him off under his feet, and then woe be to him. The elephant either kneels on him and crushes him at once, or gives him a kick which breaks half his ribs, and sends him flying perhaps twenty paces. The elephants, however, are often dreadfully torn; and a large old tiger sometimes clings too fast to be thus dealt with. In this case it often happens that the elephant himself falls from pain, or from the hope of rolling on his enemy; and the people on his back are in very considerable danger, both from friends and foes, for Mr. Boulderson said, the scratch of a tiger was sometimes venomous, as that of a cat is said to be. But this did not often happen; and, in general, persons wounded by his teeth or claws, if not killed outright, recover easily enough."

Spearing is also a common method of attacking the tiger, as will appear in the following account, which being given in the true nautical phraseology, can hardly fail to interest our readers. These sons of the ocean, when they treat us with a com amore description, either written or oral, of any active enterprise, particularly if it be of one common only to us "long-shore lubbers," seldom fail to entertain us much, by bedecking it in a nautical garb. That which follows is said to have been addressed from *Turn to a distinguished member of the Royal*

Academy by his brother. "At seven A.M., on the 2nd of October, I set out with my two sons, a Berzockra man in my service, and about fifty natives, armed with pikes and hog-spears: I was armed with a gun and spear. The tiger for which we were on the look out was in a valley about two miles and a half distant from our port. The moment we arrived near him we commenced operations. About nine A.M. we effectually drove him out of his den of underwood, and, while he was doubling the brow of a hill, I had a rap at him, which took effect about six inches astern of his taffarel. Had I taken his taffarel, it would have disabled his tiller-ropes, and he would have been forced to heave-to, and we should have had some sport with him whilst in that situation. He now made over to the west of the valley, and into a thorny bush; but seeing that he was in danger, he made a start from that bush to another, where at length I got a clear sight of him; but before we could finish our task he made a spring, with an intention to clear the heads of three men who were to my right, at about a fathom distance; but they received and put three pikes and a hog-spear into him; the former entered his belly, the latter entered his star-board shoulder; this he took with him, but the pike-staves all broke. This shock to his delicate frame brought him down on one of the men, on whom he left the marks of three of his paws, but he got into a bush before I could turn round to have a rap at him. This was his last move, the time just twelve at noon. We gathered up our broken pike-staves, bound up the wounds of our man, and sent him off to the mill to await our arrival; but determined not to give up our prize, we remained quiet for about an hour to rest ourselves. During this time he was attempting to draw the hog-spear out of his larboard shoulder, which gave him much pain, and made him growl. We now saw the bush shake very much, so again we began operations by cutting down the small bushes to get a sight of him: this was soon accomplished, and enabled me to put a shot into his head: our work was now done, so we went up to him; but I think he was closing his book more from the pikes than from the shot. I had him carried home. His weight was three hundred and thirty-three pounds; stood three feet three inches high; length of body six feet, tail two feet four inches. I then dressed the wounded hunter, who was fourteen days under my hands, having received ten wounds on his body, left arm, and head. This, you will say, is no child's play."

The bow and arrow are also dexterously employed by the native Indian marksman against the tiger; in which case the apparatus used is proportionate in strength to the animal it is to set against. The wood which forms the bow is either of the straight

dameen or it is of split bamboo, and its length ranges from six to eight feet. A more expensive bow, used by the wealthy natives, is made of two pieces of buffalo horn, having at each end a wooden tip to receive the string. These are further strengthened with several coats of varnish, or they are otherwise enveloped in some tenacious animal matter, as portions of intestines, bladders, &c., and then elegantly painted, the bow-string being of catgut. The common arrows are mostly of reed; those, however, which are used against tigers are of tough wood, as the horny ash, &c. Captain Williamson, observing on the precision with which these natives take aim, and the force and extent of the flight of their arrows, says: "They will rarely miss an object about the size of a tea-cup, at sixty or seventy yards. I have seen a shecarrie, who was in the employ of the ever-memorable Colonel John Mordaunt, at Lucknow, repeatedly lodge an arrow in a common walking-stick at about that distance. But the most surprising feat of this kind I ever witnessed, was that of the poor itinerant so well known in Bengal, who was born without arms, having only a thumb at one shoulder; but who, fixing the bow with his feet, and drawing the string with his teeth, lying on his back of course, can direct his arrow with more certainty than most Europeans." It may be added that the tiger, when basking and sleeping in the sun, which is a very common custom with this animal, is often approached by the shecarrie, and receives a fatal wound.*

A REFUTATION.—That, instead of its requiring "nine tailors to make one man," one tailor has the qualities of nine men.—1. As a cook, he has roast goose every day.—2. As a navigator, he shapes his course by his needle.—3. As a gardener, he sows his rows, and cultivates his cabbage.—4. As an actor, he performs on the boards, and brandishes a bookkin.—5. As a clergyman, or reformer, he mends old bad habits.—6. As an executive, his measures are taken according to circumstances.—7. As a surveyor, his right lines and angles are directed to certain points.—8. As a witty sarcastic politician, he makes his points cut keen.—9. As a schoolmaster, he teaches the "young idea how to shoot," and bastes when necessary.—*H. Mayer.*

"ONCE upon a time" there was a Methodist preacher whose "flock" was afflicted at his passion for tobacco. "There you are, Mr. —, at your idol again!" was the gibe of a displeased elder. "Yes, brother —," was the reply, "I am burning it!"

* For the above, we are chiefly indebted to D. P. Blake's "Encyclopædia of Rural Sports," a most interesting work.

A TALE OF DOOM.

(Continued from our last.)

MOTHERLESS from the age of fourteen, and secluded by her father's vocation from society, the headsman's daughter had been early accustomed to rely upon her own resources.

Most of her leisure hours had been devoted to a comprehensive course of historical reading, from which her unpolished but strong-minded father conceived that she would derive, not only amusement and instruction, but that sustaining fortitude so essential to the station in which her lot was cast. Thus she acquired concentration and strength; the study of sacred and profane history induced habits of salutary reflection, and her character gradually developed an energy which admirably fitted her to become the helpmate of a man so timid and indecisive as Florian. Her mother was a Parisian, of good manners and education. Persecuted by a licentious nobleman, who, in revenge for her rejection of his dishonourable addresses, had accused her of theft, she had effected her escape from the chateau in which she resided as governess to his daughters, to the same town in which Florian had been discovered by the headsman. Circumstances somewhat similar, but not essential to my narrative, had induced her to accept a temporary asylum in the house of the executioner, whose mother was then living; and here, in a moment of despair at her destitute and hopeless condition, she accepted the addresses of the enamoured headsman, and became his wife. The life of this amiable and accomplished woman was shortened by her calamities, and by a schae of degradation which she could never subdue. Secluded from all society save that of an uncultivated husband, who but imperfectly understood her value, she loved her only child with more than a mother's idolatry; and, while her strength permitted, devoted herself, with unceasing solicitude, to the formation of her mind, and to the regulation of her untameable vivacity. Thus happily moulded in early youth, and judiciously cultivated after her mother's death, Madelon combined, with clear and vigorous perceptions, a degree of personal attraction rarely seen in France, and no small portion of the feminine grace and fascination peculiar to well-educated French women. Accustomed, from her limited opportunities of observation, to regard men as collectively coarse and uncultivated, she had been immediately and powerfully attracted by the elegant person, the refined and gentle manners of Florian, during their four leagues' journey; and to one who felt the value of knowledge, and eagerly sought to extend her means of pursuing it, there was, on farther acquaintance, a charm in

his comprehensive attainments, and in the classic elegance of his diction, which compensated for the unmanly timidity and morbid infirmity of purpose so easily distinguishable in his character and conduct.

In Florian, whose feelings were fortified by reminiscences of a prior attachment, the progress of sentiment was slower, but not less certain in its tendency. His silent worship of Angelique had always been accompanied by doubts and misgivings innumerable. He thought her lost to him for ever; he felt that all his prospects of professional advancement were blighted by the disastrous incident at D— and his consequent flight; and insensibly he yielded to the charm of daily and hourly intercourse with the bewitching Madelon. The consciousness of her prepossession, and of his own superior attainments, gave to him, while conversing with her, a soothing self-possession, an expansion of thought and feeling, and a glowing facility of elocution, which he had never yet experienced, and which proved a source of exquisite and inexhaustible gratification. Her unceasing sympathy and kindness, her flattering anticipation of his wishes, lulled the anguish of his recollections, and her sparkling gaiety never failed to rouse his drooping spirits. He soon learned to estimate at its true value the rare combination of gentleness and energy which her character displayed; while her courageous self-possession and unflinching resources made him regard her as a woman gifted beyond her sex with those qualities in which he felt himself most deficient. In short, feelings of deep and lasting attachment stole insensibly into the hearts of the youthful pair. Florian had surrendered all his sympathies to Madelon before he was conscious of the power she had gained over his happiness, and their mutual affection was betrayed and sealed by word and pledge before he reflected upon the inevitable consequences. Too soon, alas! he was awakened from this dream of bliss to a long reality of terror and anguish. The spell which bound him was broken, and the scene of enchantment was abruptly changed into a chaos of interminable dismay and anxiety.

Some weeks after his arrival in this asylum, the headman had advised him to prolong his stay until all danger of pursuit had subsided, and the fears of the fugitive soon gave way to cheering sensations of security and confidence. To lovers the present is every thing: Florian forgot alike the trying past and the menacing future weeks and months flitted past unobserved by the youthful pair, while the crafty headman, who had silently watched their growing intelligence, exulted in secret over the now certain success of his stratagem.

Several months had thus elapsed, and the old man, after ascertaining from his daughter that the affections of Florian were irre-

deemably plighted, took an opportunity to address him one morning as soon as Madelon had quitted the breakfast-room.

"I think it is high time, young man," he said, smiling, "that you should proceed to business. Come along with me into my workshop."

Florian looked at him in silent wonder, but followed him into the capacious cellars, where the old man unlocked a door which his guest had never before observed. Florian entered with his conductor, but started back with dismay as he saw a number of executioner's swords and axes hanging round the walls of a low vaulted room, in the centre of which several cabbage-heads were fixed with pegs upon an oblong block of wood. The headman took one of the swords from the wall, drew it from the scabbard, carefully wiped the glittering blade, and then offered it to Florian. "Now," he began, "try your strength upon these cabbage-heads. It is easy work, and requires nothing but a steady hand."

"Gracious Heaven! you cannot be in earnest!" exclaimed Florian, retreating from him in deadly terror.

"Not in earnest?" rejoined the headman, sternly; "I consider your compliance as a matter of course. You love my daughter—you have won her affection—and surely, Florian, you are not the man to play her false!"

"God forbid!" exclaimed Florian with fervour. "I dearly love her, and seek no happier lot than to become her husband."

"I offered her to you, my son!" said the other with returning kindness; "but you did not like the conditions, and declined her. You have since, without my permission, sought and won her affections, and you have no right to flinch from the implied consequences. It is high time to come to a conclusion, and to apply yourself to the only pursuit through which you can ever obtain my Madelon."

"The only one?" timidly repeated Florian; "I have, 'tis true, abandoned for your daughter's sake the world and the world's prejudices; but I am young and industrious; I possess valuable knowledge; and, surely, I may find some employment which will maintain a wife and family. Do, my good father, relinquish this dreadful vocation—"

"And my daughter!" exclaimed the headman, with loud and bitter emphasis. "What is to become of her? If even you could step back within the pale of society, she would for ever be excluded. But you have neither moral courage nor animal bravery enough for any worldly pursuit—your original station in society is irrecoverably gone—and, if you attempt to leave this asylum, the sword of justice will face you at every turn. No, no, Florian! I love my future son-in-law too well to expose him to such imminent peril. There, read

that paper! The contents will bring you to your senses."

With these words, which struck like a wintry chill into the heart of Florian, he took an old newspaper from his pocket-book. The unhappy fugitive received it with a shaking hand, and read a judicial summons from the authorities of D—, seeking intelligence of a student, who had on a certain day quitted the university by the diligence for Normandy, and unaccountably disappeared. His Christian and surname, with an accurate description of his dress and person, were appended. Glancing fearfully down the page, he distinguished some particulars of a murder, his sight grew dim with terror; and, after a vain attempt to read farther, he dropped the document and reeled back, breathless and almost fainting, against the wall.

"Holt, the very man!" muttered the headsmen, whose keen eye had been intently fixed upon him during the perusal. "I never asked your real name, young man," he continued, "but now I know it. Your terror would betray it to a child. How then are you, without fortitude to face the common evils of life, and bearing in every feature a betrayer, to escape the giant-grasp of the French police? And had this calamity never befallen you, how could you gain support in a world which, by your own confession, you have ever found ungenial and repulsive? Believe me, Florian; here, and here only, will you find safety, support, and happiness."

"Happiness!" mournfully repeated Florian.

"Yes, happiness!" rejoined the tempter. "You and Madelon love each other; and in every station, from the highest to the lowest, love is the salt of life, the balm and cordial of existence. My office descends from generation to generation; it ensures to the holder not only a good house and landed property, but an income of no mean amount. Every traveller who passes my house pays me a toll, because fifty years since an inundation compelled the town to cut a high-road through my grandfather's garden. Of all these benefits I shall be deprived, when old and disabled, if my children disdain to follow my vocation; and if Madelon were to marry within the pale of that society which regards her father with abhorrence, my house and vineyard would be destroyed by the bigoted and furious populace, and too probably my innocent child along with them. Have you the heart, Florian, to hazard her destruction and your own, in preference to an office essential to the existence of civil society, and from which that obedience to the laws, which is the first duty of a good citizen, removes all self-reproach? With a due sense of the importance of your official duties, you will find yourself sustained in the performance of them; and a practised hand will soon give

you firmness enough to follow a vocation attended with no personal risk; but, if you determine to leave me, where will you find a solution to face the perils which surround you? and, if you escape them, how are you to compete in the race of life with the daring and the fleet?"

The appalling alternatives held out to Florian by the politic headsmen, and the consciousness of his own inability either to escape the police, or to steer his way successfully through the shoals and quicksands of life, rendered him incapable of reply. He had for some months been cut off from all that freedom he so bestowed—he had neither relations nor friends on whose interposition he could rely—he recoiled with agony that every heart beyond the limits of his present home was steered against him—that every hand was ready to seize and betray him. Should he quit this asylum, and even establish his innocence of the imputed murder, his ignorance of the world, and his invincible timidity and self-distrust, would make him the prey of any plausible knavery. Bewildered and stupified by contending emotions, his mind became palsied by despair, and his powers of resistance began to fail him. The headsmen saw his advantage; but, satisfied with the impression he had made upon his victim, he ceased to press any immediate decision—told him to consider of the proposal, and went to his vineyard: while Florian, heaving to his Madelon, was assailed by all the witchery of sighs and tears; by looks, which alternately pleaded and upbraided; and by inspiring and cogent arguments, which shamed him into temporary resolution. Thus alternately intimidated by the deep tones and stern denunciations of the father, encouraged by the specious reasonings of the daughter, or soothed by her resistless fascinations; assured, too, by the headsmen, that for some years sentences of decapitation, with rare exceptions, had been commuted for the galleys, his power to contend with his tempter abandoned him: he dropped, like the fascinated bird, into the jaws of the serpent; and, yielding to his destiny, he commenced his training in a vocation from which every feeling in his nature, and every dictate of his understanding, recoiled with abhorrence.

It was no sacrifice, to one of his timid and fastidious habits, to abandon a world in which he had ever found himself an alien, and which he now thought condescended to persecute and destroy him. He submitted to his fate, and ere long found relief in the attachments of the headsmen and his daughter. His affectionate heart, and the resolute of his principles and conduct, soon won the entire esteem of the old man, whose better feelings had not been blunted by his official duties; while Madelon, who loved almost to idolatry a man so incomparably

superior to any she had hitherto known, delighted to cheer his hours of sadness, and watched his every wish with unwearied solicitude. Meanwhile, the old man had quietly made every requisite preparation, and a month after the assent of Florian to his proposal, the lovers were united. The official appointment of Florian, as adopted successor to the headsmanship, took place some days before the marriage; and it was stipulated by the town authorities that, on the next ensuing condemnation of a criminal to death, he should prove on the scaffold his competency to succeed the executioner.

For many months after this appointment, every arrival of a criminal in the town-prison struck terror into the heart of Florian. Happily, however, the assertion of the headsmanship that it was a growing practice of the judicial authorities to substitute the galleys for decapitation, was verified by the fact; and Florian enjoyed several years of domestic happiness, disturbed only by apprehensions which he could never subdue, that sooner or later the evil he so much dreaded would certainly befall him. Meanwhile, his beloved Madelon had made him the happy father of three boys, and he began to experience a degree of tranquillity to which he had long been a stranger; when, at a period in which the town prison was untenanted, the long-dreaded calamity burst upon his devoted head like a bolt of lightning from a cloudless sky.

His father-in-law received one morning, at breakfast, an order from the town authorities to repair early on the following day to a city at ten leagues distance, and there to behold a criminal whose execution had been delayed by the illness and death of the resident headsmanship. At this unexpected intelligence the features of Florian were blanched with horror, but the iron visage of the old executioner betrayed not the slightest emotion. Regardless of his son-in-law's terrors, he viewed this unexpected summons as a fortunate incident, and maintained that any unskilfulness in decapitation would be of less importance at a distance than in his native town. He regarded also this brief summons as much more favourable to Florian's success than a longer fore-knowledge, and urged in strong terms the necessity of submission to the call of duty. The blood of Florian froze as he listened, but he acquiesced as usual in timid silence. In the afternoon he yielded to the old man's wish, that he should give what the headsmanship termed a master-proof of his skill in the science of decapitation, and, with cold sweat on his brow, severed a number of cabbage heads to the satisfaction of his teacher. Meanwhile, the sympathising but energetic Madelon prepared a palatable meal, and endeavoured, more successfully than her uncompromising parent, to sustain and cheer the drooping spirits of the husband she so entirely loved.

She could not, however, always suppress her starting tears; and as the night approached, even the firm nature of the old headsmanship betrayed symptoms of anxiety, notwithstanding his endeavours to exhilarate himself by deep meditations.

(To be continued in our next.)

A BRETON TRADITION.

If a stranger to the Bretons supposes that they are an ignorant, rude, and sensual people, he will have formed a very wrong estimate of their character. Though somewhat wild in their appearance, and addicted to occasional excesses in drink, they are full of intelligence, imagination, and poetry, as he will perceive if he joins one of their social circles on a winter's evening, and hears them relate tales or poems.

I have already translated some of their legends, which preserve traces of Druidism: I shall now relate a tradition obviously originated in the Christian era, when the doctrine of purgatory began to gain ground, and every invention that tended towards its promulgation was resorted to.

L'AUBERGE BLANCHE.

There was formerly at Ponthou a small whitewashed inn which went by the above name. Every one stopped at it; even the horses knew the stable-door so well, that they sagaciously made a full stop at it without a hint from any one.

The revolving year was on the wane, and the days of course began to be dull and short, when, one evening, as Fleck—the master of the auberge—was standing at the threshold of his door, looking out wistfully for a god-send in the shape of a traveller, one having the air of a man of considerable importance, and mounted on a handsome horse, not of that country, rode up, and taking off his hat, accosted the landlord thus:

"I wish to sup alone, and have a chamber to myself."

Fleck took his pipe from his mouth with one hand, and raising his hat from his head with the other, replied:

"God bless you, sir; you can have supper as you wish; but a private room, or even a bed, you cannot have, for we have six muleteers from the upper country on their way to Redon, and they have taken the six beds of the Auberge Blanche."

"Mon Dieu, men brave," replied the traveller. "Do what you can to give me a room and a bed. The very dogs find a kennel. It is not reasonable, then, that Christians should lie out of doors at this season of the year."

"Sir," said Fleck, in great concern, and scratching his head thoughtfully, "I do not

know what to do, for my beds are all occupied, except one in the Red Chamber."

The landlord had no sooner uttered the last words than he looked confused and sheepish, for he had his own reasons for not wishing to put the stranger to sleep in the Red Chamber.

"Since I have been at the Auberge Blanche," continued he, after a pause, "only two people have slept in the Red Chamber, and the next day the hair of their heads was as white as snow, though the night before it was raven black."

The traveller looked earnestly at Flock.

"Have you ghosts, then, in your house, good man?" demanded he.

"We have," murmured Master Flock—"that is the truth."

"Then, in the name of God and the blessed Virgin, make a fire in the Red Chamber, and warm my bed, for I am very cold."

The landlord told his wife to do as was desired; and when supper was over, the traveller, wishing the family and the muleteers all a good-night, retired to the mysterious apartment. The landlord and his wife went to prayers, for they were extremely nervous.

When the traveller entered the chamber where he was to sleep, he looked very carefully round it.

It was a large room, with numberless red glistening spots on one of the walls which had the appearance of having been daubed with fresh blood. At the farther end there was a bed with ample curtains; there was no other furniture whatever. The wind moaned in the chimney and along the corridors, and might have suggested to an imaginative person the notion of an unhappy soul soliciting the prayers of the heari.

The traveller, however, knelt down and prayed in a low voice, and then fearlessly got into bed, and soon fell asleep. Not exactly at the moment when the clock in the distant church sounded the hour of midnight, he awoke, and heard the curtains sliding along the iron rod. He tried to get out of bed, but his feet coming in contact with something cold, he drew them back. There, before him, was a coffin with a wax candle at each corner, and covered with a large black pall, with tear-drops scattered over it, such as we now see at Catholic funerals. The stranger sprang to the other side of his bed in unutterable horror; the coffin did the same, and placed itself before him. Five times he tried to get out of bed, and five times the bier, with its wax-lights and black cloth, placed itself at his feet, so as to obstruct his movements. He looked again and again at the awful object, and perceived a corpse just barely disclosed to his view, from beneath the lid of the coffin. He placed himself on his knees in his bed, and, after, having made the sign of the

cross, demanded, but in a very unsteady tone:

"Who art thou, dead man? Speak! it is a Christian who awaits thy answer."

A voice coming from the bier replied: "I am an unfortunate man who was murdered here, by those who kept this inn before the man who has it now. I died in a state of sin, and I burn in purgatory."

"What desirest thou, poor troubled soul, for thy consolation?"

"Ten masses to be said," replied he, in the same sepulchral tone, "in the church of Folgoat, by a priest in a black-and-white stole; then a pilgrimage, in my name, by a good Christian, to Notre Dame de Rumeugol."

"Thou shalt have the ten masses, troubled spirit, and I, who am a Christian—the Lord preserve me from mortal sin!—will make the pilgrimage thou desirest, in thy name."

The traveller had scarcely done speaking, before the lights were extinguished, the curtains closed, and all was silent.

The next day he related the wonderful occurrence of the previous night to the landlord, and informed him that he was M. de Rohan, of a noble Breton family; and announced his determination to make a pilgrimage to Rumeugol, and have the ten masses said for the soul of the murdered man.

The landlord was charmed at the notion of having the poor soul of his mysterious ghost delivered from purgatory, and from the necessity of haunting his auberge, which had sustained much ill fame in consequence, to the prejudices of the landlord's pocket.

At the end of the ensuing month, the stains of blood disappeared from the Red Chamber, which became the most light-coloured and cheerful looking apartment in the auberge. No other noise was heard in it than those of human voices, or the rustling of the wind; nothing was ever seen in it indicative of the churchyard and the grave; no coffin ever obtruded itself among the three beds which constituted its usual furniture, with a crucifix on the chimney. The traveller had kept his promise.

H—B—X.

REMARKABLE CASES OF FRAUD AND IMPOSTURE.

NO. XXXVIII.—BOOK FOURTH.

MR. DUNCAN, in his amusing and instructive work, entitled "Travels in Western Africa," informs us that a gross imposture is practised in Cromptine. The priests assert that they have in their possession a male child who has existed ever since the beginning of the world. This child, they declare, neither eats, drinks, nor partakes of

any nourishment, and that it continues in a constant state of childhood. Mr. Duncan expressed a strong desire to see this extraordinary child; and during the half-hour which was required to prepare it for the visit, the party was admitted into the fetish house, or temple, in the corner of which was seated in a chair a little clay figure of the god which they invoke or threaten, according to circumstances. In the same house, leaning against the wall, was the hollow trunk of a cocoa-nut tree, calked over with white spots. Thus, the party was informed, was sent down to the people of Cromantine from heaven, and was preserved here as a proof that their "fetish" lives for them.

"When I reproved their folly," says Mr. Duncan, "in believing such fraudulent tricks, they seemed quite astonished and incensed, especially the old fetish-woman, a priestess, who at times extorts great sums for the preparation of certain charms, supposed to be very potent. When a man is sick, his relations send for a fetish man or woman, who, if the party is found to be very anxious respecting the sick man, generally makes a heavy charge, in addition to a gallon of rum to drink success to the fetish; and he or she very frequently orders a few bottles of rum to be buried up to the neck in the ground in different places, which the god is supposed to take as his fee for his favours to the sick man. If he should die, the fetish man or woman assures the relatives that the favour of the god was not to be gained by so small a quantity of rum."

Tired of the delay, Mr. Duncan became impatient to see this "child of other days," but was still desired to wait a little longer. However, as the party were anxious to proceed on their journey, they set off. Fortunately, the road onwards passed close to the residence of this wonderful child, so that they halted, in the hope of having a peep at him. Being again delayed, they lost all patience, and Mr. Duncan resolved to enter the dwelling. His African friends and the multitude assembled from all parts of the town warned him of the destruction that would certainly overtake him if he ventured to go in without leave. But he showed them his double-barrelled gun as his fetish, and forced his way through the crowd. On entering through a very narrow door or gateway, into a circle of about twenty yards diameter, fenced round by a close paling, and covered outside with long grass, about nine feet high, (so that nothing within could be seen); the first and only thing that he saw was an old woman, whom, but for her size and sex, he would have taken for the mystic being, reported to have resided there since the creation. She certainly was, according to Mr. Duncan's description, a most disgusting object. She had no covering on her person (like all the other natives of the place), with the exception of a small piece

of dirty cloth round her loins. Her skin was deeply wrinkled and extremely dirty, with scarcely any flesh on her bones. Her breasts hung half way down her body, and she had all the appearance of extreme old age." This ancient woman was the supposed nurse of the everlasting child.

On entering the yard, this fetish-woman stepped before Mr. Duncan, making the most hideous gestures ever witnessed, and endeavoured to drive him out, that he might be prevented from entering into the god's house; but in spite of all her movements, he pushed her aside, and forced his way into the house. Its outward appearance was that of a cone, or extingisher, standing in the centre of the enclosure. It was formed by long poles placed triangularly, and thatched with long grass. Inside of it was found a clay bench, in the form of a chair. Its tenant was absent, and the old woman pretended that she had, by her magical power, caused him to disappear.

On Mr. Duncan's return, he found his friends anxiously waiting for him, dreading lest something awful might have happened to him; and the townspeople were quite in a fury. They did not, however, dare to attack him, for "they are great cowards when the least determination or spirit of resistance is shown."

There can be no doubt that some neighbour's child is borrowed whenever strangers wish to see the wonderful infant; and when dressed up and disguised by various colours of clay, it is exhibited as the divine child. The natives are so credulous, that a fetish man or woman has no difficulty in making them believe any thing, however extravagant and absurd.

THE COURTS OF LOVE.

We certainly live in a very degenerate age. The irregular feelings of the days of chivalry are nearly worn down to the level of common sense. How different from the times when the spirit was left to its own guidance, and grew and flourished in all the luxuriance of its native wildness. Where shall we now look for the sentiments of chivalrous faith and valour which animated the breasts of our forefathers; and, more especially, for that devotion to lady-love, which conferred equal lustre and dignity on him who paid it, and on her to whom it was paid? Alas! in the middle of the nineteenth century a lover's cares and fears have "dwindled to the smallest span." How different is the conduct of a modern lover from that of an *inamorato* in the days of chivalry, when it was the most supreme delight to be allowed

"To kneel whole ages at a beauty's feet;" and even, in spite of all her disdain, "to

think such sufferings sweet?" But in those ages the fair sex stood on a loftier eminence, and happy was he who was allowed to approach them, even though in the most respectful manner. Even in the coldest nights of winter the true lover walked till sunrise before his mistress's door—his sole reward to be allowed to kiss the latch or the knocker of the door. Sometimes, indeed, through some cranny, or perchance through the key-hole, he had the rapture of beholding her form; and as she passed he would sing some tender love-song. Nay, at times he was admitted to the honour of kissing the hem of her garment; at other times, gallantry required greater exertions from him, and, at the hazard of his neck, he would fearlessly scale the loftiest walls, and even descend the longest chimneys, for one glance of his beloved. Occasionally, he stained his face with certain herbs, that he might appear more pitiable in her eyes; and even death became desirable to him for her sake. The gallant Troubadour, Pierre Vidal, furnishes a fine example of chivalrous enthusiasm. Being passionately enamoured of a lady called *Louve de Penautier*, he called himself *Loup*, or Wolf, in her honour, and submitted, as such, to be hunted in a wolf's skin. He was pursued by the shepherds and their dogs into the mountains, where, being overtaken, he was, like Acton, cruelly managled by the hounds, and carried home to his mistress as dead. He recovered, however, to felicitate himself on the perils he had endured for his lady's sake.

It was in sentiments and feelings like these that the institution of the courts or parliaments of love originated. It is surprising that such a jurisdiction should never before have been exercised, and that it should have passed away with the age of chivalry. Even in our own country, and in the nineteenth century, the necessity for such a tribunal is tacitly confessed, by submitting many of the causes which would properly fall within the jurisdiction of the court of love, to the cognisance of the ecclesiastical and common law courts. Where could an action for a breach of promise of marriage be so properly decided as before lady judges, and according to the law of matrimony, with a jury half ladies and half gentlemen? Were this the case, we might reasonably expect not to have all our most refined and delicate feelings shocked with the exhibition of the judge, the jury, the counsel, and the audience, indulging in the most boisterous and unfeeling mirth, when a correspondence of the most tender and confidential kind is given in evidence. The advantages of these institutions would not stop here; they would take cognisance of a thousand cases, which our heavy laws can never reach, and gradually recal amongst us that refinement of feeling which now seems lost for ever.

It will perhaps be advisable to enter a

little more in detail into the nature and spirit of the ancient courts of love, that our readers may more readily perceive the truth and justice of the few observations we have just made. The existence of these courts may be traced almost as far back as the earliest periods of the Troubadour history, and they probably had their origin in the contentions of rival poets, who submitted their productions to the judgment of certain fair ladies, who undertook to decide upon their merits. In all probability the origin of the courts of love may be dated about the twelfth century, at the time when the *Gay science* was approaching its meridian.

These tribunals soon became frequent in many parts of France; but the minute particulars of their composition, their power, and their mode of proceeding, are lost in the lapse of time. It appears, however, that even in the courts which received their appellation from the individual name of some noble patroness, and from which we might suppose that she alone exercised the judicial power, there was yet a bench of lady justices, which varied in number, sometimes, as in the court of the Countess of Champagne, amounting to sixteen. Whether these ladies possessed an authority co-equal with the countess, or whether they were only called in to assist her with their advice, does not seem very clear. It is still more difficult to discover by what sanctions these illustrious tribunals enforced obedience to their decrees. M. Raynouard conjectures that no judicial process issued on the judgment; but that public opinion was so strongly in favour of these institutions, that even the most obstinate knight would not have the hardihood to disobey their injunctions. Indeed, when we consider that the judgment of the court frequently included a command either to love, or to abstain from loving, it is not surprising that they did not attempt to enforce their decrees upon the heart, where, in the language of our English lawyers, the process of the courts does not run. With regard to the extent of their jurisdiction, it should seem that they took cognisance of all affairs of love and gallantry without any exception, and that, occasionally, they even condescended to decide hypothetical questions. With the decline of the spirit of chivalry, the Courts of Love also began to disappear; it is probable that few remained longer than the middle of the fourteenth century.

Of the proceedings of these courts we have but few memorials transmitted to us, if we except the work of André, chaplain to the Royal Court of France. Some scattered passages in the verses of the Troubadours, which sometimes contain allusions to them, serve but to cast a very uncertain light on the subject. In André, however, we have many of the judgments given at length.

1.—"The defendant, whose lover had re-

mained for a certain long space of time in parts beyond the seas, on an expedition, being doubtful respecting his return, whereof many people had well nigh despaired, sought for another lover. The secretary of him the said first mentioned lover hereupon impleaded the said defendant, who appeared and pleaded the 7th statute of the "Code of Love."—And thereupon she said, that if it were lawful for a widow to take a husband two years after the decease of her former husband, *a fortiori* it was lawful for her, the said defendant, who was a quasi widow, living her said first-mentioned lover, so to do, when he, her said first mentioned lover, had sent to her, the said defendant, neither messenger nor message during the said long period of time, although she averred he had, during all that time, frequent opportunities of so doing.

"The pleadings run out to great length, but on the cause coming on for trial before the Countess of Champagne, the following judgment was pronounced.

"The judgment in this case must be for the plaintiff. The defendant should not have renounced her lover, even after so long an absence, but upon the clearest proof of want of affection or fidelity. The court, however, must be understood as speaking of absence only when caused by unavoidable necessity, or from some honorable motive. Certainly nothing ought to cause more joy in the breast of one in the defendant's situation, than the information that her lover is acquiring fame in foreign realms, and attaching to himself the confidence of the valiant and the wise. With regard to his neglect in writing, or despatching messengers, it may have arisen from the most prudential reasons, in order that the secret of his attachment might remain hidden. For though he had despatched letters to her, the tenor of which might be unknown to the messenger, yet now cometh that by the malfeasance of that messenger, or by his death on the journey, the secret of his passion might have been divulged."

2.—This was an action, in the nature of trover, for a kiss. The defendant pleaded that he had long loved the said plaintiff, whereof she had notice; but that not regarding him, she had wholly neglected and refused to entertain his said suit. And he farther said, that he had at length so much prevailed upon her, the said plaintiff, that she undertook and faithfully promised the said defendant to give him the said kiss; yet that, not regarding her said promise and undertaking, she, the said plaintiff, had always, up to the time of the said supposed grievance, excused herself from so doing, sometimes alleging to the said defendant that she had been prevented therefrom, and at other times asserting that it was not a proper opportunity in that behalf. And the said defendant affirmed that he had been for

the space of three months in pursuit of the said kiss, which was a great pity. And he further said that on a certain day, when Danger* was absent, he prayed the said plaintiff to perform and fulfil her said promise and undertaking; but perceiving that the said plaintiff was not willing so to do, he then and there took the said kiss, as it was lawful for him so to do. And he prayed his costs.

"And the said plaintiff for replication said, that she did not undertake or promise in manner and form as the said defendant had above alleged, for that the said promise was a conditional promise only—to wit, at the will and pleasure of the said plaintiff, when and where it should please her, the said plaintiff, to fulfil the same.

"And the said defendant for rejoinder said, that the said plaintiff did undertake and promise, in manner and form aforesaid, without this, that the said promise was conditional. And he further said, that though there had been neither gift nor promise, that he reasonably deserved to have for his care, diligence, and attendance given and bestowed by him, the said defendant, in the service of the said plaintiff, at least the reward of the said kiss; and that it was therefore lawful for him, the said defendant, to take out execution for the same, and to possess himself thereof as of his own proper goods and chattels, which had come to his possession by finding. And he concluded as before.

"And now the parties having been heard, and mature deliberation being thereupon had, the court gave judgment for the defendant, and decreed the plaintiff to pay costs. And the court further directed the said plaintiff specifically to perform her said promise, at the instance and request of the said defendant, no account being taken of the said former salute."

The great utility of these institutions is very conspicuous in the following case. From that it appears, that the jurisdiction of the Courts of Love extended even to the regulating of the minutest points of decorum in the intercourse of polished society. The grievance complained of in the case we are about to cite, is one of considerable magnitude (we speak from experience) even at the present day. Nor is there, as we apprehend, any mode of redress upon such occasions. To expostulate with the lady is impossible.

3.—"This was an action brought by the plaintiff, a lover, against the defendant, to whom he was attached, for refusing to dance with him. The declaration stated that on, &c., at, &c., the plaintiff had requested the said defendant to dance, when she, without any reasonable cause in that behalf, refused to do so, alleging a certain frivolous excuse.

* By this expressive name, the husband of the lady is, in general, designated in the reports of the courts of love.

That afterwards the said plaintiff did again, with great earnestness, humbly request the said defendant to dance a few steps with him, to save him, the said plaintiff, from being laughed at, by certain persons then and there present, which she also refused to do. And he averred that he had on divers occasions moved to the said defendant, and taken off his hat when he, the said plaintiff, met her. Yet, although the said defendant well knew that he was stricken with, and loved her, she nevertheless wholly disdained and refused to speak to him, the said plaintiff; or, if at any time the said defendant said 'How d'ye do?' to the said plaintiff, it was with a toss of the head of her, the said defendant. The declaration concluded in the usual manner.

"The defendant suffered judgment to go by default, and now on this day the court pronounced sentence.

"The court decrees the defendant to dance with the plaintiff, whether she wishes it or not; or, at all events, to dance a few steps with him. The court permits the plaintiff, when the defendant and another are seeking for a third to form a *pas de trois*, to step in, without asking permission, and to form the third; and the court being informed that the defendant has spoken contemptuous words of its process, and said that the plaintiff would lose his labour in suing her, permits the plaintiff to pass her without moving to her, or saying 'How d'ye do?' and declares him exempt from courtesying to her during the dance, as others are used to do. And the plaintiff is to have his costs."

We have given the preceding cases at length, in order to afford some idea of the proceedings in these courts; we shall now abridge a few of the most curious reports.

4.—An action was brought by the heirs of a lover, to compel a lady to shew them the same politeness which their ancestor had always experienced from her. They alleged that they had discovered, amongst the papers of the defunct, an agreement, by which the defendant had bound herself to wish the deceased good day whenever she met him, and to make him a courtesy; and they said that, as heirs-at-law, they were entitled to the benefit of this agreement.

The defendant insisted that the contract was merely personal, and that it could not descend to the representatives of her lover after his death.

The plaintiffs contended that if any thing had been due from their ancestor to the defendant, they would have been answerable to her.

To this the defendant replied, that there was a great distinction between debts or goods and chattels, and the personal property of Love; and she insisted that if judgment were given for the plaintiffs, she should be burdened with making two courtesies instead of one.

Judgment was given for the defendant.

5. An action was brought by a young married lady against her husband, for not allowing her to wear a gown and a bonnet made in the newest fashion. The pleadings ran to a considerable length, and the Court declared that the matter should be referred to two milliners, who should report thereon; and if any thing objectionable were found in the fashion of the gown and bonnet, the Court directed that the referees should call in the assistance of two ladies, on the part of the plaintiff, and two on the part of the defendant, to assist them in their judgment.

6. An action was brought by the plaintiff against the defendant, for having pricked him with a pin whilst she was giving him a kiss. The defendant denied ever having given the plaintiff a kiss, but, on the contrary, said that the plaintiff had taken it; and she said that the wound, if any, had happened only by mischance and accident.

Certificates from several surgeons were produced of the nature and extent of the wound, and the Court sentenced the defendant to kiss the wound at all reasonable times, until it was healed, and to find liuen for plaisters.

7. A lady imposed on her lover an express condition never to praise her in public. The knight in a large company heard some observations made in disparagement of his lady. Unable to contain himself, he repelled the accusations, and launched forth in her praise. The lady contended that he had broken the condition, and therefore forfeited all claims to her favour. The Countess of Champagne, however, before whom the cause was tried, decreed that the condition was illegal, and that the knight was justified in defending the character of his lady.

ANTIQUARY.

THE MODEL CABMAN.

BY MAZEPPA.

HE never struck, or attempted to strike, a female, although he often raises his hand for the purpose of—assisting her to alight. He reverses the "scale of charges," and grumbles not on receiving his lawful fare. He has never been before the magistrates for drunkenness or misdemeanor. He can drive without a pipe in his mouth. He does not consider that an oscillating vehicle adds to his reputation. He is fond of a newspaper, but does not approve of sporting songs. He is an enemy to furious driving. He is not cruel to the beasts which he presides over, and whipping them affords him no pleasure. He is never known to beguile his leisure moments by perpetrating the "double shuffle," "Jarveys-ian Polka," &c. He has a strange notion that the company of his wife is preferable to that of the ale-house fre-

quenter. He is a "bit of a poet" in his way, and it is said that he once composed a parody on that popular song, "Woodman, spare that tree," commencing:

"Oh, driver! let thy mare
Jog on without a lashing;
Its back and haunches spare,
Or you deserve a thrashing."

He is exceedingly good-natured, and the contents of his tobacco-box (should he possess one) are ever at the service of his comrades. He never practises that freemason sign so extensively indulged in by the driving fraternity in general—to wit, placing the dexter thumb end in contiguity with the tip of his proboscis, and then creating a vacuum between each digit. "Pitch and toss" has no charms for him, and he never plays at cards for a stake. He does not keep a private museum of umbrellas, &c., which have been left in his cab. His olive branches attend school regularly; they are the very pictures of cleanliness: ditto wife and himself. Happiness reigns in the "model cabman's" neat though lowly dwelling. He subscribes to a burial club, and is punctual in his payments. When death claims its own, he is prepared for the solemn change. He receives decent interment, and many a tear is shed over him by those who knew his manifold virtues. Through life respected, in death lamented, thus lives, thus dies "The Model Cabman."

USEFUL RECIPES.

THE TOILETTE *

PASTE OF PALERMO.—(This paste for the heads, to use instead of soap, preserves them from chopping, smooths their surface, and renders them soft).—Take a pound of soft soap, half a pint of salad oil, the same quantity of spirits of wine, the juice of three lemons, a little silver sand, and a sufficient quantity of what perfume pleases the sense. The oil and soap must be first boiled together in an earthen pipkin. The other ingredients to be added after boiling; and, when cool, amalgamate into a paste with the hands.

FARD.—(This useful paste is good for taking off sunburnings, effects of weather on the face, and accidental cutaneous eruptions. It must be applied at going to bed. First wash the face with its usual ablution, and, when dry, rub this fard all over it, and go to rest with it on the skin. This is excellent for almost constant use).—Take two ounces of oil of sweet almonds, ditto of spermaceti; melt them in a pipkin over a slow fire. When they are dissolved and mixed,

take it off the fire, and stir into it one table-spoonful of fine honey. Continue stirring till it is cold, and then it is fit for use.

LIP SALVE.—A quarter of a pound of hard marrow, from the marrow-bone. Melt it over a slow fire. As it dissolves gradually, pour the liquid marrow into an earthen pipkin, then add to it an ounce of spermaceti, twenty raisins of the sun, stoned, and a small portion of Ikanet root, sufficient to colour it well. Simmer these ingredients over a slow fire for ten minutes, then strain the whole through muslin, and, while hot, stir into it one tea-spoonful of the balsam of Peru. Pour it into the boxes in which it is to remain; it will there stiffen, and become fit for use.

UNCTION DE MAINTENON.—(The use of this is to remove freckles. The mode of application is this: Wash the face at night with elder-flower water, then anoint it with the unction. In the morning cleanse your skin from its oily adhesion, by washing it copiously in rose-water).—Take of Venice soap an ounce, dissolve it in half an ounce of lemon-juice, to which add oil of bitter almonds and deliquated oil of tartar each a quarter of an ounce. Let the mixture be placed in the sun till it acquires the consistence of ointment. When in this state add three drops of the oil of rhodium, and keep it for use.

CREME DE L'ENCLIS.—(This is an excellent wash, to be used night and morning for the removal of tan).—Take half a pint of milk, with the juice of a lemon, and a spoonful of pale brandy, boil the whole, and skim it clear from all scum. When cool, it is ready for use.

POMMADE DE SKVILLE.—(This simple application is much in request with the Spanish ladies, for taking off the effects of the sun, and to render the complexion brilliant).—Take equal parts of lemon-juice and white of eggs. Beat the whole together in a varnished earthen pipkin, and set on a slow fire. Stir the fluid with a wooden spoon till it has acquired the consistence of soft pomatum. Perfume it with some sweet essence, and before you apply it, carefully wash the face with rice-water.

BAUME A L'ANTIQU.—(This is a very fine cure for chopped lips).—Take four ounces of the oil of roses, half an ounce of white wax, and half an ounce of spermaceti. Melt them in a glass vessel, and stir them with a wooden spoon. Pour it out into glass cups for use.

WASH FOR THE HAIR.—(This is a cleanser and brightener of the head and hair, and should be applied in the morning).—Beat up the whites of six eggs into a froth, and with that anoint the head close to the roots of the hair. Leave it to dry on; then wash the head and hair thoroughly with a mixture of rum and rose-water in equal quantities.

* These recipes are extracted from a work, "The Mirror of the Graces," published in 1811. We have found those that we have tried succeed admirably.

POPULAR PASTIMES.

ANSWERS TO NAMES OF ENGLISH TOWNS.

1. Bedale.
2. Edwinstone.
3. Newcastle.
4. Slackbridge.
5. Watchet.
6. Appleby.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA Buckingham.

ANSWER TO RHYMUS.
Vice, Invention, Heat,
Thankfulness, Un-
verse, Error.

VIRTUE.

CHARLES'S CHOICE.

Charles.

"Dear mother, you promised to get me
A large box of bricks as a present:
I'd rather, indeed, you would let me
Entertain a small party
Of friends, all so hearty;
'Twould be so exceedingly pleasant."

Mother.

"Tuesday being your birth-day, I cannot
refuse
You permission,—so write down a
list of
Those friends and companions, whom you
would choose
The party, so grand, should consist of!"

Charles.

"Ah, mother! I knew you would have no
objection
To what I so warmly desired;
See! here is of boys and of girls a selec-
tion;

And I hope you will make in it any cor-
rection
Which your judgment may think is
required."

(Thinking the "surnames" would not in-
terest,

"MAZEPPA" begs to state they are omitted;
Unto the reader they would prove a pest,
For to amuse they really were not fitted.)

CHRISTIAN NAMES ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

Boys.

- 1.—The sign of a debtor,
Preceding a letter.
- 2.— Believe me
Jane and Ellen, Ann and Mary,
Receive me
In the month of February.
- 3.—A Christian name is surely brought to
view,
If to a month you tie myself and you.
- 4.—Illiterate men make me,
And ev'ry thief would take me.
- 5.—To a call, or exclamation,
Add comparative relation.

ANSWERS TO CHARADES.

1. Man—moth.
2. Neck-lace

ANSWERS TO CONUN- DRUMS.

1. It is before U (you)
2. The more you lack
them, the faster
they go.
3. She wants to be re-
paired
4. When he sells fish,
he generally gives
sauses with it.
5. Truth.
6. A newspaper.

6.—Please to increase the emblem of peace,
by adding the fourth of four,
And certain am I that you will descry
a boy who "once asked for more."

7.—Discover me,
And you will see,
I travel free.

8.—What little boys will eat till satiate I,
And an affirmative (decapitated).

Girls.

9.—I question if the reader would adore me,
Were but a liquid letter placed before me.

10.—I'm hurt if you transpose me; there-
fore I

Beg that to find me out you will not try

11.—Add to a place of merchandise
A word expressive of surprise.

12.—Three-fifths of a diadem place in the
rear
Of that for which beggars shed many a
tear.

13.—In place of my last vowel, substitute
an E,
A town and county in the "Green Isle"
you will see.

14.—To criminals a king will oft extend me,
And all the ladies try with ease to
blend me.

15.—Flannel and I will cure the gout!
(The reader soon will find this out).

16.—In "Ivanhoe" (Sir Walter Scott's 10-
mance)
You cannot fail to see me at a glance.

MAZEPPA.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

1.—What river, if deprived of a letter, will
give a number?

2.—What river, by the exchange of one
letter, becomes another?

3.—What river, transposed, will give a
colour and a tree?

4.—What river, beheaded and inverted,
will give a colour?

5.—What river will name a Spanish title?

6.—What isthmus, curtailed, will name a
popular French country?

7.—What country, curtailed, becomes a
piece of money? H. MATER.

CHARADE.

I am a word of eleven letters: my 7, 2, 7
and 10, 9, 7, 2, 7, are said to have been the
guardian-gentil of the City of London; my
1, 2, 3, 4 render my 1, 2, 9, & very useful; my
3, 5, 6, 7 is a fish; my 8, 9, 10 is a log of
bacon; my 2, 3, 4, 8, 9, 10 is a town in Eng-
land; my 7, 2, 3, 4 is the miser's idol; my
4, 7, 2 is a faithful animal; my 11, 1, 8, 2
is a reverberation; my 11, 1, 8, 4, 5, 11, 6
is the motto of the Prince of Wales; my
9, 7, 11, & signifies old; my 10, 9, 6 expresses
the whole human race; and my whole is an
ancient priory in Scotland. THETA.

FACTS AND SCRAPS.

SPRING AND AUTUMN.—A feeling of sadness, a peculiar melancholy is wont to take possession of me alike in spring and autumn. But in spring it is the melancholy of hope, in autumn it is the melancholy of resignation.—*Coleridge*.

ASTRONOMY was the daughter of Idleness, geometry the daughter of Interest; and if we did but examine Poetry, we should certainly find her the daughter of Love.—*Fontenelle*.

SUTTEREANEAN FIRE.—The village of Lower Haugh, near Rotherham, on the estate of Earl Fitzwilliam, presents a curious and interesting aspect. An extensive bed of coal beneath the village is on fire, and has been in that condition, burning with greater or less intensity, for at least twenty years. A gentleman residing in Sheffield, whom curiosity induced to visit the locality one day, a short time since, has furnished us with the following particulars:—The coal in certain places bassets out—that is, it comes up to the surface of the ground; and it was as one of these bassets that the fire originally commenced, having been ignited by a “clump” (a fire for burning stones intended for road materials). The sutteranean fire has continued to advance in various directions up to the present time—its progress being manifested by the appearance at intervals of smoke and flames at the surface of the ground; the spread of which has generally been stopped, however, by puddling the eruptions with clay, &c. A feeling of apprehension as to the ultimate fate of the village has always continued to prevail; and we understand that a good many years ago the destruction of the mansion of the Wentworth family was threatened by the approach of the fire, but the calamity was averted by severing the bed of coal, for which purpose a shaft was specially sunk. Latterly the work of destruction appears to have been going on with unwonted rapidity, and, naturally enough, has created a corresponding degree of alarm. The ground in several large tracts is one huge hebed; and where the heat is not so intense as to destroy vegetation, the villagers turn it to very good account in raising early crops of vegetables. The exposed earth is quite warm, even in the depth of winter. Were this state of things confined within prescribed limits, it would be all very well—but this is by no means the case. The unnatural heat engenders a disagreeable smoke, which is continually ascending and adulterating the atmosphere, doubtless to the detriment of animal health; and the houses in the worst localities are often filled with warm air strongly charged with sulphur, rendering them, as habitations, little better than a coal-pit. The cellars, naturally, are the worst.—*Sheffield Times*.

THE enactment of just laws, and an effective administration of them, are indispensable to the advancement of nations in civilisation and comfort.

THE door-keeper of the House of Commons receives 74*l.* per annum more than the royal astronomer or the principal librarian at the British Museum; and the board-room porter at the Admiralty enjoys precisely the same stipend as the third assistant astronomer royal.

THE highest conceptions which mortals can possibly form of the attributes of the Supreme Being fall infinitely short of the reality, because the finite can never measure the finite, nor the drop contain the ocean.

TRUE wisdom consists not so much in seeking worldly riches and honours, as in the due regulation of our passions, and a practical conformity to the precepts of virtue.

By investigating the objects of creation and the general system of the universe, as made known by the researches of science, we become impressed with a conviction of the wonderful perfections of God, and the grandeur of his operations. Hence, a study of this description, has a powerful tendency to enlarge, as well as rectify, our views; and fills the mind with ennobling ideas.

THE Royal Society possesses a very delicate balance, constructed by Ramadan, which once belonged to Sir Joseph Banks. Upon the decease of Sir Joseph, the secretaries wrote to his widow, apprising her that the balance was lying in the apartments of the Society, and requesting to know her wishes respecting it: “Pay it into Courts,” was her ladyship’s reply.

BEN JONSON AND THE DEVIL TAVERN.—This Devil Tavern, on the site now occupied by Child’s Place, was the resort of several of the wits and literati of the day. At Dulwich College are preserved some of Ben Jonson’s Memoranda, which prove that he owed much of his inspiration to good wine, and the convivial hours he passed at the Devil Tavern. “Mem. I told the plot of my Volpone, and wrote most of it, after a present of ten dozen of palm-sack from my very good Lord T—; that play, I am positive, will live to posterity, and be acted, when I and Envy be friends, with applause.”—“Mem. The first speech in my *Catalina* spoken by Sylla’s Ghost, was writ after I parted with my friend at the Devil Tavern: I had drunk well that night, and had brave notions. There is one scene in that play which I think is fast. I resolve to drink no more water to my wine.”—“Mem. Upon the 20th May, the King (Heaven reward him!) sent me 100*l.* At that time I often went to the Devil, and before I had spent forty of it wrote my *Alchymist*.”—*Wells’s History of the Royal Society*.

THE GOLDSMITH'S DAUGHTER.*

FROM THE GERMAN OF UNLAND

A goldsmith stood where shone around
His pearls and diamonds dear;
"The brightest gem I ever found
Art thou, my pet, my Helona,
My little daughter dear!"

A dainty knight just then came in—
"Good day, my pretty maid;
Good day, my brave old goldsmith, too—
I need a rich set garland
My sweet wife's locks to braid."

Now when the finished garland shone,
And sparkled all so bright,
And Helen could be quite alone,
Upon her arm she hung it,
And saddened at the sight.

"Ah, happy, sure, the bride will be
Who wears this pretty toy—
Ah! if the dear knight would give me
A simple wreath of roses,
O, I should die for joy."

Ere long the knight came in again,
And close the garland eyed—
"My good old goldsmith, make me, then,
A little ring of diamonds
For my sweet little bride."

And when the finished circlet shone
With precious diamonds bright,
And Ellen could be quite alone,
She drew it on her finger,
And saddened at the sight.

"Ah! happy, sure, the bride will be
Who wears the pretty toy.
Ah! if the dear knight would give me
A little lock of hair, only,
O, I should die for joy."

Ere long the knight came in again,
And close the ringlet eyed—
"I see, my good old goldsmith, then,
Thou mak'st quite beautifully
The gifts for my sweet bride."

But that their fitness I may see,
Come, pretty maiden, now,
And let me try at once on thee
The jewels of my dearest,
For she is fair as thou."

'Twas early on a Sunday morn—
And so the maiden fair
Had put her very best dress on,
And decked herself for service,
With neat and comely care.

In pretty shame, with cheek on fire,
Before him did she stand—
He placed on her the golden tire,
The ringlet on her finger,
And pressed her little hand.

"My Helen sweet, my Helen dear,
The jest is over now—
What bride shall claim the pretty gear,
The jewelled gold-bright garland,
And little ring, but thou!"

"With gold, and pearl, and precious gem,
Hast thou grown up to be—
Ah, sweet, thou shouldst have learnt from
them—
The share of high honour,
In after days, with me."

* From Mr. A. Platt's translation of "The Poems of Ludwig Uhland" London: Williams and Norgate, 1898.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, No. 334 Strand.

E. MILLER.—There is not sufficient point in the anecdotes to warrant their insertion.

H. MAYER.—Our thanks are due to this correspondent, for the gratifying letter with which he has favoured us.

B. H. (Forston-street).—Mucilage of gum tragacanth, two drachms; oxymel of squilla, half an ounce; syrup of poppies, one ounce. Mix. Dose—a table-spoonful occasionally.

B. Y.—There are several systems of mnemonics, but, as we have never availed ourselves of them, we cannot answer as to their efficacy.

YOUNG CHURWOOD.—Will our kind friend favour us with his private address, that we may communicate with him more frequently than at present?

E. C. DAVIES.—Thanks for your favour of the 21st. ult. In common cases of cramp, warm friction with the naked hand, or with camphorated oil or alcohol, will generally be found to succeed. Where the stomach is affected, copious draughts of hot water, or brandy and water, either, or laudanum, afford the speediest means of cure. Hot flannels, moistened with compound camphor liniment and turpentine, or a bladder nearly filled with hot water, should be applied to the pit of the stomach. Bathing the feet in warm water, or applying mustard poultices to them, is frequently of great advantage. The best preventives, when the cause of cramp is constitutional, are warm tonics, such as the essence of ginger and camomile, Jamaica ginger in powder, &c., avoiding fermented liquors and green vegetables, particularly for supper, and wearing flannel next the skin.

A LOVER OF GOOD READING (Carlisle).—Purchase letter H of the Unclaimed Dividend Book, published by Strang.

J. CHALLIS.—Accepted, with thanks.

LMCOG, (Bridport).—The charades shall receive immediate attention.

R. GOODERSON.—Thanks. Parnell was indebted to one of the stories in the "Gesta Romanorum" for the outline of the plot of the *Hermit*. We do not think Voltaire was acquainted with the work.

W. D. L.—We shall be glad to receive the scientific article mentioned in your note; but we do not pledge ourselves to use it. Thanks.

A. B. E. L.—We have been unsuccessful in our attempts to discover the publisher's name, &c.

J. C. P.—Each of the volumes is in an ornamental paper wrapper: price 6d.

J. H. C.—The essay shall be inserted at a convenient opportunity.

YOUNG LEWIS.—Received, with thanks.

T. TINDAL (Plecker).—Clever, but scarcely suited to our page, chiefly on account of its length.

J. BROOK (Ipawish).—We have not the volume at hand to refer to respecting the recipe. Mr. Savory, of New Bond-street, states that a clove of garlic, wrapped in cotton or gauze, or a few drops of the juice introduced into the ear, is extremely efficacious in nervous deafness. The same author says that a mixture of ten drops of spirits of turpentine, with one ounce of almond oil, introduced upon cotton into the ear, is serviceable in cases of deafness from a diseased action of the ceruminous glands.

CONTRIBUTIONS RESPECTFULLY DECLINED.—"Lincea" by Young Romeo; "The Sabbath," by L. E. R.; "An Incident," by M. A. B.

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TRACTS

For the People,

A WEEKLY MISCELLANY OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE AND AMUSEMENT.

No. 39. VOL. IV.] SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1848. [PRICE ONE HALFPENNY.



[CATHEDRAL OF ELY.]

ELY CATHEDRAL.

THE cathedral church of England, although much altered by the innovations (munificent, and often gratifying,) of succeeding ages, still exhibit the most satisfactory specimens of the Anglo-Norman style of architecture. Mr. Bentham observes,

that "there is, perhaps, hardly any one of our cathedral churches of the early Norman style (marked by round arches and large pillars) remaining entire, though they were all originally so built; but specimens of it may still be seen in most of them. The greatest parts of the cathedrals of Durham, Carlisle, Chester, Peterborough, Norwich, Rochester, Chichester, Oxford, Worcester, Wells, and Hereford; the tower and transept of Winchester; the nave of Gloucester; the nave and transept of Ely; the two towers of Exeter; some remains in the middle of the west front of Lincoln, with the lower parts of the two towers there; in Canterbury, great part of the choir, formerly called Conrade's Choir (more ornamented than usual); the two towers, called St. Gregory's and St. Anselm's, and the north-west tower of the same church. York and Lichfield have had all their parts so entirely rebuilt, at separate times, since the disuse of round arches, that little or nothing of the old Norman work appears in them at this day."*

Mr. Brewer, in his "Introduction to the Beauties of England and Wales," has given a list of the cathedral churches exhibiting remains of Anglo-Norman architecture. Of Ely, he states, that "the great western tower, up to the first battlements, was built by Bishop Ridel, who died in 1189. The transepts are of the reign of Henry I. The nave and its aisles, except the windows of the second tier, and those off the lower, all but three on the south side are in the Anglo-Norman style, and were chiefly finished, as is believed, in the year 1174." The other parts of the edifice, which consists of a nave, transept, an octagon tower, choir, and choir, Trinity chapel, Galilee porch, &c. were erected at different periods between that time and the year 1536.

The interior of this cathedral is exceedingly beautiful; the nave is supported by four columns, almost without ornament, which perhaps adds to the imposing effect. The octagon tower combines solidity with lightness, probably more than any other building of the kind in Great Britain; and the choir is a perfect specimen of the early English style of pointed architecture. The stonework consists of a mixture of wood-carving. The whole length of the edifice, including the Galilee porch, is 617 feet; and the western tower, which is of exquisite workmanship, is 270 feet high.

There are many interesting monuments among them are the tomb and effigies of Bishop Alcock, and that of Tiptoft, Earl of Worcester.

The bishops of Ely, like those of Durham, formerly possessed, by grant of Henry I., *jura regalia*, and appointed their own chief justice, chief bailiff, &c.; but their secular

jurisdiction was taken away by the 6th and 7th Will. IV. c. 37, and vested in the sovereign, who is empowered to appoint a *custos rotulorum* for the Isle of Ely.

The Bishop of Ely has considerable patronage at Cambridge; he is visitor of four colleges; appoints absolutely to the mastership and one fellowship of Jesus College; chooses one out of two nominated by the society to be master of St. Peter's College; and has, besides, nearly one hundred livings in his gift.

The bishopric of Ely was erected in 1107, by Henry I., and Hervey, Bishop of Bangor, was appointed to the see.

The cathedral of Ely is in the city of Ely, which is in the Isle of Ely, in the northern part of the county of Cambridge. It is sixteen miles N.N.E. from Cambridge, and sixty-seven N. by E. from London.

A TALE OF DOOM.

(Continued from our last).

AFTER a night of internal conflict, the miserable Florian entered at daybreak the vehicle which awaited him and his father-in-law. With a view to prevent his trembling substrate from witnessing all the preparations for the approaching catastrophe, the old man so measured his progress as to enter the city a few minutes before the appointed hour, and drove immediately to the scene of action, without pausing at the church, to attend as customary, the mass then performing in presence of the criminal. Soon after their arrival, the melancholy procession approached, and Florian, unable to face the criminal, turned hastily away, ascended the ladder with unsteady steps, and concealed himself behind the massive person of the old bondsman, the victim of offended justice, with a firm and measured step, mounted the scaffold. The old man felt for his shrinking son-in-law but kept a stern eye upon him; in hopes to counteract the disabling influence of the tragedy. When, however, the decisive moment approached, he whispered him encouragingly. "Be a man, Florian! Diverse of looking at the criminal before your trials; but when his head is lifted aloft, be bold in the face, or the people will doubt your courage."

Florian fixed on his eyes the statue, but thus, incontinently, crashed near the inward ear. The remembrance of the execution he had witnessed with his friend Bartholdy flashed upon him, and he continued the terrible procession, thus he might himself be condemned to the scaffold. His agony rose almost to suffocation; he compared his own destiny with that of the being whom he was about to deprive of life, and he felt that he could not unwillingly have taken his place. At this moment, his attention was

* Hist. of Ely Cathedral, p. 38.

caught by the admiring comments of the crowd upon the courageous bearing and firm and unflinching features of the criminal. Roused by these exclamations to a consciousness of his own unmanly timidity, he made a powerful effort, and rallied his expiring energies into temporary life and action. The headsmen now approached him with the broad axe, and whispered, "Courage, my son! 'tis nothing but a cabbage-head."

With a desperate effort, Florian seized the weapon, fixed his dim gaze upon the white neck of the criminal, and, guided more by long practice than by an estimate of place and distance, he struck the death-stroke. The head fell upon the hollow floor, near the scaffold with an appalling bounce, which petrified the unfortunate executioner. The consciousness that he had deprived a fellow-creature of life, now smote him with a withering power, which for some moments deprived him of all volition, and he stood in passive stupor, gazing wildly upon the blood which streamed in torrents from the headless trunk. Immediately, however, his father-in-law approached him, with a whisper:

"Admirably done, my son! I give you joy! But recollect my warning, and look boldly at your work; or the mob will heat you as a craven headsmen from the scaffold."

The old man was obliged to repeat his admonition before it reached the senses of his unconscious son-in-law. Long accustomed to yield unexisting obedience, Florian slowly raised his eyes, at the moment when the executioner's assistant, after showing the criminal's head to the multitude, turned round and held out to him the bleeding and ghastly object. Gracious Heaven! what were his feelings when he encountered a well-known face—which he saw the yellow, peck-marked visage of Bartholdy, whose eyes were fixed upon him in the glassy, dim, and vacant stare of death!

Paralysed with sudden and overwhelming horror, he fell senseless into the arms of the headsmen, who had watched this critical moment; and, with ready self-possession, loudly attributed to recent illness an incident so puzzling to the spectators. He succeeded ere long in rousing Florian to an imperfect sense of his critical situation, and, supporting his tottering frame, led him to the house of the demanding executioner. For an hour after their arrival, the unhappy youth sat mute and motionless—the image of despair. The old man, who began to suspect some extraordinary reason for emotion so excessive, compelled him to swallow several glasses of wine, and besought him to explain the cause of his impassioned deportment. It was long, however, before Florian regained the power of utterance. At length a burst of tears fell from him.

"I knew him!" he began, in a voice

broken by convulsive sobs. "He was once my friend. Oh, there is no hope for me! I am a doomed man—a murderer! He stands before me ever, and demands my blood in atonement for his destruction. How can I justify such guilt? I never knew the crime—I cannot even fancy him a criminal—yet I well remember that he loved and cherished me. Away, my father, if you love me, to the judges! I must know his crime, or the pang I feel will never depart from me."

The executioner, in whose stern nature feelings of pity, and even of repentance, were now at work, hastened to obtain some information, and returned in half an hour, with indications of anxiety and doubt too obvious to escape the unhappy Florian, who, with folded hands, exclaimed:

"For God's sake tell me all—I must know it, sooner or later. Your anxiety prepares me for the worst. If you, a man of iron, are thus shaken—"

"If nonsense!" retorted the old man, somewhat disconcerted. "The fellow was a notorious villain, and was executed for two murders."

Florian, relieved by this intelligence, began to breathe more freely, and gazed upon the headsmen with looks which sought farther explanation.

"Florian," continued the old man, "when you told me the tale of your calamities at D—, did you tell me all? Had you no reservations?"

"None, father, by all I hold most sacred!" replied Florian, with earnestness.

"One of Bartholdy's crimes," resumed the headsmen, "was connected with your story. He is said to have slain the officer in whose murder you thought yourself implicated by suspicious appearances."

"He?" exclaimed Florian, gasping with horror. "Not by the Almighty God, he did not slay him! I have beheld an innocent man, and the remembrance will cleave to me like a curse!"

"Can you prove that he had no share in that murder?" now sternly demanded the headsmen, whose suspicions had been roused by Florian's acknowledgment of former intimacy with Bartholdy.

"I can swear to his innocence of that murder," vehemently replied Florian, whose energies rose with his excitement. "And the other crime?" he eagerly continued. "In mercy, tell me whom else he is said to have murdered?"

"Yourself!" said the old man, turning pale as he anticipated the effects of this communication—"If the name inserted in the judicial summons from D— was really yours."

For some moments Florian gazed upon him in speechless despair—his eyes became fixed and glassy—his jaw dropped—and he would have fallen from his chair, had not the old man supported him. The headsmen looked with anxious perplexity upon his victim.

"After all," he muttered, "he is my daughter's husband, and a good husband. I forced him to the task, and must, if possible, save him from the consequences."

By an abundant application of cold water to the face of Florian, he succeeded at length in restoring him to consciousness. The miserable youth opened his eyes, and, leaping on the old man's shoulders, burst into a passion of tears. When in some measure tranquillised, the headsmen asked him soothingly if he was sufficiently collected to listen to him.

"Yes, father, I am," he replied, with an effort.

"Recollect then, my son," continued the old man, "that you are under the protection of the sword, and that you may open your heart to me without fear of consequences. Say then, in the first place, who are you?"

"I am no other, father," answered Florian, with returning energy, "than I have already acknowledged to you; and I was the early friend of the man whose blood I have shed upon the scaffold. But I must and will have clear proof of every crime imputed to Bartholdy," he exclaimed, in wild emotion. "Again I see his eyes fixed on me in reproach; and if you cannot give me evidence that he deserved his fate, my remorse will lead me on to suicide or madness."

It was now evident to the old man that the suspicions he had founded on Florian's acknowledged intimacy with Bartholdy were groundless. Recollecting, too, the undeviating truth and honesty of Florian's character, he felt all the injustice of his suspicions; and his compassion for the tortured feelings of his son-in-law became actively excited. He clearly saw that nothing but the whole truth would satisfy him; he determined, therefore, to call upon the criminal's confessor; and, after prevailing upon Florian to go to bed, he watched by him until he saw his wearied senses sealed up in sleep, and then departed in quest of farther intelligence.

After three hours of undisturbed repose, which restored, in some measure, the strength of Florian, he awoke, and saw his father-in-law sitting by his bed, with a cheerful composure of look, which spoke comfort to his wounded spirit.

"Florian," he began, "I have cheering news for you. I have seen the confessor of Bartholdy, a good old man, who feels for, and wishes to console you. He has long known the habits and character of the criminal. More he would not say, but he will receive you this evening at his convent, and will not only impart to you the consolations of religion, but reveal as much of the criminal's previous life as the sacred obligations of a confessor will permit. Meanwhile, my son, you must rouse yourself from this stupor, and accompany me in a walk round the city ramparts."

After a restorative excursion, they repaired, at the appointed hour, to the Jesuit convent, and were immediately conducted to the cell of the confessor, who gazed for some seconds in silent wonder on the dejected Florian, and then, laying a hand upon his shoulder, exclaimed, "Gracious Heaven! Florian, is it possible that I see you alive?"

The startled youth raised his downcast eyes at this exclamation, and recognised in the Jesuit before him the superior of the school at which he had been educated, and the same who had congratulated him on the disappearance of Bartholdy. This discovery imparted instant relief to the harassed feelings of Florian. The years he had passed under the care of this benevolent old man arose with healing influence in his memory, and losing in the sudden glow of confidence all his wonted timidity, he poured his tale of misery and remorse into the sympathising ear of the good father, with the eloquence of a mind pure from all offence. The confessor, who listened with interest to his recital, forbore to interrupt its progress by questions. "I rejoice to learn," he afterwards replied, "that Bartholdy, although deeply stained with crime, quitted this life with less of guilt than he was charged with on his conscience. The details of his confession I cannot reveal, without a breach of the sacred trust reposed in me. It is enough to state, that he was deeply criminal. Without reference, however, to his more recent transgressions, I can impart to you some particulars of his earlier life, and of his implication in the murder you have detailed, which will be sufficient to relieve your conscience. Know then, my son, that when Bartholdy was supposed by yourself and others to have absconded from the seminary, he was a prisoner within its walls. Certain evidence had reached the presiding fathers, that this reckless youth was connected with a band of plundering incendiaries, who had for some months infested the neighbouring districts. Odious alike to his teachers and school-fellows, repulsed by every one but you, and almost daily subjected to punishment or remonstrance, he sought and found more congenial associates beyond our walls; and, with a view to raise money for the gratification of his vicious propensities, he contrived to scale our gates at night, and took an active part in the plunder of several dwellings. At the same time, we received a friendly intimation from the police, that he was implicated in a projected scheme to fire and plunder a neighbouring chateau, and that the ensuing night was fixed upon for the perpetration of this atrocity. Upon inquiry it was discovered that Bartholdy had been out all night, and it was now feared that he had finally absconded. Happily, however, for the good name of the seminary, he returned soon after the arrival of this intelligence, and, as I now conjecture, with a

view to re-possest himself of the knife he had left in your custody. He was immediately secured and committed to close confinement, in the hope that his solitary reflections, aided by our admonitions, would have gradually wrought a salutary change in his character. This confinement, which was sanctioned by his relations, was prolonged three years without any beneficial result; and at length, after many fruitless attempts, he succeeded in making his escape.

"Joining the scattered remnant of the band of villains dispersed by the police, he soon became their leader in the contrivance and execution of many atrocities. In consequence of high winds and clouds of dust, the public walk and grove beyond the gate of D— had been some days deserted by the inhabitants, and the body of the murdered officer was not discovered until the fourth morning after your departure from the university. A catastrophe so dreadful had not for many years occurred in that peaceful district: a proportionate degree of abhorrence was roused in the public mind, and the excited people rushed in crowds to view the corpse, in which, by order of the police, the knife was left as when first discovered; while secret agents mingled with the crowd, to watch the various emotions of the spectators. Guided by a retributive Providence, Bartholdy, who had that morning arrived in D—, approached the body, and gazed upon it with indifference, until the handle of his long-lost knife caught his eye. Starting at the well-remembered object, a deep flush darkened his yellow visage, and immediately the police-officers darted forward and seized him.

"At first he denied all knowledge of the knife, and when again brought close to the body, he gazed upon it with all his wonted hardihood; but, when told to take the bloody weapon from the wound, he grasped the handle with a shudder, drew it forth with sudden effort, and, as he gazed on the discoloured blade, his joints shook with terror, and the knife fell from his trembling hand. Superstition was ever largely blended with the ferocity of Bartholdy's character, and this emotion arose from a fear that his destiny was in some way connected with this weapon, which had already caused his long imprisonment, and would now too probably endanger his life. His agitation confirmed the general suspicion excited by his forbidding exterior.

"He was immediately conveyed to prison, and the knife was placed before him; but, when again interrogated, he long persisted in denying all knowledge of it. When questioned, however, as to his name and occupation, and his object in the city of D—, his embarrassment increased, his replies involved him in contradictions, and at length he admitted that he had seen the knife before, and in your possession. This

attempt to criminate you by implication failed, however, to point any suspicion against one whose unblemished life and character were so well known in the university. Your gentle and retiring habits, your aversion from scenes of strife and bloodshed, were recollected by many present: their indignation was loudly uttered, and a friend of yours expressed his belief that you had quitted the city some days before the murder was committed. In short, this base insinuation of Bartholdy created an impression highly disadvantageous to him.

"A few hours later, intelligence arrived that the diligence in which you had left D— had been attacked by robbers, the day after your departure. Several of the passengers had been wounded, some killed; others had saved themselves by flight; and, as you had disappeared, it was conjectured that Bartholdy had murdered you, and taken from your person the knife with which he had afterwards stabbed the young man in the grove. This presumptive evidence was so much strengthened by other circumstances, that he was tried and pronounced guilty. As the authorities were apprehensive that no prison would long hold so expert and desperate a villain, an order was obtained from Paris for his immediate execution. Thus he, who had, from his boyhood, preyed upon society with the ferocity of a tiger, met with a due reward for his manifold transgressions; and you, my son, ought not to murmur at the decree which made your early acquaintance with him the means of stopping his savage career, and your hand the instrument of retribution."

The concluding words of the priest fell like healing balm upon the wounded spirit of Florian, who returned home an altered and a saddened, but a sustained and a devout man. He followed, too, the advice of the priest, in leaving the public belief of his own death uncontradicted; and, as he had not actually witnessed the murder in the grove, he felt himself justified in withholding his evidence against an individual, of whose innocence there was a remote possibility.

The mental agony of the unfortunate young headman had been so acute, that a reaction upon his bodily health was inevitable. Symptoms of serious indisposition appeared the next day, and were followed by a long and critical malady, which, however, eventually increased his domestic happiness, by unfolding in his Madelon nobler attributes than he had yet discovered in her character. No longer giddy and laughter-loving, she had, for some years, become a devoted wife and mother; but it was not until she saw her husband's gentle spirit for ever blighted, and his life endangered, that she felt all his claims upon her, and bitterly reproached herself as the

of his heaviest salaries. During the period of sickness, she watched and prayed over him with an assiduity and self-oblivion, which developed to the grateful Florian all the unfathomable depths of woman's love. Her health was undermined, and her eyes were dimmed for ever by long-continued vigilance; but her assiduous care at length rewarded by a favourable crisis; and when the sufferer was sufficiently restored to bear the disclosure, she knelt to him in deep humility, and acknowledged that she had, from an upper window, caused that ominous jarring of the sword and axe which induced her father to suspect and follow him, and which eventually led to their marriage.

Florian started in sudden indignation; but his gentle nature, and the hallowed influences of recent sickness and calamity, soon prevailed over his wrath. What could he say? How could he hide the lovely and devoted woman, whose fraud had grown out of her affection for him? He forgot his own sorrows; and, as he listened to the mournful accounts of her who was the mother of his children, and had been unto him, in sickness and in health, a ministering angel, his anger melted into love. He had no words; but, like the father of the bungled prodigal, he had compassion, and fell upon her neck, and kissed her, and forgave her entirely and for ever.

The old headman survived these events several years; and, while his strength continued equal to the effort, he spared his son-in-law from the trying duties of his office. After his death, however, his successor was compelled to encounter the dreadful task. For some time before and after each execution, sadness sat heavy on his soul, but yielded gradually to the sustaining influence of fervent prayer, and to the caresses of his wife and children. In the intervening periods he regained comparative tranquillity, and devoted himself to the education of his boys, and to the labours of his field and vineyard. Thus many years elapsed: his boys have become men, and the recent training and nomination of one of them as his successor, have renewed in the heart of the fond father all those bitter pangs which the soothing agency of calmness and occupation had failed to comparative repose.

Here the narrator paused. Towards the conclusion of his recital his voice had quivered with suppressed emotion; and, as he finished, his eyes were clouded with tears.

The companions had listened with sympathy, and with some moments' subdued and power of intercession. At length the professor raised himself, and, prompted by a sudden wish to draw out a more explanatory conclusion, he put the question, "Had he, then, no alternative?"

"You forget, my dear sir," replied Julius, "that by the French laws the son of an executioner must succeed his father, or see the family estate transferred to strangers. When the old headman was near his end, his son-in-law pledged himself by oath to train a son as his own successor. His eldest boy, who blended with his father's gentle manners some portion of his mother's courage, evinced, from an early age, such determined antipathy to this vocation, that the appointment was transferred to the second son, who had inherited the spirit and decision of his mother. Unhappily, however, soon after his nomination, he died of a malignant fever. His mother, who had for some time observed symptoms of declining health in her husband, and was solicitous to see him relieved from his official duties, prevailed upon her youngest son to accept the appointment. But this youth, not then nineteen, and in mind and person the counterpart of his father, was equally unsuited to this calling. Well knowing, however, that his refusal would deprive his parents of the home and the support so essential to their growing infirmities, he strung his nerves to the task; and, at the next execution, he mounted the scaffold as his father's substitute. But, alas! at the decisive moment his strength and resolution failed him. His sight grew dim with horror, and he performed his trying duty so unskillfully, that the town authorities pronounced him unqualified. The consequence of this failure was an immediate summons to the eldest son, who had for several years thought himself finally released from this terrible appointment. So unexpected a change in his destination fell upon him like a death-blow; and, as he read the fatal summons, he felt the sword and axe grating on his very soul."

"And do you think it possible," exclaimed one of the students, "that after such long exemption he will submit to a life so horrible?"

"Too probably," replied Julius, mournfully; "he must submit to it. His refusal would not only deprive his parents of every means of support, but too probably expose their lives to the fury of a ferocious populace. None but a childless headman can hold his property during life without a qualified successor; and, when he dies, the magistrates appoint another."

Here Julius paused again. He gazed for some moments in melancholy abstraction upon the dying embers in the stove—the tears again started to his eyes, and he rose abruptly to depart; but could the joint efforts of the kind professor, and the new warmly-interested students, prevail on him to stay.

"To-morrow early," said he, in unsteady tones to the professor, "I will claim your promised introduction to the lieutenant. Till then, farewell!"

"Promise me, then, Julius," rejoined his host, "that you will give us your company to-morrow evening. After so trying a spectacle, the society of four friends will recruit and cheer you."

The students cordially urged him to comply. Overcome by this sympathy, the agitated youth could not restrain his tears, and in a voice tremulous with emotion, he said, "I shall never forget your kindness. If in my power, I will join your friendly circle to-morrow night; but"—he hesitatingly added—"I have never yet faced an execution, and I know not how far such strong excitement may unfit me for society."

The professor and his friends accompanied him to the street, where they shook hands and separated.

On the following evening the three students were again assembled in the Professor's study, and the conversation turned more upon their new friend and his narrative, than upon the tragedy of that morning. The professor told them that Julius had called early, and been introduced by him to the lieutenant, since which he had not seen or heard of him. One of the students said, that his curiosity to observe the deportment of their mysterious friend had led him early to the ground, where he had seen Julius standing, with folded arms, and pale as death, within a few feet of the scaffold; but that, unable to subdue his own loathing of the approaching catastrophe, he had left the ground before the arrival of the criminal.

An hour or more elapsed in momentary expectation of the young student's arrival, but he came not. At last, the professor determined to seek Julius at his lodgings, and requested one of the students to accompany him.

As soon as they had entered the street, their attention was excited by a tumultuous assemblage of people at no great distance. Hastening to the spot, the professor ascertained from a bystander that the crowd had been collected by the loud report of a gun or pistol in the apartments of a student. Struck with an appalling presentiment, the professor and his companion forced a passage to the house-door, and were admitted by the landlord. "Tell me!" exclaimed the professor, gasping with terror and suspense—"Is it Julius Arentbourg?"

"Alas! it is indeed," replied the other. "Follow me up stairs, and you shall see him."

They found the body extended on the bed, and a pistol near him, the ball of which had gone through his heart. His features, although somewhat contracted by the peculiar action of a gun-shot wound, still retained much of their bland and melancholy character. The landlord related that Julius had returned home after the execution with hurried steps, and a countenance of death-

like paleness. Without speaking he had locked the door of his apartment, where he remained several hours, and then hastened with some letters to the post-office. In a few minutes after his return, the fatal shot summoned them to his room, where they found him dying and speechless. "But I had nearly forgotten," concluded the landlord, "that he left upon his table a letter addressed to Professor N."

The worthy man opened the letter with a trembling hand, and, in a voice husky with emotion, read the contents to his companion.

"From you, my dear professor, and from my younger friends, I venture to solicit the last kindness which human sympathy can offer. If, as I dare to hope, I have some hold upon your good opinion, you will not refuse to see my remains interred with as much decency as the magistrates will permit. In my purse will be found enough to meet the amount of this and every other claim upon me.

"I have yet another boon to ask, and one of vital moment to my unhappy relatives. I have prepared them to expect intelligence of my death by fever; and surely my request, that the subjoined notice of my decease may be inserted in the papers of Metz and Strasbourg, will not be disregarded by those whose kindness taught me the value of existence when I had no alternative but to resign it.

"That those earthly blessings, which were denied to me and mine, may be abundantly vouchsafed to you, is the fervent prayer of the unhappy
JULIUS.

"Died of fever, at ———, in Germany, Julius Florian Laroche, a native of Champagne, aged 22."

"Alas!" exclaimed the professor, "the mystery is solved, and my suspicions were too well founded. Sad indeed was thy destiny, Julius, and sacred shall be thy last wishes!"

Kissing the cold brow of the deceased, he hung over his remains in silent sorrow, and breathed a fervent prayer for mercy to the suicide; then giving brief directions for the funeral, the professor and his friends paced slowly homeward, in silence and in tears.

TAKING HONEY WITHOUT KILLING THE BEES.

THE "Annual Register" (for 1786) gives the following extraordinary narrative:—

On the 14th of October, Mr. Wildman, of Plymouth, who had made himself famous throughout the West of England for his command over bees, was sent for to wait on Lord Spencer, at his seat at Wimbledon, in Surrey, and he attended accordingly. Three

stocks of bees had been provided. The first of his performances was with one hive of bees imaging on his hat, which he carried in his hand, and the hive they came out of in the other hand; this was done to shew that he could take honey and wax without destroying the bees. He then returned into the room, and came out again with them hanging on his chin, with a very venerable beard.

He now took them out upon the grass walk facing the windows, where a table and table-cloth being provided, he set the hive upon the table, and made the bees hive therein. Then he made them come out again, and swarm in the air, the visitors of his lordship standing amongst them, and no person stung by them. He made them go on the table, and took them up by handfuls, and tossed them up and down like so many peas; he then made them go into their hive at the word of command.

At five o'clock in the afternoon he exhibited again with the three swarms of bees, one on his head, one on his breast, and the other on his arm, and waited on Lord Spencer in his room, who had been too much indisposed to see the former experiments; the hives which the bees had been taken from were carried by a servant. After this exhibition he withdrew, but returned once more to the room, with the bees all over his head, face, and eyes, and was led blind before his lordship's window.

A horse being brought out in his body-clothes, Mr. Wildman mounted, with the bees all over his head and face (except his eyes); they likewise covered his breast and left arm; he held a whip in his right hand, and a groom led the horse backwards and forwards before the window of the sick man for some time. The exhibitor afterwards took the reins in his hand, and rode round the house. He then dismounted, and made the bees march upon a table, and, at his word of command, retire to their hive.

REMARKABLE CASES OF FRAUD AND IMPOSTURE.

No. XXXIX.—BOOK FOURTH.

THE *Westmeath Guardian* gives the following singular case of imposture, as illustrative of the credulity still existing in Ireland:—

"Some time since, among a detachment of the 2nd Queen's Royal regiment of foot quartered at Lanesboro', was a soldier by name Matthew Lally; during his stay there it is thought he made himself intimately acquainted with the occurrences that had taken place among the small farmers and landholders in a district called the Callows, in the parish of Rathelme, for on his return to head-quarters he obtained a furlough, and

at once proceeded to the Callows, and entering the house of a snug small farmer, named Lally, declared, to the utter astonishment of the old couple, that he was their son, whom they buried on a certain day, sixteen years before. On their expressing their incredulity, he asked them if their son, whom they supposed dead, had not a mark on him? They said he had, on his breast, on which he opened his clothes and showed them such a mark. Some of the neighbours coming in, he called them by their names, and told them of circumstances attending his mock funeral, and of the exact 'offerings' each of them gave for masses to be said for the repose of his soul. But to make assurance doubly sure, he insisted on his grave being searched, his coffin taken out, which, when opened, contained not 'the remains of humanity crumbling into dust and ashes,' but a log of wood. He then informed them that he was spirited away by 'the good people,' or fairies; that he remained for thirteen years among them, and though married to a high-up lady, was sent on earth for a season, with directions to go into the army and learn the new light infantry exercise, and that to effect this object he enlisted in the 2d or Queen's. He related to the assembled multitude the fate of many of their friends and relatives, whom he had met 'in the hours of fairy revel.' Satisfied now as to his being their son, he was treated as such by his bewildered parents, and presents from all around were showered upon him. All went on pleasant enough till one morning his new mother asked him to assist his father in the operation of planting cabbages. He willingly assented, declaring he did not know how long he would be allowed to remain. After digging with his father for some time, the old man went in for a moment to light his pipe, and on his return the soldier had vanished in *tenuem evanuit aërem*. He was nowhere to be seen, none saw him pass. Months rolled on, the fairy man was nearly forgotten, when, to the surprise of all, he again darkened his afflicted parents' door. He then stated that he had gone a long journey over the seas, with his patrons the fairies, and that to his surprise he found himself in Mexico, teaching the soldiers of that kingdom the light infantry exercise, to resist the better the Americans then invading them; for 'it was told him he should be rich by the fairies.' So satisfied were the Mexicans with his instructions, they loaded him with riches, and that now he should return to his regiment with money to purchase his discharge. He proceeded to Athlone, and told the commanding officer that he was involuntarily absent—that he could not depend on his not being called away again, and, tendering the purchase of his discharge, declared the Queen would get four better men than him for 20*l*.; the rules of the

service would not allow this, so he was ordered to be tried by court-martial. Of the proceedings before the court we are not aware; but this we have heard, that he brought several witnesses from the Callows to prove the truth of the foregoing statement, and to swear they saw him dead and buried, and had paid the 'offerings' over him. What the sentence was to be has not transpired; for on the minutes of the trial, and the extraordinary tale being submitted to the Secretary at War, he believing the man to be insane, ordered him, on paying for it, to be discharged; and, though we consider him 'mere knave than fool,' still her Majesty was fortunate to get rid of one of her bad bargains. He returned to the Callows, assuming the fairy-man, foretelling events, and promising cures, thereby extracting money from the credulous infatuated poor. A tragic affair we have now to recount has added to his notoriety:—Some short time since a very honest respectable man, named Corrigan, steward to James Rorke, Esq., J.P., of Corina, county Longford, married the widow of a publican, of the name of Killian, who had died suddenly some time ago, at the cross-roads of Lisglassick, three miles from Callymahon, on the road to Longford. Corrigan proved an excellent husband, and what was most creditable to him, an exemplary stepfather, for he lodged all the money he got with the widow of Killian, about 200*l.*, to the credit of her children by her first husband, in the Bank of Longford, and it was natural to augur that many happy days were in store for him, had not the fairy-man crossed his path. On Saturday, the 17th of June, he went to Mr. Rorke's farm, beyond the town of Longford, for a load of hay, leaving one of his step-daughters to transact business in Longford-market. On his return he heard with indignation that his step-daughter, hearing of the fame of the fairy soldier (then in the town of Longford), and impelled by a curiosity innate to her sex, had given the fairy half-crown to know the fate of her father. Lally told her that he had met him in "Fairy Land," and promised to restore him to her and to life; but before he could do so he should send her step-father in his place. On Corrigan hearing this, he denounced Lally as an impostor, and abused him for obtaining money in such a manner; but nothing abashed or ashamed, the fairy soldier told him he had revelations to make to him, and, struck by his manner, they went into a public-house, where they remained closeted together. After Corrigan came out he stretched himself on the load of hay, was driven towards home, and when within a short distance of his own house, rolled off the hay, and fell with violence to the ground, and was carried home insensible. On Sunday 'he was himself again,' but the fairy-man sent

word that 'his doom was sealed.' On Monday, the 10th, an effusion of the serum on the brain caused his spirit to depart, and on Wednesday he was buried quietly without an inquest, as the fairy-man stated if any operation should be performed on him he could not return Mr. Killian the original. The authorities ought to interfere with this impostor, as he is obtaining money under false pretences, and reviving in the country an almost exploded superstition which for centuries held possession of the mind of the lower orders of the people of Ireland."

THE FLUTE-PLAYER.*

A DOMESTIC TALE.

HARRY JONES was one of the smartest young men of the country town in which he was born. He was of that active and cheerful disposition, which derives a pleasure from habitual employments, and requires no excitement of vice or folly in the hours of leisure. Harry Jones was by trade a cabinet-maker. He was a skilful and ingenious workman, and his master delighted to exhibit the tables and drawers which Harry manufactured, as the best specimens of his workshop. On a summer evening he might be distinguished on a neighbouring green as the best bowler at cricket; and at the annual revel, he could try a fall with any lad of the surrounding villages. But his chief delight was his proficiency as a flute-player. He made himself master of the newest country dances; and occasionally astonished his friends with some more elaborate piece of harmony, which required some science and taste in its execution. He was a distinguished member of the band of volunteer performers at his parish church; and had several times received the praises of the minister for the skill with which he regulated the less practised abilities of his companions. All these recreations were in themselves innocent; and Harry Jones had sufficient sense not to permit them to divert his attention from the duties of his occupation, nor to make him forget that life had more important objects than the pursuit even of sinless amusement.

By his industry and frugality, Harry, at the age of twenty-five, had saved a little money. His master was kind and liberal towards him, and having himself other occupations to attend to, resigned his little interest as a cabinet-maker to the hero of our story. Harry became, if possible, more assiduous; he did not want friends and customers, and there was a particular object which gave an additional spur to his indus-

* This tale was written several years ago by Charles Knight, a gentleman who has laboured hard, during a quarter of a century, for the moral and intellectual advancement of the people.

try. In a neighbouring village he had formed an acquaintance with a young woman, who possessed those excellencies which strongly recommended themselves to the prudential part of his character. Her parents were honest and plain people, who had brought up their daughter with the strictest attention to economy, and with those habits of regularity which assign to every duty an exact time and place for its fulfilment. These habits of order and punctuality had become a second nature to Martha. She would not allow herself to deviate from the prescribed path, nor could she endure any deviation in those by whom he was surrounded. She had a sincere and affectionate heart; but this precision had given something of coldness and formality to her character. Harry, with the fondness of a lover's eyes, saw every thing to admire; he considered that her seriousness would properly regulate his cheerfulness, and that the strict discipline which she exercised over her own actions would control his inclination for hasty and various modes of occupation. He was satisfied that he could not make a more prudent choice, and the world thought so also. They married.

At the end of the first fortnight after their union, Harry sat down by his evening fireside exceedingly fatigued; he felt incapable of exertion, and remained for some time listless and dejected. Martha began to read aloud from a serious book, but she did not choose the most favourable moment for making a proper impression; Harry yawned and almost fell asleep. Martha laid down her book, and recommended him to look over his accounts: with every disposition to do right and oblige his wife, Harry felt that the labours of the day were past. He thought of his flute. The sense of fatigue was at once forgotten; he again placed his old book of tunes before him. He played his briskest jig—but Martha did not best time: he tried his most pathetic air—but Martha remained unmoved. He discovered to his mortification that his wife did not love music.

The next evening Harry did not forget the recreation of his flute; he played in his very best style and he appealed to Martha for approbation. Her praise was of a very negative quality. The Sabbath came, and Harry, as usual, took his place in the music-gallery; he put forth all his powers, and exercised no common address to make his associates play in tune. As they walked home he ventured to ask Martha what she thought of their little band. She answered in a tone between indifference and contempt. His pride was hurt, and he determined to say no more upon the subject.

The flute continued to be produced every evening, and Harry seemed to expect the praise or ask the attention of his wife. But even this indifference did not long continue.

On one occasion he observed something like a frown upon her brow; on another, he heard a pettish expression pronounced in a whispered and hurried tone. At length hostility was openly declared against the flute, and Martha wondered how a man of any sense could waste his time, and annoy his family, by such a stupid pursuit.

Harry bore this exceedingly well; for the love of his wife came to the aid of his naturally good temper. He looked up the flute. But he was disappointed in expecting that Martha would offer him any substitute for his favourite amusement after his hours of labour. Her notions were those of a rigid and unsparring industry. She was never tired of her domestic occupations, and she wondered how a man who had his living to get could ever tire in the pursuit of his calling. When the hour of work was over, Harry sat down in his little parlour, but his wife was seldom with him. It was true that the boards of his house were cleaner than any of his neighbours'—that the saucepans of his kitchen shone with a brightness which all the good housewives of the parish envied—and that not a clinder deformed the neatness of his hearth without calling forth the brush and the shovel for its instant removal. But then it was also true that he sometimes caught cold at his dinner-hour, from the wetness which the floor acquired from the indefatigable cleanliness of his wife; that he sometimes made a fatal error when he forgot to clean his shoes before he crossed the sacred threshold; that while his wife was rubbing the skillets into mirrors, he was desirous of the conversation of a friend and companion; and that his well-swept hearth had no charms for his eyes while he was left alone to enjoy its neatness. He was debarred too of his favourite flute; and it cannot therefore be wondered that he sometimes said in his heart, "Why did I marry?"

It was at this juncture that Harry met with an old companion who had something of the vivacity, but nothing of the goodness, which he himself possessed. Harry appeared uneasy and dejected; the cause of his discomfort was at length communicated. His companion told him, with the common cant of libertines, that the way to make wives amiable, was to neglect them—that his home was uncomfortable because he appeared too fond of it—that he might find society where his merits would be properly rated. Harry was persuaded to fetch his flute, to spend the evening at a neighbouring saloon.

The harmless vanity which had been so long pent up now broke forth beyond its natural boundaries. Harry played well, and he played to a late hour, for he was flattered and rewarded. On his return home Martha was angry, and he was sullen.

The next night brought with it the same

temptation. What was intended to be a rare indulgence, at length became a confirmed habit. The public-house could not be frequented without expense, and late hours could not be kept without diminishing the capacity for the performance of ordinary duties. Harry, too, acquired the practice of drinking freely; and as his mind was ill at ease, the morning draught often anteceded to the evening's intoxication. He was not, as before, seen constantly at his workshop, to receive orders with thankfulness, and to execute them with alacrity. He was not distinguished for the brightest shoes and the cleanest apron of any mechanic in the town; his habits were idle, and his garb was slovenly. He slunk away from public observation, to bury himself in the haunts of drunkenness and profligacy. One by one every article of furniture was pawned for present support. The fatal flute was the last thing consigned to the grasp of the money-lender.

Martha did not want sense. She reflected deeply upon the causes of their misery; and she at length perceived the error which she had committed in opposing her own fixed habits to the equally confirmed inclinations of her husband. She took her resolution. Honestly and impartially she stated her distresses, and the cause of them, to the vicar of the parish. He was a sensible pastor. He pointed out to her that a small portion of time devoted to an innocent amusement is not incompatible with the more serious duties of a citizen and a Christian; that the engagements even of the most lowly might afford some leisure for cheerful relaxation; and that religion did not require a course of intense exertion and unbending gravity. The worthy clergyman furnished Martha with the means of realising a plan which her own judgment had devised.

Martha expended the good pastor's friendly loan in procuring the restoration of their furniture; but she did not as yet bring it home. Her husband had one evening returned without intoxication, and in a temper which promised that the succeeding day would be one of industry. She exerted herself to accomplish her plan at this favourable moment. Before the next evening arrived, her cottage was once more neat and comfortable; and the flute, which she had also redeemed, lay upon the table. Harry came in dejected, but his dejection became astonishment as Martha threw her arms around him and pointed to the indications of their future happiness. She confessed the error which had been the original cause of their misery. He felt her generosity, and with bitter tears made a vow of amendment. He was too much affected to take up his flute that evening; but on the next his wife pressed it upon him. She listened to his performance; she strove to fancy that she had a taste for music; she praised him.

Harry was equally careful to administer to her gratification. The hour of flute-playing was succeeded by the hour of serious meditation and of humble prayer. Their tastes and their pursuits gradually became assimilated; a timely concession saved Martha from hopeless misery, and a timely reformation saved Harry from the wretched life and the miserable death of a drunkard.

THE BAMBINO.

THE bambino is a wooden doll, said to have been carved by a Franciscan monk in Jerusalem from wood cut on the Mount of Olives as a representation of the Infant Jesus. Having no paint to colour the image, he had recourse to prayer; and having spent a night in devotion, he found in the morning that the little image had miraculously become the colour of flesh! This effigy is exposed for adoration, in a *presbiterio* prepared for it in the Convent of the Ara Coeli, from the Feast of the Nativity to that of the Epiphany. It is, besides, a sovereign preservative against all dangers of childbirth, and its presence determines the issue of every doubtful disease.

It is a common saying among the people of Rome that the bambino receives more and better fees from the sick than all the medical men combined. It is certain at least that it is brought to visit its patients in a grander style, for a state coach is kept for it, — a coach quite as fine in its way as those of the cardinals or pope. In this the bambino is deposited, accompanied by some priests in full canonicals; and onward they move, stately and slow, as a rapid movement is thought inconsistent with the dignity of the image: and then, as it passes, every head is discovered and every knee is bent in the street through which it moves. The pope may pass and be saluted as he passes; the image of the Virgin Mary may pass, and many a head is bared before it; the consecrated host may pass, and some may kneel and some may salute; — but if the bambino passes, every head is uncovered; and all the lower classes, let the weather be ever so wet and dirty, are prostrated in worship before it.

On the feast of the Epiphany, the bambino is brought out to give "its holy benediction" to the multitude assembled around the Ara Coeli. It is taken in solemn procession from the sanctuary to the steps of the church just at the summit of the capitol, commanding a wide view of the ascending slope and the adjacent streets. Then, at a signal given by a crash of military music, it is raised above the head of the officiating high priest, while every knee is bent and every head uncovered before it. — *Signorelli's Pilgrimage to Rome.*

USEFUL RECIPES.

THE TOILETTE.*

MADAME RECAMIER'S POMMADE.—(This was communicated by this lady as being used in France and Italy by those who professionally, or by choice, are engaged in exercises which require long and great exertions of the limbs, as dancing, playing on instruments, &c.)—Take any suitable quantity of *arungia corvi*, i. e., the fat of a red stag or hart; add to it the same quantity of olive oil (Florence oil is preferable to any of the kind), and half the quantity of virgin wax; melt the whole in an earthen vessel, well glazed, over a slow fire, and, when properly mixed, leave it to cool. This ointment has been applied also with considerable efficacy in cases of rheumatism.

A PASTE FOR THE SKIN.—Boil the whites of four eggs in rose-water; add to it a sufficient quantity of alum; beat the whole together till it takes the consistence of a paste. This will give, when applied, great firmness to the skin.

A WASH TO GIVE LUSTRE TO THE FACE.—Infuse wheat-bran, well sifted, for three or four hours in white wine vinegar; add to it five yolks of eggs and a grain or two of ambergris, and distil the whole. When the bottle is carefully corked, keep it for twelve or fifteen days before you make use of it.

PINKERNE WATER.—Pimpernel is often used on the Continent for the purpose of whitening the complexion. It is there in so high reputation, that it is said generally that it ought to be continually on the toilet of every lady who cares for the brightness of her skin.

EAU DE VEAU.—Boil a calf's foot in four quarts of river water till it is reduced to half the quantity; add half a pound of rice, and boil it with crumb of white bread steeped in milk, a pound of fresh butter, and the whites of five fresh eggs; mix with them a small quantity of camphor and alum, and distil the whole. This receipt may be strongly recommended; it is most beneficial to the skin, which it lubricates and softens to a very comfortable degree. The best manner of distilling these ingredients is in the *balneum marie*; that is, in a bottle placed in boiling water.

SWEET-SCENTED WATER.—Put one quart of rose-water, and the same quantity of orange-water, into a large and wide-mouthed glass; strew upon it two handfuls of jessamine flowers; put the glass in the *balneum marie*, or on a slow fire, and when it is distilled, add to it a scruple of musk and the same quantity of ambergris.

*These recipes are extracted from a work, "The Mirror of the Graces," published in 1811. We have found those that we have tried succeed admirably.

LAVENDER WATER.—Take of rectified spirits of wine half a pint, essential oil of lavender two drachms, otto of roses five drops. Mix all together in a bottle, and cork it for use.

ROSE WATER.—Put some roses into water; add to them a few drops of acid; the vitriolic acid seems to be preferable to any. Soon the water will assume both the colour and perfume of the roses.

ANOTHER.—Take two pounds of rose-leaves, place them on a napkin tied round the edges of a basin filled with hot water; and put a dish of cold water upon the leaves; keep the bottom water hot, and change the water at top as soon as it begins to grow warm. By this kind of distillation you will extract a great quantity of the essential oil of the roses by a process which cannot be expensive, and will prove very beneficial.

HOW TO MAKE LAVENDER WATER.—Take four handfuls of dried lavender flowers, and sprinkle on them one quart of brandy, the same quantity of white wine and rose-water. Leave them to remain six days in a large bottle well corked up. Let the liquor be distilled and poured off.

A WASH FOR THE FACE.—(This receipt is well known in France, and much extolled by the ladies of that country as efficacious and harmless).—Take equal parts of the seeds of the melon, pomelon, gourd, and cucumber, pounded and reduced to powder or meal; add to it fresh cream sufficient to dilute the flour; beat all up together, adding a sufficient quantity of milk, as it may be required, to make an ointment, and then apply it to the face. Leave it there for half an hour, and then wash it off with warm soft water.

EAU D'ANGE.—Pound in a mortar fifteen cloves and one pound of cinnamon, and put the whole into a quart of water, with four grains of aniseed; let it stand over a charcoal fire twenty-four hours; then strain off the liquor and put it up for use. This perfume is most excellent, and will do well for the hands, face, and hair, to which it communicates a very agreeable scent.

EAU DES CARMES.—(This water has been of a very long standing in repute with nearly every body on the Continent. It was invented by a Carmelite friar, as its name implies. It is of great assistance in lowness of spirits, in rheumatic pains, and for the gout in the stomach).—Take one quart of brandy, and infuse into it cinnamon, cloves, and angelica root, of each half an ounce; coriander seeds, nutmegs grated, one ounce of each; a quarter of a pound of balm leaves, and two ounces of lemon peel; put the whole into a crucible, and let it stand near the fire three days; then mix with it one pint of balm water, and distil it over a slow fire; drain off the liquor, and let it be well corked up in bottles for the space of one month before you make use of it.

POPULAR PASTIMES.

SOLUTIONS TO QUESTIONS IN OUR LAST.

ANSWERS TO CHRISTIAN NAMES.	ANSWERS TO TRANSPOSITIONS.
1. Owen.	1. Save(r)n.
2. Valentine.	2. Rhone—Rhine.
3. Augustus.	3. Dnieper—Pine—Red.
4. Mark (A silver coin—denoting settlement of an account.)	4. Oder—Red.
5. Horatio.	5. Don.
6. Oliver. (In "Oliver Twist.")	6. Sue(s).
7. Frank. (A paid letter.)	7. Franc(e).
8. Jan (yes).	
9. (M) Alice.	
10. Ruth. (Hurt).	
11. Mart-ha.	
12. Lucr-etia(r)a.	

ANSWER TO CHARADE.
Coldinghame.

ENIGMA.

I am originally a pronoun; head me with a B, and I name the cricketer's assistant; with a C, and I am an animal to be seen in most houses; with an F, and I become a greasy substance; with an H, and I become a part of man's clothing; with an M, and I become a useful article; with an O, and I become a grain; with a P, and I am an Irish nickname; with an R, and I become an animal troublesome to mankind; with a V, and I am used by all brewers,
G. M. F. G—Y.

ENIGMATICAL LIST OF PLACES WITHIN SIX MILES OF LONDON.

1. Two-fifths of the fruit of the oak, and weight.
2. A colour, three-fourths of a snuff of a candle, and a consonant.
3. The name of a tool, and that of the workman who is always using it.
4. To applaud, and a leg of pork cured.
5. Three-fourths of a complete measure, and half of a small village.
6. Any thing lofty, and a large door.

J. CHALLIS.

CHARADES.

- 1.—My first was ne'er against you yet,
Nor shall with my consent;
My second to the harp is set,
Or any instrument:
My whole, the constant hope of all,
'And though possessed by many,
Ne'er visited this earthly ball
To give content to any.—INCOG.

2.—I am a word of nine letters; my 5, 8, 6 is to skip about; my 1, 7, 2 is sorrow; my 9, 7, 4, 6 is a term (used only in some countries) given to a piece of water; my 6, 8, 3, 2 is a bar; my 3, 8, 7, 6 is used frequently in knitting; my 5, 2, 9, 6 is assistance; my 2, 2, 9 is a fish; my 6, 8, 7, 5 is a term of contempt; my 8, 7, 1 means not elevated; my 1, 2, 9, 3 is an interrogative word; my 5, 2, 9, 3 must be a fearful place; my 2, 9, 7, 6, 2 is often resorted to; 5, 8, 3, 2 is dug out; my 5, 7, 6, 2

is what we all ought to live in; my 6, 2, 1 is found in every church; my 4, 2, 9, 3 is a dreary place; my 4, 6, 8, 6 is often wished for; and my whole is a chief town in Wales,
G. F. H. S.

CONUNDRUMS.

1.—Twenty-six old fellows have lived one thousand years, and now they stand upright as ever; they are often seen in white sheets, and dressed in black. They have only one eye between them all. What name have they?
J. O. P.

2.—Why is a bell-wire like a gentleman in love?

3.—Why is a starving man like a baker?

4.—Why is a man with a bad suit of clothes like a pumpkin?
LBO.

SOLUTIONS TO QUESTIONS IN OUR PRESENT NUMBER.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA.	ANSWERS TO CHARADES.
At, Bat, Cat, Fat, Hat, Mat, Oat, Pat, Rat, Vat.	1. For-tune.
	2. Welchpool.
ANSWERS TO ENIGMATICAL LIST.	ANSWERS TO CONUNDRUMS.
1. Ae-ton.	1. The alphabet.
2. Green-wich.	2. It is attached to a bell(e).
3. Hammer-smith.	3. He needs (kneads) bread.
4. Clap-ham.	4. He is seedy.
5. Ful-ham.	
6. High-gate.	

FACTS AND SCRAPS.

THE SCHOOLMASTER ABROAD.—About two months since I was travelling on foot in the neighbourhood of Bilston. Wishing to enquire the road, I went up to a boy, apparently about eleven years of age, for the purpose of doing so. The following dialogue then took place.—Q. How old are you, my boy?—A. I dun noa. (I don't know).—Q. What wages do you have a week?—A. Ten shillings.—Q. What is your name?—A. Jack Soames; only they call me *Stinking Jack*.—Q. Did you ever hear of Jesus Christ?—A. I never hard of such a mon.—Q. What country do you live in?—A. Bilston.—Q. But what county or kingdom is Bilston in?—A. I dun noa.—Q. Who is the Queen of England?—A. I dun noa.—Q. Can you say the Lord's Prayer?—A. What's that?—An Observer.

WHAT THEY SIT FOR.—A Quaker, who was examined before a court, not using any other language than "thee," "thou," and "friend," was asked by the presiding judge, "Pray, Mr. —, do you know what we sit here for?"—"Yes, verily, do I," said the Quaker, "three of you for two dollars each a day; and the fat one on the right, for one thousand dollars a year."—H. Meyer.

RUNNING FOOTMEN.—Of running footmen, the reader may probably but have heard mention, but not be aware of their usefulness in times when opportunities of communication were but rare, and before the establishment of posts. In the thirteenth century, running footmen were styled trotters; and in some records, date 1218, it is said, "Let every one be content with a horse and a trotter." The Irish were especially noted for speed in running; and Froissart, the chronicler, says, "no man at arms, however well mounted, could overtake them." An extraordinary story is told of the speed of an Irish footman of the Berkeley family, who, upon his lady's sickness, carried a letter from Collogden, in Warwickshire, to a physician in London, and returned with a glass bottle in his hand, compounded by the doctor, a journey of one hundred and forty-eight miles, in less than forty-two hours, notwithstanding his stay of one night at the physician's and apothecary's house.—*Domestic Life in England.*

THE TABULAR BRIDGE.—We have had an opportunity of inspecting the stupendous iron tubes which are in course of construction a short distance from the Mètal Suspension Bridge, for the purpose of forming a passage for the trains of the Holyhead Railway across the strait. Immense piers of granite are being erected on each side of the strait, and a massive pier of the same material is rising in the middle of the stream. On these solid masses of masonry the vast hollow metallic ways will rest, forming a line continuous with the railway. Their form is an oblong square, about 80 feet high and 15 feet wide. They are constructed of thick plates of iron, firmly riveted together, and strengthened by girders at the top and bottom. The chief element of strength, however, is in the bed or base of the work, which is composed of plates of iron set edgewise, so as to form cells; the under and upper surfaces being firmly riveted to the intermediate perpendicular plates—the whole with the walls of the tube and its covering, firmly girded and bound together with the utmost skill and ingenuity, forming a compact piece of workmanship, the strength of which is beyond conception. These enormous tubes are built on stages erected over the stream. The spectator wonders, when contemplating them, how fabrics of such stupendous weight, amounting to many thousands of tons, are to be removed and lifted into the position which they are destined to occupy. They will be floated to the piers on pontoons, and lifted to their final resting-place by hydraulic pressure.—*Liverpool Advertiser.*

MR. BRAYTON tells us, in his "Authorship of the Letters of Junius Elucidated," that more than thirty different persons have been named as the author.

NAMES OF MONEY.—In an old work of arithmetic of the seventeenth century, the names given to three-halfpence, threepence, fourpence, and sixpence, are *Dick Dandiprat*, *Tom Trip-and-go*, *Goodman Groat*, and *Tester*.

THE following is said to have occurred to a certain portly poet, whose initials make a considerable ipsood into the alphabet. He was arrested, when he said to the bailiff, in the gravest manner; "Young man, I do not blame you, for you must do as you are bid; but probably you are not aware of the existence of the law in which it is laid down, '*Quod scriptum est scriptum*,' which, I must tell you, means that you cannot take a man to quod without a couple of writs: *scriptum*, that's clearly one writ; *est scriptum*, that's another writ; which, you see, make two writs. I do not wish to dissuade you, my good young man, from your duty, which must be at all times a painful one, but if you take me, it is, of course, at your peril." Strange to say, the bailiff liberated him, actually thanking him for his kindness (Y).

MR. THORNHILL, of Sifton, rode 215 miles in 12 hours 17 minutes, on the 29th of April, 1745.

INSTINCT OF VEGETABLES.—If a pan of water be placed within six inches on either side of the stem of a young pumpkin or vegetable marrow, it will, in the course of the night, approach it, and will be found in the morning with one of its leaves floating on the water. This experiment may be continued nightly, until the plant begins to fruit. If a prop be placed within six inches of a young convolvulus or scarlet-runner; it will find it, although the prop may be shifted daily. If, after it has twined some distance up the prop, it be unwound, and twined in the opposite direction, it will return to its original position, or die in the attempt; yet, notwithstanding, if two of these plants grow near each other, and have no stake around which they can entwine, one of them will alter the direction of its spiral, and they will twine round each other. Duhamel placed some kidney-beans in a cylinder of moist earth; after a short time they commenced to germinate, of course sending the pumpe upwards to the light, and the root down into the soil. After a few days the cylinder was turned one-fourth round; and again and again this was repeated, until an entire revolution of the cylinder had been completed. The beans were then taken out of the earth; and it was found that both the pumpe and radicle had bent to accommodate themselves to every revolution; and the one, in its effort to ascend perpendicularly, and the other to descend, had formed a perfect spiral. But although the natural tendency of the roots is downwards, if the soil beneath be dry, and any damp substance be above, the roots will ascend to reach it.—*Farmer's Magazine.*

THE GIN-FLEND.*

The Gin fiend cast his eyes abroad, and looked
o'er all the land,
And numbered his myriad worshippers with his
bird like, long right hand;
He took his place in the teeming streets, and
watched the people go
Around and about, with a buzz and a shout, for
ever to and fro.
"And it's hip!" said the Gin-fiend, "hip! hurra!
for the multitudes I see
Who offer themselves in sacrifice, and die for the
love of me."

There stood a woman on a bridge; she was old,
but not with years—
Old with excess, and passion, and pain—and she
wept remorseful tears,
As she gazed to her babe her milkless breast, then
goaded by its cry,
Made a desperate leap in the river deep, in the
sight of the passers by.
"And it's hip!" said the Gin-fiend, "hip! hurra!
—she sinks—but let her be,
In life or in death—whatever she did, was all for
the love of me."

There watched another by the hearth, with sul-
len face and thin;
She uttered words of scorn and hate to one that
staggered in,
Long had she watched, and when he came, his
thoughts were bent on blood.
He could not brook her taunting look; and he
slew her where she stood.
"And it's hip!" said the Gin-fiend, "hip! hurra!
—my right good friend is he!
He hath slain his wife, he hath given his life, and
all for the love of me."

And every day in the crowded way he takes his
fearful stand,
And numbers his myriad worshippers with his
bird-like, long right hand;
And every day the weak and strong, widows, and
maids, and wives;
Blood-warm, blood-cold, young and old, offer the
fiend their lives.
"And it's hip!" he says, "hip! hip! hurra! for
the multitudes I see
That sell their souls for the burning drink, and
die for the love of me."

BOOKS RECEIVED.

PRECEPTS' ELEMENTARY SCHOOL WORKS.—
ELEMENTS OF GEOGRAPHY.—(London: Wright,
Simpkin, & Co 1848.)—This is an excellent ele-
mentary work on that most useful branch of
knowledge—Geography. The questions at the
end of each chapter may, in some cases, be of
value to the young student. By its title, we sup-
pose these Elements have received the sanction
of the College of Preceptors.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All correspondence must be addressed to the
Editor, No. 334 Strand.

J. M. (Liverpool).—Your poetical contribution
shall receive due attention, and, if approved of,
shall be inserted.

J. B. (Manchester).—Your suggestions cannot
be carried out, they would alter entirely the
character and object of our work. We have
already explained the causes of the delay. Our
correspondents could not have read the general
notice. The engraving was never advertised to
be presented gratis.

* From Dr. Macgilly's Humorous poem of Mr.
G. Cruikshank's "Drunkard's Children."

ROMANCE.—The story to which you allude has
been made the subject of a very interesting tale,
entitled "Stradella, or the Power of Song." It is
published by Mr. E. Dipple, 42, Holywellstreet,
Strand.

SIMON.—This correspondent has conferred a
favour upon us, by exposing the fraud of W. L. T.,
for which we tender him our thanks. We had,
however, declined the favour before the arrival
of SIMON's note, already seen by our "Notice."

BUTLER.—A receipt for making the paper to
wrap paste-blackening was given in No 39. See
also the same number for what can be done to
the complexion with safety.

W. (Barnby).—Thanks.

ALTS.—We hope to be enabled to make use of
the tale shortly. Many thanks. Y. W.
Twiss (Glasgow).—Your contribution is ac-
cepted with thanks.

W. D. L.—The scraps will be found very useful.
The only receipt we are now in possession of re-
specting blacking for dress boots, &c., is the fol-
lowing:—Beat well together the whites of two
eggs, a table-spoonful of spirits of wine, a lump
of sugar, and a little finely-powdered ivory black.
Laid on, and polished with a brush, and then left
for a few hours to harden. We believe it is.

MATTHEW H. B.—Yes; those that have not
been destroyed.

E. W. K.—The anecdotes will be admitted into
our "Temple of literature."

V. S.—Algebraic questions are not admissible;
the others will be made use of.

JEANIE.—Thanks for the charade and transpo-
sitions.

OLD JOE (Newcastle-on Tyne).—Yes. Ac-
cepted D. Wilson.—The enigmas shall receive con-
sideration.

J. M. M.B. (Brechin).—Accepted with thanks.

MACDONALD (Frotherby).—About a shilling.

C. R. CLARKE (Westminster).—*Sarra* The delay
is unavoidable. Thanks.

INCOG.—Thanks for the original contributions.

BOOTS AT THE SWAN.—The address will be
found attached to his name among our "Notices."

The "Remarkable Cases" are collected from nu-
merous sources by Mr. W. E. Hall, expressly for
the "Tracts." Milton died on the 10th Novem-
ber, 1674, in the 66th year of his age.

SHAW-ATORITUM.—Julius Caesar died on the
15th of March, B.C. 44, in the 56th year of his age.
At Rome.

T. YOUNG.—Your suggestions shall be submit-
ted to the proprietor. Many thanks.

H. MARSH.—We are under considerable obliga-
tion to our correspondent for his kind letters,
which shall receive the attention due to them.

W. K. (Montrose).—Thanks! the accident
which has caused the delay has been already
hinted at.

M. A. B. (Palalay).—We know of no work that
will give more valuable information on an inter-
esting emigrant than "Cleaver's Hand-book and
Guide to the United States."

S. B.—Dipple's Hand-books will be found use-
ful by our correspondent.

ALQUIA (Rochdale).—Thanks. We can recom-
mend the "London Latin Grammar" (12th Edi-
tion), published by Taylor and Walton, Upper
Gower Street. Price 2s. 6d.

VSUN (Newcastle-on Tyne).—The contributions
to the columns of "Popular Pastimes" were re-
ceived with pleasure.

J. L.—Due notice will be given when it is ready
for publication.

A New Bismuth (Manchester).—An infusion
of quinine, sweetened by brown sugar, is an effec-
tual poison for Elix.

Published for the Proprietor by GEORGE VERNON, No. 334
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TRACTS

For the People

A WEEKLY MISCELLANY OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE AND AMUSEMENT.

No. 40. VOL. V.] SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1848. [PRICE ONE HALFPENNY.



[THROWING THE LASSO.]

THE WILD HORSE OF AMERICA.

To man, and that within modern times, the introduction of the horse into America is due. Whether the Norwegian discoverers of Newfoundland and various parts of North America during the tenth and eleventh centuries, and who attempted settlements on various parts of the coast of North America, left horses behind them or not, we have no means of ascertaining. Most probably not; and if so, we are to look to a still nearer date for the introduction of the horse. In South America, confessedly, it is not until the time of Cortez and Pizarro

that the horse gained a footing in the new world. Cortez carried the horse to Mexico, Pizarro to Peru. Brazil derived the horse from the Portuguese. Previously, however, Columbus (A.D. 1494) introduced the horse into Hayti: it was in 1494 that he returned from Spain to Hayti (whence he had previously departed, leaving a garrison behind him) with horses and ferocious dogs. As this was the first time that horses had appeared in the new world, they were objects no less of terror than of admiration to the Indians; who regarded them as rational creatures, and imagined that the horse and rider formed one animal, the speed of which

astonished them, and the impetuosity and strength of which they considered irresistible. Within a century afterwards Hayti, and we believe Cuba, which Columbus discovered in 1492, abounded with horses.

The habits and manners of the wild horses of South America have been described by various travellers. They exist in great abundance in the Pampas, between the Rio de la Plata and the southern parts of Patagonia; vast herds are spread through different parts of Brazil, and they also occur on the borders of the Orinoco. In some regions, as the Pampas of Buenos Ayres, their numbers are almost incredible; they associate in troops of thousands, and scour the plains in the exuberance of their vigour. Their colour is principally bay. In North America, around the Gulf of Mexico, and in the open districts of California, herds of wild horses still occur, and were formerly abundant in the Floridas. In the extensive prairies that lie to the west of the Mississippi they were met with by Dr. Richardson, who regarded them as having migrated from Mexico. They do not, it appears, extend beyond 53° N. latitude. They herd in considerable numbers on the plains of the Columbia river. among these, black horses are not uncommon.

The Hon. C. A. Murray, in his "Travels in North America," has given an animated picture of the rush of a troop of these animals, consisting of several thousands, across a wide extent of plain. "About an hour," he says, "after the usual time to secure the horses for the night, an indistinct sound arose like the muttering of distant thunder; as it approached it became mixed with the howling of all the dogs in the encampment, and with the shouts and yells of the Indians; in coming nearer, it rose higher above all these accompaniments, and resembled the rushing of a heavy surf upon a beach. On and on it rolled towards us, and, partly from my own hearing, partly from the hurried words and actions of the tenants of our lodge, I gathered it must be the fierce and uncontrollable gallop of thousands of panic-stricken horses. As this living torrent drew nigh, I sprang to the front of the tent, seized my favourite riding-mare, and, in addition to the hobble which confined her, twisted the long lariets round her fore-legs; then led her immediately in front of the fire, hoping that the excited and maddened flood of horses would divide and pass on each side of it. As the galloping mass drew nigh, our horses began to snort, prick up their ears, and then to tremble; and when it burst upon us they became completely ungovernable from terror; all broke loose, and joined their affrighted companions, except my mare, which struggled with the fury of a wild beast; and I only retained her by using all my strength, and at last throwing her on her side. On went the maddened troop,

trampling, in their headlong speed, over skins, dried meat, &c., and throwing down some of the smaller tents. They were soon lost in the darkness of the night and in the wilds of the prairie, and nothing more was heard of them save the distant yelping of the curs who continued their ineffectual pursuit."

From Kennedy's "Texas" we take the following animated picture of the wild horse:—"We rode through beds of sun-flowers, miles in extent, their dark seedy centres and radiating yellow leaves following the sun through the day from east to west, and drooping when the shadows fell over them. About half-past ten we discerned a creature in motion at an immense distance, and instantly started in pursuit. Fifteen minutes' riding brought us near enough to discover, by its fleetness, that it could not be a buffalo, yet it was too large for an antelope or a deer. On we went, and soon distinguished the erect head, the flowing mane, and the beautiful proportions of the wild horse of the prairie. He saw us, and sped away with an arrowy fleetness till he gained a distant eminence, when he turned to gaze at us, and suffered us to approach within four hundred yards, when he bounded away again in another direction, with a graceful velocity delightful to behold. We paused—for to pursue him with a view to capture was out of the question. When he discovered we were not following him, he also paused, and now seemed to be inspired with curiosity equal to our own; for, after making a slight turn, he came nearer, until we could distinguish the inquiring expression of his clear, bright eye, and the quick curl of his inflated nostrils. We had no hopes of catching, and did not wish to kill him, but our curiosity led us to approach him slowly. We had not advanced far before he moved away, and, circling round, approached on the other side. It was a beautiful animal—a sorrel, with jet black mane and tail. As he moved we could see the muscles quiver in his glossy limbs; and when, half playfully, and half in fright, he tossed his flowing mane in the air, and flourished his long silky tail, our admiration knew no bounds, and we longed—hopelessly, vexatiously longed—to possess him. We might have shot him where we stood; but, had we been starving, we could scarcely have done it. He was free, and we loved him for the very possession of that liberty we longed to take from him; but we would not kill him. We fired a rifle over his head; he heard the shot, and the whiz of the ball, and away he went, disappearing in the next hollow, showing himself again as he crossed the distant ridges, still seeming smaller, until he faded away to a speck on the far horizon's verge."

With respect to the wild horses in South America, it must not be supposed that they are destitute of owners. On the contrary, like the furred or feathered game in our

country, which, though *feras natura*, is accounted the property of those on whose estates it is found, so the wild horses in South America belong to those proprietors on whose *estancias* they feed. The *estancias* are wide districts, or feeding grounds, the estates of different landholders, and appropriated to the feeding of thousands of wild cattle and horses. In these animals their property consists, and stock-keepers are appointed to take charge of the animals; they are stationed at certain points to prevent the herds from straying beyond certain bounds, and to recover them if they wander. Horses are a valuable property; for although their individual price is trifling, yet from the numbers possessed, and the little outlay they require, the amount of profit derivable from them is considerable. Baron Humboldt states that near the Orinoco a thousand horses sell for two thousand two hundred piastres. It appears that in South America the mares are never backed; they are, however, very commonly killed for food; for the Indians, or half-bred natives, like the Tartar tribes of Asia and Eastern Europe, make use of the flesh of this animal; and this appears to be universally the case where the horse roams in a state of freedom. The hides of these animals, equally with those of the wild oxen, are articles of commerce, and are largely imported into this country, and afterwards tanned for the manufacture of shoes.

The wild horses of the Pampas, when required for the saddle, are caught by means of the noose or lasso, in the use of which the Gauchos are wonderfully expert, beginning the practice of it in early childhood. They mostly select from a number of horses driven into a corral, those they deem the most suitable; but sometimes they single one from a herd at liberty, and pursue it over the plains until they are near enough to use the lasso, which they throw with unerring precision. The lasso is a plaited thong of equal thickness, half an inch in diameter, and forty feet long, composed of several strips of hide interwisted, and rendered supple by grease, and properly cured. At one end is an iron ring about an inch and a half in diameter, through which the thong is passed, so as to make a running noose. The Gaucho is generally mounted on horseback when he uses the lasso; one end of the thong is affixed to the saddle, the remainder he holds carefully in his left hand, leaving about twelve feet belonging to the noose end in a coil; half of this he holds in his right hand, swinging the noose horizontally round his head, the weight of the iron ring assisting in giving it sufficient impetus, when launched, to carry out the whole length of the line.* This simple instru-

ment in the hands of the Gaucho is very formidable, and as his horse is trained to resist the strain, he is capable of checking instantaneously a wild bull in the midst of his career.

The process of subduing a wild horse by the Gauchos has been described by Mr. Darwin with great force:—

“One evening a *domidor*, or subduer of wild horses, came for the purpose of breaking in some colts. I will describe the preparatory steps, for I believe they have not been mentioned by other travellers. A troop of young wild horses is driven into the corral or large enclosure of stakes, and the door is shut. We will suppose that one man alone has to catch and mount a horse, which as yet had never bridle or saddle. The Gaucho picks out a full-grown colt, and as the beast rushes round the circle, he throws his lasso so as to catch both the front legs. Instantly the horse rolls over with a heavy shock, and whilst struggling on the ground, the Gaucho, holding the lasso tight, makes a circle so as to catch one of the hind legs just beneath the fetlock, and draws it close to the two front. He then catches the lasso so that the three legs are bound together; then sitting on the horse's neck, he fixes a strong bridle without a bit to the lower jaw; this he does by passing a narrow thong through the eye holes at the end of the reins, and several times round both jaw and tongue; the two front legs are now tied closely together with a strong leathern thong, fastened by a slip-knot. The lasso which bound the three together being then loosened, the horse rises with difficulty; the Gaucho now holding fast the bridle fixed to the lower jaw, leads the horse outside the corral. If a second man is present (otherwise the trouble is much greater) he holds the animal's head while the first puts on the horse-cloths and saddle, and girths the whole together. During this operation the horse, from dread and astonishment at being thus bound round the waist, throws himself over and over again on the ground, and, till beaten, is unwilling to rise. At last, when the saddling is finished, the poor animal can hardly breathe from fear, and is white with foam and sweat. The man now prepares to mount by pressing heavily on the stirrup, so that the horse may not lose its balance; and at the moment he throws his leg over the animal's back, he pulls the slip-knot and the beast is free. Some *domidors* pull the knot while the animal is lying on the ground, and, standing over the saddle, allow it to rise beneath them; the horse, wild with dread, gives a few most violent bounds, and then starts off at full gallop; when quite exhausted, the man, by patience, brings him back to the

* The lasso is not a modern instrument; as figures abundantly attest it was known to and used by the ancient Egyptians: they are always

represented as using it on foot, and most likely the harnesser lay in ambush and threw it in the game, viz., antelope or wild ox, passed by

corral, where, reeking hot and scarcely alive, the poor beast is set free. Those animals which will not gallop away, but obstinately throw themselves on the ground, are by far the most troublesome: this process is tremendously severe, but in two or three trials the horse is tamed. It is not, however, for some weeks before the animal is ridden with the iron bit and solid ring, for it must learn to associate the will of its rider with the feel of the rein before the most powerful bridle can be of any service.

"The Gauchos are well known to be perfect riders; the idea of being thrown, let the horse do what it likes, never enters their head: their criterion of a good rider is a man who can manage an untamed colt, or who, if his horse falls, alights on his own feet, or can perform other such exploits. I have heard of a man betting that he would throw his horse down twenty times, and that nineteen out of these he would not fall himself. I recollect seeing a Gaucho riding a very stubborn horse which three times reared so excessively high as to fall backwards with great violence. The man judged with uncommon coolness the proper moment for slipping off, not an instant before or after the right time. Directly the horse rose the man jumped on his back, and at last they started at a gallop. The Gaucho never appears to exert any muscular force. I was one day watching a good rider, as we were galloping along at a rapid pace, and thought to myself, surely, if the horse starts, you appear so careless on your seat, you must fall. At this moment a male ostrich sprang from its nest right beneath the horse's nose. The young colt bounded on one side like a stag; but as for the man, all that could be said was, that he started and took fright as part of his horse.

"In Chili and Peru more pains are taken with the mouth of the horse than in La Plata, and this is evidently in consequence of the more intricate nature of the country. In Chili a horse is not considered perfectly broken till he can be brought up standing in the midst of his full speed on any particular spot; for instance, on a cloak thrown on the ground; or again, will charge a wall, and rearing, scrape the surface with his hoofs. I have seen an animal bounding with spirit, yet merely ruined by a forefinger and thumb, taken at full gallop across a court-yard, and then made to wheel round the post of a verandah with great speed, but at so equal a distance that the rider with outstretched arm all the while kept one finger rubbing the post; then making a demi-voite in the air with the other arm outstretched in a like manner, he wheeled round with astonishing force in an opposite direction.

"Such a horse is well broken, and though this at first may appear useless, it is far otherwise: it is only carrying that which is

daily necessary into perfection. When a bullock is checked and caught by the lasso, it will sometimes gallop round and round in a circle, and the horse being alarmed at the great strain, if not well broken, will not readily turn like the pivot of a wheel. In consequence, many men have been killed; for if the lasso once makes a twist round a man's body, it will instantly, from the power of the two opposed animals, almost cut him in twain. On the same principle the races are managed: the course is only two or three hundred yards long, the desideratum being to have horses that can make a rapid dash. The race-horses are trained not only to stand with their hoofs touching a line, but to draw all four feet together, so as at the first spring to bring into play the full action of the hind quarters. In Chili I was told an anecdote which offers a good illustration of the use of a well-broken animal. A respectable man riding one day met two others, one of whom was mounted on a horse which he knew to have been stolen from himself. He challenged them; they answered by drawing their sabres and giving chase. The man on his good and fleet beast just kept ahead; as he passed a thick bush he wheeled round it and brought up his horse to a dead check. The pursuers were obliged to shoot on one side and ahead. Then instantly dashing on right behind them, he buried his knife in the back of one, wounded the other, recovered his horse from the dying robber, and rode home. For these feats in horsemanship two things are necessary; a most severe bit, the power of which, though seldom used, the horse knows full well; and large blunt spurs, that can be applied either as a mere touch or as an instrument of extreme pain."

Captain Basil Hall gives a very similar account of the mode in which horses are captured while rushing with a herd over the Pampas. The mounted Gaucho gives chase, and marking his animal, throws the lasso round its two hind legs, and riding to one side, with a jerk throws the entangled horse prostrate on its side, without endangering the knees or face. Before the horse can recover the shock, the Gaucho dismounts, and snatching his poncho, or cloak, from his shoulders, wraps it round the prostrate animal's head. He then forces into the mouth one of the powerful bridles of the country, straps a saddle on his back, and bestriding him, removes the poncho, upon which the astonished horse springs on his legs, and endeavours, by a thousand vain efforts, to disencumber himself of his new master, who sits quite composedly on his back, and, by a discipline which never fails, reduces the horse to such complete obedience, that he is soon trained to lend his whole strength and speed to the capture of his companions.

Occasionally the bolos (or balls attached

to thongs, are used in catching wild horses. Robertson in his "History of Paraguay" gives us the following animated picture:—"We now came (while chasing the rheu or American ostrich) upon an immense herd of wild horses; and Candioli, jun., said, 'Now, Señor Don Juan, I must show you how we tame a coit.' So saying, the word was given for the pursuit of the herd, and off, once more, like lightning, started the Gaucho horsemen, Candioli and myself keeping up with them. The herd consisted of about two thousand horses, neighing and snorting, with ears erect and flowing tails, their manes outspread to the wind, affrighted the moment they were conscious of pursuit. The Gauchos set up their usual cry; the dogs were left in the distance, and it was not till we had followed the flock at full speed, and without a check, for five miles, that the two headmost peons launched their bolas at the horse which each had respectively singled out of the herd. Down to the ground, with frightful somersets, came two gallant colts. The herd continued its headlong flight, leaving behind their two prostrate companions. Upon these the whole band of Gauchos now ran in; lassos were applied to tie their legs; one man held down the head of each horse, and another the hind quarters, while with singular rapidity and dexterity two other Gauchos put the saddles and bridles on their fallen, trembling, and nearly frantic victims. This done, the two men who had brought down the colts bestrode them as they still lay on the ground. In a moment the lassos which bound their legs were loosed, and at the same time a shout from the field so frightened the *potros*, that up they started on all-fours, but to their astonishment, each with a rider on his back, rivetted, as it were, to the saddle, and controlling them by means of a never-before-dreamed-of bit in his mouth. The animals made a simultaneous and most surprising vault; they reared, plunged, and kicked; now they started off at full gallop, and anon stopped short in their career, with their heads between their legs, endeavouring to throw their riders. 'Que esperanza!' 'vain hope, indeed!' Immoveable sat the two Tape Indians: they smiled at the unavailing efforts of the turbulent and outrageous animals to unseat them; and in less than an hour from the time of their mounting, it was very evident who were to be the masters. The horses did their very worst, the Indians never lost either the security or the grace of their seats; till, after two hours of the most violent efforts to rid themselves of their burden, the horses were so exhausted, that, drenched in sweat, with gored and palpitating sides, and hanging down their heads, they stood for five minutes together, panting and confounded, but they made not a single effort to move. Then came the Gaucho's turn to exercise his more positive

authority. Hitherto he had been entirely upon the defensive. His object was simply to keep his seat and tire out his horse. He now wanted to move it in a given direction; wayward, zigzag, often interrupted was his course at first, still the Gaucho made for a given point; and they advanced towards it, till at the end of about three hours the now mastered animals moved in nearly a direct line, and, in company with the other horses, to the *questo*, or small subordinate establishment on the estate to which we were repairing. When we got there, the two horses, which so shortly before had been free as the wind, were tied to a stake of the corral, the slaves of lordly man, and all hope of emancipation was at an end."

THE CANARY.

THIS little bird, highly esteemed for its song, which is reared with so much care, particularly by the fawn sex, and which affords an innocent amusement to those who are fond of the wild notes of nature, is a native of those islands from which it takes its name. As it was not known in Europe till the fifteenth century, no account of it is to be met with in any of the works of the old ornithologists. It was then called the sugar-bird, because it was said to be fond of the sugar-cane, and that it could eat sugar in great abundance. This circumstance seems to be very singular, for that substance is to many birds a poison. Experiments have shown, that a pigeon to which four drachms of sugar were given, died in four hours; and that a duck which had swallowed five drachms did not live seven hours after.

In the middle of the seventeenth century these birds began to be bred in Europe. It was at first attended with great difficulty, partly because the treatment and attention they required were not known, and partly because males chiefly, and few females, were brought to Europe. We are told that the Spaniards once forbade the exportation of males, that they might secure to themselves the trade carried on in these birds, and that they ordered the bird-catchers either to strangle the females or to set them at liberty. But this order seems to have been unnecessary; for, as the females commonly do not sing, or are much inferior in the strength of their notes to the males, the latter only were sought after as objects of trade. It was at first believed that those Canary birds bred in the Canary Islands were much better singers than those reared in Europe; but this at present is doubted. In latter times various treatises have been published in different languages on the manner of breeding these birds, and many people have made it a trade, by which they have acquired considerable gain. The Tyrolese have carried it to the greatest extent.

THE LIFE OF A SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.

AMIDST the general profligacy and corruption of society which existed in France during the administrations of Cardinals Richelieu and Mazarin, appeared a man, who, though eccentric in his habits, is, nevertheless, in every way worthy of the notice of posterity. We allude to Gaston, Marshal of France.

Jean de Gasslon was the son of the President of Pau. At eighteen years of age he had finished his studies at the College of the Jesuits, and on this occasion his father said gravely to him:

"My son Jean, you have studied hard and are a good scholar; indeed, I may say that, as far as Latin goes, there is not your match in the whole province; and, although you are only my third son, I do not desire to make the slightest difference between your elder brothers and yourself. I am about to solicit, on your behalf, a situation in the magistracy of this city, and, before long, I shall select a wife in every way worthy of you."

Be it known that in those times marriages in France took place at a very tender period in life. The celebrated Madame de Rambouillet was only twelve years old when she was handed over in betrothal to a man old enough to be her grandfather. Young men married while yet in their teens; and hence it was that they were early satiated with the joys which matrimony brings, and, ardent and impetuous and volatile as youth generally is, they heeded little the obligations of the married state, and plunged recklessly into every kind of dissipation. The ladies, seeing the example before their eyes, naturally did the same.

At the word *marriage*, the young man fell back in the utmost consternation. He could not have been more alarmed had he heard sentence pronounced that he was to be hanged.

"A wife!" said he, gasping for breath; "what should I do with a wife, sir? She would have nothing to do with such a fellow! No, sir, I will, with your kind permission, never marry; and as to an appointment in the magistracy of this city, it will be of no use; I shall never be fit for any thing of the kind. I am only fit for one vocation, and that is—war!"

"War!" exclaimed the president, in corresponding consternation. "You wish, then, my son Jean, to cut and slash the admirable creatures of God with a big sword! However, it does not matter; since that is your determination, you shall be a soldier. But understand well this one matter, which I beg to impress upon you. If you once become a soldier in the armies of the king, you must distinguish yourself, or never appear before me again; for I shall certainly disown you."

Jean was in an ecstasy of gratitude. The

father promised to give him an outfit becoming the son of a gentleman.

"Do not, sir, put yourself to a livre's expense on my account," exclaimed Jean. "Keep your money for my brothers, whom you must needs establish in the world. In six months I shall be killed or have made my way. And pray never say any thing more about marriage or women; for, with the exception of Madame la Présidente, I shall never be able to look a woman in the face, so much does the sex intimidate me. With my face I shall make a sorry gallant."

In truth, Jean in countenance was any thing but an Adonis, though his dread of the sex made his fancy exaggerate his ugliness. In figure he was short and squat; but it denoted a muscular vigour, which is not displeasing to all women; thick, slaggy brows overhung his eyes, which were quick and piercing; his manners were rough and blunt, and his demeanour altogether was somewhat akin to that of a savage. He was, however, active, dexterous, and an excellent horseman. He was also of tremendous veracity; he pursued glory with the avidity of an enthusiast; the battle-field became to him what the ball-room was to the elegant *petit maîtres* of Paris; he held all other pursuits of life in sovereign contempt; but even in that one pursuit to which he had so ardently devoted himself, he never sullied his fame by a single base or dishonourable act.

The president's stud consisted of a single one-eyed horse—old and bony—upon which Jean mounted, his person furnished with arms purchased at Bayonne; his pockets well lined with crowns; and, taking a most affectionate leave of his family, he trotted merrily away amidst their benedictions and tears. And well might they weep, for they never again beheld Jean de Gasslon.

The first part of Jean's journey was any thing but lucky. His old horse died of grief immediately on leaving its native province of Bearn, which it had never before quitted; and a couple of cascals robbed him of every thing save the clothes on his back, his sword and pistols. "Never mind," said he, chuckling and rubbing his hands, "that's nothing; I shall regain every thing in my first campaign."

And, indeed, he so distinguished himself as a simple volunteer in the war of the Valteline, that he was made lieutenant, and immediately afterwards obtained a company. He passed into the service of the Prince de Rohan, whose eyes he soon attracted as the bravest and most intelligent of his officers.

When the Prince de Rohan had accepted peace, Gasslon, being a Huguenot, imagined that he should be ill received by Cardinal Richelieu, so he offered his services to Gustavus Adolphus, "the Lion of the North," who was then hard pressed by Wallenstein and all the forces of the empire. The king

gladly accepted the offer, and created for him a company of Frenchmen, which under their leader became the best of the whole army.

One day, the king had very imprudently advanced into the very midst of the enemies' lines, and saw, when too late, that he was surrounded on all sides. His suite consisted of a very few officers, and some three hundred horsemen. The enemy were rapidly closing upon him; his capture was inevitable.

"Monsieur le Français," said the royal Swede to Captain Gassion, "what do they do in your country in cases like this?"

"Ride over them," answered the Frenchman; "with your majesty's permission, I will clear so broad a road for you, that you may pass in your royal state carriage."

"Well," said the king, "go on, we will follow you."

Gassion called for a hundred of the horsemen, and charged forthwith on a regiment of Croats. Seeing his men about to fire, he cried out, so as to be heard by the enemy, "Come on, breast to breast, place your barrels against their very faces and singe their mustachios."

The first squadron of the enemy fell back upon the second, and the whole were in disorder and confusion. Then by a sudden manœuvre he collected his men together into a close compact body, and cut his passage through the Croat regiment, which was completely routed. On the morrow, the king sent the French captain the brevet of colonel and a valuable charger. The military rules interdicted to strangers the *entrées* to the council; but the King of Sweden, after each sitting, himself informed Gassion of all that had transpired, and even often left the board to ask his advice during the deliberation. Gassion was always the last in bed and the first out of it; he made for himself a great name, and his celebrity reached the French capital. Gentlemen of the first families of France wrote to him for employment. He was thus enabled to form the finest regiment in Europe, whose marvellous exploits contributed essentially to the brilliant successes of the King of Sweden. Gassion was never known to fail in a single undertaking; and when he was complimented about any of his exploits, he would answer, "Misfortune is an enemy, and you must treat it like any other enemy. You must meet it with so bold a front, that it shall not dare to approach you."

The arduous and indefatigable activity of Gassion made him the fitting instrument for any sudden exploit or *coup de main*. He excelled in skirmishes, which he called *morning affairs*. Wallenstein, during several encounters, testified a high esteem for him; and later circumstances proved that Richelieu, in the very privacy of his cabinet, had appreciated his worth, and inscribed his name in his secret tablets. As for Gustavus Adol-

phus, he conceived so great a friendship for him, that, whether in the throng of battle, or in the quietude of the camp, he always wished to have him by his side. He would for hours walk with him, leaning on his arm, in familiar converse, and called the corps commanded by Gassion his *pillow regiment*, affirming that he never slept so soundly as when Colonel Gassion with his men were up and stirring.

Colonel Gassion received his first wound at the capture of Nuremberg. A ball struck him in the shoulder and disabled him. The king had him brought into the city to the house of the landgrave, and sent him his own surgeon.

There was a mighty bustle in the house of the first magistrate of the city, when the litter arrived bearing the wounded body of the famous Gassion. The bedroom was prepared in haste, and the heart of the Fraulein Elschen, the landgrave's daughter, was in a complete flutter. The colonel demeaned himself like a hero while undergoing the operation of having the ball extracted; but his despair was great on account of the interruption of service. The patient was so restless, that the surgeons declared that unless he kept more quiet fever would ensue, and they would not answer for his life. The old landgrave tried to keep him calm, but in vain.

"*Mon Dieu!*" exclaimed Gassion, trying to rise, "it's all fine talking, for you can go out and come in as your humour leads you; but I cannot support the notion that fighting is going on below, and that I am lying here amidst feather-beds, bolsters, and pillows. Hark! listen! there, by heaven! go the great guns."

He sat up in bed with his hand to his ear to catch the sounds of the conflict.

"Do you wish, then, to kill yourself, monsieur?" said a soft, sweet voice; "or do you only wish to lose an arm? I could never have thought that the best head in the army had such little sense."

Gassion looked towards the other side of his bed, where the fresh, fair, blue-eyed, and tender-hearted Mademoiselle Elschen was standing. Her eyes were fixed upon the colonel, and a tear had risen in each, ready to drop upon her beautiful and rounded cheeks.

"Pray excuse me," he said abruptly; "I did not know there was any lady present. Do not be angry or grieved, mademoiselle; I will be as quiet as a lamb." On this he plunged beneath the bed-clothes and hid his head.

"*A la bonne heure,*" exclaimed the landgrave, "your gallantry comes into play at a very timely season."

"I guilty of gallantry!" answered Gassion, raising his head, and blushing to the very eyes, "why, monsieur, I do not know even what gallantry is!"

"Now then, Elschen, since M. le Colonel is disposed to obey you, command him to take repose, and hand him that cooling potion."

Gassion's hand trembled as he took the draught from the young lady, and swallowing the contents at a single mouthful, he plunged into bed again like a man determined to go to sleep.

Nothing less than the slow process of cure from a dangerous wound could have familiarised Gassion with the face of even a beautiful girl. She often sat by his bedside, often sang to amuse him (and, sooth to say, she warbled like a very nightingale), often read to him amusing books, to while away the time. She brought him every morning news of the army's operations, and this service, on her part, he valued more than any thing else.

Towards the evening of the fifth day the colonel was visited by Gustavus Adolphus, who had only then re-entered the city. Gassion was lying on a sofa which had been placed in the landgrave's garden.

"Well, my dear colonel," said the king, "you have got a very pretty nurse; the night gives me a wish to be wounded and similarly attended."

"You see, sire, that I am leading the life of a very milk-sop."

"But you are progressing towards health, and we shall soon have you again amongst us. Are your prejudices against marriage at all changed?" demanded the monarch.

"Not in the least, sire; I have sworn to die in your service. Marriage infallibly spoils a soldier."

Gustavus laughed and said, "Then I am nothing of a soldier, for I have a wife and a child."

"Oh, sire, I do not say so."

"But it seems as if you thought so: I would give something if that pretty blue-eyed girl could turn your head, and make you think a little of love."

"A beautiful lover, sire, I should make, with my face like a bear in a passion!"

"The face signifies little, monsieur le colonel; a kind-hearted German girl seeks for more solid qualities. How old are you, my cherry-lipped little dear?" said the king, turning to Elschen.

"Seventeen, sire," answered the young lady, with downcast eyes and a profound courtesy.

"And you, colonel?"

"In a few days I shall be three-and-twenty, sire."

"You are the very thing for each other," said the king; "the first magistrate is rich—this is his only daughter—he shall bestow her upon you."

"Your majesty is putting me to a severe trial," answered the colonel. "Mademoiselle Elschen is a charming little rosebud, nobody can deny it; if any one did, I would make

it a personal matter; but I can not, I dare not think of marriage, sire,—marriage to me would be like perpetual torture!"

The king indulged himself in a loud fit of laughter.

"You will marry her, Gassion, and you will love her. I will wager that you are half in love with her already; and as to pleasing the young lady, I should think it was already done to the precise point. What do you say, mademoiselle?" demanded the king, as he patted the blushing beauty gently on the cheek.

"Ah, sire, if it should be——" she stammered and stuck fast.

"You are afraid to confess, then? Why he is the bravest warrior upon earth. Unless he falls a victim to his valour, he will become the first and finest soldier of this age. He is my friend, and I wish him to accept a wife from my hands. Take the greatest care of him, and force upon him the part of a lover. You must tame down this lion, and make him a domesticated animal. I give you ten days for all this, and then we will have a merry wedding."

There really seemed to be a blushing match between the rough, rude soldier and the beautiful blue-eyed, rosy-cheeked Fraulein. His majesty again had his laugh, and then took his departure; but not before he had whispered into the young girl's ear, "Would you wish to know the surest way of winning Gassion's heart? Speak to him unceasingly of the war, make him describe his campaigns, and recount his different feats. Tell him that you love men of his profession, and that, had you a brave soldier for your husband, you would not be jealous were he to divide his love between his wife and glory."

(To be continued in our next)

REMARKABLE CASES OF FRAUD AND IMPOSTURE.

NO. XL.—BOOK FIFTH.

THE art of counterfeiting old deeds and manuscripts has often been had recourse to for the purpose of fraud. Some curious evidence of such practices was given in the case of "*Mossam v. Dame Theodora Jay*." * This lady was proved to have forged the title deeds of an estate to which she laid claim. Sergeant Stringer, in the course of the trial, inquired of Mrs. Duffet, one of the witnesses,—"Pray what did they do to the deeds to make them look like ancient true deeds?" The witness replied, "For the making of the outsides look old and dirty, they used to rub them on the windows that

* This singular trial may be found at large in the *State Trials*, vol. vii., p. 571.

were very dusty, and wear them in the pockets, to crease them, for weeks together. According as they intended to make use of them, when they had been rubbed and made to look dirty, and they were to pass for seeds of many years' standing, it was used to lay them in a balcony, or any open place, for the rain to wet them, and the next clear day they were exposed to the sun, or placed before the fire to dry them hastily, that they might be shrivelled.*

In the case of the "Tracy Peerage," now before the House of Lords, a singular fraud has been made public. "The Attorney-General called Patrick Holtzen, who said he was a stone-mason, of the age of 25 years, and served his time with Daniel Magennis, who is now dead. His brother, Patrick Magennis, also a stone-mason, is gone to America. Witness was out of his time in 1839, and worked for Patrick Magennis in 1843, at a place called Longford, five or six miles from Castlebrook; was employed to assist him in carving a tombstone. The stone or flag was brought to Magennis's house on a mule cart by one Charles Dunn, and was rolled into the bed-room. Witness went with Magennis to the churchyard to observe the cutting of the ancient stones there, Magennis informing witness that he was to carve the stone in the old style. It was placed on a strong table in the bed-room, with one end toward the window, and they cut or engraved it from an epitaph in a manuscript before them, written upon common paper, which Magennis said he got from one Grady. Magennis carved the first line, and witness carved the second and third. The stone was of brown colour, about an inch and a half thick, and five or five and a half feet long, and quite rough on the surface, as when brought from the quarry. They worked at the carving, one after another, for two nights, from nightfall till the morning; and after they finished the cutting, witness struck the stone by Magennis's order with a sledge-hammer of 15lbs. weight, and broke it into five pieces, then put it to the fire to smoke it and give it an oldish colour. They used a rule to draw straight lines for the lines of the inscriptions, but did not make any compassing for the letters. The fragments of the stone being brought out of a box and laid on the floor of the house, as it was last sessions, the witness went inside the bar, and after looking at it he said he had not seen the stone since 1843, and would not speak positively to its identity, but he believed, to the best of his knowledge, it was the same stone, and if it was, he read the words which he cut in it. John Egan was next examined: he worked in a flag quarry in the Tinnahinch Mountain, one mile and a half from Pat Magennis's house, who told him to look for a stone to serve for a tomb-stone, and witness

finding one in seven or eight days, took Magennis to see it in the quarry, and he said it would suit him. The stone was taken from the quarry in the rough. Magennis said he would be well paid for it. Witness being taken inside the bar to see the stone, said he believed it was the same he dug from the quarry."

The introduction of the Inquisition into Portugal has been stated to have resulted from the admirable skill in counterfeiting signatures which was possessed by a monk named Saavedra. About the year 1540 this monk forged apostolic bulls, royal decrees, and bills of exchange, with so much accuracy that they passed for genuine documents. He also succeeded so well as to pass himself off for a knight commander of the military order of St. Jago, the income of which amounted to three hundred ducats, which he received for a year and a half. In a short time he acquired, by means of the royal deeds which he counterfeited, three hundred and sixty thousand ducats. He might have remained undetected through life, had not his successes tempted him to undertake a still more hazardous fraud, which led to a knowledge of his iniquitous proceedings; falling in with a Jesuit travelling to Portugal with an apostolical brief for the foundation of a Jesuits' College, he concerted a plan for introducing the Inquisition. Saavedra forged letters from Charles V. to the King of Portugal, and a papal bull for establishing the Inquisition there. This bull appointed Saavedra legate. Following up his deception, he assumed the character of a Roman cardinal, and made a visit to Portugal. The king dispatched a distinguished nobleman to receive him. Saavedra spent three months at Lisbon, after which he travelled through the kingdom; but he was at last detected by the Inquisitor General of Spain, and was sentenced to the galleys for ten years.

BURIED ALIVE.*

I HAD been subject to epileptic fits from my youth upwards, which, though they did not deprive me of animation in the sight of those about me, completely annihilated my own consciousness. I used to be attacked at all times and seasons, but most commonly about the full of the moon. I generally had a warning of a peculiar nature when these attacks were coming on, that it would be difficult to describe: it was a sensation that, to be known, must be experienced.

Our family burying-place in Bristol is in — Church, where there is a general vault, in which all persons who can see the officials high enough may be interred, until

* From the Diary of Christopher Hodgson, Esq., lately deceased, formerly of Bristol.

their friends forget them. which, for that matter, in trading towns, is not usually a very long time; but this is only granted provided they are buried in lead. But to my story: to my excellent wife's thrift I owe my preservation. Willing to save as much money as possible at my funeral, she had my body, with all the usual and proper grief attendant on the ceremony, put into a stout fir coffin, the weight of which was increased by a couple of old hundred weights placed, one at my head, the other at my feet. Thus the thing passed off very well, and money was saved to my heirs. I thereby cast no reflections upon my dear wife's regard for me. I was convinced, as I told her, that her motive was good: and well did it turn out for me that she was so thrifty and considerate. She was a true Bristol woman, and, as the good citizens generally are there, pretty keen and close-fingered: but it is error on the right side. She was called Susannah, the daughter of an opulent and ancient common-councilman, and I got my freedom of the city by marrying her.

I had made a most excellent dinner—of this I have a perfect recollection. Of more than this I can recollect nothing, until on coming out of my fit, as I suppose—(for I quickly imagined, feeling the usual sensations, that I was recovering from one of them)—I say, that on coming to myself, I was surprised to feel myself pinioned and in utter darkness. I had no space to stir, if I would, as I soon found, while I struggled to loosen a sheet or some such thing in which I was scantly enveloped. My hand would not reach my head when I attempted to make it do so, by reason of my elbow touching the bottom, and my hand the top, of the enclosure around me. It was the attempting to do this, and finding myself naked, except with the aforesaid covering, that struck me I had been entombed alive. The thought rushed suddenly upon me. My first sensations were those of simple surprise. I was like a child aroused out of a deep sleep, and not sufficiently awake to recognise its attendants.

When the real truth flashed upon me in all its fearful energy, I never can forget the thrill of horror that struck through me! It was as if a bullet had perforated my heart, and all the blood in my body had gushed through the wound! I lay motionless for a time, petrified with terror. Then a clammy dampness burst forth from every pore of my body. My horrible doom seemed inevitable; and so strong at length became this impression—so bereft of hope appeared my situation—that I ultimately recovered from it only to plunge into the depths of a calm, resolute despair. As not the faintest ray of hope could penetrate the darkness around my soul, resignation to my fate followed. I began to think of death coolly, and to calculate how long I might survive before famine

closed the hour of my existence. I prayed to God that I might have fortitude to die without repining, calmly as I then felt. I tried if I could remember how long man could exist without food. Thus the tranquillity of my despair made me comparatively easy, if contrasted with the situation in which I felt myself afterwards, when hope began to glimmer upon me. My days must in the end be numbered—I must die at last—I was only perishing a little sooner than I otherwise must have done. Even from this thought I derived consolation; and I now think life might have closed calmly upon me, if the pangs of hunger had been at all bearable; and I have been told they are much more so than is commonly believed. If my memory serves me correctly, this calm state of mind did not last long. Reason soon began to whisper me, that if I had been buried, and the earth were closed around my coffin, I should not be able to respire, which I could now do with ease. I did not, of course, dream of the vault in which I was placed, but considered at first I had been buried in earth. The freedom of respiration gave me the idea that, after all, I was not yet carried forth for interment but that I was about to be borne to the grave, and that there I should be suffocated inevitably. Such is the inconsistency of the human mind, that I, who had just now resigned myself to die by famine, imagined this momentary mode of death a hundred times more terrible. The idea that I was not yet interred increased my anxiety to make myself heard from without. I called aloud, and struck the sides and lid of the coffin to no purpose, till I was hoarse and fatigued, but all in vain. A deathly silence reigned around me amid my unbroken darkness. I was now steeped in fearful agony: I shrieked with horror: I plunged my nails into my thighs and wounded them: the coffin was soaked in my blood; and by tearing the wooden sides of my prison with the same maniacal feeling, I lacerated my fingers, and wore the nails to the quick, soon becoming motionless from exhaustion. When I was myself once more, I called aloud my wife's name; I prayed, and, I fear, I blasphemed, for I knew not what I said; and I thus continued until my strength again left me, and nature once more sought refreshment from temporary insensibility. At this time I had a vision of a most indefinite character, if it were one, and not a glance (as I am induced sometimes to think it was), between the portals of death into the world of spirits. It was all shapeless and formless. Images of men and women, often numberless, in a sort of shadowy outline, came before and around me. They seemed as if limbless from decay. Their featureless heads moved upon trunks hideously vital; in figure like bodies, which I have seen drawn forth from buried dwellings, each being rather a hideous misshapen

mass than a human resemblance. Thick darkness and silence succeeded—the darkness and silence of a too horrible reality. If, as I suspected, I slept about this time from weakness, it was but to awake again to a more fearful consciousness of my dreadful situation.

Fresh but vain efforts to make myself heard were reiterated as far as my strength would allow. I found with no great difficulty I could turn on my side, and over on my belly. I tried, by lifting my back and by a violent strain, to burst open the coffin-lid; but the screws resisted my utmost strength. I could not, besides, draw up my knees sufficiently high to afford a tenth part of the purchase I should otherwise have made bear upon it. I had no help but to return again to the position of the dead, and reluctantly gain a little agonising repose from my exertions. I was conscious how weak my efforts had made me, yet I resolved to repeat them. While thus at rest, if inactive torture could be denominated rest, I wept like a child when I thought of the sunshine, and blue skies, and fresh air, which I should never more enjoy—how living beings thronged the streets, and thousands around me were joyous or busy, while I was doomed to perish in tortures! Why was my fate so differently marked out from that of others? I had no monstrous crimes to repent of, yet hundreds of criminal men were in the full revelry of life! I fancied I heard the toll of a bell; breathless, I listened—it was a clock striking the hour! The sound was new life to me. “I am not inhumed, at least, but perhaps am unwatched!” such were my thoughts; “interment will take place; my coffin will be moved; I shall easily make myself heard then.”—This was balm to me: I shouted anew—struck my prison boards with all the power left me, and ceased only when exertion was no longer possible.

Men may fancy how they would find themselves under similar circumstances, and on the like trying occasions, but it is seldom a correct judgment can be previously formed on such matters. It was only at intervals that I was so fearfully maddened by my dreadful situation as to lose the power of rational reflection, or so overcome as to be debarred the faculty of memory. Stretched in a position where my changes consisted only of a turn on my side upon hard boards, the soreness of my limbs was excruciatingly painful. When I drew up my feet a few inches, my knees pressed the cover of the coffin, so that this slight shift of position brought no relief. My impatience of the restraint in which I was kept began at length to drive me well-nigh into real madness. I was fevered; my temples burned and throbbled; my tongue became dry; light flashed across my eyes, and my brain whirled round. I am certain that my existence was preserved

solely by the diminished strength and subsequent feebleness which I experienced, and which, from its rendering me insensible to the increasing exacerbation of my brain's heat, allowed nature to resume her wonted temperature. But, alas! this was only that I might revive to encounter once more irremediable horror. Who could depict the frenzy—the unspeakable anguish of my situation? I thought my eyes would start from my head; burning tears flowed down my cheeks; my heart was swollen almost to bursting. I became senseless in feeling without finding space for a fancied relief in a new change of position. In my mental anguish, at times, however, I forgot my motionless bodily suffering, my rack of immovable agony.

How many hours I lay in this my state of active and passive torture, I cannot tell. My thirst, however, soon became insupportable. My mouth seemed full of hot ashes. I heard again the hollow sound of a clock-bell of no small magnitude, judging from its deep intonation. No cranny which I had hitherto observed in my prison let in light, though I well knew there must be some fissure, or fresh air, or the continuance of light could not have been admitted—how else had I existed? It was night, perhaps, when I first came to myself in my prison of “six dark boards?” I groped in vain over every part of their wooden surface which I could reach; I could find no chink—could see no ray. Again I heard the hollow knell, and again—still in my state of agony. O God! what were my feelings!

For a long time after this I lay steeped in my suffering, or, at least, for a long time as it seemed to me. My head was bruised all over; my limbs were excessively sore, the skin rubbed off in many places with my struggling; my eyes ached with pain. I sought relief by turning on my right side (I had never before turned but on my left), when I felt under me a hard substance which I had not before perceived. I grasped it with some difficulty, and soon found it was a knot from the coffin-plank, which had been forced lawards, in all probability after I was placed there. I saw also a dim light through a hole about as large as a half-crown piece, just below where my shin came. I put my hand to it, and found it covered with coarse cloth, which I easily imagined was the lining of my coffin. I soon contrived to force my finger through this cloth, though not without considerable difficulty. Faint enough was the light it revealed, but it was a noon-day sun of joy to me. By an uneasy strain of my neck I could see obliquely through the opening, but every thing was confused in my brain. My sight was clouded, heavy, and thick. I at first could only perceive there was light, but could distinguish no object. My senses, however, seemed to sharpen as new hopes

arose. I closed my eyes for a minute together, and then opened them, to restore their almost worn out power of vision. At length I could distinguish that immediately opposite to me there was a small window, crossed by massy iron bars, through which the light I saw streamed in upon me like joy into the soul of misery. I now cried with delight. I thought I was among men again, for the pitchy darkness around me was dispersed. I forgot for a moment my sufferings: even the fearful question how I should get free from my durance before famine destroyed me, was for a long time absent from my mind, and did not recur until I could look through the fissure no longer, from the giddiness caused by a too earnest fixedness of gaze.

I soon concluded, from the massy stones on each side of the opening, and the strength of the bars, that I was in a church vault, and this was confirmed when I came to distinguish the ends of two or three coffins which partly interposed between me and the light. I watched the window until the light began to grow dim, with feelings no language can describe—no tongue can tell! As the gloom of night approached, my heart began to beat fainter, and my former agonies returned with tenfold weight, notwithstanding which I imagine I must have slept some time. I was sensible of a noise, like the grating of a heavy door upon its hinges, when I revived or awoke, I cannot say which, and I saw the light of a candle stream across the fissure in my coffin. I called out, "For the love of your own soul release me; I am buried alive!" The light vanished in a moment—fear seemed to have palsied the hand that held it, for I heard a rough voice deare the holder of it to return. "If there be any one here, he's soldered up, Tom—hand me the light—the dead never speak—Jim the snatcher is not to be scared by rotten flesh!" Again I called as loud as I could, "I am buried alive—save me!" "Tom! the axe," cried the undaunted body-snatcher; "the voice comes from this box. The undertakers made too great haste, I suppose." In a few minutes I was sitting upright in my coffin!

Here, after detailing his reception at home, and the surprise of his friends, Mr. Hodgson says he had public thanks for his deliverance returned in his parish church, and that ever afterwards he cherished a strong regard for resurrection men, who never craved a guinea of him in vain.

SKETCHES IN LONDON.

NO. III.—THE UNDERTAKER.

AN undertaker and a melancholy-looking face are inseparable. Who would patronise one of this craft were he always to have a

smile on his visage? To behold the undertaker in his glory, follow him as he enters the house of a "bereaved gentleman who boasts of his pedigree." Hear him there with his tongue and countenance sympathise with the aforementioned "gentleman." Hear him, with tears almost in his eyes, turn to the dowager and ask, "if he might have the honour of paying a respect to the departed by attending with half a dozen mourning coaches, feathers, a pall, and all the other sundries. See him take from his tail-coat pocket (undertakers always wear tail-coats) a white pocket-handkerchief, washed and ironed for the occasion, and wipe away an imaginary tear rolling down his cheek. Hear him enlarge on the virtues of the "deceased," of her goodness to the poor in his neighbourhood, of her kindness to this establishment, of her charity to the other. Mark with what a melancholy look he sets down in his pocket-book the several things the "bereaved relatives" requested him to recollect. Mark him shut the memorandum-book, slip the pencil down the groove at the side, and place it in his pocket. He does all these things with the air of a man who has lost his friends, his money, and, above all, his character, and intends to take a pleasure trip over Westminster Bridge to the bottom of the Thames.

But turn, reader, to the public house at which the hearses and carriages are stopping previous to the funeral. Mark the same man with a large pewter pot of foaming ale between his lips. Hear his coarse jokes, his loud laughter, and his merry talk. See him sitting on a low stool with a pipe in his mouth, one hand in his trousers pocket, while his body is stretched out at full length, and enjoyment seems to be his principal thought. See him put the black cloak on his companions (who wear threadbare black tail-coats and trousers, which had evidently been made for other people, as there was one peculiarity in them all—they were either too long or too short, or too large or too small). Yes, see him envelope his companions in the sable cloaks, with a broad grin on his countenance, and mark him as he seats himself in one of the coaches ready to attend on the bereaved relatives.

On his arrival at his house, which is situated somewhere near Hyde Park, his countenance is gradually changed; the sombre look, the tearful cheek, take the place of the laughing visage, and once more he puts on melancholy—for which he is paid!

An author of the present day (and a talented one too) slightly altered a well-known song—

"'Tis humbug makes the world go round."

The above shows his alteration to be correct. Doubtless the undertaker remembers the celebrated sentence on "Langdon's Copy Slips"—"Variety is charming"—F. G. L.

USEFUL RECIPES.

OINTMENTS.

WE are indebted for the following modes of preparing different ointments to a very valuable work by Mr. J. F. South, one of the surgeons to St. Thomas's Hospital, entitled "Household Surgery." This book, besides containing numerous useful hints as to the means which people have in their own power to employ when accidents happen, which require immediate attention, and no medical man is at hand, gives directions for preparing poultices, fomentations, lotions, liniments, ointments, and plasters. It also has valuable chapters on the "Dress, Exercise, and Diet of Children," on "What must be done in regard to Infectious Fevers," and some excellent "Observations on Ventilation."

PRELIMINARY REMARKS.—The base of all ointments is grease, and they are used for dressing wounds and sores, to prevent the sticking of the lint or linen with which they are covered, to protect them from the air and filth: the most simple kinds serve this purpose best. But sometimes medicine of various kinds is mixed up with the grease to form ointment, through the means of which the medicine acts on the surface of the sore. It is necessary there should be different modes of dressing sores with medicine, as they are very capricious: one sore will bear an ointment, but neither lotion nor poultice; another will be quiet only with a lotion; and sometimes the same sore will do well with a medicine, at one time in an ointment, and at another in a lotion.

SIMPLE OINTMENT.—This is made by melting in a pipkin, by the side of the fire, without boiling, one part of yellow or white wax, and two parts of hog's-lard or olive oil.

SPERMACETI OINTMENT.—This consists of a quarter of an ounce of white wax, three quarters of an ounce of spermaceti, and three ounces of olive oil, melted as before. This is the common dressing for a blister.

ELDER-FLOWER OINTMENT.—This is the mildest, blandest, and most cooling ointment which can be used; and is very suitable for anointing the face or neck when sun-burnt. It is made of fresh elder-flowers stripped from the stalks, two pounds of which are simmered in an equal quantity of hog's lard till they become crisp, after which, the ointment, whilst fluid, is strained through a coarse sieve.

CALAMINE OINTMENT, OR TURNER'S CERATE.—This consists of half a pound of yellow wax and a pint of olive-oil, which are to be melted together; this being done, half a pound of calamine powder is to be sifted in, and stirred till the whole be completely mixed.

RED PRECIPITATE OINTMENT.—This is made by mixing thoroughly a drachm of finely-powdered red precipitate of mercury, with an ounce of simple ointment, for stimulating wounds or sores.

RESIN OINTMENT, OR YELLOW BASILICON.—This is composed of two ounces of yellow wax, five ounces of white resin, and seven ounces of hog's-lard; these must be slowly melted together, and stirred constantly with a stick, till completely mixed. This ointment is used in treating burns and scalds; also for dressing blisters, when it is wished to keep up a discharge from them for a few days.

ZINC OINTMENT.—This is made by rubbing well together one ounce of oxide of zinc, and six ounces of hog's-lard. It is commonly used for dressing the sores remaining after scalds and burns, to lap up the great discharge which generally follows. It is also a very good application to cracked skin, from which a watery fluid oozes and irritates the neighbouring skin.

IODIDE OF POTASH OINTMENT.—This is an excellent application for enlarged glands in the neck, or elsewhere, so long as the skin over them be not red or inflamed. It is better smeared on thickly at night, and covered with a piece of linen, than rubbed. It is made by dissolving a drachm of the iodide of potash in a little water, and then rubbing it well together with a knife with an ounce of hog's-lard.

LEAD OINTMENT.—This is made by mixing one drachm of sugar of lead, which must first be rubbed into fine powder with a spatula, with one ounce of lard.

GALL OINTMENT.—This consists of a drachm of powdered galls, fifteen grains of powdered opium, and an ounce of lard, mixed well together with a spatula.

SULPHUR OINTMENT.—This is made by rubbing well together three ounces of flowers of sulphur and half a pound of hog's-lard. This ointment, if properly applied, is a certain cure for that nastiest of all nasty, and most easily-caught diseases, the Itch, which, although generally found among poor people, occasionally steals into the house of the wealthy. The proper mode of managing it is, for the infected to rub himself well *all over* with the ointment night and morning for three days, during which time he must wear, without change, some old body linen, stockings, and gloves, and lie in a pair of old sheets or blankets. Washing in the least degree is to be as carefully avoided as the plague, for it will protract the cure. On the fourth day let him go into a warm bath, wash himself clean, and he will then be found quite well. Every thing which had been worn during the cure should be burnt, sheets and all; but the blankets may be scoured.

POPULAR PASTIMES.

CHARADE.

IN a very small street, in a very large town,
There resided Bartholomew Barnabas Brown.

An accountant by trade, he
Had long sighed for a lady-
Love—one that would stand in great fear of
his frown.

Within my WHOLE,
Involved in deepest thought, one morn he sat,
His vision fixed on an immense fly, that
With sudden and eccentric whim,
Essayed to squeeze his body through a hole
Not wide enough for him,

(The fly). When by some impulse funny,
Brown's thoughts returned to matrimony—
(The goal from which they first had bounded,
Till with the merry fly confounded).

Ruler in hand, with intent dire and sinister,
Bartholomew intendeth to administer
A "settler" to the insect, who his anger had
provoked;

When (as if the fly to its aid had some potent
spell invoked),

Down drops the vengeful hand: the instru-
ment

Rolls on the desk with purpose innocent.

What else could Bartholomew Barnabas see
But a spinster who lived in the next street—
but three?

Time out of mind
Had Barnabas pined
For this lovely maid

(She was sober and serious, solemn and staid),
But he was afraid.

His love to impart to this girl of his heart.

At the moment Brown saw her, the wind, in
a mood

Mischievous and spiteful, withal very rude,
Ran into her pocket, and (oh, horrid thief!)
Extracted from thence a fine laced handker-
chief.

Satisfied with the theft,
Blust'ring Boreas left

The property of Miss Jane Caroline Guelph
To take care of, provide, and look out for
itself.

Which it did by twisting itself about,
An old and rickety water-spout:

Mr. Brown saw this, and on "linen" found-
ation

Resolved to effect a *lâche-à-lâche*.

With lovely Miss Guelph, his heart's adora-
tion.

Arrayed next morn in his "Sunday best"—
Dress-coat, trousers, and satin vest—
Bartholomew bled to the dwelling where
Resided the form of his "lady fair."

Arrived at the gate,

I need not state

That the knocker gave a rat-a-tat,
Announcing to the inmates that,

Whether the person was rich or poor
Some one was knocking at the door.

Twenty seconds after the

Strokes were given, Mr. B.

Feeling extremely solemn and pensive,

Is ushered into a room extensive.

The footman has left, and the spacious room

Seems overshadowed with dismal gloom.

Brown is thinking about the minister:

A marriage—

A carriage—

With a white hand in his own held;

When all his phantasms are dispell'd

By the entrance of "Miss Guelph," the
spinster!

Of course she inquired (as all persons do)
What had procured her the interview.

To be brief:

The handkerchief,

With compliments

And a tender air,

Brown presents

To the lady fair.

Miss G.,

For the

Kindness shown by Mr. B.,

Expresses her thanks, and then desires

Him to be seated. This done, she inquires

The clue by which he had been led to suppose

That the handkerchief found formed a part
of her clothes.

With countenance altered,

Bartholomew faltered:

"In one corner your name, miss, is marked
on the article."

She scans it minutely,

Then answers acutely:

"Of my name or abode, sir, there is not a
particle!"

Poor Mr. Brown, to assist himself,

Had told a fib to lovely Miss Guelph.

Thinking to "make all right,"

He takes her hand so white,

And is going to commence a long oration,

When to his terrific consternation,

Her hand she sets free, and with sudden
outburst,

In a voice shrill and tremulous utters my
FIRST!

As if my chilly SMOOND was trickling through
his veins,

Poor Barnabas, upon his chair, quite statu-
like remains.

Then, as a quick reaction

Dispersed his stupefaction,

He hastened from the room, and darted

Back to the street from whence he'd started.

Arrived, with visage flushed,

Open the door he pushed,

Into my WHOLE he rushed:

And with a mien distracted, mad, and frantic,
Knocked his small boy from off a stool gi-
gantic.

Then, taking a small pistol from a drawer handy,
Absorbed a deep draught of the best cognac brandy;
And vowed, as the spirit rose up to his brain,
That, in future, he ne'er would go woeing again.
MAZEPPA.

NAMES OF TOWNS IN SCOTLAND ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

- 1.—Two-fifths of a note in music, and a part of the face.
- 2.—A conjunction and remote.
- 3.—A great man and a musical instrument.
- 4.—A mineral and a half hour.
- 5.—To stoop, and a greater number.
- 6.—A covering for the head, and a great weight.

TRANPOSITIONS.

- 1.—What country, curtailed, will name a part of the face?
- 2.—What heathen god, beheaded, will name another?
- 3.—What tree, transposed, will name a river?
- 4.—What poet's name, transposed, will name an insect?
- 5.—What small animal, beheaded, will name a river?
- 6.—What fencer, curtailed and inverted, will name a profession?

H. MAYER.

FACTS AND SCRAPS.

MAXIMS.—Refuse not to be informed, for that shows pride or stupidity.—Humility and knowledge in poor clothes excel pride and ignorance in costly attire.—Neither despise nor oppose what thou dost not understand.—Happy that king who is great by justice, and that people who are free by obedience.—*W. Penn.*

THE king can give letters of nobility; but he cannot bestow the sentiment that gives it virtue.—Broadstone of Honour.

TO PREVENT FIRES.—Do not remove the fire from the grate, *which is intended to hold it*, to the hearth or other place not intended to hold it, the joists supporting the floors being frequently carried under the hearth. Fire-places out of use should never be closed with wood or other combustible material, nor should soot or any thing else be allowed to accumulate therein, the sparks falling from other fires having often been found to have caused fires therein.

IN CASE OF FIRE.—Keep the doors and windows closed until the means of extinguishing it have arrived, and then admit no more air than is unavoidable. Do not allow unauthorised persons to enter the house, and prevent the removal of goods in the event of fire in the neighbourhood, unless there be immediate danger of their destruction.

HUMAN ADVANCEMENT.—"Resolution," says a writer, "is omnipotent. And if we will solemnly determine to make the most and the best of all our powers and capacities; and if, to this end, with Wilberforce, we will but seize and improve even the shortest intervals of possible action and effort, we shall find that there is no limit to our advancement."

THE LIFE OF AN EXQUISITE "GENTLEMAN."—He gets up leisurely; breakfasts comfortably; reads the paper regularly; dresses fashionably; lounges fastidiously; eats a tart gravely; talks insipidly; dines considerably; drinks superfluously; smokes elegantly; lives uselessly; dies reluctantly; is buried lugubriously; and is missed by nobody.
G. W. W.

INTRODUCTION OF STEAM-PRINTING.—The first person who introduced steam into a printing-office was Mr. Walter, who was the principal owner of the *London Times*. On the 29th of November, 1814, he made the experiment, but not without much and virulent opposition, as the following account will show:—"The night on which this curious machine was brought into use in its new abode was one of great anxiety and even alarm. The suspicious pressmen had threatened destruction to any one whose inventions might suspend their employment—"destruction to him and his traps." They were to wait for expected news from the continent. It was about six o'clock in the morning, when Mr. Walter went into the pressroom, and astonished the occupants by telling them the *Times* was already printed by steam—that if they attempted any violence, there was a force ready to suppress it; but if they were peaceable, their wages should be continued to every one of them till similar employment could be procured—a promise which, no doubt, he faithfully performed; and having so said, he distributed several copies among them. Thus was the most hazardous enterprise undertaken and successfully carried through, and printing by steam on an almost gigantic scale given to the world."

MRS.—and her rustic friend were walking on the sea-beach. Perceiving that the tide was receding, Mrs. — observed: "It is almost low water."—"Do they let it off every afternoon?" inquired Miss Verdant.

Two gentlemen met a farmer well-nigh spent with running. Says one to the other, "See! the man is out of breath!"—"May," replied his companion, "I think the breadth is out of him!"

How idle it is to call certain things God-sends; as if there was any thing else in the world.

ANY SERVANT carelessly or negligently setting fire to any building in, by Act of Parliament, 14 Geo. III. cap. 78, subjected to 18 months' imprisonment, or a fine of 100*l.*

BOOKS RECEIVED.

EMIGRANTS' HANDBOOK AND GUIDE TO THE UNITED STATES.—(London: Cleave, Shoe-lane, Fleet-street).—We strongly recommend this little work to the perusal of all intending emigrants. It treats of the constitution of the United States; of the fields for agricultural and manufacturing industry; of trades, wages, and their relative value; of the climate, and its effects on health; of shipping, provisions for the voyage, &c.: of the distances per rail, or otherwise, between the large towns; in fact, it gives every possible information necessary to be known by parties who are about to make the United States their dwelling-place.

TYRELL'S PRACTICAL ELOCUTIONIST. No. 1.—(G. Vickers, 28 and 29, Holywell-street).—This is the first number of a work, to be published monthly, purporting to be a collection of recitations. There is a clever introductory essay on elocution.

REMARKS ON THE SUBJECT OF AN ASYLUM HARBOUR FOR PORTLAND ROAD.—(Henson and Darling, Weymouth).—This work, which has arrived at a seventh edition, gives a detail of the obstacles met with, and happily overcome, by the Messrs. Harvey, in their endeavours to obtain the construction of a break water at Portland. It abounds in curious and valuable information, not only of the southern coast of England, but also of the opposite coast of France.

STRADILLA; OR, THE POWER OF SONG.—(Dipple, 42, Holywell-street).—This is a very interesting romance, by Mr. W. Somers, founded on the unfortunate career of Alessandro Stradella, an outline of whose romantic life appeared in a late number of the "TRACTS."

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, No. 334 Strand.

A CITIZEN OF MANCHESTER.—In treating for scurvy, the object is to restore to the body its wonted energy and strength, which is most effectually accomplished by observing great cleanliness and free ventilation, and resorting to a dry air, with the use of fresh provisions of a nutritive quality; fermented liquors, as ale, cider, and spruce beer, vegetable acids, acid fruits, and such vegetables as water-cress and garlic. Lemon juice is of the greatest service in this disease. It should be mixed with water and sugar, and drunk freely.

B.—For itching of the skin, both in the infant and the adult, there is no better remedy than the juice of a lemon squeezed into a pint or half pint of pure water, and used as a lotion. Distilled vinegar, and vinegar and water, may be used in the same manner; but the remedy for an infant must always be more diluted than that for an adult.

LEO (Avon).—We must refer you to the "Household Book of Practical Receipts" for the method of preserving insects for specimens, page 139. You will find the mode of stuffing birds for collections at page 180 of the same work. The descriptions are too long for extract. Perfect cleanliness.

M'YON.—If this correspondent will forward us a copy of the book of poems, we may use our own discretion in extracting some pieces from it.

G. E.—The tale has been declined.

A. T.—A small insect, the *Aphis Variator*, is generally supposed to be the cause of the potato disease. An engraving of this insect acts as vignette to the "Year Book of Facts" for 1847. A description is given at page 241. It generally reaches to within about ten miles of London Bridge.

LEO.—To the directors. We have frequently informed our correspondents that, from our large circulation, and from other causes, we are compelled to be some numbers in advance of the current ones.

L. B. N.—The latter of this correspondent gave us great satisfaction. We doubt whether the article alluded to would suit our work.

YOLUNA is thanked for his communication.

A TRAVELLER.—We are not in possession of the information required. Consult the "Patent Journal" or the "Mechanics' Magazine."

A YOUNG ANGEL (Holborn).—We cannot give the series of articles suggested by this correspondent.

HUGO.—We will endeavour to oblige you.

JANE P.—Our correspondent has no remedy; treat the man with the contempt he so richly deserves. We have already given a receipt for the purpose mentioned.

PALMER (Liverpool).—Our thanks are due to this correspondent for sending us a copy of Thomas Moore's "Tear," from which our contributor HUXE seems to have plagiarized.

ELIZABETH (London).—If this correspondent will send us a *typical* copy of the verses, we will endeavour to oblige her.

THETA.—The anecdote is not of sufficient interest to warrant us in inserting it. Try sweet oil and trippol for the brass-plate.

A CONSTANT SUBSCRIBER.—You had better write to the proprietor, 334, Strand.

FRANCIS ATTWOOD.—The real names and addresses of our contributors are sent to us in confidence. We cannot, therefore, oblige F. A. without F. G. L.'s permission.

J. W. (Kingland-road).—The riddles sent shall be used at a convenient opportunity.

J. H. (Weymouth).—As very few of our readers could be interested in the subject of the bill forwarded, we must decline making use of it. Thanks for the liberty of making extracts from your work.

FRANK THE HENRY (Westbromwich).—The following is likely to answer your purpose:—Dissolve the best glue in water, and to every quart add a gill of the best vinegar, and an ounce of linseed oil.

J. R. M. (Norwich).—There are several, but few persons can avail themselves of them. Inquire further of the editor of the "WEEKLY TIMES."

OLD CHESTWOOD (Portman-street).—We have not time to answer the charade. A title-page was presented with vol. I.

H. MAYNE (Stafford).—We are the gainers by the non-fulfilment of the promise. We duly appreciate the kindness.

PASTOR SCIENTIFICUS.—1. We believe there are but six, not nine. 2. A Scotchman. 3. No. 5. Yes. 6. It has not. 7. They belong to Great Britain. 8. No; for London. 9. For Tamworth. 10. Yes. The other questions should be sent for answer to the editor of a newspaper.

CONTINUOUSLY RESPECTFULLY DESOLINED.—Charades, by J. Valentine; Recipes, by a Regular Subscriber: A Lesson for Lovers, and Advice to Young Men, by William B.; A Resurrectionary Adventure, by J. H.; Karl Wynch, a Legend of Amsterdam, by Aloe; England and France, by C.; A Fragment and Song, by Zeta; Two Anecdotes, by Alfredo; Ode, by J. N. G.; Birthday Verses, by J. W.; Mourning, by J. Shaw; Knigma, by W. Faxon; To the New Moon, by W. F.; The Disappearing Lover, by Old Chestwood.

"We shall be obliged if those correspondents who favour us with contributions would inform us whether they are original, or whether extracted."

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TRACTS

For the People.,

A WEEKLY MISCELLANY OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE AND AMUSEMENT.

No. 41. VOL. V.] SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1848. [PRICE ONE HALFPENNY.



[THE CASTLE OF NEWCASTLE.]

THE CASTLE OF NEWCASTLE.

Most historians are agreed that the present castle of Newcastle was built by Robert Curthose, son of the Conqueror, from which the town is said to have derived its name.

From all the evidences which time has brought to light, there is no doubt that a Roman station occupied part of the hill on which the castle now stands. From this circumstance alone might easily arise the name of the *New Castle* on the erection of the present Norman edifice; and when it is admitted, with some probability, that part of the outer walls of the castle were worked

into those of the Roman station, we cannot be far from the truth when we say that this was the only old castle of Newcastle. Indeed, the evidence of Bourne on this point seems to be conclusive. He says ("History of Newcastle") :—"In the year 1644, the round tower, under the Moot Hall (the site occupied by the Roman station), towards the Sand-hill called the Half-moon, which was the *old castle* of Monkehester (the Saxon name of Newcastle), was by Sir John Marley made use of to secure the river and quay-side against the Scots, and the *other castle* he put in good repair, which was very ruinous." Bailly, in his "History of Newcastle," 1801,

gives the following passage from the Millbank MS.:—"This new castle may be distinguished from the old one, that is, the *Round Tower*, since called the *Half-moon Battery*, which is supposed to have been a Roman station to command the pass of the bridge over the river Tyne, built by the Emperor Hadrian, and which gave its name to the Roman station, that is, *Pons Æliæ*."

The precise date of its erection is uncertain, different historians ascribing it to different periods—some to 1079, others, 1080 and 1082. It is probable that it was begun in the first and finished in the last mentioned year. Certain it is that it was laid siege to by the Red King in 1095, in consequence of Robert Mowbray, Earl of Northumberland, having neglected to present himself at the court of that monarch at the Feast of Pentecost, for which he was outlawed. The earl having fled, and fortified himself in his castle of Bamborough, the fortress was given up to the king. It appears to have been an especial favourite with King John, who often resided in it, and by him it was much strengthened. In 1213 he made a vast fosse or trench round it, and made some additional works to it. It was here that that monarch held a conference with William, King of Scots. In 1297 John Balliol, King of Scotland, did homage for the crown of that kingdom to Edward I. of England, in the great hall of his palace within the castle.

Situated as it was in olden times, when two rival nations were almost constantly at war with each other, it is not wonderful that it should have been the scene of many stirring occurrences. Many are the sieges it stood out against the Scots previous to the union of the two crowns. Wallace, the famous champion of Scottish independence, in 1296 wasted Northumberland as far as Newcastle, which he besieged in vain, and where, a few years afterwards, one of the quarters of his body might be seen from the battlements of the castle.

During the time of the civil war the town declared in favour of Charles I., and it was besieged by the Scotch army in the interest of the parliament. Sir John Marley, the mayor, amongst other measures, covered the keep of the castle with planks, and placed cannon on the top for the defence of the town. The siege commenced on the 13th August, 1644, but the town held out until the 19th October, when the enemy entered by a breach in the walls. After the town was in the possession of the Scots, Sir John Marley, with many of his brave associates, retreated to the castle, and held out against the enemy for eight days with great gallantry. This was the last occasion on which the castle was used for warlike purposes.

The castle stands on the brow of a steep hill, overlooking the river Tyne on the south. The principal entrance is at the

south-east corner, by which admission is gained to the great hall. The room is a noble one, having an elevation of forty-one feet. The walls are of extreme thickness. The chapel of the castle is on the ground floor, and displays some beautiful architecture. Near to this is what is usually termed the dungeon. In this room a stone pillar branches out most beautifully on all sides. It is hollow, and a pipe has conducted water through it from the well-room in another part of the castle. The window is of a somewhat remarkable kind, being made to droop gradually inwards, so that arrows or other missiles might fall harmless when thrown in. The walls of the keep measure seventeen feet in the lower parts, and fourteen in the higher. It was formerly surrounded by an inner and an outer wall, the latter having gates and towers, two of which still remain. The principal, called the Black Gate, (probably from its gloomy appearance,) measures thirty six feet, and was defended by a portcullis and drawbridges within and without.

This very strong fortress was considered of such importance, that most of the neighbouring baronies paid considerable sums towards its support, in the articles of castle-ward and cornage; besides which there were rents, houses, closes, and gardens, all the property of the castle. Its liberties and privileges extended northward to the river Tweed, and southward to the river Tees. After the accession of James I. to the throne of England it was allowed to go to decay; and so far had it fallen from its once important state, that being no longer tenanted by the mailed warrior, ("to what base uses may we not return?") it was let to the Knights of the Shears, incorporated company of tailors, at the annual rent of one pound! It afterwards passed into the hands of several noble families, and was early in the present century purchased by the corporation, by whom it has been at various times improved. On the commencement of the high level bridge now building over the Tyne, and which comes close to the castle, the members of the Society of Antiquaries formed a committee to watch the operations in connection with the bridge, and prevent any damage being done to its foundation. This has been a most happy circumstance. It has led the corporation to make a gift of the ancient citadel to the society, who held their first meeting in that part called the King's Chamber, and by whom the castle has been in great part restored. The fine Norman doorway of the great hall, and the beautiful Gothic of the chapel, have been restored to their pristine grandeur. A few weeks ago, a dinner took place within the great hall, to celebrate its restoration and the gift of the castle to the society, which was presided over by the Duke of Northumber-

land, supported by several men of title and talent. The hall was most beautifully decorated with the insignia of chivalry; the pennons and banners of the northern barons lining the walls. Now that it is in the possession of enthusiastic men, we may indulge in the hope of its perfect restoration — *Written expressly for the TRACTS, by QUARLES QUERECOG.*

HEADS AND HATS.

"WHEREVER," exclaimed once a facetious personage, acting as a friendly eclaircissement to the amusements of an Irish fair, "wherever you see a head, hit it." How far this practical advice was followed, is lost in the obscurity of the age; but in the same spirit might be denounced those weighty appendages denominated hats—under which manhood is daily doomed to struggle, as though a penance had been thus inflicted for some imaginary crimes concocted by the head beneath. The cruelties of fashion have been long deplored, but it is astonishing with what patient endurance we go on year after year, and century after century, suffering from the same evils, without making an effort to abate what is fast becoming a national grievance. We sadly want some modern Peter the Hermit to undertake a crusade against hats, and arouse us to a sense of their monstrosity. If the "noblest study of mankind" be man, surely the manner in which man should be attired is a study very little inferior in importance. What is the "hard labour" magisterially inflicted on a delinquent, compared with that voluntarily undergone by a hat-wearer, who, with the heroism of a martyr, toils on a summer's day beneath a burden which has not even the feasible excuse of ornament to recommend it.

The architectural origin of "The Acanthus" is ascribed to the appearance of a flower growing under a tile: we firmly believe that in like manner the hat was originally designed from an inverted chimney-pot.

When this dreadful monstrosity, the hat, was first introduced into this country, is not so certain. About the middle of the twelfth century, "a hatte of bleyer" is said to have been worn by one of the nobles of the land; and Froissart, that ingenious chronicler, to whom we owe the preservation of so many quaint anecdotes of costume, describes hats and plumes worn at the court of King Edward, in 1340, when the order of the Garter was instituted. Even at this early period hats seem to have been of various shapes, both in the crown and brim, the latter being chiefly broad, and narrowed at the back, or a little bent, and scooped up in front. The capriciousness of fashion, and the protean shapes they as-

sumed at this period, cannot be better exemplified than by a quotation from "Stubbs's Anatomie of Abuses," a work published about 1588, "Sometimes," says the philosophic Stubbs, "they use them sharpe on the crowne, pearking up like the spire or shaft of a steeple, standing a quarter of a yard above the crown of their heads, some more, some less, as please the fantasie of their inconstant minds; others be flat and broad on the crowne, like the battlements of a house. Another sort have round crownes, sometimes with one kind of bande, sometimes with another, now black, now white, now red, now green; never content with one colour or fashion to dales to an end."

A little further on he lugubriously laments that these which "they call beaver hats of twenty, thirty, or forty shillings price, are fetched from beyonde the seas, from whence a great sorte of other vanities do come besides; and so common a thing is it, that even the serving man, the countryman, and others, do wear of these hats indifferently." It was about this period that the ingenious proposition of a speculative financier for replenishing the empty coffers of the State was first made public. In this curious document a tax was proposed, which, levied on a kind of "sliding scale," from sixpence upwards upon hats of every possible size, shape, and value, was estimated to yield in ten years the sum of 200,000*l.*, thus showing the immense respect, at least, that ought to be paid to the "heads of the people," from which so considerable a revenue was to be derived. This does not seem, however, to have been favourably regarded by those at the head of the Government, and the project was superseded by another law, figuring appropriately in the parliamentary papers with the prefix "Cap. x. sec. 16" of James I., when a tax upon leather was imposed instead.

About the beginning of 1700, the crowns of hats were mostly round, much lower than before, and had very broad brims, the protrusive incumbrance of which soon suggested the convenience of their being turned up in front; then another side was elevated, and lastly a third; until, in four years after, it became the regular three-corner cocked hat. We can easily conceive how inconveniently these appendages must have been found when the wearer was traversing the narrow thoroughfares of old London, with signs swinging above his head in every direction, and continually inflicting a peripatetic chase after his hat, to which the breezy blows of a gusty day in March would be nothing by comparison. Some experiences of this kind led by degrees to the successive alterations made in its shape, until it gradually assumed something of the form in which we find it at the present period. Straw hats have been suggested as an available sub-

time for the heavy and expensive material now used, and their lightness ought really to recommend them, for science can easily render them impervious to wet.

It has been statistically stated that 150,000 dozens of hats are annually made in London, and about 100,000 dozens in Manchester. But this must be under, rather than over, the mark, for the British colonies alone consume nearly that quantity.

We may briefly conclude our facts for the "TRACTS," by giving the reader the benefit of a plain piece of practical advice, which, whilst mankind are doomed to wear these coverings, may be worth remembering. No article of apparel has so much effect upon the face, or so alters one's personal appearance. Few people seem to be aware of this, and follow whatever the hatter alleges is the "fashion," without studying whether it is becoming or not. Now every body should remember that there is no face to which some peculiarly shaped hat is not more suitable than another, and when once a man has ascertained what that hat is, he should adhere to it, regardless of the hourly caprices of the day.

ELECTRO-PAINTING.

A LATE number of the *Athenæum* published the following process as a new method of producing engravings in copper; but it was patented in 1841, for Mr. Palmer, then of Newgate street, and was known by the term "electrotint." The object is to engrave in copper the very touches of an artist's brush, so as to produce a *fac-simile* of the drawing. The process is extremely simple—the cost of the materials trifling; and the only skill required is that necessary for painting in oil or water-colour. The artist has the power of making alterations in his design, if necessary; the finest touches may be given, the finest lines can be executed, and any depth of tint produced; and the drawing has the great advantage of not being reversed in the print.

The principle of this process consists in the production of an electrotype copper cast of the drawing itself. The drawing is to be made on a perfectly smooth, unburnished metal plate, the size of the drawing: German silver is well adapted to the purpose. This plate is not injured by the process, and can be used repeatedly. The pigment employed is thus formed:—Two parts of tallow and one of wax are to be well mixed together in a melted state, and blackened with the finest lamp-black; a small portion of this mass must then be rubbed down with turpentine, by the aid of a palette-knife, to the consistency of oil-paint. With this paint a drawing is to be made with an ordinary paint-brush on the German silver plate. The paint flows readily from the brush, and

forms raised touches on the smooth plate; the touches intended to print the darkest bring raised the highest. Various methods of working will suggest themselves to artists. A leather pad is very useful for producing broad flat tints; and good effects may also be obtained by using a leather stump. Even the palette knife may occasionally lend its aid. The artist can judge of the effect of the print from the colour of the drawing; the tints of the one corresponding very closely with the tints of the other. The highest lights are obtained either by leaving the German silver plate bare or by wiping out portions of the paint. When the drawing is finished, the finest French bronze powder (the same as that used for printing gold letters) must be freely dusted over its surface with a large and soft camel's hair brush, care being afterwards taken to brush away all the bronze which does not adhere to the drawing. A drawing with a metallic surface is thus obtained; on which an electrotype copper plate, a perfect cast of the original drawing, and of sufficient thickness to bear the pressure of printing, may be readily deposited.

The electrotype plate, when taken off the drawing, must be carefully washed with turpentine, to remove any bronze or paint which may adhere to it, the edges must be cut square, and the back of the plate filed smooth; and it is then ready for the printer. The prints thus produced have all the richness and depth of etching, and at the same time show distinctly the touch of the artist's brush. Unfortunately the plate affords only a few fine impressions, being very liable to suffer from the friction it undergoes in the process of printing.

NINE of the men of Busum swam out some distance into the sea, one day. As they returned, each feared lest one of his comrades should be drowned, and began to count: but, as each omitted himself, could only make eight of the party. All concluded, therefore, that one must have been drowned. On reaching the shore, and finding that this was not so, they mentioned their perplexity to a foreigner, begging him to teach them how to count rightly. He advised them, after all lying down and sticking their noses into the sand, to rise and count the number of impressions. This they did: and since that time the men of Busum have known how to count nine.

THE wicked have only accomplices, the voluptuous have companions, the designing have associates, the men of business have partners, the bulk of idle men have connections, princes have courtiers—but virtuous men alone have friends.—*Voltaire*.

RELIGIOUS controversy has too frequently been a mere strife about words, and therefore impotent for the elicitation of truth.

THE LIFE OF A SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.

(Continued from our last.)

THE fair Elschen profited by the king's advice. At her instigation he talked of war and warriors; of pitched battles and light skirmishes; of sieges and bombardments; of the heroism of the mighty "Lion of the North," and of the train of brave officers in his service. In such discourse he experienced, in a much less degree, the tedium of convalescence. He inwardly acknowledged the charms of his young listener, and he wished her always at his side; he even confessed to himself, that if it were possible for him to take to himself a wife, the little, round, attentive, languishing Elschen would be his choice. Had she possessed the natural finesse of a Frenchwoman, she would have furiously entrapped him, and that with little difficulty, for he very frequently approached the melting mood.

Gustavus Adolphus was most desirous for Gassion's marriage, since that, he thought, would be the surest means of fixing him in Germany. He knew well, that if the colonel joined the army, a single and unfettered man, his scheme would prove abortive. By the king's directions, the landgrave withdrew his daughter from Gassion's society for the space of three whole, long, miserable days, and communication was to be made to the king of the colonel's behaviour during the separation. He had been first fidgety; then melancholy; then fretful; his appetite had left him, he could scarcely be induced to take food; he found fault with every one and every thing; and on the evening of the third day, he had actually asked several questions as to the cause of Mademoiselle Elschen's absence. The moment appeared favourable, and the Duke of Weimar waited on Gassion by the desire of Gustavus Adolphus.

"My dear colonel," said the duke, "the king is aware that you love the landgrave's daughter, and I am his majesty's delegate in this delicate matter. I have formally demanded, on your behalf, the hand of the beautiful Mademoiselle Elizabeth, and her father has as formally given his consent. Her fortune consists of a hundred thousand florins, and the generous monarch, our hero chief, will give you an equal sum. You may consider the preliminaries settled."

"But I do not wish to marry!" exclaimed the colonel.

"Tush! my good friend, we all know that love delights in mystification," answered the duke. "But we have guessed your secret; it is useless to dissemble. You must be in love; every thing, I repeat, is arranged. When you are able to go out, you will proceed at once to the altar; in this case is a collar of fine pearls, the gift of his majesty to your happy bride. She has full informa-

tion of this proceeding, and has even avowed her love and devotion for you."

"Surely, my dear duke, this is all pleasantry on your part!"

"I tell you, Monsieur le Colonel, that she loves you to distraction; she flung herself in tears on her father's neck and made the avowal; if you resist or refuse her hand, you will kill her."

"Do you really think so, Monsieur le Duc?"

"I am certain of it. She is approaching, and you can yourself receive her avowal," answered the duke; "I will leave you to inform the king of the result of my mission."

Mademoiselle Elschen approached, the very picture of a bashful, blushing beauty.

"Mademoiselle," said the duke, "you witness the effect which your presence produces on M. de Gassion; and you, my dear colonel, see the agitation into which your very look throws her sensitive heart. Farewell; I will inform the king that he may count upon your eternal gratitude."

The duke departed; and the boldest and bravest soldier of the army of the "Lion of the North" and the landgrave's gentle daughter remained a good quarter of an hour near each other without uttering a syllable. At length the colonel recovered a little presence of mind, drew forth the necklace of pearls from the case and held it up, that the young lady might see it. Mademoiselle Elschen knelt down by the sick chair, clasped her hands, and raised her full, large, blue, and tearful eyes to the gentleman's face. Such an appeal was irresistible; the battle-field was for the moment forgotten; the man triumphed over the soldier; he placed the necklace, as well as his rude fingers would allow him, around the ivory throat of the Fraulein, whose moistened eyes were irradiated with the joy reflected from her soul; and they embraced; yes, they actually embraced.

The colonel recovered rapidly his health and strength. After the fashion of Othello, he had avowed his love to his gentle Desdemona; and alas! this later Desdemona, like her prototype, met with an early death. Just at this juncture, when fate seemed to be weaving a chaplet of joy wherewith to crown the youthful bride on the day of marriage, the enemy suddenly reappeared, and the summoning drums rattled their peals through the streets of Nuremberg.

"As the worn war horse, at the trumpet's sound, Erects his mane and paws upon the ground,"

so Gassion started up at what to him was a refreshing music, but, unlike Walter Scott's worn war-horse, whose age-enfeebled powers unfitted him for further action, Gassion, whose strength had completely returned, donned his uniform with alacrity, and was about to leave the landgrave's house silently and unobserved, when the Duke of Weimar arrived.

"You are to remain quiet, my dear colonel," said the duke; "the king's orders are, that you are to stay in the house another day or two, that your health may not be endangered."

"Monsieur le Duc," answered Gassion, "the king may follow the impulses of his generous heart; but rather than obey such orders, I will resign the service, much as I love him. The surgeons have given me *carte blanche*, and my regiment requires my directions."

"I regret exceedingly in being the instrument to thwart your wishes, but I must formally execute my duty. The king on this occasion delegates his power to your intended; it is for her, if she so pleases, to release you from the royal restriction."

Audience was immediately demanded of the Fraulein Elsehen. The colonel so earnestly entreated permission to join in the pastime of war, in order, as he said and assured the damsel, to exhilarate his spirits, that she at length consented, but on the suggestion of the duke that the campaign would be over in three short days.

"I see well," said the Fraulein, smiling through her tearful eyes, "I see well that I shall have a mighty rival in war; but I consent to the equal participation of his affection, if he will only love me as much as he loves the battle-field."

"I will love you the more," exclaimed Gassion; "because in this instance you will let me have my own way."

"A true wife should never resist the wishes of her lord and husband," answered the damsel.

Elsehen wiped away the rolling tears from her eyes, stretched her hand to the colonel, which he kissed ardently; after which ceremony he ran off, mounted his war-horse, and galloped away to his regiment.

The able strategy of Wallenstein protracted the campaign to a weary length; for, instead of three, it lasted full fifteen days. It was impossible to bring the enemy to a general engagement; but Gassion was conspicuous in every skirmish, and his achievements elicited the admiration of the whole army. The report of his fame was echoed within the walls of Nuremberg. But once more placed at the head of his regiment, and in action, he could not resist his dominant passion, and love became at once a secondary consideration. The only intelligence received by poor sorrowing Elsehen was from the daily bulletins. Nevertheless, whether it was to please him, or in obedience to the king's desire, she wrote to her lover, encouraging him to outdo his past performances, that in returning to her she might behold him covered with fresh laurels. Gassion was in an ecstasy of delight; he exclaimed that there was not another woman in the wide world that was worthy of his love; and that he would espouse her with the greatest

pleasure immediately that—he had nothing else to do. He little thought how the young girl's tender heart was meanwhile breaking with grief at his pertinacious silence.

One morning he was suddenly sent for by Gustavus Adolphus.

"You seem to be employing yourself after a pretty fashion of your own, Monsieur le Colonel," said the monarch, with a severe look and tone; "I did not take you into my service to kill women. Read that letter." Hereupon he handed to the colonel a letter from the landgrave, which he opened and read as follows:

"Sire,—My daughter is dead, and Monsieur de Gassion is the cause of this heavy affliction. It is now fifteen days since he left without condescending to write us a single line. A fever has been raging in Nuremberg, and my daughter was attacked; but she would have been saved, like so many others, if anxiety and grief had not added to the malignant nature of the disorder to which she has fallen a victim. My affliction—my despair is so great, that I can scarcely send this short communication of the event to your majesty."

"What!" exclaimed Gassion, trembling in every limb and joint; "is it true, that a young girl has actually died through love of me? Why—why did I not marry her on the spot? I shall never find her equal."

"The event, no doubt, is a melancholy one," said the lion-hero; "however, calm your despair. I must find you another wife, who shall be worthy of you; Germany is, happily, rich in treasures of the sort." But Gassion thought that Heaven had regarded unpropitiously his project of marriage, and he swore never again even to think of a wife, but to devote his future life entirely to his passion for war.

Shortly after this, took place the famous battle of Lützen, when Gassion had a principal command. A travelling merchant had, the day before, sold to the colonel a very fine charger, of a very remarkable colour, which he again exchanged for one of the chargers from the king's stables. It has been said that the assassin of Gustavus recognised by the colour of the horse so bought the victim for his murderous aim. Perhaps in striking, he thought he was ridding Germany of the fierce Gassion. However that may be, the king Gustavus Adolphus fell on the field of Lützen. The imperialists suffered dreadfully. Piccolomini had seven horses killed under him; Poppenheim was left dead on the field, although the enchanted person of Wallenstein remained unhurt through showers of balls. Gassion and the cavalry contended bravely for the body of the murdered monarch, and carried it off to the church of a neighbouring village. The traveller, as he passed, still sees the Schwedenstein or Swede's stone, raised on the spot where the monarch fell.

The colonel was now out of employment, but he did not long remain so; for all the sovereigns of Europe endeavoured to obtain the services of so remarkable a man. Among others, came a courier from Richelieu, who knew better than any one else the art of gaining patrons. Other monarchs offered Gasson honours and riches; but the cardinal aimed at the colonel's weakness, as the following extract from his letter on the occasion will prove.

"The king, my master, not only wishes to have your services, but the services of your whole regiment. Those who have formed themselves after your example will be precious to his eyes, and we will augment their number by two companies. As for employment, I promise you, on my faith, plenty. M. le Duc de Lorraine promises us enough hot business. Consider, colonel, that your country now calls on you for the succour of your arm."

A RAMBLE THROUGH THE REALMS OF TREES AND FLOWERS.

BY SYLVANUS SWANQUILL.

"We are the sweet flowers,
Born of sunny showers,
Think, whene'er you see us, what our beauty saith,"
LEIGH HUNT.

PART I.—INTRODUCTORY.

NOTHING can give a more vigorous spur to the flagged and jaded intellect, nothing can administer a more genuine and invigorating impulse to our thoughts and fancies, than at this season to wander forth of a bright, sunny autumnal morning, and getting far away from the dizzy hum of traffic, ever murmuring through the streets of our modern Babylon, penetrate the green recesses of our surrounding woodlands, and meditate in the sylvan solitudes that are to be found amid the haunts of nature. Delicious is the slumber-like tranquillity of the country contrasted with the rattling thunder of the thoroughfares in town, and as the odorous breaths of a thousand wild flowers fall freshly and fragrantly upon the pleasant air, there is no sound but the drowsy humming of the insect tribe, the quail's small minstrelsy, or the quiet dropping of the dew from leaf to leaf, to break the solemn stillness that prevails. A daisy in the country has a white stone marked against it in the daily reckoning of a citizen; it is an epoch in the calendar from which we count our joys. Quick trains and cheap fares have done wonders in bringing the hearts of luckless Londoners into communion with the charms of the country. If the long purses and long journeys commensurate therewith are not within the power of the million, we have yet a hundred delightful resorts within the compass of a few shillings and a few hours. If we cannot accomplish

a trip to the continent, we can manage a jaunt to Greenwich; if we fail to reach the Lakes or find the Highlands beyond our reach, we can yet pleasantly content ourselves with an afternoon in Richmond Park or a day in Windsor Forest. And these are haunts by no means to be despised by the pedestrian who can make fancy transform for him the crystal expanse of Virginia Water into the Lake of Como, and by a little imaginative alchemy transmute the tangled glades round Petersham into an Alpine gorge. Let us take the reader with us on one of these experimental excursions, and endeavour to heighten the interest of his ramble by some discursive chat anent the nature of the objects which we are likely to encounter on our path. In every case we must premise that the English name shall be chosen for our illustration, instead of the elaborate titles bestowed upon the flowers by botanists of scientific memory, who have left us hard work to make the *Maraudias*, and *Alstroemias*, and *Eschscholtzias* look passable even in prose, and yet these are the commonest flowers of our modern gardens. They remind us of the

"— verbum Gramæum
Spermagorailloleitholakanopolides,
Words that should only be said on holidays,
When one has nothing else to do."

But to get away from the subject of hard names to that of easy journeys, let us at once take the train and start upon our mission. A dozen miles away from town, and we are fairly in the country—no matter which direction we have chosen for our wanderings. Epping Forest, Windsor Forest, Richmond, Greenwich, Burnham Beeches—a glorious spot for a pic-nic, about an hour's stroll from the station at Slough,—Croydon, with the woodland scenery round Sandstead and Woodmansterne, Norwood, Gravesend for Cobham Wood, or even the more adjacent regions of Hampstead, Hornsey, and Finchley, will all furnish us with a host of agreeable spots wherein to cultivate the delectable and the intellectual.

"For pleasant it is when woods are green,
And winds are soft and low,
To lie amid some sylvan scene,
Where the long drooping boughs between,
Shadows dark and sunlight shewn,
Alternate come and go."

As we pass the spruce villas of suburban residents, we may speculate on our way upon the changes that have been there brought about by the magic hand of modern improvement. We look in vain even for a vestige of the last century. Where are the quaint gardens of the olden time?—the days when they grew only hollyhocks and sunflowers, that threw their lofty heads towards Heaven! What mail-clad old Norman cut-throat would stoop in his cumbrous hauberk to look at the beauty of a violet, or inhale the perfume of a pink? But then the bearded

barons had lovely daughters; beings with sublime eyes that bent down, with their white tunics floating round them like water-lilies, as they tended their oddly-shaped flower-beds; and a few choice plants might bloom in their turret-windows, and a white hand now and then be seen between the massy iron bars holding a curious long-necked jug, not unlike the head and body of a crane, and watching the drooping flower-bells. Now all is neatness and regularity, and the parterres are filled with the richest and rarest of the floral tribe. Botany has become a matter-of-fact study of every-day life, and instead of the Norman "lady-loves" of yore, with their troubadours beneath the casement singing a minstrel's lay in praise of love and beauty, we have the less romantic accompaniment of the itinerant organist, and see the fair daughters of our London merchants tending their frail charges with the assiduity and skill of a practical horticulturist. Marvellous changes indeed are those wrought by a mere lapse of years. The relationship between roses and fair faces is but a poetical commonplace, for every poet has stated it at least once in his writings; yet when we see a fair face bending amid the roses, the fact seems to fall as freshly upon us as if invested with a perpetual novelty. The vision of that beautiful girl yonder, with her round white arm trailing the rosebuds through the openings of the verandah, vividly recalls to our memory those charming lines by Leigh Hunt, beginning—

"We are blushing roses,
Bending with our fulness,
'Midst our close-capped sister-buds,
Warming the green coolness.
What-so'er of beauty
Years and yet reposes,
Blush, and bow, and sweet breath,
Look a shape in roses
Hold one of us lightly,—
See from what a slender
Stalk we bow in heavy blooms,
And roundness, rich and tender.
Know you not our only
Rival flower the human?
Lowliest weight on lightest foot,
Joy abundant woman!"

The very sound hath a musical softness about it, as if in this lyric of roses we had detected the innate melody of fragrance. But we must not loiter on our path: yonder is the approach to our Arcadia. Let us enter.

What a magnificent temple to the Deity is a forest, with its broad masses of foliage looming out against the sky, and the brawny arms of the giant oaks and towering elms rising in architectural magnificence around us! The Druids might well worship in such a natural cathedral, for even now a sense of involuntary awe steals upon us as we penetrate its leafy recesses. We can hardly wonder that the credulous peasantry

of former days were wont to populate these woodlands with fairy denizens, or that the ancient mythologists found dryads and nymphs and satyrs an abiding place in their depths. Though man no longer pictures to himself the dim dancing of the fays among the sorrel, though he hearkens no longer at twilight for the faint murmur of their music in the grass, though the mushroom and the green circles are shorn of their mystic associations, and the shady brake and the sunny glade are abandoned to the lizard and the dappled deer, yet are there magic spells thrown around our pathway by science, equally as fascinating and even more wonderful because more true. We can now bestow our attention on that vast chemical operation, ever going on, by which the world of vegetation is fed with carbonic gas, and the air purified by the oxygen they exhale in exchange. We can behold by the microscope how each shred and fibre is stored with innumerable lives, and learn by the revelations of its magic glass the secrets of an insect universe whose tiny inhabitants are far more marvellously made than those which the wildest fancies of our ancestors ever created.

A few paces from us, thrusting its beautiful, white, trumpet-shaped flowers out among the brambles of the thicket, we see one of the most charming of our wild flowers, though looked upon by farmers as only a troublesome weed. It is now more generally known as the "*convolvulus*" or "*withy-wind*," certainly not half so pretty or poetic an appellation as its older one of "*hedge-bells*." Growing too luxuriantly, like an extravagant young spendthrift, to support itself, it creeps along the ground and up the stems of other plants, twining round and round them till it will quite tie up a bed of them. These flowers expand only in the sunshine, or under a bright light, and close up at nightfall, or before a shower. Near it is the "*spotted palmate orchis*," as it is called; a pretty, but by no means common wild flower, shooting up in moist places, and inviting attention by its curiously dotted leaves. The fancied resemblance borne by many species of this plant to insects and reptiles has imparted to them the distinguishing names of "*bee-orchis*," "*butterfly-orchis*," "*frog-orchis*," and others as far fetched and fanciful. The leaves, apparently stained with blackish spots, are capable of diffusing a slight fragrance at the close of day, and the tuberous roots abound in a glutinous matter, from which, in eastern countries, is formed the "*salep*" of the Turks. This specimen seems to be a sort of "old Parr" among the orchis tribe, for we rarely find them in flower after July. "Oh, the daisy it is sweet!" sang old Chaucer, nearly 500 years ago, and flowers were "the only things that pretty bin," which could allure the old bard from his books.

For our own parts, we hardly know which we love best amid these flowers of loveliness. We halt in our choice, amid heath, hollyhock, hyacinth, and heliotrope, and look at the gentle camellia, the lovely convolvulus and cyclamen, and columbine, and know not which to choose. Fain would we weave a garland, enclosing all of them, but we have sundry prickings of conscience, when we would attempt to despoil the woodland of its fairest ornaments. Let us still onward, where

"Soft mossy lawns
Beneath these canopies extend their swells.
Fragrant with perfumed herbs, and eyes with
blooms
Minute yet beautiful, one darkest glen
Sends from its woods of musk-rose twined with
jasmine.
A soul-dissolving odour, to invite
To some more lovely mystery."

We have now a very pretty illustration of the effect so happily described by Gilpin. "A strong sunshine," he observes, "striking a wood through some fortunate chasm, and reposing on the tuftings of a clump just removed from the eye, and strengthened by the deep shadows of the trees behind, appears to great advantage; especially if some noble tree standing on the foreground in deep shadow flings athwart the sky its dark branches, here and there illumined with a splendid touch of light." We can see this frequently realised in the dioramic changes of shade and sunlight around us. Here, reclining like Tityrus, of classical celebrity, under the shade of some "wide-spreading beech-tree," we will unpack our portable repast, and regale ourselves with a picnic in this sylvan spot, which has created the appetite we are now about so unceremoniously to destroy. Here, as we chew the cud of sweet and bitter fancies, we can proceed with our delineations of trees and their characteristics, and, in that form which we hopefully trust will be found most palatable, furnish some account of their nature, growth, and peculiarities.

(To be resumed in our next.)

REMARKABLE CASES OF FRAUD AND IMPOSTURE.

No. XLI.—BOOK FIFTH.

IN the volume devoted to the "History of Poland," in Dr. Lardner's "Cabinet Cyclopædia," there is the following account of a very singular stratagem to obtain a throne:

"A horse-race was decreed, in which the crown was to be the prize of victory. One of the candidates had recourse to artifice. The course, which lay along a vast plain on the banks of the Pradnik, he planted with sharp iron points, and covered them with sand. In the centre, however, he left a space over which he might pass without

danger; but lest he should accidentally diverge from it, he caused his horse to be shod with iron plates, against which the points would be harmless. Every thing seemed to promise success to his roguish ingenuity, when the secret was discovered by two young men as they were one day amusing themselves on the destined course. One of them was silent through fear, the other through sagacity. On the appointed day the candidates arrived, the race was opened, and the innumerable spectators waited the result with intense anxiety. The inventor of the stratagem left all the rest far behind him, except the youth last mentioned, who kept close to his horse's heels, and who, just as the victor was about to claim the prize, exposed the unworthy trick to the multitude. The former was immediately sacrificed to their fury; and the latter, as the reward of his conduct, notwithstanding the meanness of his birth, was invested with the ensigns of sovereignty."

The following imposition was practised upon Mr. Waterton, during his wanderings in South America:—

"Some years ago, when I was in the Macoushi country (in Dutch Guiana), there was a capital trick played upon me about Indian rubber, which shows that the wild, uncultivated Indian is not without abilities. Weary, and sick, and feeble, through loss of blood, I arrived at some Indian huts, which were about two hours distant from the place where the gum-elastic trees grew. After a day and a night's rest, I went to them, and with my own hands made a firm ball of pure Indian rubber; it hardened immediately as it became exposed to the air, and its elasticity was almost incredible.

"While procuring it, exposure to the rain, which fell in torrents, brought on a return of inflammation in the stomach, and I was obliged to have recourse again to the lancet, and to use it with unsparing hand. I wanted another ball, but was not in a fit state to proceed to the trees. A fine young Indian, observing my eagerness to have it, tendered his services, and asked two handfuls of fish-hooks for his trouble. Off he went, and to my very great surprise returned in a short time. Bearing in mind the trouble and time it had cost me to make a ball, I could account for this Indian's expedition in no other way except that, being an inhabitant of the forest, he knew how to go about his work in a much shorter way than I did. This ball, to be sure, had very little elasticity in it. I tried it repeatedly, but it never rebounded a yard high. The young Indian watched me with great gravity, and, when I made him understand that I expected the ball would dance better, he called another Indian who knew a little English, to assure me that I might be quite easy on this score. The young rogue, in order to render me a complete dupe, brought

the new moon to his aid ; and he gave me to understand that the ball was like the little moon, which he pointed to, and by the time it grew big and old the ball would bound beautifully. This satisfied me, and I gave him the fish hooks, which he received without the least change of countenance.

"I bounced the ball repeatedly for two months after, but I found that it still remained in its infancy. At last I suspected that the savage had (to use a vulgar phrase) come Yorkshire over me, and so I determined to find out how he had managed to take me in. I cut the ball in two, and then saw what a tick he had played me. It seems he had chewed some leaves into a lump about the size of a walnut, and then dipped them in the gum-elastic. It immediately received a coat about as thick as a sixpence. He then rolled some more leaves round it, and gave it another coat. He seems to have continued this process till he made the ball considerably larger than the one I had procured ; and, in order to put his roguery out of all chance of detection, he made the last and outer coat thicker than a dollar."

The *Rood* is a carved or sculptured group, consisting of a crucifix, or image of Christ on the cross, with, commonly, the Virgin Mary on one side, and John on the other. When the *roods* were taken down throughout England, texts of Scripture were written on the walls of the churches instead. The rood at Boxley, in Kent, was called the "*Rood of Grace*;" its image on the cross miraculously moved its eyes, lips, and head, upon the approach of its marvelling votaries. The *Boxley Rood* was brought to London, and Hilsey, bishop of Rochester, within whose diocese it had performed wonders under the papacy, took it to pieces at St. Paul's Cross, and showed the people the springs and wheels by which, at the will of the priests, it had been secretly put in motion. The detection of this gross imposture greatly assisted the reformers.

A company called the Charitable Corporation, erected in 1707, professed to lend money at legal interest to the poor upon small pledges ; and to persons of higher rank upon the security of goods impawned. Their capital, at first limited to 80,000*l.*, was, by licenses from the crown, increased to 600,000*l.*, though their charter was never confirmed by act of parliament. In 1731 Geo. Robinson, Esq., member for Marlow, the cashier, and John Thompson, warehouse-keeper of the corporation, disappeared in one day. The alarmed proprietors held several general courts, and appointed a committee to inspect their affairs, who reported, that for a capital of above 500,000*l.* no equivalent was found ; inasmuch as their effects did not amount to the value of 80,000*l.*, the remainder having been embezzled ! The proprietors, in a petition to the House of Com-

mons, represented that, by a notorious breach of trust, the corporation had been defrauded of the greatest part of their capital ; and that many of the petitioners were reduced to the utmost misery and distress ; they therefore prayed parliament to inquire into the state of the corporation, and the conduct of their managers, and extend relief to the petitioners. On this petition a secret committee was appointed, who soon discovered a most iniquitous scene of fraud, perpetrated by Robinson and Thompson, in concert with some of the directors, for embezzling the capital, and cheating the proprietors. Many persons of rank and quality were concerned in it. Sir Robert Sutton and Sir Archibald Grant were expelled the House of Commons, as having had a considerable share in those fraudulent practices ; and a bill was brought in to restrain them and other delinquents from leaving the kingdom, or alienating their effects.

In 1733, parliament granted a lottery in behalf of the sufferers. On the 1st of August in that year, books were opened at the Bank to receive, from those who had given in their names, the first payment of one pound per ticket in the "*Lottery for the Relief of the Charitable Corporation*;" and in 1734, "it was distributed among them, amounting to nine shillings and ninepence in the pound on their loss."

LIGHTHOUSES AND BEACONS.

A SHORT time since a very interesting paper was read on this subject before the Society of Arts, London. We have collected some curious facts from it for the benefit of our readers.

No one can doubt the vast importance to a maritime nation like England, of having a durable and efficient mode of constructing and illuminating lighthouses, light-vessels, &c. The oldest structure upon record is the celebrated Pharos of Alexandria, which served as a guide to "ancient mariners" during a period of nearly one thousand six hundred years. Pliny says "it was square, of white stone, and consist of many stories, and diminished upwards till it attained the height of 547 feet. The most ancient structure known to exist in this country is the Roman Pharos at Dover Castle, and this would still answer its intended purpose, after a lapse of eighteen centuries. The celebrated Cordovan Tower, in the Bay of Biscay, is another instance of stability, having been built in 1611. The Eddystone Lighthouse has attracted more of the attention of the public than perhaps any other. The first of these edifices was of wood, built by Mr. Winstanley in the years 1696-8 ; but, owing to the sea washing over the lantern, it was subsequently raised to a height of

120 feet. In November, 1703, the entire structure was washed away, and, in 1706, sanction was obtained for its being rebuilt, which was accordingly done by Rudford, but which was destroyed by fire in 1755. The present tower, one of the artificial wonders of England, and built by Smeaton, is 100 feet high, and has given good proof of its capability of resisting the force of the waves. The Bell Rock Lighthouse is a similar structure to the Eddystone; it was built by Stevenson, at a cost of 60,000*l*. The most recent erection of this description is on the Skerryvore Rock, which cost 90,700*l*.

In order to ensure stability in a lighthouse, it is necessary that the structure should be capable of affording resistance to a pressure of not less than *ten thousand pounds to each square foot of surface exposed to the action of the waves*. This assertion is founded on experiments made by Mr. Alan Stevenson, who ascertained and registered the force of the waves at the Skerryvore Rock, on the 25th March, 1845, during a westerly gale, when it was found to be 6,083 pounds per square foot.

When iron is used in the construction of lighthouses where the metal is immersed in the sea-water, it has the effect of reducing it to a body similar in its chemical properties to black-lead; as was proved by the effects produced on a cannon-ball taken from the "Mary Rose," after having been sunk off Spithead for a period of 150 years; the iron shot, upon being exposed to the air, gradually became red hot, and then fell into a red powder, resembling burnt clay.

There is great difficulty in constructing permanent lighthouses in exposed situations; *floating lights* have therefore been had recourse to. The first floating-light was the well-known Nore light-vessel, moored in 1734.

Several methods have been suggested for overcoming the difficulty of exposing large surfaces to the action of the force of the waves, and also for obtaining a firmer foundation on a sand; we may instance Mr. Alexander Mitchell's screw-pile lighthouse, erected on the Maplin Sand, and Dr. Pott's method of driving piles by atmospheric pressure, as applied at the South Calliper beacon on the Goodwin sands in 1847, and several other beacons on various shoals at the mouth of the Thames, as on the Blyth Sand, and on the shingles in the Prince's Channel. Another plan for the erection of lighthouses has been carried into effect at the Point of Ayr by Mr. Walker; it consists in constructing hollow cylinders, which are filled with concrete and then sunk, and from them the piles rise. Captain Sir S. Brown has also proposed a plan for the erection of lighthouses in deep water upon *bronze* standards; and a modification of his plan was adopted by Captain Bullock. In Mr. Alex-

ander Goodon's iron lighthouses at Jamaica and the Bermudas, the cases are filled with a solid mass of concrete. Rennie proposed iron for this purpose as early as the year 1805, for the Bell Rock.

We shall now proceed to quote a few remarks on the various plans of illuminations which have been employed; of these, the earliest was the coal-fire, and the Cordovan billets of oak. In 1752, the South Foreland Lighthouse, previously illuminated with an open coal-fire, was covered with a lantern with large sash windows, and the fire was kept bright by means of large bellows; the lantern was subsequently removed, and afterwards, at the commencement of the present century, fifteen large lenses with separate lamps were placed in it. In 1790, the only exception to the coal-fire was the Eddystone Lighthouse, which had a chandelier with twenty-four wax-candles, and the Liverpool lighthouses with oil-lamps and rude parabolic reflectors. An interesting fact may be here mentioned—namely, that parabolic reflectors were used at the Liverpool lighthouses (built in 1763), as Mr. H. Hutchinson, in his "Practical Seamanship," published that year, describes the apparatus then in use; the larger reflectors of wood lined with small pieces of looking-glass, the smaller of polished tin. The parabolic reflectors are now constructed upon the formula of the celebrated Captain Huddart.

After describing the present mode of lighting, giving reasons why the Drummond light, the voltaic light, &c., are inapplicable, (which description is too technical for general readers), the author, Mr. G. A. Findlay, concluded his paper with some particulars respecting the power of light in penetrating mist. During fog, the attendants of light-vessels sound a bell at intervals, or, as now used by the Trinity Board, a Chinese gong. Instead of this, Lieutenant Sheringham, R.N., proposed, in 1842, to use a whistle worked by bellows; and Mr. Gordon proposed to place the whistle in the focus of a parabolic reflector, to direct the sound. Mr. Findlay suggested the use of Mowbray's chemical whistle.

A CURIOUS OLD BOOK.

PERHAPS there is no work among those composed before the invention of printing, of which the popularity has been so great and history so obscure, as the compilation known under the title of the "Gesta Romanorum." In its original form this work is a collection of fictitious narratives in Latin, compiled from oriental apoloques, monkish legends, classical stories, tales of chivaliers, popular traditions, and other sources, which it would be now difficult and perhaps impossible to discover. Its object was undoubtedly to furnish a series of en-

tertaining tales to the preachers of the day or to monastic societies, accompanied by such allegorical forms of exposition, as to convey, according to the taste of the age, information of a theological character, or moral tendency.

This mode of instruction was not the invention of the compiler, but had already been popular in Europe for a considerable period. It is not, however, to the convents of the monks that we must look for the birthplace of allegorical interpretation, but it came to them, with much of their literature, from the East; of which we are able to point out a striking example connected with the present subject, which has hitherto remained unnoticed. The celebrated work containing the fables of Bidpai was brought from India into Persia about the year 510, and was translated into Pehlvi by a physician named Barzouyeh. To this version six preface chapters were added, in one of which, to illustrate some moral reflections on the heedless pursuits of mankind, is introduced the apologue of the man who, flying from a furious beast, descends into a pit, where, suspended from the branch of a tree, and resting his feet on the heads of four serpents, he is so captivated by the sight of some honey as to disregard the operations of two rats, who gnaw the root of the tree, until he falls into the abyss, only to be swallowed by the jaws of a dragon, already extended to receive him. Then follows the "Morality;"—the pit is the world; the four serpents are the humors which compose the human body; the rats are day and night, the succession of which consumes our life; the honey is the enjoyment of the senses; and the dragon death. With very slight alterations this Morality is literally the same that occurs in the "Gesta," chap. 168, and it is only by the addition of the *ladder*, interpreted *penance*, that we recognise an addition of the monkish writer, to make the story applicable to the Christian system of theology. Here then is a proof that these apologues, when they passed into Europe, became probably the original patterns of a mode of exposition which subsequently was carried to such excess as to incur the sarcasm of Erasmus and the censure of Luther.

But who was the author of the "Gesta?" and when was it composed? To the latter of these questions an answer sufficiently satisfactory can be given, most writers having agreed in attributing it to the first half of the fourteenth century. It must certainly have been written some years previous to the composition of the "Decameron" (1348-1358), so as to allow of its having become sufficiently popular in Italy for Boccaccio to have borrowed its stories; and in England a more precise test is furnished by the "Moralities" of Robert Holkot, a celebrated theological writer of the Dominican order, who died in 1349. These consist of

forty-seven stories, with moralities much in the style of the "Gesta," from which several of the stories are borrowed, with scarcely a verbal alteration.

In regard to the author, there is greater difficulty. It is rendered highly probable by Warton that the compiler was Pierre Bercheur, known better by his Latin name of Beichorius, a native of Poltoun, who was prior of the Benedictine convent of St. Eloi at Paris, and died in 1362.

The influence of this work on English poetry was very considerable during the reigns of Richard II. and his successors. The poems of Gower, Chaucer, Occleve, and Lydgate, furnish many instances of their familiarity with the work, whilst we have even stronger proofs of its popularity in the numerous quotations from it in the "Sermones Domineales" of John Felton, vicar of Magdalen College, Oxford, who in 1431 compiled this series of discourses at the request of his associates.

More modern authors, too, have been indebted to the "Gesta." It suggested to Shakspeare his "Merchant of Venice;" to Parnell his "Hermit;" to Walpole his "Mysterious Mother;" and to Schiller his tale of "Fridolin!" ANTIQUARY.

USEFUL RECIPES.

BRITISH WINE-MAKING.

WE are indebted to the Third Part of "The Housekeeper's Manual"† for the following directions for making British wines:—

WINE FROM UNRIPE GRAPES—As grapes seldom ripen well in the open air in this country, it is advantageous to know that, even in an unripe state, they can be used to make wine. The skin and stem of the grape contain no unpleasant flavour, therefore the grape can be used in any stage of its immaturity; and should some of the grapes be forwarder in the process of ripening than others, they may all be used together without mischief: grapes also of different sorts may be mixed together. It is best to wait till the fruit shows some tendency to ripen, or, at least, till the advance of cold weather renders any hope of their further ripening nugatory. When the grapes are gathered, any unsound or bruised fruit must be carefully separated from the rest, and the whole plucked from the stalks: forty pounds of the grapes are then to be put into a tub which has been carefully

* Those of our readers who wish for further information respecting this interesting book, may consult the introduction to Sir Frederic Madden's edition of the "Gesta," published in 1838.

† Published by Cradock & Co., 48, Paternoster-row.

cleansed, and which will hold about fifteen or twenty gallons: in this the grapes are to be bruised by putting in a small quantity at a time, but they are not to be crushed to a complete pulp, so as to bruise the seeds or entirely compress the skins; but it is requisite that every grape should be burst. Four gallons of water are then to be poured on them, and the whole to be carefully stirred and squeezed by the hand till the entire juice and pulp are separated. The whole may then remain at rest from twelve to twenty-four hours, when they are to be strained through a coarse bag, applying as much force as may be requisite to extract all the juice. One gallon of water may then be put to the part which will not pass through the bag, and which is called, in the language of wine-makers, the *marc*, for the purpose of procuring any more juice or sweetness that may still remain. Thirty pounds of white sugar must now be dissolved in the juice, and the quantity may be made up to ten gallons and a half by the addition of clear water. The liquor thus made is the equivalent for the genuine *must*, or pure juice of the ripe grape. It is to be put into a tub and covered with a blanket, over which a board is to be placed. It must be set in a place where the temperature is not much below 60 deg., and here it must remain for twenty-four hours, or for two days, as it may show symptoms of fermentation. When that well commences, it is to be put into a cask, in which it is to ferment. The cask must be filled to the bung-hole, that the scum which arises may be thrown out. As the fermentation proceeds, the bulk of the liquor will decrease in the cask, and it is to be repeatedly supplied by the *must* which you reserved for that purpose; keeping the cask always full nearly to the bung hole. When the fermentation becomes a little languid, as may be known by a diminution of the hissing noise, the bung is to be driven in, and a hole bored by its side, into which fit a peg: after a few days, loosen this peg, to give vent to the gas which may have been generated; this must be repeated at several intervals, till there no longer appears any danger of over-expansion, and then the spile may be well tightened. This wine should be then kept in a cool cellar till December, when it may be as well to ascertain if it be too sweet, in which case it must be stirred up to renew the fermentation, and placed in a warmer situation; and when at a future time it is decanted, it will be requisite to fine it with isinglass. Sometimes it is found expedient to decant it a second time into a fresh cask, again repeating the fining: all these operations should be performed in clear, dry, and cold weather. Instead of thus examining the wine in December, it may be left till some clear cold day in February or March, when it may, very probably, be found fine,

and may then be bottled without further trouble. This wine is always to be bottled in March.

WINE FROM THE LEAVES OF THE VINE.—When little or no fruit is expected, wine may be made from the leaves, young shoots, and tendrils. The leaves are best when young, and must be plucked with their stems and tendrils, and no fruit is to be expected on the vine. Forty or fifty pounds of such leaves being introduced into a tub of sufficient size, seven or eight gallons of boiling water are to be poured on them, in which they are to infuse for twenty-four hours. The liquor being poured off, the leaves must be placed in a press of considerable power, and, being washed with an additional gallon of boiling water, they are to be pressed a second time, the liquors are to be mixed, and sugar, varying in quantity from twenty-five to thirty pounds, is to be added to the liquor, and water enough added to make the quantity ten gallons and a half; the remaining process being similar to wine from unripe grapes.

WINE FROM UNRIPE GOOSEBERRIES.—This is to be made by following exactly the same method as pointed out in making wine from unripe grapes, and the wine thus produced will generally be brisk, and similar in its qualities to the wines of Champagne. The gooseberries to be used are those which when ripe do not possess a high flavour. The fruit should be gathered before it begins to ripen, but when it has attained its complete growth. The smallest should be separated by a sieve adapted for that purpose, and the remains of the blossoms should be removed by rubbing with a coarse cloth or otherwise. The same proportions of fruit, sugar, and water are to be used as in making wine from unripe grapes. Circumstances will sometimes occur which may cause it to be sweet and still, or sometimes to be dry. In the first case it may be re-manufactured the next year; by mixing with it the juice of fresh fruit, in the proportion which the judgment of the proprietor may point out: in this case the fermentation must be renewed, and the subsequent treatment be similar to that adopted in the first instance. When the wine is found dry, its briskness can never be restored; and should it have a disagreeable taste, as is sometimes the case with dry wines, it may nevertheless much improve by keeping three or four years, after decanting it into a sulphured cask. Wine may be made in a similar manner from unripe currants, &c. "If the whole *marc* be allowed to remain in the juice during the first fermentation, the process will be more rapid, the wine stronger and less sweet; but it will acquire more flavour. If the wine is intended to be very sweet as well as brisk, the quantity of sugar may be increased to forty pounds: if less sweet and less strong, the sugar may be reduced to twenty-five

pounds: it will then be brisk, but less durable, and ought to be consumed within a year. When the quantity of sugar is thirty pounds, it will, perhaps, be better to use fifty pounds of fruit rather than the forty generally recommended." Makers of domestic wines almost invariably add brandy to them when finished: but this is a bad practice, as it is sure, sooner or later, to decompose the wine, and, though this process may be slow, it is certain. The first and most conspicuous effect of the brandy is the destruction of that indefinable brisk flavour which all those who possess accuracy of taste can discover in French, or in any natural wines.

POPULAR PASTIMES.

SOLUTIONS TO CHARADES, NAMES OF TOWNS, TRANSPPOSITIONS, &c., IN OUR LAST NUMBER.

ANSWER TO CHARADE
Office.

ANSWERS TO NAMES OF
TOWNS.

1. Brechin.
2. Forfar.
3. Kinghorn.
4. Stonehaven.
5. Bowmore.
6. Wigton.

ANSWERS TO TRANSPPOSITIONS.

1. China.
2. Morphene.
3. Yew.
4. Thom.
5. Louse.
6. Wall.

A DINNER AND DESSERT ENIGMATICALLY
EXPRESSED.

1. A piece of linen in the street.
2. A busy insect and a consonant.
3. A restorative (transposed).
4. A Scripture name.
5. An unruly member.
6. A consonant and a fruit (curtalled).
7. The genius of the tap.
8. Juvenile fowls.
9. Earthenware, a vowel, and the extremities.
10. A membranous covering, myself, and a pony.
11. The beginning of manufacture, and pain (curtalled).
12. A tailor's delight.
13. Two consonants.

DESSERT.

1. An interjection, and "to ramble."
2. To stop up and male relations.
3. A hard letter and seeds.
4. A small dog, and "to make a noise."
5. A consonant and useful parts of the body.
6. Weights.

YOUNG GREENTWOOD.

GEOGRAPHICAL RIDDLE.

An ocean speck had long withstood
The fury of the Atlantic rude—
The shock of many a wave,
Unchallenged by fame;
Till fortune, in a fickle mood,
A hero o'er the briny flood
Sent there to find a grave;
Pray can you tell its name?

VENN.

REBUSES.

- 1.—A prelate who fell from his high place;
A gem that does the crown of England grace;
A Latin name for the luminary of the night;
A dance in which our forefathers took delight;
A humour that from ulcers does arise;
An herb that from the mind all sadness drives (7);
A long track wherein stars do brightly glow;
An acid fruit that does in India grow;
A juice that does from Turkish poppies spring;
A songster who at night does sweetly sing;
Conjoin these initials, and then you will have,
The name of a warrior fearless and brave.

H. MAYER.

- 2.—In harvest, when the farmer sees
His fields with gold-tints glowing;
He calls his people to do that
Which always follows sowing.

Whate'er that is; and it transposed,
All in a moment's time,
And placed before your eyes, you find
'Tis now become a crime.

Transposed again; 'tis now a fruit,
Rich, luscious, mellow, sweet:
Once more transposed; 'tis what you do
Before that fruit you eat.

And from this fruit a letter take—
Part of your head remains:
Replaced—a second 'a'en, it now
A vegetable proclaims.

Transpose this vegetable—here
An animal you find:
If from this last you take one-third,
Leaves vowels two behind.

C. D. C.

CHARADES.

- 1.—My first is something, nothing, yet 'tis often seen;
My second's seldom used by ladies neat and clean;
My last's a historical and energetic play;
My whole's the cause of argument and political affray.
- 2.—My first is to all ladies dear,
A useful addition to winter drear;
My second is the surname of a nigger belle,
(Her other name I shall not tell);
My whole is to all surveyors known,
From the torrid to the frigid zone.

CALIBAN.

- 3.—I am a word of nine letters; my 3, 6, 5, 1, 4, is part of my 1, 2, 9, 8, which is an innocent amusement; my 3, 7, 5, 8, 7, 9, is a young lady; my 1, 7, 6, 4, is a gentleman; my 2, 5, 4, is the 2, 5, 7, 8, 7, 9, from which men

obtain their riches; my 6, 5, 7, 9, is a British island; my 3, 6, 5, 8, 4, 5, is an official in a cathedral church; my 4, 9, 1, 7, 8, 9, is a commissioned officer in the army; my 5, 7, 9, 8, is that which has no end; my 7, 9, you will never find out; my 5, 2, 1, 4, is a flower much admired by my 9, 2, 1, 6; my 2, 5, 7, 2, 9, is a constellation; my 8, 5, 2, 8, is a spirituous liquor; and my 4, 3, 6, 5, is equal in duration to eternity.—My whole is a person holding a very high station indeed in society.
INCOG.

FACTS AND SCRAPS.

WATER-CRESS—The grateful and salutary qualities of this vegetable are too well known to need description; but, at certain periods of the year, when perhaps the cress is in its best state for the table, it is common for the under part of the leaves to have a white gummy substance adhering to them, which cannot be removed by washing; and small snails are also fixed on them. It may be useful to many to learn, that if the cresses are put into strong brine, made with common salt and water, and suffered to remain there ten minutes, every thing of the animal and insect kind will be detached from the leaves, and the cresses can afterwards be washed in pure water, and sent to the table. Small salads, cabbages, cauliflower, brocoli, celery, lettuces, and vegetables of all descriptions, by the same simple method, may be freed from slugs, worms, or insects. If a jar of brine is kept for the purpose, and strained after being used, it will last many weeks, and the expense, of course, be trifling.—*Family Economist.*

HANDEL required uncommonly large and frequent supplies of food. Among other stories told of this great musician, it is said, that whenever he dined alone at a tavern, he always ordered "dinner for three;" and on receiving for answer to his question, "Is the tinner retty?" "As soon as the company come," he said *contrepito*, "Den bring up te tinner," *prestissimo*, "I am de gombany!"

A WAG overhearing one townswomen telling another that a vast number of billets (commonly called coal-fish) had been caught that morning, remarked—"I wish we had had them in Manchester a fortnight since."—"Why so?" interrogated one of his fair listeners.—"Because," was the reply, "our town was so crowded with soldiers, that many of them were anxiously looking out for their billets!"—"All very fine," put in the other daughter of Eve; "but I'd sooner place the billets on my fire, than let the red coats have them!"

"Eh, bahn!" continued the fond mother, and addressing her first-born, just returned from a long voyage,—"end heo d'ye maek t' ship fast at night?"—"Why?" responded her hopeful son, "we toles it tiv a tree!"

EXPERIMENTS WITH CHLOROFORM.—In the *Lancet*, Mr. Nunneley, of Leeds, states that chloroform can, he believes, be applied locally to a part to produce local insensibility to pain,—the brain being unaffected, consciousness being retained, and the limbs and other parts not subjected to the action of the anæsthetic agent retaining their usual anæsthetic condition. His opinions regarding this new mode of administering chloroform has been formed by Mr. Nunneley on the results of experiments. By its local application to the limbs of frogs and toads, and the hind legs of rabbits, he rendered these parts anæsthetic; and he obtained similar results in the human subject from keeping his finger immersed in anæsthetic fluids for half an hour or an hour. In one case, where the operation for artificial pupil was to be undergone, he had rendered the parts nearly insensible by applying to the eye for twenty minutes previously a small quantity of the vapour of chloroform.

AN ignorant Arab being asked how he knew any thing of the existence of a God, replied, "Just as I know by the tracks in the sand whether a man or a beast has passed there; so when I survey heaven with its bright stars, and the earth with its productions, do I feel the existence and power of God."

THE CRICKET.—Perhaps in these countries no individual of the order (insects) is so well known as the house-cricket, which common belief regards as foretelling cheerfulness and plenty. The more just exposition would be, that as crickets revel on the yeast, the crumbs, the milk, the gravy, and all the waste and refuse of a fireside, their presence does not prognosticate that plenty is to come, but that it already exists. In like manner, when they gnaw holes in clothes which are drying at the fire, the naturalist would say that the action is not done, as is commonly said, because of injuries they have received, but simply because the moisture which the clothes contain is gratifying to their thirsty palates. Shakespeare, Milton, and many other poets have noticed the chirp of "the cricket on the hearth" but none have offered to it a more graceful tribute than Cowper:

"Thou surpassest, happier far,
Happiest grasshoppers that are;
Thine is but a summer's song,
Thine endures the winter long,
Unimpair'd, and shrill and clear,
Melody throughout the year."

Patterson's Introduct. to Zoology.

THE lover gains a great point who brings a young lady to correspond with him privately and against prohibition, but the lady is on the brink of a precipice.—*Rochefoucauld.*

It is well for the men that women do not know what tyrants they might be by being meek and gentle.—*Rope.*

THE fallacy of supposing that the Irish are poor because they live on the potato, is just similar to the one answered by Adam Smith—"It is not because one man keeps a coach while his neighbour walks a-foot, that the one is rich and the other poor; but because the one is rich he keeps a coach, and because the other is poor he walks a-foot."

THE JOYS OF CELIBACY.

THE two following pieces are responses to "The Joys of Celibacy," which appeared in No. 30 of "TRACTS"

I
Free from a cheerful wife's dominion,
Enjoying but his own opinion,
In all respects indeed a minion—
The bachelor

Who takes his customary diet
In round of universal quiet,
Except sometimes with friends a riot?
The bachelor.

When having for select friends "fished,"
To entertain them as he wished,
Must fry, stew, bake, and then be "dished?"
The bachelor.

Who plays at law, or, or, or, or,
(No wife to warn him from that party,
And brags of fights, Lind, and Rosati?
The bachelor.

Who makes one of a picnic party,
Then "lagers to his lodgings" hearty,
And next day, poorly, curses the party?
The bachelor.

The bachelors are all annoyed
By mending clothes, that unenjoyed
Pleasure, which ever is enjoyed
By bachelors.

Then, single men, if you would be
Defected, spiritless, and "free,"
Resolve that life shall "ever" see
You bachelors. FRED.

II.
Like fish, when out of water cast,
Like quivering reeds before the blast,
Bent by life's gales, and cracked at last,
Are bachelors,

Like Crusoe, doomed to tread alone,
On desert isle, in torrid zone,
Dissatisfaction in his tone.
The bachelor.

Who, in his freedom, called too free?
Who, in his "joys" (I) can ne'er pleased be,
But suffers ever from ennui?
The bachelor.

Who ne'er enjoys a dinner good,
But always is in grumbling mood,
Wanting a wife's care o'er his food?
Poor bachelor!

Hunt him about, ye ladies fair,
Proclaim the words through earth and air,
"Extinction to the traducer,
The bachelor!"

In youth his cup of joy is quaffed,
When too old "pops," and 's sent abaft;
By all fair maids quizz'd, scorn'd, and laugh'd.
"Old bachelor!"

Then, "single gent," if you would be
Follicitous and truly free,
Pray join the ranks, immediately,
Of married men!
YOUNG CHERRYWOOD.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, No. 334 Strand.

EDITH MONTROSE.—The following is the process for making an ice cream.—About half fill the icing pot with the mixture which it is desired to freeze, place it in a pail or any suitable wooden vessel, with ice beat small, and mixed with about half its weight of common salt. Turn it backwards and forwards as quickly as possible, and as the ice cream sticks to the sides, break it down with an ice spoon, that the whole may be equally exposed to the cold. As the salt and ice in the tub melt, add more, until the process is finished, then put the cream into glasses, and place them in a mixture of salt and ice until wanted for use. Before sending them to table, dip the outside of the glass into lukewarm water, and wipe it dry.

A YOUNG HOUSEWIFE (Stockport).—Walnuts Pickled Green.—Take 50 large walnuts, gathered before the shell is hard, and folding them separately in vine leaves, place them in a jar amidst plenty more leaves, so that they do not touch each other, and fill up so as to cover them with the best pale vinegar you can procure, and tie them down closely that the air may be excluded. Let them stand twenty days, then pour off the vinegar and wrap the fruit again in fresh leaves, and fill up the jar again with fresh pale vinegar, allowing them to stand fourteen days longer. Then take off the leaves, put them in a jar, and make a pickle of white wine vinegar and salt that will float an egg; in which infuse mace, 2 ounces; cloves, 1 ounce; nutmeg, 1 ounce, two heads of garlic, peeled and sliced. Let it simmer 15 minutes, and pour it hot over the walnuts, then tie them close with bladder and leather.

C. HUTCHINSON (Bedford).—The gentleman who translated the article alluded to (from the French) is at the present moment in Florence; we can, therefore, give no information respecting it. The chapter forms part of the tale entitled "Love and Vengeance." We are surprised that our intelligent correspondent should have fallen into so strange an error respecting it, as to consider it a distinct tale.

C. S. MONTROSE.—The author of "The Hand book of the Toilette," published by W. S. Orr & Co., Paternoster-row, devotes his third chapter to hair dyes. We advise our correspondent to procure the work.

GEORGE.—Sherbet may be made thus:—White sugar, five ounces; yellow peel of one lemon; water, one quart, squeeze in the juice of three lemons, macerate two hours, and strain. See page 141, vol. ii.

A SUBSCRIBER FROM THE FIRST (Manchester).—We must refer this correspondent to Dr Ure's Dictionary of Arts, Manufactures, and Mines. We could not devote sufficient room to the descriptions of the processes.

C. D. E. (Edinburgh).—Your communication shall receive immediate attention. Thanks.

W. T. B. (Millbank).—We do not think the parties have any influence over the managers of theatres. We believe it is usual to give a certain sum (from 2s. 6d. to a guinea) for each representation. Thanks for the favour.

A PASTOR OF THE BAPTIST PERSUASION.—The list was received with pleasure.

J. SHAW (Glasgow).—They will soon be republished.

ALFREDO.—A formula for manufacturing red ink appeared in an early number of this work.

SAM WELLES (Great Yarmouth).—Thanks for the contributions to the "Popular Pastimes."

Published for the Proprietor by GEORGE VERNON, No. 334 Strand, and sold by him, at his Office, Nos. 26 and 28 Wellington Street Strand.—Printed by WALKER BELL, "Banner House" Printing Office, Strand Lane, Strand, London.—September 25, 1852.

TRACTS

for the People.

A WEEKLY MISCELLANY OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE AND AMUSEMENT.

No. 42. VOL. V.] SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1848. [PRICE ONE HALFPENNY.



[HUNTING THE BEAR.]

BEAR-HUNTING.

WE have met with the following account of a bear-hunt in an American work:—

"We have a friend, residing in the state of Louisiana, who is famously fond of bear-hunting. This penchant has led him into many imminent perils, in some of which, had it not been for his brave heart, strong arm, and eagle eye, he must long since have fallen a victim.

One of his adventures, in an extensive cane-brake, it is our purpose here to relate; not so much because it was one of danger

and hardship, as because it exhibited the spirit, coolness, and prompt action so essential to the hunter of these 'varmints.' These cane-brakes are matted together by an undergrowth of vine and brier, and are intersected by rushing swamp streams, so as to render them almost impenetrable.

Our friend G—, on a hunt once, near the close of a day, had penetrated some distance into a cane-brake, bordering on the Washita, when his dogs—two very valuable ones—bayed a magnificent bear! Magnificent, we presume, because he was monstrously strong and full of fight.

G——, guided by the baying of the dogs, hastened towards the scene of conflict, as fast as it was practicable to *hasten*, where you are obliged frequently to crawl on hands and knees, and sometimes to cut your way with your hunting-knife. After considerable difficulty, however, he obtained a sight of the ferocious animal; the two noble dogs, true to their training, were keeping him in check, though they had been handled very roughly. G—— fired as soon as he had obtained his distance and aim, and although the ball took effect, it was not in a vital place. The enraged animal now sprang upon one of the dogs, and gave the brave creature a mortal wound. G——, exasperated at the sight—for he prized his faithful followers almost as dearly as himself—threw down his gun, drew his knife, and crept into the terrible fight; for, reader, you can't *rush* into a fight in a cane-brake! Cautiously he approached the foe until he was near enough, when, upon his knees, and with his arm stretched across the animal, he suddenly gave him three deep wounds upon the off or further side. He knew well that this was his only chance; for the instinct of the animal prompts it always to turn and snap at the quarter from which it is hurt.

"The critter's got more lives than nat'rally belongs to a *bar*, any how," ejaculated G——, as he saw the monster still strong and vigorous, and rearing with his tusks, again and again, the body of the dog, which he held firmly in his embrace. G—— gave his unyielding enemy another fearful wound upon the further side, as before, when his knife, by a sudden movement of the bear, slipped from his grasp, and the brute was upon him! G—— extended his left arm for the clutch, but in a moment the bear's tusks were crunching his hand, and at the same instant, he felt himself in a close hug! This was rather a "bad fix." G—— turned and looked upon his remaining dog, which had previously been of great assistance in attracting the beast's attention; he said but a word to him—the affectionate creature gave one bound, and had the bear again fast by the throat. This new attack gave G—— his freedom; and in an instant he had recovered his weapon, and in another its keen point was buried deep in the brute's heart.

"Perhaps," says G——, "you never did see a *bar* roll over like that one!"

Our sporting friend had never recovered the free use of his left hand, but he is still right hand man in a hunt. As he modestly expresses himself, "I ain't what I used to was in a *bar* fight; but when I'm pushed, I'm some yet, I reckon."

Mr. W. A. Ross, in one of the most amusing books of travels which it has been our fortune to meet with, gives an animated description of a bear-hunt in Norway:—

"A Yacht Voyage to Norway, Denmark, and Sweden." 2 vols. London: Henry Colburn, 1848.

"An enormous bear, apparently fatigued by long travel, and panting loudly, with protruding tongue, slowly stalked forth from a mound of earth which had accumulated round the stump of a beech tree, grown to maturity, but now decaying in the midst of rushes and briars of every sort. Bruin, no doubt, overheard our voices, for he stopped on his way, drew in his tongue, ceased his violent respiration, and, raising his head on high, snuffed the air on all sides, and then placing his nose close to the ground, kept it there for some little time. He was eighty or ninety yards from the spot where we stood. As again his head was lifted up, his small tuft of a tail moved quickly from right to left, revealing his turbulence and agitation.

"Don't let us all fire together," hinted P——, in an under tone; "but let those Norwegians (guides) blaze away first, as we don't know any thing about their skill."

"Then, I'll follow," said R——.

"And my pistol next," I interceded.

"Very well; and I will try my luck last," said P——. "Are all ready?"

"All right," we both answered, and the two Norwegians assented with a nod.

The bear kept moving gradually nearer and nearer to the bath (a dead horse), and approached within a very short space of the rock where we lay hid, thickly surrounded by the branches of the fir and beech.

"Fire!" breathed P——, lowly.

Our guide, elevating his gigantic rifle, pulled the trigger. A tremendous report was one result, and the total disappearance of the Norwegian was the other, the fowling-piece having kicked him completely off the edge of the rock into a bog behind. We heard the splash of the man's body below, and thought, at first, he was killed by the bursting of his rifle; but when his companion, who had leaped down to his assistance, helped him, reeking and muddy, from the dominions of the tadpole, and placed him, uninjured, though stunned, on his legs, we could not resist a burst of merriment at his countenance of unmitigated disgust, as the liquid filth oozed from the tips of his dependent fingers.

The sound of our laughter alarmed Bruin, and revealed us to his sight, and, rising immediately on his hind legs, he commenced moving towards the Norwegians, and hissing like a red hot coal dipped in cold water.

"Hang the mud, jump up!" exclaimed P——.

"Grim did bear it, old fellow," and saying so, Lord R—— quietly levelled his rifle, with some misgiving, for it was of Norwegian manufacture, and fired at the animal. Poor Bruin received the ball in his left fore-leg; and, with a piteous moan, he instantly assumed his natural position on all fours, and hissed and growled, and licked the blood which streamed from the wound. The ani-

mal, nothing daunted, even in this extremity, still moved towards us with great ferocity; and, as he came within forty feet, P— lodged a second bullet in his loin. The pain exasperated him to the quick, and he rushed furiously towards the rock.

"Where's the powder?" shouted P—.

"I don't know," echoed from every one. No powder could be found; the Norwegian having taken possession of the porter-bottle in which we had put the powder, and placed it in his pocket, had doubtlessly fallen with it into the quagmire; and they had now absconded.

"Don't let him get up!" continued P—, emphatically.

"Not to my knowledge," R— replied, assuming an attitude of military defence.

I now presented my rusty old horse-pistol at Bruin's head, at an interval sufficient under the circumstances, of three yards, and fired it: when, whether from having received the contents, or from alarm at its loud report, the bear rolled over on his back; but, recovering himself in a moment, he made an awkward spring, short of the rock, and received, in commemoration of his false agility, a blow on the head from the butt end of R—'s rifle. The shock removed R—'s glazed cap from his head, and it fell, bounding from the rock, close to Bruin's nose. Mistaking, no doubt, this ingenious covering for R—'s especial skull, the bear, infuriated, flew at it impetuously, and seizing it in his mouth, shook it as an angry dog would have shaken a rag.

The blood was now fastly trickling down his tongue, which hung from his mouth; and through his side, at every pulsation, spouted, smoking, the warm element of life. Gradually, slowly, yet reluctantly, his head drooped towards the ground, and, faint from loss of blood, the animal, tottering from side to side, sate, weakened as he was, upright on his haunches, showing his teeth, and growling until the coagulated blood accumulating in his throat would make him cough, and threatened suffocation.

Descending from the rock, we came near to the dying creature, and, striving to reach one of us, he lifted his paw, and, as he did so, lost his balance, and tumbled over on the earth. Although, as we supposed, on the point of death, the gallant brute still growled, and attempted to rise again and renew the fight, but complete exhaustion denied what his courage prompted.

The Norwegians now re-appeared, and one of them knelt down to remove R—'s cap from the bear's clutches; but the undaunted Bruin, as if desirous of giving his countryman a final embrace, seized him round the neck, and drew him tightly to his clotting breast. We were, of course, alarmed a second time for the man's safety, and by great exertions tried to release him from his perilous condition; but our efforts were not

a little crippled by the legs of the Norwegian, which he flung violently about at every possible tangent; and one aim, moving with the rapid oscillating motion of a steam-engine, brought the first in sharp contact with the other Norwegian's chest, and threw him head over heels into the identical pool whence he had himself but lately escaped.

The accident was so ludicrous, that, in the ecstasies of mirth, we forgot the man lying prostrate and kicking in the arms of the bear, until, by dint of his own exertions, he released himself; and, standing upright before us, showed his face plastered from forehead to chin, and from ear to ear, with a multitude of withered leaves, which adhered to the blood he had borrowed from the animal's wounds.

The poor bear was now dead; and, behaving bravely as he did to the last, we could not help regretting his end. Though young, he almost reached an Alderney cow in height and standard, and great power was developed in the sinews and breadth of his chest. His coat, to the touch and sight, was soft and glossy as silk."

WISDOM OF THE LAW.—Sir Thomas Holt was charged with having cut open the head of his cook with a cleaver, so that one-half of the head fell on one shoulder, and the other half on the other. He brought his action for the defamation, and obtained a verdict; but a motion in arrest of judgment was successful, on the ground that, though the man's head had been cut open so that the two parts fell asunder on his shoulders, the declaration had not averred that he was dead.—*Lord Lyndhurst's Speech in the House of Lords.*

FALSE HUMILITY.—It is a false and indolent humility which makes people sit still and do nothing, because they will not believe they are capable of doing much, for every body can do something. Every body can set a good example, be it to many or to few; every body can, in some degree, encourage virtue and religion, and discountenance vice and folly; every body has some one whom they can advise and instruct, or in some way help to guide through life.—*Miss Talbot.*

LOCUSTS.—In Russia, in 1860, they came at three points in vast multitudes; they darkened the very air, covered the earth, and in some places their dead bodies formed a stratum four feet deep; the trees literally bent under them, and were, of course, stripped clean in a very little time. On one occasion they are said to have been the indirect causes of the death of about a million men and animals.

A subscription loaned to Government for eighteen millions sterling to carry on the war against France, was filled in sixteen hours twenty minutes, Dec. 5, 1793.

THE LIFE OF A SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.

(Continued from our last.)

GASSION at the head of his regiment soon crossed the Rhine, and was very speedily at the gates of Paris. The secretary of state, Des Noyers, conducted him in his carriage to the Château of Ruel, the residence of the Cardinal Richelieu.

His eminence employed his most oily manner and most tender phrases, that he might at once and effectually carry his purpose with the colonel, who could not express a desire which was not acceded to without hesitation. He wished to increase his regiment by a company of dragoons, and the cardinal promised him two. He obtained, moreover, extraordinary pay for his men, and the privilege of selecting his own officers, and of bestowing grades and favours without the control or interference of the court. Gassion was delighted beyond measure, and was about to take his departure, when his eminence said :

"I must keep you to dine with me, colonel ; I wish still to converse with you on some important matters. To pass the time till dinner, Des Noyers will accompany you to the stables, where you will see the horses ; and you can afterwards examine the arms destined for your two new companies."

During his visit to the stables Gassion was accompanied not only by Des Noyers, but by the famous Father Joseph. The favourite councillor of the cardinal wished, like his master, to obtain Gassion's good grace, and spoke largely and with assurance on matters about which he was wholly ignorant, and the latter, who was no courtier, exposed promptly the other's blunders.

"I see," said Father Joseph, with a mortified air, "that we are not of the same opinion."

"That is," answered the colonel, "because we are not of the same profession."

Des Noyers made signs that he should hold his tongue, but in vain. The blunt soldier still continued :

"If I were to discourse with you about the Catholic ritual, I should as speedily and as completely shew myself devoid of common sense !"

At dinner Gassion was placed opposite to the cardinal, who kept his dark, piercing eyes fixed on him during the whole of the repast. His eminence, indeed, listened so attentively to what the colonel said, that he scarcely ate any thing. All the company observed this, but the Sieur de Bautru, who was a celebrated wit, whispered the cardinal :

"Your eminence will surely, here to-night an indigestion, for your eyes have been devouring the whole of that lanquenet, boots, spurs, uniform, and all !"

"Nevertheless," added the cardinal, "I

have by no means had my sufficiency. I wish to regale myself largely."

The Father Joseph, who, in consequence of Gassion's bluntness towards him in the morning, had taken a dislike to him, entered, by way of revenge, into a multifarious discussion with him, but with the like ill success, and was compelled for a second time to beat a retreat.

On leaving the table Gassion asked who was that capucinal coxcomb, who loved to talk so largely. His eminence indulged himself in a long fit of laughter, and said loudly :

"That rogue of a capucin is my private councillor ; but do not mind what he says or does. A man of your merit need not observe idle ceremonies on such occasions."

As the colonel was about to descend to the carriage, the cardinal drew him into the embrasure of a window.

"Monsieur," said he, with a look full of meaning, "I will venture to say you are thinking of returning to your regiment."

"To-morrow, if I am able," answered the soldier ; "and I trust your eminence will at once send me your instructions."

"Do not be in a hurry," observed the cardinal ; "I have something of the great-st consequence to say to you. Return in three days."

"These great men are really amusing people," said he to Des Noyers, as they returned. "I ask you the use of wasting a whole day on horses and idle ceremonies of politeness, when they can come straight to the business. Is it the custom for people in this country to conceal their thoughts ?"

"They do much worse," answered the secretary ; "they think one way, and act another."

"Then I must not remain among them ; for in such work I am an awkward bungler," observed Gassion. "Do you know what may be this mighty secret of his eminence ?"

"I am as ignorant as yourself," was the reply. "It is something foreign to my department. Perhaps M. le Cardinal wishes to prove your devotion to the king. In that case he is not over scrupulous ; obey the cardinal blindly, comply with his demands, and you cannot fail to rise to a distinguished position. It is the only way that people succeed in this country."

"Indeed," muttered Gassion to himself, "here is another wishing to play the rogue with me."

On the third day, at seven o'clock in the morning, the colonel was before the cardinal's gate, and, being admitted, was conducted up a private staircase, and shewn into the secret cabinet.

"You are up betimes this morning, and you were about to surprise the enemy," observed the cardinal. "Come this way ; I like to see persons when I speak to them." He conducted Gassion into the light.

"Have you received any proposals from the MM. de Bouillon, or the Duke of Guise?" he demanded, assuming a serious tone and face.

"None whatever," answered Gassion.

"I believe you," returned the minister. "There is a grand conspiracy against the king and state."

"The rebels shall have little chance of success. We will rout them," said the colonel, calmly.

"Better than that," remarked Richelieu; "we must circumvent them."

"That is your affair," continued the colonel, in the same quiet way; "mine is to rout, fight, and disperse them."

"You can serve us indeed in this matter," whispered the cardinal, with one of his penetrating looks.

"Dispose of my arm," said Gassion.

"But we have first need of your wit and cunning," observed his eminence.

"Of wit I was never possessed, M. le Cardinal, and I don't know what cunning means," returned the colonel.

"The Count de Soissons is the heart and soul of the conspiracy; he is largely bribing the troops, and inducing them to desert," said Richelieu.

"Send me against him, and I will drag him before your eminence, dead or alive."

"No, no; we must act quickly and cautiously; there must be no violence."

"What may be your eminence's meaning?"

"They will certainly write to you, inviting you to join their party. You must write your complaisance, and obtain their secrets, that we may with greater certainty draw out theirfangs."

"This is a miserable affair, M. le Cardinal," said Gassion, with the calm, off-hand manner which was usual with him every where, except in the field of battle; "I shall never be able to acquit myself in such a part."

"But you shall be assisted."

"I mean to say that the character you would have me assume is wholly repugnant to my nature. I cannot be treacherous towards any one—not even towards traitors to the king and state."

The grey eyebrows of the cardinal were contracted, as if in sudden displeasure.

"No haste on this occasion, Gassion—take time to consider the matter," observed the cardinal.

"Always a fair fight, add room enough; that is my motto," said Gassion.

"But your fortune will be made," interrupted the cardinal.

"Then it must remain to be made. My first word, your eminence, is always my last," returned the colonel.

"The king will be displeased at your refusal," said the minister.

"He will forgive me when I have rendered

him real service on the battle-field," resorted the soldier of fortune.

"Is your mind made up?" demanded Richelieu.

"Irrevocably," replied Gassion.

"Then may we reckon that you will be equally inflexible towards our enemies?"

"I tell you that I cannot and will not play the traitor to any one."

"Give me your hand," said the cardinal, "you are a man of high honour; I wish there were many more like you in France. Your feelings shall always be respected, and I will afford you other means of mounting to distinction. Be prudent, and forget what you have just now heard."

"I have already forgotten every thing," replied Gassion.

"Now go and visit the king," said the cardinal, "and after that you shall be free."

Thus did Gassion's scruples of honour prevent him from at once reaching an eminent position.

The colonel's reception at Saint Germain was even more flattering than it had been at Ruel. The king had a long conversation with him in his cabinet; the principal topics being—what kind of game principally abounded in the forests of Germany; whether the Germans best excelled in the boar-hunt or the stag-hunt; of what breed were the horses used for hunting; whether the Germans could sound a clear, dry blast through the horn; whether the Germans wore much lace around the knees, and what was the depth of that lace; whether they ensconced their legs in "*grands canons*," and if they were the size of a couple of large drums. To these important questions, which related to matters which exclusively occupied the mind of Louis XIII., the lansquenet colonel gave such answers as to please his majesty.

A RAMBLE THROUGH THE REAMS OF TREES AND FLOWERS.

BY SYLVANUS SWANQUILL.

PART II.

A PIC-NIC in the woods is a delightful incident wherewith to diversify the erratic tendency of a forest ramble. A cold veal pie carries a charm with it in the open air, which may be sought for in vain amidst the heated atmosphere of our gastronomic temples in town; and the sharp champagne twang of the creaming bottled stont bath then a temptation with it perfectly irresistible. How we involuntarily bring before us in such a scene the images of the sturdy outlaws of old, who were wont to enjoy their venison pasties and flasks of mellow *malvoisie* under the spreading shades of the Sherwood elms! And do we not conjure up before our mental vision the forms of Robin Hood and his "merry men all," and

picture them anew, as the song describes them—

“Under the waving greenwood tree
We merry foresters roam,
Careless and jovial, and ever free,
We hail our native home!”

But, alas, in these days of special constables and solemn matter-of-fact, it does not believe us to get too enthusiastic in their praise, so let us e'en find another theme for eulogy.

How numerous, to an imaginative mind, are the associations of trees! In the aspect of a pine tree there is something monumental and solemn; the melancholy cypress has the solemnity of the grave it shadows; in its silent speech it tells of the dead below—of the hand that found a mournful pleasure in planting it. The light acacia waves its beautiful boughs, to let you know it is a pleasant garden or a summer bower which its bright leaves decorate. The oak is ancestral, heraldic, feudal from head to foot, and would talk old castle legends, and feats of noble hunting, and moonlight revelry, by the hour, if you would but stop and listen to them. The rocky elm is a rustic lover's story-book, full of twilight meetings, honest vows, hand-graspings, and “If you love me as I love you” sort of poetry. The palm transports you to Georgian vales, in whose deep shades the royal prince of Khorassan wooed and won the fair—never mind her name, is it not all duly chronicled in those delightful Arabian nights? The pear tree brings you back to the cottage-wall; the apple tree puts in its word with a long score of schoolboy larcenies; all speak, from the stately royalties of the forest down to the humblest hawthorn, a language fraught with the most delicious recollections.

Every body knows the beautiful hawthorn, with which our hedges and parks are decorated, and which, from its blossoming in that month, has gained the name of “May.” Although when fashioned into a fence its growth is stunted by frequent prunings, it will reach the height of thirty feet if left to itself. Here is an illustration of the respectable height attained by one of these thorns, with its branches profusely covered with “the haw,” the winter provender of such among the feathered tribe as share the rigours of the season. It is worth while remembering that these neglected berries of our hedge-rows, the “hips and haws,” form, when conserved in sugar, a sovereign remedy for pulmonary complaints, the night cough especially. Is it not a glorious privilege to be able to pass an autumnal afternoon in the woods ere the leaves have fallen by the first frost of the season? We should tarry here awhile, for, as the bard sings, soon will appear

“—the calm mild day as still such days will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter home,

When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though
all the trees are still;
And twinkles in the smoky light the waters of
the rill.
The south wind searches for the flowers whose
fragrance late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the woods and by the
streams no more.”

Here is a magnificent horse chestnut tree sending forth from its plicately shell the varnished, mahogany-like coloured nut, which is to reproduce its kind. The ground beneath the branches is strewn with the fallen fruit.

Although the horse chestnut and the Spanish chestnut bear the same name, it must not be forgotten that they belong to two very distinct genera, the latter being much more nearly akin to the beech. The horse chestnut tree is stated to have been brought into Europe from Asia as early as the year 1559. It is a tree of quick growth, but soon as it reaches maturity, it as soon decays, and its wood in consequence is of little value. As a tree, nothing can be more majestic in its appearance, and in May the beautiful pyramidal form of its white blossoms ever renders it attractive. Planted singly in lawns and parks, its overshadowing branches afford an excellent protection for cattle from the heat of the sun, whilst the fruit is very good for the deer, that exhibit a great partiality for it. At Fortworth, in Gloucestershire, is a tree called the “Great Chestnut of Fortworth.” It measures fifty-two feet round, and is said to be 1100 years old. In many parts of Kent, the remains of very old decayed chestnut trees are frequently to be met with. Cobham Wood has some fine specimens of the kind; and in Epping Forest, he who shall wander from the old church at Ohingford but a few short miles, shall see some noble samples of the same. Yonder is a grove of limes, “at eve diffusing odours,” and really, in spring, emitting a very choice fragrance indeed.

It is said that the two first lime trees in England were planted in 1590 at Halstead. In Kent, and these are still shown to the curious. The *linden* tree, as this was anciently called, the mythologists consecrated as a symbol of conjugal affection. It is admirably adapted to be planted in rows, and is thus frequently employed in gentlemen's parks and public walks and promenades. Its timber is much used by carvers, because it is a soft, light wood, and also by architects for forming the models of their buildings. At Cobham Park there is a lime ninety feet in height, but it does not contain so much wood as that last mentioned. The handsomest street in Berlin is called *Unter der Linden*, from the trees with which it is lined, and by one of these trees at Ham-burgh the poet Klopstock's grave is overshadowed. It does not attain to any remarkable antiquity; but we may take for our consolation that exquisite poetic parallel

drawn by Ben Johnson, between a tree and man. It is so little known, that it is worth quoting :—

"Not merely growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make man better be,
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sear.
A hly of a day is fairer far in May;
Although it fall and die that night,
It was the plant and flower of light;
In small proportions we just beauties see,
And in short measures life may perfect be."

The ash tree has been long a favourite object in the landscape, and in ancient mythology the ash furnished the wood for Cupid's arrow, until the roguish urchin, according to the same authority, learned to adopt the more fatal cypress. The serpent was said by Pliny to have an extraordinary respect for the ash, and, making a remarkable demand upon our credulity, he states that if that reptile was placed near a fire, and that both were surrounded by ashen twigs, that the serpent would rather run into the fire than pass the sacred boundary of the ash twigs. Evelyn records that in some parts of England it is believed that if young ash trees are split, and afflicted children made to pass through them, they will be cured. Even to this day in the remote districts of the Highlands, the nurse, or midwife, at the birth of a child, puts one end of a green stick of this tree into the fire, and while it is burning, gathers in a spoon the juice which oozes out at the other end, and administers this as the first spoonful of food to the newly born infant. Happily these old superstitions are fast disappearing before the radiant light of modern knowledge, and we are happy to know that the "TRACTS" have done no little service in extirpating the lingering belief in omens and supernatural appearances that had long been secretly cherished in various villages of Great Britain.

Akin to the tawny majesty of the ash tree is the mountain-ash or *rowan* tree, which grows wild in most of the mountain forests of Europe; and as its leaf very nearly resembles the shape of the ash, it takes its name from that circumstance. It seldom attains a greater height than twenty-five feet, but in spring its bunches of white and fragrant blossoms, and in autumn its beautiful scarlet berries, combine to make it an elegant addition to the foliage. Wordsworth describes the mountain-ash in October as

— "decked with autumnal berries,
That outshine spring's richest blossoms."

The white beam tree, and other plants of a similar nature, are also covered at this season with scarlet berries. It is seldom, however, that the ash becomes beautiful in autumn; for the leaves generally fall with the first frost, or become shrivelled up as if scorched. The beech, on the contrary, is, perhaps, one of the most beautiful of all

trees in its autumnal tints; for it then displays various shades of the richest yellows and browns, and frequently retains its leaves till the next spring.

The sycamore, or great maple, by which name it is equally well known, forms an impenetrable shade, and often receives well contrasted masses of light. If its bark has not the furrowed roughness of the oak, it has a seamy, gnarled, and knotted bark as picturesque. The largest known is that at Bishopston, in Renfrewshire, which has grown to sixty feet in height, and twenty in girth. This tree is known to have been planted before the Reformation, and is supposed to be not less than 300 years old, yet it has the appearance of being perfectly sound. An American geographer calls it the king of the western forest, and states that it is the largest tree in their woods, rising in the most graceful form, with vast spreading lateral branches covered with bark of a brilliant white. A hollow trunk of still larger dimensions was exhibited in New York a few years ago. It was placed on its side, and the interior, when stocked with pianoforte, sofas, and the other furniture of a drawing-room, would still hold forty or fifty people. The homesteads in the north of England are overshadowed generally by this tree. Wordsworth, in giving us a prose sketch of a mountain cottage in the Lake district, does not forget "the cluster of embowering sycamores for summer shade," and Cowper happily describes it as

"Capricious in attire:
Now green, now tawny, and ere autumn yet
Has changed the woods, in scarlet honours
bright."

The weeping willow was only introduced into England during the last century, and the first specimen was brought from the banks of the Euphrates, where the tree abounds. There is a story told, to which even some credit has been attached, that we are indebted to the poet Pope for the introduction. It is stated, that having received a present of figs from Turkey, he observed that one twig of the basket which contained them was putting out a bud; that he planted it in his garden at Twickenham, where it soon grew to a fine tree, and that from this tree all the weeping willows in England have proceeded. Who does not call up, at the very mention of this tree, the figure of the crazed Ophelia and her fantastic garlands?

"There is a willow grows aslant the brook,
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy
stream."

Yonder gawky poplar forms a curious contrast with it; its chief beauty consists in the graceful manner in which its topmost branches wave to and fro in the wind, when shaken by the slightest breeze. The poplar was originally brought from Lombardy, and in the south of France it is extensively culti-

vated for avenues and approaches to old chateaux and baronial halls. Of the larch, we can only praise its durability of timber. The acacia was one of the first trees introduced into Europe from the new continent, having been brought from Canada and cultivated in France about the year 1601. Its foliage is extremely light and elegant, and the flowers, which are in the form of pendent branches, are white, and sweetly scented. These blossoms, scattered over a foliage of delicate green, render the acacia a most elegant embellishment to a garden. In 1720 this tree was very scarce in England, but a specimen is noticed growing in Old Palace Yard, Westminster, and another in front of Russell House, Bloomsbury. The acacia makes an excellent natural barometer, for its leaves invariably droop before rain. Do we not now feel that

"Tis good to go forth among scenes like these,
'Mid music, and sunshine, and flowers, and trees,
If 'twere only to waken the deep love that springs
At the sight of all lovely and innocent things!"
(To be concluded in our next.)

REMARKABLE CASES OF FRAUD AND IMPOSTURE.

NO. XLII.—BOOK FIFTH.

It was believed for many years that Dr. Paley's celebrated treatise on "Natural Theology" was entirely suggested by and carved out of the natural resources of his own mind; that he had collected all the materials, and arranged them according to his own ideas of method; and that he was, in the fullest sense of the words, an original thinker and illustrator of this department of human knowledge. This, however, is not the case. It has been recently shown that his work is a mere running commentary on another publication, to the author of which he has acted with great injustice. He has taken the leading arguments and illustrations of his "Natural Theology" from a book of the same nature, written by Dr. Nieuwenty, of Holland, and published at Amsterdam, about the year 1700.*

The gentleman who first gave publicity to this literary fraud states that he has looked carefully through the edition of the doctor's work of 1803, through that edited by Paxen, in 1826, and through the last by Lord Brougham and Sir Charles Bell; and he finds that Paley mentions Nieuwenty's name only once,—thus: "Dr. Nieuwenty, in his 'Leipsic Transactions,' reckons upon one hundred muscles that are employed every time we breathe." Here the foreign

philosopher is recognised, together with the nature of the subject on which he had written. Now, it so happens that the whole of the Dutchman's work first appeared in the "Leipsic Transactions;" so that Paley must at any rate have seen it in this detailed form. But there can be little doubt that he was well acquainted with the translation of the complete work, executed by Mr. Chamberlayne, and published by Messrs. Longman and Co., in 1718-19.

Doubtless every one of our readers has either read or heard of the celebrated novel of "Gil Blas." Until the year 1820 it was almost universally believed that this work was the original production of a well-known French writer, Monsieur Le Sage. But in that year Don Juan Antonio Lorente published a book in which he maintained:

1. That "Gil Blas" and the "Bachelier de Salamanque," were originally one and the same romance.
2. That the author of this romance was a Spaniard.
3. That his name was Don Antonio de Solla y Ribadeneira.
4. That Le Sage turned the single romance into two; repeating in both the same stories slightly modified, and mixing them up with other translations from Spanish novels.

The steps by which the argument that "Gil Blas" is taken from a Spanish MS. proceeds are few and direct. It abounds in facts and allusions which none but a Spaniard could know; this is the first step. It abounds in errors that no Spaniard could make; this is the second step, and leads to the conclusion that the true explanation of its origin must reconcile these apparent contradictions.

A Spanish MS. accounts for this inconsistency, as it would furnish the transcriber with the most intimate knowledge of local habits, names, and usages; while, at the same time, it would not guard him against mistakes which negligence or haste, or the difficulty of deciphering a MS. in a language with which the transcriber was by no means critically acquainted, must occasion. Still less would it guard him against errors which would almost inevitably arise from the insertion of other Spanish novels, or the endeavour to give the work a false claim to originality, by alluding to topics fashionable in the city and age when the work was copied.

The chief points of resemblance between Gil Blas and the Bachelier de Salamanque are the following:—

1. The Bachelier de Salamanque is remarkable for his logical subtilty—so is Gil Blas.
2. The doctor of Salamanque, by whom the bachelor is supported after his father's death, is avaricious—so is Gil Blas's uncle, the canon of Oviedo Gil Perez.

* This work was largely quoted by Chateaubriand, in his "Beauséjour de Christianité."

3. The doctor recommends the bachelor of Salamanca to obtain a situation as tutor—the canon gives similar advice to Gil Blas.

4. The bachelor is dissuaded from becoming a tutor—Fabricio dissuades Gil Blas from taking the same situation.

5. A friar of Madrid makes it his business to find vacant places for tutors—a friar of Cordova, in "Gil Blas," does the same.

6. The bachelor is obliged to leave Madrid because he is the favoured lover of Donna Lucia de Padilla—Gil Blas is obliged to leave the Marquise de Chaves for the same reason.

7. Bartolome, the comedian, encourages his wife's intrigues—Melchior Zapata does the same.

8. The lover of Donna Francisca, in Granada, is a foreign nobleman kept there by important business—the situation of the Marquis de Marialva is the same.

9. The comedian abandons an old and liberal lover for Fonseca, who is young and poor—Laura prefers Louis de Alaga to his rival for the same reason.

10. Bartolome, to deceive Francisca, assumes the name of Don Pompeio de la Cueva—to deceive Laura, Gil Blas pretends to be Don Fernando de Ribera.

11. "Le Bachelier" contains repeated allusions to Dominican friars, and particularly to Cillo Carambola—similar allusions abound in "Gil Blas," where Louis de Alaga, confessor of Philip III., is particularly mentioned.

12. The character of Diego Cintillo, in the "Bachelier de Salamanca," is identical with that of Manuel Ordonez in "Gil Blas."

13. An aunt of the Duke of Uzeda obtains for the bachelor the place of secretary in the minister's office—Gil Blas obtains the same post by means of an uncle of the Count of Olivarez.

14. The bachelor, whilst secretary of Uzeda, assists in bringing about his patron's daughter's marriage—Gil Blas does the same whilst secretary of the Duke of Olivarez.

15. Francisca, the actress, is shut up in a convent at Carthage, because the corregidor's son falls in love with her—Laura, in "Gil Blas," is shut up in a convent, because the corregidor's only son falls in love with her.

16. The adventures of Francisca and Laura resemble each other.

17. So do those of Toston and Scipio.

18. Toston and Scipio both lose their wives; and both disbelieve in reality, though they think proper to accept, the excuses they make on their return.

19. Finally, in "Gil Blas" we find a vivid description of the habits and manners prevalent in the European dominions of Spain during the reigns of Philip III. and Philip IV. But in no part of "Gil Blas" do we find any allusion to the habits and manners

of the viceroy's canons, nuns, and monks of America; and yet Scipio is dispatched with a lucrative commission to New Spain. It may fairly be inferred, therefore, that so vast a portion of the Spanish monarchy did not escape the notice of the attentive critic who wrote "Gil Blas;" and the silence can only be accounted for by the fact, that the principal anecdotes relating to America were reserved to make out the "Bachelier de Salamanca," from the remainder of which "Gil Blas" was taken.

All his critics agree, that, though well qualified to embellish the ideas of others, and master of a flowing and agreeable style, Le Sage was not an inventive or original writer. Such is the language of Voltaire, M. de la Martinière, and of Chardin, and M. Nefohatean; and yet it is to a person of this description that the authorship of "Gil Blas," second only to "Don Quixote" in prose works of fiction, has been attributed.

The story of "Gil Blas" contains the names of no less than one hundred and three Spanish villages and towns of inferior importance; many of them are unknown out of Spain. There are also cited the names of thirteen dukes, of which four only are fictitious. It is remarkable also, that one title cited in "Gil Blas" (that of Admirante de Castilla) did not exist when Le Sage published his romance. There are the names of not only thirty-one families of the highest class in Spain, but twenty-five names belonging to less illustrious, but still distinguished families; and twenty-nine names really Spanish, but applied to imaginary characters. This makes a list of eighty-five names, which it seems impossible for any writer acquainted only with the lighter parts of Spanish literature to have accumulated. Nor must we forget to say that there are forty-five names, intended to explain the character of those to whom they are given (like Mrs. Slipslop and Parson Trulliber), retained by "Gil Blas," notwithstanding the loss of their original signification.

Were there no other argument, the case for Spain might almost safely be rested on this issue. But this is not all, since the mistakes, orthographical and geographical, which abound in the French edition of "Gil Blas," carry the argument still further, and place it beyond the reach of reasonable contradiction. The reader will observe, that much of the question depends upon the fact, admitted on all sides, that Le Sage did not transcribe his version from any printed work, but from a manuscript. Had Le Sage merely inserted stories here and there taken from Spanish romances, his claims as an original writer would hardly be much shaken by their discovery, supposing the plot, with which they were skillfully interwoven, and the main bulk and stamina of the story, to be his own. But where the errors are such as can only be

accounted for by mistakes, not of the press, but of the copies of a manuscript, and are fully accounted for in that manner—where they are so thickly sown, as to show that they were not errors made by a person with a printed volume before his eyes, but by a person deciphering a manuscript written in a language of which he had only a superficial acquaintance, no candid inquirer will hesitate as to the inference to which such facts lead, and by which alone they can be reconciled with the profound and intimate knowledge of Spanish literature, habits, and manners, to which we have before adverted. The reader must also remember that *Le Sage never was in Spain*. For these reasons then, which depend on the nature of the thing, and which no testimony can alter—reasons which we cannot reject without abandoning all those principles which carry with them the most certain instruction, and are the surest guides of human life—we think the main fact contended for by M. Llorente, that is, the Spanish origin of "Gil Blas," undeniable; and the subordinate and collateral points of his system invested with a high degree of probability; the falsehood of a conclusion fairly drawn from such premises as we have pointed out would be nearer akin to a metaphysical impossibility; and so long as the light of every other gem that glitters in a nation's diadem is faint and feeble when compared with the splendour of intellectual glory, Spain will owe a debt of gratitude to him among her sons who has placed upon her brow the jewel which France has kept so long, and worn so ostentatiously.*

LIFE ASSURANCE.

IN making provision for misfortune, old age, and death, there is no system of investment which holds out so many and so great advantages as life assurance. Any one who has held a life policy, in a good office for some years, will have no difficulty in meeting any temporary and unforeseen pressure. A life policy is superior to the advantages held out by burial societies, sick clubs, savings' banks, etc. A person may contribute to a burial society for years, and yet never receive any benefit. A simple case will show the superiority of this kind of investment over every other. Suppose one party, A, aged thirty-five, pays 5*l*. into the savings' bank, and another party, B, aged thirty-five, pays 5*l*. into this office. What are now their relative positions? If A dies during the first year, his representatives, of course, will be entitled to the 5*l*. which he placed in the savings' bank, and the interest for the time; but if B dies, his representatives

will be entitled to the handsome sum of 150*l*. B, by his prudence and discrimination, has secured at once as much as A could accumulate by placing his 5*l*. in the savings' bank, and allowing the interest to accumulate for twenty-five years at least. Now, if any thing happens to A and B, which is most likely to get out of his difficulty? Or suppose that they are taken ill, which is most likely to recover, if it is true that the mind affects the body; would it not be the one whose mind is at rest as to a provision for his nearest and dearest.

Several objections have been urged against life assurance, but whether they will bear a close investigation is another question. One party says, I acknowledge the duty, importance, and advantage of life assurance, and should very much like to have a policy, but I cannot at present spare the money. This may be answered by one or two plain questions. You know that life is uncertain to every one; suppose then any thing happens to you, what would be the position of your wife and family? Many parties with as large families as yours make as good an appearance as you do, and yet they have 20*l*. a year less than you have: could you not manage as they do, and invest this 20*l*. for your family? Do you suppose that for the sake of keeping up appearances you are justified in neglecting to make a provision for your family? Are you not by your procrastination exposing the community in which you reside to a serious risk, and it may be your parish to much expense, and your widow and orphans to much insult and suffering? Another party says, I do not see why I should deny myself the "comforts" of life for the sake of those who are to live after me—the world is before my children as it was before me, and they have had a much better education than I ever had, and have had more indulgences. In reply to this it may be stated, that you have only to deny yourself the "luxuries" of life, not its "comforts," to gain what is wished. The argument which you have stated for not making a provision for your family, is the strongest possible for doing it. What right have you to place your children in a position in which you cannot retain them; and to give them high notions, which, so far as you are concerned, you have neither the power nor the intention to realise for them. Analyse your feelings, and you will find that your reason is closely allied to the strongest selfishness. Selfishness, next to ignorance, is the greatest barrier to the general adoption of life assurance. It has also been urged against life assurance, that a young man engaged in business could make more of his money by employing it in his trade than by locking it up in a life office. To this it may be answered, that if the young man were certain of living to be an old man, and of

* The learned reader will find a far more extended account of this literary fraud than we could possibly give, in No. 344 of "Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine," June 1844.

being successful in his undertakings, then the argument would be good; but as long as the life of even a young man is uncertain, and the success of the best conducted business uncertain, so long will the investment of a certain portion of every one's earnings in a life office be prudent and safe.

PARTIES TO WHOM LIFE ASSURANCE IS VALUABLE.

1. To husbands and fathers, to make provision after their death for their widows and children.
2. To the young, to make provision for themselves in declining years.
3. To the possessors of entailed estates, to provide for the younger branches of their families.
4. To parents, to provide endowments for children.
5. In marriage contracts, to secure the terms of settlement.
6. To creditors, to compensate the loss which the death of their creditors might occasion.
7. To the borrower, to secure in case of death a fund to repay the loan.
8. To the holder of a lease dependent on a life or lives, to provide a fund to meet the fine, increase of rent, or loss of capital which may ensue.
9. To expectants of property in reversion, to ensure a portion of it against contingency.
10. To purchasers of annuities on the lives of others, to secure the capital paid out.
11. To all who have a pecuniary interest, in the existence of a life, to guard that interest from total ruin through failure of that life.

THE FIRST PIGS IN SCOTLAND.

ABOUT the year 1720, a person in the parish of Ruthwell, in Dumfriesshire, called the "Gademan o' the Brow," received a young swine as a present from some distant part, which seems to have been the first ever seen in that part of the country. This pig having strayed across the Lochar into the adjoining parish of Carlavroo, a woman who was herding cattle on the marsh, by the sea-side, was very much alarmed at the sight of a living creature that she had never seen or heard of before, approaching her straight from the shore as if it had come out of the sea, and ran towards home, at the village of Blackshaw, screaming. As she ran, the pig ran snorting and grunting after her, seeming glad that it had met with a companion. She arrived at the village so exhausted and terrified, that before she could get her story told she fainted away. By the time she came to herself, a crowd of people had collected to see what was the matter, when she told them that "there was a dell came out of the

sea with two horns in his head, and chased her, roaring and gaping all the way at her heels, and she was sure it was not far off." A man called Wills Tom, an old school-master, said if he could see it he would "cunger the diel," and got a Bible and an old sword. The pig immediately started behind his back with a loud grumph, which put him into such a fright that his hair stood upright on his head, and he was obliged to be carried home, half dead.

The whole crowd ran, some one way and some another; some reached the house-tops, and others shut themselves in barns and byres. At last one on the house-top called out it was "the Gademan o' the Brow's grumphy," he having seen it before. Thus the affair was settled, and the people reconciled.

Next day, the pig was conveyed over the Lochar; and on its way home, near the dusk of evening, it came grunting up to two men who were pulling thistles on the farm of Cockpool. Alarmed at the sight, they mounted two old horses they had tethered beside them, intending to make their way home; but the pig getting between them and the horses, caused them to scamper out of the way and land in Lochar Moss, where one of the horses was drowned, and the other with difficulty relieved. The night being dark, they were afraid to part from one another to call for assistance, lest the monster should find them out and attack them singly; nor did they dare to speak above their breath for fear of being devoured.

At daybreak, next morning, they took a different course, by Cumlogan Castle, and made their way home, where they found their families much alarmed on account of their absence. They said that they had seen a creature about the size of a dog, with two horns on its head, and cloven feet, roaring out like a lion, and if they had not galloped away it would have torn them to pieces.

The pig happened to lay all night among the corn where the men were pulling thistles, and about daybreak set forward on his journey for the Brow. One Gabriel Gunion, mounted on a long-tailed grey colt, with a load of white fish in a pair of creels swung over the beast, encountered the pig, which went nigh among the horse's feet and gave a snork. The colt, being as much frightened as Gabriel, wheeled about and scampered off sneezing, with his tail on his "riggen," at full gallop. Gabriel cut the slings and dropped the creels, the colt soon dismounted his rider, and, going like the wind, with his tail up, never stopped till he came to Barnkirk Point, where he took the Solway Frith and landed at Bowness, on the Cumberland side. Gabriel, by the time he got up, saw the pig within sight, took to his heels, as the colt was quite gone, and reached Cumlogan wood in time to hide himself, where he stayed all that day and night, and

next morning got home almost exhausted. He told a dreadful story. The fright caused him to imagine the pig as big as a calf, having long horns, eyes like trenchers, and a back like a hedgehog! He lost his fish; the colt, however, was got back, but never did more good. Gabriel himself fell into a consumption and died about a year afterwards.

About the same time a vessel came to Glencaple quay, a little below Dumfries, that had some swine aboard; one of them having got out of the vessel in the night, was seen on the farm of Newmain next morning. The alarm was spread, and a number of people collected. The animal got many different names, and at last was concluded to be a "brock" (a badger). Some got pitchforks, some clubs, and others old swords, and a hot pursuit ensued; the chase lasted a considerable time, owing to the pursuers losing heart when near their prey, and retreating. One Robs Geordy, having a little more courage than the rest, ran "neck or nothing" forcibly upon the animal and run it through with a pitchfork, for which he got the name of "atout-hearted Geordy" all his life after.

Such were the mishaps which occurred on the first introduction of pigs into Scotland; at least so says our authority, Mr. J. Henderson, in a work ("On the Breeding of Swine") which was published in 1814.

USEFUL RECIPES.

BRITISH WINE-MAKING.

WINE FROM RIPE GOOSEBERRIES.—This is made much after the method pursued in using unripe grapes. If red berries are used, not more than a tint of flesh colour will be communicated to the wine, the colouring matter being precipitated during the process. Bruise ten gallons of ripe gooseberries in a tub, and leave them in that state for twenty-four hours, at the end of which time the pulp must be placed either in a haircloth or canvass bag and pressed; return the remaining pulp into the tub, and pour on it four gallons of hot water, mixing it well up, leaving it in the tub about twelve hours, and then pressing out the liquor as before. Mix the first and second liquors together, and throw away the exhausted pulp. To every five gallons of the mixed liquor add fourteen and a half pounds of white sugar, or fifteen of moist; white sugar contains more sweetness, and best preserves the flavour of wines. The sugar must be completely dissolved and mixed with the liquor: and if it is then left to itself, after some hours it will begin to ferment. Should the weather be very cool; the liquor should

be placed near a fire. As the fermentation proceeds, the liquor becomes less and less sweet, till, at the completion of the fermentation, the sweetness will have entirely disappeared, and consequently the progress of the fermentation may be readily watched by tasting the liquor from time to time. The less ripeness the fruit possesses, the sooner, and at lower temperature, will the fermentation take place. When the fruit is over ripe, or when the weather is very cool, the last part of the sugar will sometimes remain a long time unaltered, and the fermentation be suspended. In this case, placing the vessel near the fire will always renew the fermentation: but should the weather be warm, and the fermentation so rapid as to endanger the wine souring, which, however, will never happen with a quantity under ten or twenty gallons in each tub, the danger may be avoided by skimming off the yeast, and racking off the wine from the lees. When the fermentation is over, the wine is to be racked off as clear as possible, and put in a cask which it exactly fills; it must then be closely bunged, and set by in a cool cellar for a great length of time. Five years in the wood will not be a day too long; at the end of this period it may be bottled, and will be in high perfection: in a shorter period it may be tolerable. The impatience and curiosity of domestic wine-makers it is that cause such frequent failure in the manufacture of British wine: it is seldom or never kept long enough to get sufficiently mellow.

ELDERBERRY WINE.—To six gallons of berries add seven of water, a quarter of a pound of allspice, two ounces of ginger, with a few cloves. Boil this *marc* about half an hour,—it will then perhaps have wasted to seven or eight gallons. Squeeze the berries well through a sieve, adding to every gallon three pounds and a half of moist sugar; the quantity, then, will be sufficient for a nine gallon cask. The sugar being added, boil till the liquor becomes clear, taking the scum off clean as it rises. Remove it to a cool place, and put it in the cask when lukewarm, putting into it a piece of toasted bread dipped in thick yeast. Should fermentation not have taken place on the next day, a small quantity of wine being taken out and made to boil, and then replaced in the cask, will most probably excite it; if not, another piece of bread dipped in yeast, as before, must be added: let it remain about a week. When the fermentation has subsided, fill up the cask, and bung it down closely. One bushel and a half of berries will generally yield six gallons of juice.

MADE WITHOUT WATER.—Take ripe elderberries, and scald them in a stew-pan or other convenient vessel; bruise them completely, and press out the juice by straining through a flannel or canvass bag, if you

* Extracted from "The Housekeeper's Manual," published by Cradock & Co., 48, Paternoster-row.

have not a press. To every quart of juice put a pound of moist sugar, which, when dissolved in the juice, must be boiled, and the scum taken off. When it is nearly cold, put to it a toast of bread well soaked in yeast; let it ferment two or three days, then put it into the cask in which you design to keep it. If you add water to the juice, you must increase the quantity of sugar in proportion; and it will require longer keeping to complete the fermentation. Some add spices; this is a mere matter of taste. If no water is used, and it is kept in a tolerably warm temperature, it will most probably be fit for bottling in six months.

RED CURRANT WINE.—Take three gallons of perfectly ripe currants, picked clean from the stalks or other impurities; press out the juice, pour four and a half gallons of cold water on the remaining cake of fruit, well breaking it up in the water, and frequently stirring it, that it may all be equally infused. Press out the liquor, and mix it with the juice of the fruit; add fourteen pounds of loaf sugar, and an ounce of powdered red tartar (see that the sugar is all dissolved); then put the whole into a cask which the liquor does not entirely fill; put in a bung with a hole made by a gimlet through it, and keep the cask a month in a warm kitchen or room where the temperature never falls low. At the end of the month the fermentation will have greatly abated. Then add three pounds of sugar dissolved in two quarts of warm water, shake and roll the cask well, and put the same bung in again. The fermentation will then go on again for another month, or perhaps nearly two. During the whole time of fermentation, the temperature must be kept up to seventy degrees, placing the cask beside the fire at night, or when it may be necessary. When it has totally ceased, which may be known by listening at the bung-hole, the clear liquor must be drawn off carefully from the sediment, and two quarts of the best French brandy be added to it. Put it into a cask in a cellar for two months; the liquor is then to be again racked off clear, and put in a clean but not a new cask, which it must exactly fill. It will make about six gallons. Bung it tightly down, and leave it in a cool cellar for three years at the least; but if it is left for five years, it will be much better.

RAISIN WINE.—Allow for every gallon of clear soft water seven pounds of good raisins. Remember, the better the raisins the better the wine; chop the raisins, and pour on them the water, tolerably hot, let them stand for twelve hours; then press out the juice, and on the marc pour one or two gallons more of hot water. The whole water employed must preserve the proportion of seven pounds of fruit to the gallon. After twelve hours, again press out the liquor. Mix the two liquors, and add rather

less than a pound of white sugar to each gallon. When it is perfectly dissolved, a fermentation will soon begin; when this is over the liquor is to be racked into a clean cask, left bunged up for three months, after which it is to be again racked; a little isinglass may be added to fine it, and the whole to be returned to the cask, which, being full, must be closely bunged. It is to remain twelve months, when it may be bottled.

MEAD.—Old bottled mead, as a wine, bears a very high character. There is an anecdote extant of a gentleman in Spain treating his friends with a bottle of this liquor, when they eagerly inquired what wine it was, being in their opinion the richest and finest they had ever tasted. To make good mead, the honey-comb should be employed, out of which the honey has been just drained; pour on the comb boiling water enough to cover it; when the honey has all been extracted, remove the comb, and add as much honey as may be requisite to give it sufficient sweetness; after boiling, let it cool, and then set it to work with a toast dipped in yeast. Mead should remain a year at least in cask before bottling. It may be made by those who do not keep bees, and, consequently, cannot have the honey-comb to use. In this case three pounds of honey are generally used for every gallon of water: various condiments are sometimes added, such as scraped ginger, cinnamon, cloves, rosemary, &c. The simplest, and perhaps the best addition, is a little lemon peel. Those who desire a very strong mead put four pounds of honey to a gallon of water. It is fermented and managed like other wines, but always requires to be kept long.

A YANKEE'S NOTION OF MACBETH.—"After having witnessed the performance, from what I could make out of the play I don't think Macbeth was a good moral character; and his lady appeared to me to possess a tarnation dictatorial temper, and to have exceedingly loose notions of hospitality,—which, together with an unpleasant habit of talking to herself and walking about *en chemise*, must make her a decidedly unpleasant companion."

BEECH TREES AND LIGHTNING.—Having frequently heard that the beech tree was never struck with lightning, I felt dubious about the fact. All doubts on this subject are satisfactorily set at rest—at least to my satisfaction; for during a severe thunder-storm in Northumberland, the lightning struck a beech tree, descended down the trunk, and ploughed up the soil to a distance of twenty yards from the base of the tree. The beech tree, therefore, has no more claim than other trees to be considered a non-conductor of electricity.—*Correspondent of the Gardeners' Chronicle.*

POPULAR PASTIMES.

SOLUTIONS TO ENIGMAS, REBUSSES, RIDDLE,
AND CHARADES IN OUR LAST NUMBER.

DINNER.

1. Rag-out.
2. Bee-f.
3. Lamb. (Balm)
4. Ham.
5. Tongue.
6. Salmon (d).
7. Bar-bel (le)
8. Chickens.
9. Pot-a-toe.
10. Caul: flower
11. Spin-ach (e).
12. Cabbage.
13. Peas (P's).

DESSERT.

1. O'range.
2. Dam-sour.
3. G-rapes.
4. Cur-rants.

5. P-ears.
6. Plumbs.

REBUSES

1. Wolsey — Emerald —
Luna — Lavolta — Ichor
— Nepenthe — Galaxy
— Tamarind — Opium
— Nightingale. *Initials*
— Wellington.

2. Reap — Rape — Fear —
Pare — Ear — Pea — Apo
— A E.

RIDDLE.

Island of St. Helena.

CHARADES.

1. O-pin-ion.
2. Fur-long.
3. Sovereign.

TITLES OF ECCLESIASTICAL PERSONAGES
ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

1. One-half of an account, and a place for the sale of goods.
2. One-half of an exploit, and two-fifths of a celestial spirit.
3. One-half of a royal personage, joined to one-half of that which he commands by rectitude.
4. Part of a circle, one-half of so divide, and another name for a dance.
5. One-half of a physician's prescription, and a high hill.
6. Three-fourths of a name given to that which is beloved, and to read attentively.
7. One-half of the name of a fruit-tree, and a light carriage.
8. Three-fourths of a fraction, and a near relation.

GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLE.

For ages I have wandered
Down mountain, vale, and plain;
My course is always onward,
I ne'er return again.
Beyond the bounds of Europe
I try in vain to roam;
Restless on land, I fain would make
The boundless sea my home.
I shine in ancient story,
My path proud warriors cross'd,
And shed on me such glory
As never shall be lost.
Then weigh my fame,
And give my name.

VENUS.

ANAGRAMS.

Metals.

1. Deal. — 2. Liver. — 3. A tin of paint. —
4. Tea-thing.

Animals.

1. Gun. — 2. Shore. — 3. Road. — 4. Tag. —
5. Saw eels.

C. R. SLATER.

REBUS.

Complete, I am a magistrate, I ween;
Curtailed, and a county in Ireland will be
seen;
Curtailed again, and straightway will appear
The name of a month, the fairest of the
year;
Curtailed again, when there will greet your
eye
A fond name for one dear both to you and I;
Now, if by chance I am curtailed again,
You will find that a thousand does remain.
H. MAYER.

RIDDLE.

I'm a strange contradiction; I'm new and
I'm old;
I'm often in tatters, and oft deck'd with
gold—
Though I never could read, yet letter'd I'm
found;
Though blind, I enlighten; though loose I
am bound.
I am always in black, and I'm always in
white;
I am grave, and I'm gay, and I'm heavy and
light;
In form, too, I differ, I'm thick and I'm thin;
I'm no flesh, nor bone, yet I'm covered with
skin.
I've more points than the compass, more
notes than the flute;
I sing without voice, without speaking con-
fute;
I'm English, I'm German, I'm French, and
I'm Dutch;
I often die soon, though I sometimes live
ages;
And no monarch alive has so many pages.

YOUNG LEWIS.

CONUNDRUMS.

1. What piece of furniture, beheaded, becomes a young girl?
2. What animal, beheaded, becomes a grain?
3. What flower, beheaded, becomes a liquid?
4. What bird, beheaded, becomes part of a man's dress?
5. What grain, beheaded, becomes an animal?
6. What metal, beheaded, denotes age?
G. M. F. G — Y.
7. What other word, besides *facetious*, contains the vowels, and each in its proper place?
H. MAYER.
8. Why is a printer the cleverest of men?
9. What do we, when, to increase the effect, we diminish the cause?
TREBLE.

THERE are in Great Britain alone no fewer than 787 different trades and occupations connected with manufactures. The number of persons of all ages engaged in them amount to 3,110,376.

FACTS AND SCRAPS.

MANUFACTURE OF BUTTER.—The following results are derived from the experiments of Professor Trail, as detailed in the "Transactions of the Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland:"—1. That the addition of some cold water facilitates the process of the separation of butter, especially when the cream is thick and the weather hot. 2. That cream alone is more easily churned than a mixture of cream and milk. 3. That butter produced from sweet cream has the finest flavour when fresh, and appears to keep longer without acquiring acidity; but the buttermilk so obtained is poor, and small in quantity. 4. That the scalding of the cream, according to the Devonshire method, yields the largest quantity of butter, which, if intended for immediate use, is agreeable to the palate, and readily saleable; but if intended to be salted, is most liable to acquire, by keeping, a rancid flavour. The process of scalding is troublesome, and the milk after the removal of the cream is poor, and often would be unsaleable, from the taste it has acquired from the heating. 5. That churning the milk and cream together after they have become slightly acid, seems to be the most economical process, on the whole, because it yields a large quantity of excellent butter, and the butter-milk of good quality. 6. That the keeping of butter in a sound state appears to depend on its being obtained as free from uncombined albumen or casein and water as it can be, by means of washing and working the butter when taken from the churn.

THE DANGER OF WET CLOTHES.—Evaporation always produces cold, because the heat which is required to convert water into steam must be withdrawn from the surrounding medium; hence, wet summers are often succeeded by cold winters, the great evaporation produced by the excessive moisture having reduced the temperature of the earth. That evaporation produces cold, may be immediately proved by moistening the palm of the hand, and exposing it to the wind, thus causing evaporation, when cold will be very sensibly felt, and the more so if we use a volatile fluid, such as sal volatile or spirits of wine, the greater rapidity with which they evaporate producing a greater degree of cold. It is from this reason that remaining in wet clothes is so dangerous; the evaporation that takes place during the time they are drying carries away so large a portion of heat from the body, as almost certainly to induce cold, and all the thousand diseases which follow in its train. When a person is obliged to remain in wet clothes, the best method to adopt is to prevent evaporation by covering them with a mackintosh, or any other garment which will best keep the moisture in; and if this is effectually done, the person will feel little

inconvenience from his damp clothes; the warmth of the body will soon communicate itself to the damp garments under the mackintosh, and, as the steam cannot escape through it, there is nothing to produce a greater degree of cold than if the garments had been dry.—*Scientific Phenomena of Domestic Life.*

"BREECHES OF FAITH," screamed Mrs. Partington, as she heard that term applied to Mexican violations of the armistice. "Well, I wonder what they will have next. I have heard tell of 'cloaks of hypocrisy,' and 'robes of purity,' but I never heard of 'breeches of faith' before."—*Boston Chronicle.*

THE CITY COMPANIES.—There are eighty-three City companies in the City of London; forty-one of which—nearly a half—are without halls. Some exist merely for the sake of the charities at their disposal—or for the annual dinners on the 9th of November, which the bequests of members, anterior perhaps to the Reformation, enable them to discuss. Others exist but nominally—like the Bowyers, Fletchers, and Long Bowstring-makers; and some, like the Patten-makers, owing to the smallness of the fees which they exact from those who are obliged to take up the freedom of the City. Of the twelve great companies, as they are called, upwards of two-thirds are rich,—not from what they make, but from what they possess. The acting companies are really very few in number. The Goldsmiths' (one of the twelve great companies) is perhaps the chief; and after the Goldsmiths', the Stationers'—a company rather low in point of time (for printing was a late invention), but certainly one of the most important. All our great stationers, and printers, and booksellers were members of this company—Tottell and Oken, Moseley and Herringman, Tonson and Lintot, Curil and Cave, Ben Tooke and Ben Motte, Dodsley and Andrew Miller, Bowyer and Richardson, Dilly and Joseph Johnson, Cadell and Newbery, John Murray and Thomas Longman; and all sent their books to be "Entered at Stationers' Hall."

To enjoy reasonably is the great lesson of human life; but a lesson which few have learned, and none less than those who proclaim themselves masters of art in it.—*Young.*

THE most cherished virtues of an age are those whose antagonistic vices are the strongest. In rude times, when the law of might was the only rule, men, as beasts, took all that they might gain by power; the reaction produced the virtue of hospitality. The heroic veneration of age trod on the footsteps of the barbarian's deification of strength and valor; and now, when a refined civilization has checked the natural impulses, it is well to eling fast by the affections, lest a false and dazzling refinement banish these too, as over rude and rough.

"A STEAM-BOAT," Jonathan says, "has got a saw-mill on one side, and a grist-mill on t'other, and a blacksmith's shop in the middle; and down cellar there's a tarnation great pot boiling all the time."

THE literary returns of the United Kingdom, in 1743, were unquestionably little more 100,000*l.* per annum. What has multiplied them twenty-fold? Is it the contraction or the widening of the market—the exclusion or the diffusion of knowledge? The whole course of our literature has been that of a gradual and certain spread from the few to the many—from a luxury to a necessity—as much so as the spread of the cotton or the silk trade. Henry VIII. paid 12*s.* a yard for a silk gown for Anne Boleyn—a sum equal to five guineas a yard of our day. Upon whom do the silk merchants now rely—upon the few Anne Boleyns, or the thousands who can buy a silk gown at half-a-crown a yard? The printing machine has done for the commerce of literature what the mule and the Jacquard loom have done for the commerce of silk. It has made literature accessible to all.

WHY is an old orchard like the 'toothache'?—Because it is almost beyond bearing.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

ESSAYS ADDRESSED TO THE EMPLOYER AND THE EMPLOYEE. (R. Diddle, Holywell-street, 1848).—This clever little book contains fifteen essays on as many important subjects. We recommend it strongly to the notice of our readers. It may be as well to state that these essays first appeared in *Douglas Jerrold's Weekly Newspaper*.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, No. 324 Strand.

YOUNG CHESTWOOD (Manchester).—We were much gratified with the communication of the 14th ult. Please to accept our thanks.

W. JOHNSON (Stones).—We return you and our friend H. M. many thanks for the valuable services you have already performed for us.

A. SUPPORTER (Manchester).—We still believe the statement is correct, although we have not personally verified it.

LANCASHIRE.—When a convenient opportunity occurs it shall be inserted. Thanks.

W. L.—We would advise you to prepare the concentrated essence of samaparilla; it is, in many respects, far superior to decoction, syrup, or powder. One table-spoonful, mixed with half a pint of spring-water, is equal to half a pint of the decoction.

W. B.—The following is an admirable prescription for a sudden headache.—Mix one teaspoonful of sweet spirits of nitre in a wine-glass of water. It may be taken two or three times a day. The vapour of vinegar is beneficial, when inhaled, for the relief of inflammatory sore throat.—Apply at Harolds' College.

H. MATHE.—We have so return our thanks to this correspondent for his kind communication. The quotation from the "Biblethorpe Saga" shall be forwarded to the party.

WILLIAM BARBER.—Tincture of rhatany, in combination with charcoal, in the proportion of one part to three of the charcoal, forms an excellent tooth-powder. *Perfume for the Handkerchief*.—Spirit of wine, 1 pint, oil of lavender, 8 fluid drachms; oil of bergamot, 3 fluid drachms; extract of ambergris, 6 minims; camphor, 1 grain. To be well shaken every day during a fortnight, and then filtered.

II.—Thanks for the tale. We will give our decision respecting it after careful perusal.

CAUDRUS CMAK (Manchester).—We believe both the recipes are good. At most herb shops.

VOLUNA (Glasgow).—Suitable; they will appear in an early number.

BATA (Liverpool).—We must beg to decline the article. It is out of our province to insert articles on, strictly speaking, religious or political subjects.

JAMES LLEMMUP (Old Kent Road).—Not yet. A paper-hanger could give you better advice than we are able.

A DAVIS (Wapping).—Your suggestion, if carried out, would completely alter the universality of our work. We do not address any particular class or section of society.

J. JOHNSON.—There is a title-page to the first volume, which is intended to act as the title-page to the yearly volume.

DROCKWER.—We return our correspondent thanks for his remarks, and for his contributions.

V. S. (Richmond).—Your letter was very gratifying to us.

G. M. F. G.—Y (Putney).—Thanks.

JOHN GUTSOLE.—Received with thanks.

J. M. M. C. K. (Breckin).—We thank this correspondent for the extract from the "Scott's Magazine."

SAINT MONROE (Glasgow).—We will endeavour to find room for your contribution at an early period.

E. W. R.—Is the tale forwarded original?

FRANK.—Thanks.

LEO.—Some of them will appear in due time. We cannot answer your question; apply to the publisher.

G. ADcock (Byrton).—The charade shall appear shortly. Pronounced as *Silly*. Berytus, now Beirout, an ancient town of Phœnicia, on the coast of the Mediterranean, famous at one time for the study of law. We regret that we cannot oblige you further.

J. McLEAN (Edinburgh).—If, after perusal, we consider it worthy of insertion, the tale shall appear in the course of the fifth volume.

G. GLENNY is thanked for his communication.

T. Y. (Edinburgh).—We should be as much pleased as our correspondent if we could carry out some of the suggestions with which he has favoured us. But "they are not to be." Many thanks.

J. H. (Watford).—We regret the circumstance equally with our kind correspondent.

TYNO (Leeds).—We shall avail ourselves of the scraps kindly forwarded.

INCOE (Bridport).—Thanks.

J. W. R. (Manchester).—They will be available.

Please to accept of it thanks.

CONTRIBUTIONS RESPECTFULLY DECLINED.—Anecdotes, by H.; The Interdicted Lovers, by W. M.; The Joyous Day, by Jackson; Epitaph, by F. R.; Sonnet, by E. S.; Lines to a Little Boy, by H. C.—3; Poem on the River Yore, Yorkshire, by J. M. C.; Despondency, by T. E.—3; The Flag of Freedom, by J. M. L.; Railway Travelling, by D. Wilson; The Blind Mother, by H. Williams; A Sister's Orphan Charge, by L. L.; The German Student's Story, and A Mistake, by Victor's Son.

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TRACTS

For the People

A WEEKLY MISCELLANY OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE AND AMUSEMENT.

No. 48. Vol. V.] SATURDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1848. [PRICE ONE HALFPENNY.



[GREENWICH CASTLE, KENT.]

GREENWICH CASTLE.

THE above engraving represents Greenwich Castle, which formerly occupied the site of the present Royal Observatory; for the erection of which this castle was taken down in 1675.

As a royal residence in times past, Greenwich stands proudly conspicuous. Edward I. had an establishment there; Henry IV. dated his will, in 1403, from his "manor of Greenwich;" Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, in 1455, embattled the manor-house, and enclosed the park, within which he erected the building depicted above; Edward IV. enlarged and beautified this

palace, and Henry VII. resided much at Greenwich, and founded a convent there.

Greenwich was the birth-place of Henry VIII., who was baptised in the parish church, and there his marriage with Katherine of Arragon (in 1510), and with Anne of Cleves (in 1540), were celebrated with great pomp. Edward VI. kept the festival of Christmas (1552-3) in that place, where he died the July following. Mary and Elizabeth were born there, and the latter, when queen, made Greenwich her favourite summer-residence. It was here that Elizabeth, taking the air, happened to

come to a miry place, and was hesitating whether she should proceed or no, when Raleigh, who probably was on the watch to win a smile of royal regard, immediately divested himself of a handsome plush cloak, and spread it on the ground, and the queen, gently treading on it, passed over safe and clean. This act of gallantry made so much impression upon the queen, that Raleigh rapidly arose above his rivals.

After the restoration of Charles II. the old palace was found to be in a very dilapidated state, arising partly, from time, and partly from neglect in making the necessary repairs during the civil wars and the Commonwealth. It was taken down, and a new one upon a magnificent scale commenced from the designs of Webb, the son-in-law of Inigo Jones. Part of it was erected, (forming with additions the west wing of the present hospital,) in which the king occasionally resided, but no farther progress was made towards its completion until the time of William III., when it was converted to its present use, as an hospital for the reception and maintenance of decayed seamen of the Royal Navy.

Greenwich Castle was removed at the suggestion of Sir Christopher Wren in 1675, for the erection of the present building, the Royal Observatory, known at first as Flamstead House, from the name of the first astronomer royal.

SKETCHES IN LONDON.

NO. IV.—THE BACHELOR.

We have already had the felicity of presenting our readers with our opinion respecting "old maids." As a companion to that article, we beg leave to present to them the same respecting that class of beings whose name heads this article.

The bachelor is one of those easy sort of people who jog on quietly in this world without troubling their neighbours either on their right hand or left. He has a nice little house in some new neighbourhood out of town, which he denominates "a snug box." He also has a housekeeper, who, according to the account he gives, has been assistant in his father's family for twenty-three years—(he lays a peculiar stress on the twenty as he tells this matter-of-fact occurrence), who manages so well for him as regards household affairs, that he seldom or ever thinks of "matrimonial comforts," and when he does he drowns the said thoughts by saying they are "humbug."

When he comes home from his office in the city, at nine o'clock in the evening, (for he generally holds some situation there,) his housekeeper, with that forethought peculiar to that class of domestics, has arranged his sitting-room with admirable precision—put

his prettily-worked slippers on the rug before the fire, placed the arm-chair in the right position, and the brandy-and-water on the table adjoining, hoping in the fulness of her heart and stomach to be allowed to partake of that "comfortable beverage" to carry off the feelings of indigestion to which she is liable.

When the bachelor arrives, the housekeeper bustles about after some imaginary keys, and "puts things to rights," taking care not to leave him alone until he has told her "to fetch a clean tumbler," which he usually does.

Accordingly she brings that article, and the kind bachelor half fills it with the stimulant, which she sips as she goes down into the kitchen, on arriving at which locality she enjoys herself exceedingly.

The bachelor occasionally has a few friends to dine with him, who call him "the best fellow in the world," or "a jolly brick," laughing all the while in their sleeves to think that he should be so liberal as to show the outsiders (and insides also) of so many bottles of "good old port," which shows the reader that he has a good heart and an open purse.

He is generous in the extreme. Instead of going to Richmond on a Sunday afternoon, in a steam-bust, he takes a quiet walk in the neighbourhood, after having attended church and put a shilling in the plate to forward the views of some society with a terrible long name.

He always has a copper for the crossing-sweeper who stands at the end of his street, for which he receives two polite bows daily.

He pays all his bills regularly, but is very particular about having a receipt for them all. He does not dress at all like a "gent," nor does he attempt to make himself conspicuous by walking in a peculiar style, or indulging in such-like eccentricities. He smokes a little, but never allows himself to do it in a room,—always enjoying himself in that way during his journey to or from his office. He raises his hat to a lady, and does not, if he meet her, keep her talking at a corner of a street, but turns back and walks by her side. In fact, he is the very essence of politeness, which he has studied from individuals, and not from shilling books on etiquette. He is indeed a pattern to all "gentle bachelors," and that class of people who attempt to make themselves conspicuous.

He is constant in his attendance at his office, always being there in good time. He jokes with the doorkeeper, and laughs with his fellow-clerks when disengaged.

Year after year rolls on. Time flies quickly. His money accumulates; and when, after many years of toil, he retires from his office, he is allowed a "nice little salary for pension."

Year after year rolls on. The patron of the brandy-bottle (we allude to the house-keeper) gets old too. Her master dies a bachelor, leaving a little annual sum to her, and all his stock of good brandy.

Notting-hill.

F. G. L.

THE ROMAN GLADIATORS.

"And here the buzz of eager nations ran,
In murmur'd pity, or loud-roar'd applause,
As man was slaughter'd by his fellow man
And wherefore slaughter'd? wherefore, but be
cause
Such were the bloody Cirens' genial laws,
And the imperial pleasure."
—*Childs Harold.*

THE combats of gladiators were originally exhibited at the tombs of deceased persons at Rome. They were first introduced by two brothers, called Brutl, at the funeral of their father, A. U. C. 488. It was supposed that the *manes* of the dead were rendered propitious by human blood; therefore, at funerals, it was usual to murder slaves in cold blood. In succeeding ages, it was considered less cruel to compel them to kill one another, than to slaughter them, and then the barbarity was covered by the specious show of pleasure and voluntary combat. For some time the combats only took place as just related; but afterwards they were also exhibited by the magistrates, to entertain the people, chiefly at the *Satur-nalia* and feasts of *Minerva*.

Originally captives, condemned criminals, or disobedient slaves, were trained up for these combats; but when the diversion became frequent, and was exhibited on the most insignificant occasion, to procure popularity, many of the Roman citizens enlisted themselves among the gladiators. Nero, at one show, exhibited no fewer than four hundred senators and six hundred knights. The people were treated with these combats not only by the great and opulent, but the priests had their pontifical and sacerdotal shows!

It is supposed that there were no more than three pairs of gladiators exhibited by the Brutl. Their numbers, however, increased with the luxury and power of the city. After the triumph of Trajan over the Dacians, spectacles were exhibited for 123 days, in which *eleven thousand* animals of different kinds were killed, and *ten thousand* gladiators fought. At last the number of gladiators became so formidable, that Spartacus, one of their body, had courage to take up arms, and the success to defeat the Roman armies, only with a train of his fellow-sufferers. The more prudent of the Romans were sensible of the dangers which threatened the state, by keeping such a number of desperate men in arms, and therefore many laws were proposed to limit their number, as well as to settle the time in which the show could be exhibited with safety and convenience.

At one time women were not allowed to

see the gladiators, without the permission of those in whose power they were, but afterwards this restriction was removed, and Augustus assigned them a particular place in the highest seats of the amphitheatre. Under the later emperors, Tacitus informs us that women sometimes engaged among the gladiators. This enormity, however, was prohibited by Severus.

When there were to be any spectacles, hand-bills were circulated to give notice to the people, and to mention the place, number, time—in fact, every circumstance requisite to be known. Sometimes these things seem to have been represented in a picture.

When the gladiators were first brought upon the arena, they walked round the place with great pomp and solemnity, and after that, they were matched in equal pairs with great nicety. They first had a skirmish with wooden weapons; afterwards the effective arms, such as swords, daggers, &c., were given them, and the signal for the engagement was made by sound of trumpet. As they had all previously sworn to fight till death, or suffer death in the most excruciating torments, the fight was bloody and obstinate; and when one signified his submission by surrendering his arms, the victor was not permitted to grant him his life without the permission of the spectators. This was done by clenching the fingers of both hands between each other, and holding the thumbs upright close together. If the people required the death of the miserable wretch, they bent back their thumbs. The victor was generally rewarded with a palm, and other expressive marks of the people's favour. When one of the combatants received a remarkable wound, the people expressed their exultation by shouts. Sometimes a gladiator was rescued by the entrance of the emperor. The people were occasionally so savage, that they were impatient if a combat lasted longer than ordinary without wounds or death.

The gladiators were generally distinguished into different orders, according to the dresses in which they were clothed, or to the arms with which they fought.

Until the year 698, the people used to remain all day at an exhibition of gladiators, without intermission, till it was finished; but then, for the first time, they were dismissed to take dinner; which custom was afterwards observed at all the spectacles exhibited by the emperors.

After these cruel exhibitions had been continued for the amusement of the Roman people for nearly six hundred years, laws were passed by Constantine the Great for their abolition; but, in spite of these laws, gladiatorial shows survived the old-established religion more than seventy years. They owed their final extinction to a Christian. In the year 404, on the Kalends of January, they were exhibiting the shows in

the Flavian amphitheatre before the usual immense concourse of people. Almachius, or Telemachus, an eastern monk, who had travelled to Rome intent on his holy purpose, rushed into the midst of the area, and endeavoured, to separate the combatants. The prætor, Aitylus, a person greatly attached to these games, gave instant orders to the gladiators to slay him; and Telemachus gained the crown of martyrdom, and the title of saint, which surely has never either before or since been awarded for a more noble exploit. Honorius, the emperor, immediately abolished the shows, which were never afterwards revived.

Besides the torrents of blood which flowed at the funerals, in the amphitheatres, the circus, the forums, and other public places, gladiators were introduced at feasts, and tore each other to pieces amidst the supper tables, to the great delight and applause of the guests! Yet Lipsius permits himself to suppose the loss of courage, and the evident degeneracy of mankind, to be nearly connected with the abolition of these bloody spectacles.

Byron has introduced the following beautiful piece of word-painting on our present subject into the fourth canto of "Childe Harold":—

"I see before me the gladiator lie:
He leans upon his hand—his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony,
And his droop'd head sinks gradually low—
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
Like the first of a thunder-shower; and now
The arena swims around him—he is gone,
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hail'd
The wretch who won.
He heard it, but he heeded not—his eyes
Were with his heart, and that was far away;
He reck'd not of the life he lost nor prize,
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,
There were his young barbarians all at play,
There was their Danish mother—*he, their sire,
Butcher'd to make a Roman holiday!*"

COURTSHIP.

CONCERNING courtship, I need not say much; most have wit enough to know how to proceed, and those who get puzzled I shall not attempt to get out of the mire. The ladies generally hold their unfortunate victims in bondage pretty tightly, and delight to play their pranks upon the hearts of their lovers with *heartless* severity. The only passage is by the gate of experience, inasmuch as there is no royal road to learning, neither is there to love-making. Let each declare their tender passion in what manner they please, all the gentlemen look moderately sheepish before the glances of their beautiful nymphs, so that there is not much choice among them. If you are sure that she is worthy of your love (and be not too hasty by your convictions), endeavour to gain her

confidence. If you would be true lovers, let there be no secrets; for without reliance on each other *there is no love*. If you should see in her conduct any of those little errors of which reason teaches you to disapprove, do not scruple to give her your opinion and advice, kindly and respectfully: if she be a sensible girl, she will see the kindness of your intention, and endeavour to rectify her little follies. This is rather an arduous undertaking, painful to a lover, and may not at first succeed; but be not discouraged, be not rude in your remonstrances, show that it is but love which guides you, and, ultimately, you will come off victorious. Do not leave it for others to inform her of your faults; for if you do, they will certainly be exaggerated, or she will be given to understand them in a sense totally different to the reality. Nobly confess to her, and endeavour to reform. Let her be your guardian angel; in all evil moments let her be the beacon to warn you from danger. Ask yourself—would *she* approve? Desist, if it be such that you are afraid to inform her of; it will save you much inconvenience. What a pleasure to have some one to whom you may pour all your griefs and happiness,—some one whom you know loves you with tenderness, who will watch over your interest, modestly defend your character! What is too good for your own, you may call her?—say what attention is too great? You have studied her character; you have endeavoured to guide her mind into the same channel with yours; you have moulded her ideas. Show her that you think her worthy. Never be ashamed to own your regard, but preach it not forth for every fool to harp on:

"He crept behind a neighbouring tree,
To listen to love's rapidity;
But only listened to deplore,
And heard love's lies he'd lied of yore;
For how can love of any kind
See truth, when love is blind?"

Folks may talk of lovers' lies, and lovers may practise that art; but I would advise you, if wishful to meet with truth in return, do no such thing; such is not a path for a husband in prospective, who wishes a honest, truth-telling wife. With this I leave you, merely saying to certain bashful lovers, "The will is half the victory," and bidding all to "be firm, yet kind."

— YOUNG CHEETWOOD.

SUCH is the constitution of the human faculties, that on many subjects we can only attain to truth by much labour. There is, however, considerable wisdom in this arrangement, even if we merely look at it as intended to excite us to those efforts which act on the mind as a wholesome intellectual discipline.

To be moderate in our desires and expectations, will often prevent, or at least mitigate, the pangs of disappointment.

THE LIFE OF A SOLDIER OF FORTUNE.

(Concluded from our last.)

ON quitting his majesty, the colonel traversed the waiting-room, which was full of ladies.

"Is not that the famous Gassion?" asked one of them.

"Most certainly," answered Bautru, who happened to be there.

"Ah! we beseech you to stop him for one moment, that we may only look at him," implored the lady.

Bautru accosted the colonel, who turned briskly round.

"Stop, Monsieur de Gassion," said he, "here is the Countess of Bourdonné dying to have a word with you."

"That is true," said the lady; "we do not converse every day with a hero of your stamp."

"Pray, madam, excuse me," stammered the colonel, blushing to the very white of the eyes.

"I speak as I think, M. le Colonel, and we all think alike," observed the lady.

Thereupon, a circle of beauties gathered around the colonel, who wished that he was once more charging the Imperial cavalry at the head of his dashing, dare-devil regiment.

"Do you remain at Paris any time, M. le Colonel?" demanded the lady in her softest and most mollifying tones.

"I depart to-morrow morning for Thionville," answered Gassion.

"Oh, heavens!" exclaimed the lady with a languishing air, and the discharge of a couple of shots from her beautiful eyes, "what! fly so soon from the abode of love, the graces, and the pleasures? Do you wish to escape from our admiration? Alas, give us at least time that we may string garlands to adorn your temples."

"Mordieu! what is the meaning of all this flummery?" demanded Gassion, in astonishment, not knowing that the countess was adopting the manner and language of the celebrated Hôtel de Rambouillet.

"We know, monsieur," continued the lady, "that your heroic soul despises our sex,—we are neither Amazons, nor descendants of Pallas, to win your hearts, but it is time to yield. We must triumph over your obduracy and coldness."

"Certainly, most certainly," exclaimed the ladies in chorus.

"Ladies," continued the countess, turning round, "I invite you all to favour me with your society this evening to meet M. de Gassion. We will not allow him to return with his injurious prejudices to the field of battle. You will come, monsieur; indeed, you do not leave this apartment without giving your promise."

"Pray, pray, ladies, excuse me. I have

something else to do than to listen to such idle extravagance."

"What!" said Bautru, "are you afraid, colonel, of meeting face to face such fair enemies?"

"Well, well, well, have it your own way, I will certainly accept the invitation," said at length the colonel.

On his return to Paris, a large crowd had gathered before his hotel, which his usual modesty would not allow him to encounter; he therefore proceeded to the Palais Royal, and only at dusk re-entered his own apartments. Bautru appeared at eight o'clock to conduct him to the hotel of the countess.

The ladies of the court had long conceived a great affection for Gustavus Adolphus. He had been the hero of the age, and not only that, but the hero of several romances, wherein many of his officers, especially Gassion, had been made to figure. When, therefore, it was bruited that he was to be at the Countess of Bourdonné's, all the world demanded admission; but the lady only invited the youngest, the wittiest, and prettiest of the belles of Paris. There were only two gentlemen present, Bautru and Gauffre, a celebrated advocate.

The colonel was received with extraordinary honours; he was placed in a chair of state, surmounted by a crown of laurels and flowers; the bery of ladies surrounded him, and when they had well-nigh overwhelmed him with fulsome compliments, Gauffre commenced an oration, as if he were pleading before the judges in favour of the fair sex. The orator passed in review all the famous beauties of antiquity. He then discussed the happiness derived from love, and spoke at length of the joys tasted by Rinaldo in the gardens of the witching Armida. During the whole of this discourse, Gassion turned and twisted on his seat of state, and scarcely knew which way to look, for fear of encountering the handsome forms which encircled him, and more than once actually yawned. In conclusion, the advocate, with a voice broken with deep emotion, worked up his address by saying that all the past achievements of the fair sex were nothing, since the finest jewel was still wanting to their crown of conquest, inasmuch as the mighty Gassion would not yield up his soul,—confessing himself their vanquished slave.

"Hail, my good fellow," exclaimed Gassion, taking seriously all that was passing, and really pitying the weeping orator, "never mind, do not fret yourself. I am only twenty-four years of age, and will think I promise you, of love on some of these fine mornings."

But M. Gauffre was peremptory, and cried out that he must think of it immediately. He philosophised like an oracle on the rapidity of time and the ravages of his murderous scythe, and he concluded by throwing himself upon his knees, and in-

voking the little but malicious god of love; he supplicated the urchin to descend from heaven, and to launch his arrows against the colonel's heart, which was harder than the hardest rock.

"But what on earth," exclaimed Gassion, who was losing all patience, "does that man mean with all his tears, sighs, turned-up eyes, looks, and nonsense?"

"What do I mean?" answered Gaufré, "why, I mean that you should select a fair dame of this party to whom you must, kneeling at her feet, pay your homage; that you should bestow upon her the assurance of your tenderness by giving her a chaste salute, and afterwards carrying her colours, that you should think of her in the midst of battle; and that your first care after each scene of bloodshed should be to send her a tender message, and heap upon her the most endearing names!"

The ladies applauded this piece of incoherent declamation.

"What?" cried Gassion, blushing, "must I select a lady from this fair company, and salute her openly, publicly? Well, then, will the lady whom I select choose me for her gallant?"

"Willingly, willingly," exclaimed all the ladies in the same breath.

"Very well," said Gassion, summoning courage, "tell me, now, my dear, good-hearted, weeping friend, is your wife here?"

"Certainly, monsieur le colonel," answered Gaufré.

"Then I select her; where is she?" demanded the colonel.

Gaufré went up to a very pretty woman, took her by the hand, conducted her to where the colonel was seated, and formally presented her. The colonel blushed, if possible, more deeply than ever, hesitated, then jumped up, saluted the advocate's wife, who submitted with the best grace imaginable; then seized his hat, and without waiting to take leave of the congregated ladies, fairly bolted out of the room, and made his escape from the hotel. He then vowed that he would never again set foot in a *salon*, and that he would leave Paris as quickly as possible.

Gassion departed. His first exploit was to force in six days the fortress of Cambresis, before which Rantau and La Meillerie had both signally failed. The cardinal was so delighted at this exploit, that he demanded from the king the rank of *Maréchal de Camp* for his favourite, in whom his trust and confidence became so great, that he was accustomed to say to the contumacious ministers of other nations, "Have a care how you raise difficulties; I will send Gassion to overcome them."

In less than three years Gassion had cleared all the provinces of France from the enemy, he had routed the rebels from Normandy, and in his brilliant campaign in Flanders,

had conducted his army to the very gates of Antwerp, and the minister, so absolute and tyrannical in other respects, held him in such esteem, that he never asked his services in the war against the Count de Souissons.

One day Gassion received from Richelieu a letter:—

"I am getting old," said he, "and am desirous of assuring the welfare of my friends. I have a project as regards yourself, which I am anxious to carry into speedy effect; come to me during the winter, and count upon my sincere attachment."

In due time Monsieur de Gassion appeared at Rueil.

"You have many enemies," observed the cardinal; "your great merits have excited the spleen of the envious. So long as I live, those people can never injure you, but on my death you will be the object of base intrigues; a kind of warfare in which your open and loyal mind will not allow you to engage. I will make your fortune, and place you so high, that your enemies shall not be able to reach you. The first vacant *bâton* of marshal of France is destined for you; meanwhile, accept this small present as a token of my regard and esteem." His eminence handed to him two costly diamond rings.

"And how comes it that your eminence gives me *two* rings?" said the blunt soldier.

"One is for your wife," answered the cardinal.

"I have not got a wife," emphatically declared his favourite; "your eminence can take one back."

"No, monsieur, I am about to furnish you with a wife worthy of wearing it," said the cardinal, smiling.

"That is a different affair," replied Gassion; "I will in that case keep it."

"Now, tell me truly," demanded the mighty minister, "if your repugnance to the fair sex is real, or only feigned, for I wish above all things to render you happy?"

"In truth, your eminence, the fair sex has always inspired me with fear rather than love; but if your eminence takes on yourself the task of selection, I no longer object."

"I have already selected, Gassion, and you will be satisfied, so far as youth, beauty, distinction of name, and amount of fortune, are concerned. We will create you a duke, and this alliance will place you on an equality with the loftiest and proudest nobles of the land."

"I cannot, monsieur le cardinal, sufficiently express my gratitude. But I know not any merit on my poor part which has deserved such transcendent favours."

"Merits—favours!" said the cardinal; "I will tell you, Gassion. You are the only man in France who is a stranger to the villainous intrigues which have surrounded me. You are the most honest, the most manly,

the most honourable subject of his majesty. In all these qualities you are even my superior. We are alone, and I make the avowal for I know your modesty. Hearts and souls like yours are rare, and when found, should be cherished. I wish to see you chief of a lofty and powerful house, and that future times may behold future Gassions by the side of the monarchs of France, who may emulate the bright example bequeathed to them by the noblest of ancestors. Time is precious,—return to-morrow; I will present you to your future wife, and we will then give directions for the contract of marriage."

Gassion attended at the cardinal's on the following morning, but he was doomed to disappointment. The gates were closed. The cardinal was alarmingly ill, he had been just attacked with that illness to which in a very few days he was destined to fall a victim. Gassion never knew even the name of the lady intended for him, and he informed the king of the singular position in which he had been placed by the death of Richelieu.

"Do not be at all uneasy, general," replied his majesty. "It shall be my care to find you a partner in every way equal to the object of the cardinal's election. Your ring shall not lie useless."

But the king never acquitted himself of his promise. Gassion was now decided in his own mind, that Heaven had ordained for him the state of bachelorship, nor did he express any regret that the projects for his marriage had never been completed. He returned to the camp, and once more lived that rude life which he preferred to all the pleasures of the world.

Then commenced that series of memorable campaigns which have immortalised the name of Gassion. He had a main share in the victory of Roerri, and became the friend of the Duc d'Enghien, who demanded for him the *bâton* of marshal. The cardinal Mazarin returned for answer that M. de Turenne deserved the preference, and that Gassion should check his eagerness for the distinction.

"M. de Turenne," said the modest Gassion, "will honour the rank—whereas I shall be honoured."

Both, however, received the *bâton*. Nevertheless, Gassion, as Richelieu predicted, had many enemies at the Louvre. He was represented as an ambitious man, desirous of abusing his influence with the army. It was only necessary for him to appear at court, and pay his homage to the queen-regent and her minister, to ensure an easy victory over his slanderers. But he scorned to do so; he despised the shifting, feeble, vacillating government of Anne of Austria; he had a contempt for the cunning, hypocritical Mazarin. The council of the regency checked and thwarted him; they demanded to be informed of his slightest movements, and even

directed his operations. On opening one of Mazarin's despatches, he was heard to say,—
"Now, then, we shall read some famous nonsense."

This was reported in high quarters; the court was offended, his arrest was resolved, and the necessary orders would have been issued, but that fears were entertained of a general revolt and a civil war. They, however, little knew the marshal, and Richelieu was right when he indited on his secret tablets that it would be unpardonable to have against the state a heart so sensible and so easy to gain.—Gassion was filled with disgust.

Not knowing how to rid himself of so redoubted a soldier, the Cardinal Mazarin determined to employ him in such a manner that his destruction should be sure. He therefore sent an order for him to attack the enemy, who had their position within impregnable entrenchments. The marshal, divining the minister's intentions, returned the order, with the following note appended:—

"I have never, during my whole career, failed in an enterprise requiring diligence and courage, but what is now required is an impossibility. If you would effect my death, let me be arraigned and tried, and let me lose my head on the scaffold, but do not to your resentment sacrifice the whole army; I will never consent to lead brave soldiers to a certain butchery."

While anticipating his recall, he for a few days appeared gloomy and reserved, and this conduct on the part of their general communicated a gloom to the officers and army. Intelligence, however, was brought to him that he could carry Lens by *coup-de-main*, and he gave the word for action, determined that the news of his brilliant achievement should arrive at the same moment with that of his disgrace. In their attack on Lens, the army came upon a palisade which had been hastily constructed during the night. Furious at the obstacle, Gassion was the first to leap from his horse, and give an example to the soldiers by pulling up the stakes which were arresting his cavalry. While thus employed, he was struck by a ball on the head, and mortally wounded. In three days he expired: he was buried at Charenton. The ungrateful court which had driven his gallant soul to despair weeps, as is usual in all such cases, prodigal of honours after his death. He fell in the thirty-seventh year of his age. Thus perished gloriously in the discharge of his duty the noblest warrior of the century which also gave birth to Condé and Turenne; who, however, did not attain to the high zenith of their fame until after the premature fall of Gassion.

REASON.—It is a diminution, instead of a glory, to be above treating upon equal terms with reason.

REMARKABLE CASES OF FRAUD
AND IMPOSTURE.

NO. XLIII.—BOOK FIFTH.

ON the death of Herod the Great, Augustus, the Roman emperor, bestowed one-half of the kingdom of Judæa upon Archelaus, under the title of tetrarch, or governor of a nation; with an assurance that he would invest him with the titles of royalty as soon as he rendered himself worthy of such distinction; and the remainder was divided between Herod's other sons, Philip and Antipas.

This division of the Jewish kingdom was scarcely settled, when an impostor started up, who quickly drew a numerous body of followers to him, by assuming the name and character of Alexander, Herod's son by Mariamne, who had been, some time before, strangled by order of his unnatural father, as being implicated in a conspiracy against him. The striking resemblance between the impostor and that unfortunate prince effectually deceived the generality of the people, who spared no pains to render his entry into Rome as splendid as possible. When he arrived at that metropolis, with crowds of Jews who had flocked from all parts to pay him homage as a surviving branch of the Amonean race, the emperor sent Celadus, one of his freedmen, and formerly a companion of the young prince's, to bring this newly-risen Alexander to his presence. Celadus was as easily deceived as the populace, but Augustus soon discovered a manifest deficiency in the port and majesty of this pretender, from what he had observed in the true Alexander, which, together with a certain calosity in his hands, fully convinced him of his imposture. An explanation consequently ensued, which terminated in a full confession of the cheat, when the mock prince was sent to the galleys; an artful adventurer who contrived the plot was sentenced to be hanged; and the Jews were permitted to return to their respective homes, sufficiently punished for their credulity by so melancholy a disappointment.

In Portugal, the doubts respecting Sebastian having been really slain at the battle of Alcaçar, gave rise to several attempts to personate that chivalrous but rash monarch. Five or six impostors succeeded each other; of one claimant to the name and title of the Portuguese sovereign, however, the pretensions were so plausibly or so truly supported, that serious doubts have been entertained whether he was not "the true prince," and no "false thief."

Of the most conspicuous of these pretenders, the first is said to have been a pastry-cook of Madrigal, Gabriel de Spínosa by name. He was tutored to act his part by Father Michael de los Santos, an Augustine friar, who had been chaplain to Don

Sebastian. The friar had spoken so freely in Portugal against the Spanish usurpation, that Philip of Spain removed him out of the country, and made him confessor to a convent of nuns at Madrigal. Donna Anna of Austria, Philip's niece, was one of the inmates of this convent. To this princess the friar introduced the pretended Sebastian who played his assumed character so well, that she gave him some rich jewels to raise money. While he was endeavouring to dispose of these valuables privately at Madrid, he was apprehended as a thief. He declared his real profession, and that the jewels belonged to Donna Anna, and he would perhaps have been released, had not his plot been betrayed by the intercepting of a letter, in which he was addressed with the title of "majesty." The result was, that he and the friar were hanged, and the princess was removed to another convent, and rigorously confined for the rest of her life.

The pertinacious belief of the Portuguese that Sebastian would yet return, and their hatred of the Spanish domination, soon encouraged others to follow the example of Spínosa. The son of a tiler at Alcobas, who, after leading a loose life, had turned hermit, next came forward to personate the much desired monarch. He was accompanied by two companions, one of whom assumed the name of Don Christopher de Tavora, and the other took the title of the Bishop of Guarda. They began to raise money, and to collect partisans around them. Their career was, however, cut short by the Archduke, who caused them to be apprehended. The *pseudo* Sebastian was ignominiously paraded through the streets of Lisbon, and then sent to the galleys for life; the self-appointed bishop was sentenced to be hanged.

Undeterred by this failure, no long time elapsed before another pretender started up to supply the place of the tiler's son. This was Gonçalo Alvarez, the son of a mason. His first act of royal power was to give the title of Earl of Torres Novas to Pedro Alonso, a rich yeoman, whose daughter he intended to marry. He succeeded in raising a body of eight hundred men; and it was not until some blood had been shed that he could be put down. He was hanged and quartered at Lisbon, with his newly-created earl.

In spite of these examples, several new Sebastians arose. Only one of them, however, deserves notice; but this one, if an impostor, was at least an extraordinary character. It was at Venice that he made his first appearance, about twenty years after the battle of Alcaçar. Of the manner in which he escaped from the slaughter, and of all his subsequent wanderings, he gave a minute and seemingly well-connected account. The Venetian senate, on complaint being made to it, ordered him to depart. He sought a refuge at Padua; but, being

expelled by the governor, he returned to Venice. The Spanish ambassador now called loudly for the arrest of the supposed Sebastian. He accused him not only of imposture, but also of many atrocious crimes. The wanderer was in consequence seized and thrown into prison. The ordeal to which he was subjected was no slight one. He underwent *twenty-eight* examinations before a committee of robles; and he is said to have fully cleared himself of all the crimes attributed to him, and even to have given so accurate a statement of the former transactions between himself and the republic, as to excite the wonder of his hearers. His apparent firmness, piety, and patience, also gained him many friends.

The senate refused to examine the charge of imposture, unless some allied prince or state would request such an investigation. The request was made, and a solemn inquiry was instituted. No decision, however, followed; all that was done was to order the asserted Sebastian to quit the Venetian territories in three days. He bent his course to Florence, where he was arrested by order of the grand duke who delivered him up to the Count of Lemos, the Viceroy of Naples. The count died some time after; and his successor appears to have forgotten the claimant to the Portuguese throne, who, for several years, suffered the severest hardships, as a prisoner in the castle Del Ovo. It is probable that attention was at length called to him by attempts to excite, at Lisbon, an insurrection in his behalf. Be this as it may, he was brought out of his dungeon, led ignominiously through the streets, and proclaimed to be an impostor. On this occasion he did not belie his pretensions, nor display any want of courage. Whenever the public officer exclaimed, "This is the man who calls himself Sebastian," he calmly said, "And Sebastian I am." When the same individual declared him to be a Calabrian, he exclaimed, "It is false." When the exposure of him was over, he was shipped as a galley-slave; he was next imprisoned at St. Lucar; and was subsequently removed to a castle in Castile. From that moment his fate is buried in oblivion.

A RAMBLE THROUGH THE REALMS OF TREES AND FLOWERS.

BY SYLVANUS SWANQUILL.

PART III.

AWAKENED early in the morning by the first glances of the rising sun—springing from our couch to greet the welcome luminary under the broad blue vault of heaven, and listening with enraptured ear to the rush of rivulet, the song of birds, the hum of insects, and the myriad sounds that wake up the vocal harmony of an autumnal morn,

who has not, once in his life at least, felt the indescribable charm of sunlight thus poured upon the vision after the gloomy shadows of the previous night? We find sympathy in a thousand things animate and inanimate—the joyousness of nature is reflected back upon our hearts, and we yearn for the kindred companionship of trees and flowers. Flowers are at once the playthings of childhood and the ornaments of the grave. What a desolate world would this be without flowers! It would be the feast without a welcome—a face without a smile. One cannot look closely at the structure of a flower without loving it. Emblems and manifestations of God's love to the creation, they are the ministrants of man's love to his fellow creatures, for they first awaken in his mind a sense of the beautiful and good.

"If we read Nature's book with a serious eye,
Not a leaf but some precious thought on it
doth lie."

Flowers and trees are the embellishments of creation, and, in sooth, a dreary world would this be without them. But as this must be the sequel to our ramble among the forest trees, we must leave the general view of the subject and descend to the particular.

It may here be mentioned as a remarkable fact, that there is no tree in any part of the world which is truly aquatic; that is, which will spring up from the bottom of a pond or river. Had indeed such trees been created, there could have been neither lakes nor rivers, and the whole of the terrestrial globe must necessarily have been either in a state of marsh or mountain. The curious effect of climate upon trees may be traced even within our own country. Thus the English or narrow-leaved elm, which is popularly supposed to be a native of Asia Minor, attains a large size in the neighbourhood of London, and produces a great bulk of timber in a short period, while north of York it does not thrive, and in Scotland is considered only as an ornamental tree. The Lombardy poplar, which is well-known to attain the height of one hundred feet in forty years amid the central counties of England, has no elevation in the Highlands; and the sweet chestnut and walnut, grown both for fruit and timber in the south of England, produce neither north of Newcastle.

The oak, long and justly known as the monarch of the woods, was profoundly venerated by the ancient Druids, who performed no rites without oak leaves, and held nothing so sacred as the mistletoe and the tree on which it grew. The Druids professed to maintain perpetual fire; and once every year all the fires belonging to the people were extinguished, and re-lighted from the sacred fires of the priesthood. This was the origin of the yule log, and it was invariably from the oak the Christmas spark was kindled. Professor Burnet has disco-

versed that our convivial chorus of "Down, down, hey derry down" is really a Druidic chant, meaning literally "move around the oak in a circle." Under an oak tree were criminals tried, and beneath the same branches did the Saxons hold their national meetings. The custom of kissing under the mistletoe originated from our Saxon ancestors, who, dedicating the plant to their Venus, placed it under her control; and in the feudal ages it was gathered with much solemnity on Christmas-eve. It has been well said that the oak is the tree we islanders have chosen to represent us in the vegetable world; and when we have felled it and constructed out of its timber floating houses, it is our representative all round the globe. About three thousand loads of timber are required for a 74-gun ship, which would demand two thousand trees of seventy-five years growth. Now, as not more than forty oaks of a load and a half of timber each can stand upon one acre of ground, it necessarily follows that we must depopulate fifty acres to turn out a single seventy-four. Many kinds of wood are harder, as box and ebony, and many are tougher, as the yew and ash; but no species of wood possesses both of these qualities combined like the British oak. The recollections and traditions that crowd around oak trees are innumerable. Some excite our veneration by their noble appearance; others, majestic, though in ruin, by the distance to which they carry our thoughts back "through the deep abyss of time;" and others by their connection with the famous personages of former ages. In Epping Forest are several curious specimens of "inosculated" oaks, a term used to denote that curious mode of growth by which two trees are united together, or where a branch crossing a trunk becomes united to it. Observation of this singular process of nature is presumed first to have suggested the idea of grafting.

The pine was a great favourite with Virgil and the ancient Romans, and Italy to this day is greatly adorned by its beauty. Wordsworth has made a noble pine on the Monte Mario at Rome the subject of a fine sonnet:

"I saw far off the dark top of a pine
Look like a cloud—a slender stem the tie
That bound it to its native earth—poised high
Mid evening hues along the horizon line."

It appears that when the poet was approaching the Eternal City, its beautiful appearance from the Pincian height attracted his attention; and while he was rapturously expressing his admiration, he was told that his early friend, Sir George Beaumont—to whom our National Gallery has been so much indebted—paid the owner, some years previously, a large sum of money, on condition that he would not act upon his former determination of cutting the tree down. Who can have forgotten the stanzas in which Byron describes his love of solitude

and the sweet hour of twilight, in "Ravenna's immemorial wood" of pine—the evergreen forest which Boccaccio's lore and Dryden's lay had made haunted ground for him? How silently does the awful form of Mont Blanc, in that exquisite hymn of Coleridge's, "written in the valley of Chamouni," rise from its silent sea of pines, until it grows into a real visible majesty. The cones of the pine, like those of the fir tribe, are now very ornamental, and vary considerably both in their form and colour. Those of the spruce fir are of a deep purple, small and erect, whilst those of the Lebanon cedar are more of a dingy yellow. Some look reddish and some green, whilst others are short and pointed, or, in a few cases, long and drooping.

The plane trees look remarkably well at this season, with their bald-like seed-vessels hanging on long stalks. The plane tree, indeed, with its spreading branches and pendulous seed-vessels, forms always a very pretty object in landscape scenery, and though never attaining the size it reaches in its native climes of the east, occasionally manifests with us some magnificent proportions, of which a fair sample may be seen in Goodwood Park. Sir Nicholas Bacon, father of the famous Lord Bacon, has the honour of having first planted this tree in England, in his gardens at St. Alban's, towards the middle of the sixteenth century. Pliny speaks of a prodigious plane tree in Lycia, which, when it began to decay and vermine hollow, was lined with moss, and called the "Vegetable Grotto." An entertainment was given therein to eighteen persons by Lucinius Mucianus, the governor of the province. To have properly carried out the idea, the banquet ought to have consisted entirely of vegetable food.

Most of our readers must have noticed the cedars growing in Chelsea Gardens, the botanic domains of the Apothecaries' Company. They were originally planted in 1683, at Stowe—alas, poor Stowe!—and at Blenheim are also some fine specimens.

The ancients believed the wood of the cedar to be proof against corruption; and it was by them considered emblematical of purity. For this reason the Jews made their nuptial bedstead of it. It was also a custom among them to plant a cedar on the birth of a male child, and a pine on the birth of a female; a practice which still prevails in some of the Russian provinces. The Lebanon cedar has not been cultivated in Great Britain for more than a century and a half. Yet many good examples of it growing in perfection may be seen in various parts of the country. During the first few years it is not of quick growth, but it soon becomes an ornament to the spot whereon it was planted. Evelyn, enthusiastically summing up in his *Sylva* the virtues of his favourite tree, says that "it continues a thousand

or two years sound, yields an oil famous for preserving books and writings, purifies the air by its effluvia, and inspires worshippers with a solemn awe when used in wainscoting churches." The qualities with which the tree has been thus endowed by its panegyrist are now, however, found not to be altogether relied upon.

You see yon eminence before us, crowned with "a noble cloud of trees," to use old Aubrey's phrase! Those are beeches; a tree that figures in the verses of the old Romans. The commencing line of a little book that trembling little Latinists open—and perhaps the last they ever forget—is an invocation addressed to a swain reposing "sub tegmine patulæ fagi." In the south of England the beech grows with great luxuriance, and attains a respectable longevity. Some of the beeches yet standing at Penshurst might have heard Waller passionately deploring the obduracy of his Sacharissa. But the beeches at Boruham, in Berkshire, are celebrated in the country round. Gray tells Walpole how he used to seat himself at the foot of one of these trees, and there grow to the trunk for a whole morning, reading Horace and Virgil. Those who like to try a similar experiment by getting to Slough via the Great Western Railway, and strolling three miles to the north-west, will soon find themselves labouring under the same difficulty of getting away.

The yew and the cypress are frequently seen shading the noon-day sun from our churchyards, and the sexton of each parish in the two kingdoms generally points out one of these trees to the admiration and envy of the other. The yew is a tree of very slow growth, and naturalists have attributed to some specimens a wondrous length of years, making us shudder to think of the wickedness they must have lived through. The age of the yews at Fountain's Abbey has been estimated at upwards of twelve hundred years. Before the use of gunpowder the yew was in marvellous request for bows, and statutes were passed to protect the tree from wasteful expenditure. It seems, however, that the more valuable wood for that purpose was brought from abroad; and in the Bowyer's Act it is called "outlandish yew." How it happened that the yew has crept into the centigality of churches and the society of graves, and why it was made a funeral plant and an emblem of death, nobody accurately knows.

At Harlington, a little village four miles from Hounslow, there is a curious old church with a fine Norman porch, well worth seeing for its own sake; but in the churchyard is a still greater attraction—a venerable tree, said to have been growing in the year 1729, with a trunk even then measuring twenty feet in circumference. It was no less than sixty feet high, and according to a local poet, one John Saxy,

who perpetuated its fame in verse, could have sheltered beneath its branches a troop of horse-guards. It has been ruthlessly lopped within the last three years, but there is still enough to be seen to make it a marvel among the arborologists.

The elm has two different species with us; the fine-leaved elm of England and the wych elm of Scotland. The elm is the first tree that salutes the early spring with its light and cheerful green, a tint which contrasts agreeably with the oak, whose early leaf has more of an olive cast. The Chipstead elm, standing on rising ground in the pleasure grounds of Chipstead-place, is 60 feet in height, and 20 in circumference, and contains no less than 268 feet of timber.

The birch, and its delicately-pencilled branches, and its pinky silver bark and aromatic odour, are always associated in our mind with blooming heather, clear streams, and mountain breezes. It thus derives its chief value from the associations that cling to it, but its leafy luxuriance in the underwood is not by any means to be despised for its picturesque effect.

And now, terminating our own rambling "rambles" for the present, let us bid our readers wander forth for themselves through

"England's soft and slumbering valleys,
Each by homesteads scattered o'er,
Where the honeysuckle dallies
With the rose about the door;
England's ancient halls and granges,
In some woodland nestled low,
Through whose shades the river ranges
With a dark and devious flow."

• THE MODEL SAILOR.

BY MAZETTA.

HE spins a good yarn, and sings a capital song; he is attached to his pipe, and a quid of tobacco is a peculiar source of enjoyment. He has a profound contempt for the "*Mousses*" (so he terms the French), and considers them, individually and collectively, to be greatly inferior to the British. According to him, one Englishman is equivalent to a trio of Frenchmen. He loves and cheerfully obeys the commands of his captain and officers. He is full of fun and frolic; the "life" of the forecabin, and the "president" in "follow my leader;" he has never been placed in irons, and his back denies the imputation of its having been lashed; he is a clever seaman, and a pleasant companion—the delight of his comrades, and the favourite of his officers; he loves a can of grog, but never indulges to excess, excepting, indeed, when his ship is paid off; then his gregarious sobriety is forgotten, and he gets "more" than "half seas over."

He honours his sovereign, and does not hesitate to shed his blood in the service of

his country; his ears are ever open to the cry of distress, and he empties his pockets into the lap of petitioning poverty; he will endanger his life to save a friend or messmate; he has a mortal hatred for lawyers (he terms them "land-sharks"), and abhors a Jew; he is particularly scrupulous in his attire. Sometimes an oath escapes from him, but it is vented in the heat of the moment, and partakes more of the nature of an exclamation of surprise or vexation, than of malice or revenge.

The "Model Sailor" is the unsophisticated "creature of impulse." At one moment he is ready to fight you, at the next proffers his hand and friendship, j'ntly (as Captain Cuttle says); he loves his lass, (we write it singular, because he is constant to one,—not continually leaving "Poll" for "Sue," and "Sue" for "Nancy"), and lavishes his pay and prize-money upon her; he has been in many an action, and fought under Nelson, or some other celebrated commander. A "cruise on shore" is his especial delight, but he would not, of his own free will, remain on land for any length of time. The bumboat-women adore him, for he seldom or never gets articles on "tick." He cherishes the opinion that "the dangers of the seas" are nought when compared with those of *terra firma*.

Would the reader have ocular demonstration of the "Model Sailor's" existence? If so, we say, "go to Greenwich—proceed to the Hospital—obtain admittance—enter into conversation with one of those veterans who are minus a 'leg or a wing,' and in him you will discern the "MODEL SAILOR."

USEFUL RECIPES.

TARTS AND FRUIT PIES.

MR. GEORGE READ'S "Confectioner's and Pastry-Cook's Guide" will be found a very valuable aid to the cook, domestic generally, and those of the business unacquainted with the London practice, as it gives the most approved manner in which articles are manufactured by the generality of the trade. It contains receipts for making all kinds of pastry, patties, tarts, pies, puddings, jellies, blanc-manges, ice and other creams; directions for making numerous kinds of cakes; methods of preserving fruits; the art of sugar-bolling; making lozenges, &c., &c. We shall take the liberty of extracting some of the receipts for making "Tarts and Fruit Pies."

TARTLETS.—Put a layer of puff paste, about half an inch thick, in your pans; let it be thinner in the middle than at the edges, which is done by pressing your thumb round the centre, or, with a small piece of paste, dipped in the flour, to prevent its

sticking, press the paste in the centre of the pan, and trim it off close to the edge of the pan with a knife. Fill them either with preserved, bottled, or ripe fruit; let them be nicely strung; and bake them in a moderate oven. If the stringing does not adhere to the edge very readily, damp it with a moist brush.

STRINGING.—Take a piece of tart paste, large enough for your purpose, rub it with your hand on the board, until you can pull it into long strings; if the paste should be rather too tight, you cannot pull it into strings so freely as if it were of a proper consistence. In this case, use a little cold water in rubbing it down, and also afterwards to moisten it when it becomes short with using.

TO PREPARE APPLES OR PEARS FOR TARTLETS.—If apples or pears are used to fill the tartlets, let them be peeled, cored, and cut in quarters; then boil them in water, till tender. Drain off nearly the whole of the water in which they were boiled, and reduce the fruit to a pulp, either by squeezing, or by passing it through a sieve or colander. Rub off the yellow rind of a lemon with some loaf sugar; scrape this off and mix with the pulp; add more sugar, if necessary, and a little lemon juice, to your palate. Put it on the fire in a well-tinned saucepan, let it simmer a few minutes, stirring it occasionally. When cold, it is ready for use. Apricots may be served in the same manner, leaving out the lemon juice.

TO MAKE TARTLETS WITH FRUITS WHICH HAVE BEEN PRESERVED WITHOUT SUGAR, OR WITH FRESH RIPE FRUITS.—If bottled, or ripe fruits without being preserved, are used, add sugar with the fruit; and dust them with finely powdered loaf sugar, before baking.

TRUE LOVERS' KNOTS.—Roll out a piece of puff paste into a thin sheet, cut it into pieces three or four inches square, fold each corner over into the centre, and cut a piece out from each side, leaving it in the form of a true lovers' knot; put them on a tin, and bake them in a moderate oven; when they are done, place some jam or preserve on each point, and some in the centre.

SHORT PASTE, OR TART-PASTE.—One pound of flour, eight ounces of butter. Rub the butter and flour together with your hands, till the butter is crumbled into pieces, mix it into a moderate stiff paste with cold water, and continue rubbing it with your hand on the board or slab until you have a smooth and supple piece of paste, having no degree of toughness, and shines on the surface. This paste will take considerably less water to mix it in summer than in winter. It is used for making raspberry tarts, and all covered tarts, and occasionally for large fruit and other pies.

SANDWICH PASTRY.—Roll out some puff paste into a thin sheet, spread some raspberry or any other jam over it. Roll out another piece the same size and thickness as the former, and put over it; cut it out with cutters into rings, crescents, or other forms, or with a knife into diamonds, squares, triangles, or fingers; ice the tops as directed for Coventry, or sift loaf sugar over them; bake them in a moderately warm oven, on a clean tin; keep the door shut, that the sugar may melt on the top and appear shining, which is called French glazing.

TURN-OVER PUFFS.—Roll out some puff paste into a sheet a quarter of an inch thick, cut it out into pieces with a round scooped cutter, or into square pieces with a knife; put a little jam in the centre of each, and fold or double them over, press down the thumbs a little on each side of the jam to close them, ice them, and bake them in a moderate oven, on a clean tin.

RASPBERRY TARTS.—Make a long roll of tart paste, cut it off in small pieces, and roll them out in an oval form, about a quarter or the eighth of an inch in thickness, and let them be large enough to cover your pans; lay them in, and press the paste a little in the centre, with your thumb. Trim it off close to the edges, with the edge or back of a thin knife; notch them round. Thin some raspberry jam with a little water; fill the tarts about three parts full with it, and bake them in a quick oven.

COVERED TARTS.—Roll out some paste into a long roll, and cut it into pieces; lay the bottom paste in the pans; place in the centre either some ripe or bottled fruit; let the fruit be set up as high as you can in the middle, so as not to spread over the pan; add a little sugar, and sprinkle them with water. Put on another piece of paste for a cover; thumb it round the edges, as far as the fruit, let the centre be high and round. Reel round the edge of the tart with a tart-reel; make two or three holes round the fruit, near the bottom. Ice them, then flatten with your hand; sprinkle them well with clean water, but not too much, so as to cause the sugar to run off. Nearly fill the bottom, or groove round the fruit, with clean water, and bake in a cool oven. If the oven is rather warm, leave open the door.

LARGE FRUIT PIES.—Fill a dish about three parts full, or rather more, of fruit; add sugar to your palate, or use about six ounces to a quart. Take the fruit from the sides, and place it in the centre, so as to make it high and round in the middle. Roll out the paste sufficiently large to cover the dish; lay it on, and with your thumbs press down the paste between the side of the dish and the fruit. Let the centre of your pie appear nice and round. Make four cuts with a knife round the fruit; trim the paste from the edge of the dish, and notch it round. You

may ornament the centre of the pie, either by cutting any device your fancy may direct, with a knife or scissors, on the top, or by icing it when it is nearly done. Or, instead of this, whisk up the white of an egg to a very strong froth, and lay it over the centre of your pie, as high as you can; dust it with a little loaf sugar dust, and let it remain in the oven till set. If the fruit used is not very juicy, a little water may be put in the pie. A thin edging of paste may be put round the edge of the dish, if you think proper. The thickness of your crust for pies, of any description, you will regulate according to the size of the dish.

CREAMED APPLE PIE.—Pare, cut in quarters, and core, as many baking apples as your dish will hold; mix in sufficient sugar to sweeten them; grate in some lemon peel, put in four or five cloves, and a little, but not more than a teaspoonful, of water; put an edging of puff paste round a pie dish, and cover the apples with a thin crust of paste, to keep them moist. Put it into the oven till the apples are baked. While you are making the puff paste for the edge of the dish, make some extra, and cut into stars, leaves, or other ornaments; touch the tops of them with white of egg, and sift sugar on that, and then sprinkle them with a very little water; put them on a plate and bake them. Make some boiled custard, and when your apples are baked, and have got cold, take off the crust from them, and cover them well over with custard, which must also be cold. Ornament the top with the leaves and stars.

A CHARLOTTE OF APPLES.—Cut some thin slices of bread as long as a quart mould is deep, into strips about two inches wide, or into round pieces with a cutter; butter the mould; cut one thin slice of bread as large as the bottom of your mould, dip it into clarified butter, and lay it at the bottom of the mould; dip your pieces of bread in the butter, one at a time, and as you have done them, put them round the sides of the mould, so that they half overlap one another, until they cover the whole of the inside; brush them over with egg, which will stick them together. Pare, cut in quarters, and core, some baking apples; put them into a stewpan, with a little water, some grated lemon peel, a piece of cinnamon, and a few cloves; stew them over a slow fire till soft, and of the consistence of a marmalade; rub them through a hair sieve; then put them again into the stewpan, with sugar enough to sweeten them, and boil for five minutes. If they taste flat, mix in the juices of a lemon; let them cool, and then fill the mould. Cover it with tart paste, and bake for an hour and a half in a moderate oven.

THE narrowest part of the Atlantic is more than two miles deep. In other parts it is one and a half miles.

POPULAR PASTIMES.

SOLUTIONS TO TITLES, ANAGRAMS, RIDDLE, REBUS, PUZZLE, ETC.

TITLES OF ECCLESIASTICAL PERSONAGES.

1. Bi(1)shop.
2. Do(ed)an(gel)
3. Pri(nce) est(eem).
4. Archbis(ect)hop.
5. Rec(ipe)tor.
6. Dea(r)con.
7. Vi(ne)ear.
8. Far(t)oon.

ANAGRAMS.—METALS.

1. Lead.
2. Silver.
3. Platinum.
4. Tungsten.

ANIMALS.

1. Gnu.
2. Horse.
3. Deer.
4. Stag.
5. Weasels.

RIDDLE.

A Book.

REBUS.

Mayor—Mayo—May—
Ma—M.

PUZZLE.

The river Danube.

CONUNDRUMS.

1. Glass—Lass.
2. Goat—Oat.
3. Pink—Ink.
4. Chat—Hat.
5. Rape—Ape.
6. Gold—Old.
7. Abstemious.
8. He can "set" stand
ing.
9. We snuff the candle.

CHARADES.

Lady Jane is beautiful, Lady Jane is fair,
Lady Jane has nut-brown eyes, and curling,
auburn hair;

Features strictly Grecian, ruby lips, and
teeth whose whiteness,
If compared with choicest pearls, would rob
them of their brightness!

Smart at repartee, and exquisite in conver-
sation,

Wealthy is the Lady Jane, and lofty is her
station;

Alas! "My FIRST" she is not! for her
tyranny has driven

From her many a suitor, who to make her
his had striven!

A wealthy peer once sued her,—love and
riches offered he,—

But it was in vain he wooed her, for a bride
she would not be!

He thought to win proud Lady Jane,—to
overcome he'd reckon'd;—

She looked at him from head to foot, and
said, "What means **THE SECOND**?"

As usual, her fêtes, and her "parties" are
frequented,

But she receives no costly gifts,—no tender
billets scented!

Each "WHOLE," the soft, love-speaking
glance from her has now averted,

And by fond, admiring lovers, Lady Jane is
now deserted! **MAZEPPA.**

2.—My *first* is used when search is made
for drowned persons; my *second* is a pre-
position; and my *whole* is a fabled monster.

J. WILKES.

REBUS.

A celebrated English town;

A famous orator;

A British lighthouse of renown;

An Irish narrator;

The initials joined, at once display
A clever statesman of the day.

J. W. R.

ENIGMAS.

1.—Form'd centuries since—perhaps before
the flood—

I fell with the stout Dryads of the wood;
And sleeping where I fell, forgotten

quite,

Till future times brought me again to
light.

My fate then various,—low my second
birth,

But soon I rise to eminence on earth.

Then quickly doomed to visit distant
climes,

Transported for the blackness of my
crimes.

Scarcely I reach the hated, destined spot,
But by my cruel tyrants I am shot.

Unconquered yet, I now endungeoned
live,

And soon again in pomp and splendour
thrive;

Each heart I warm, each bosom cheer
again,

And die devoted to the sacred flame.

In life, by turns, the sport and pet of
fate,

My dust is still the ashes of the great
(*grate*). **F. G. LEE.**

2.—It is a lonely alley in an obscure part
of the city; the lamps give a flickering and
uncertain light; the rain comes down in
torrents. Ah! through the misty atmo-
sphere may be seen an archway, and thither
the traveller directs his steps for shelter.
He wistfully gazes upon the watery ele-
ments,—then upon his saturated clothes;
when in the midst of his survey, he fancies
he hears me in the distance. He proceeds
to search the place, and, hidden in a door-
way, discovers a man in a recumbent po-
sure, who now raises his head. He appears
to be utterly helpless. "Friend," says the
traveller, "who has laid thee here?" The
man, with vacant stare, muttered *no* re-
versed,—and most true his answer was.
"Then I abandon thee to thy fate, thou
miserable victim of intemperance!" inter-
jects the traveller. What word am I?

YOUNG CHERRYWOOD.

BOTANICAL CHARADE.

I am composed of nineteen letters; my
3, 15, 3, 3, 4, is a well known perennial; my
1, 2, 1, 1, 4, is a plant of medicinal qualities,
to be found in the flower garden and the
field; my 8, 2, 3, 3, 4, is an evergreen; my
8, 4, 5, 14, 15, 11, 7, 8, is a much esteemed frag-
rant flower; my 7, 18, 3, 15, 1, is a much
esteemed, though not fragrant flower; my
3, 5, 9, 13, 18, 19, 7, 15, 6, 9, 10, is a shrub;
my 3, 15, 8, 5, 14, is a flowering shrub; my
5, 9, 13, 15, 14, 18, 5, is a beautiful flower;
my 14, 15, 13, 18, 12, 7, 15, 2, 6, is a favourite
flower; my 14, 13, 2, 14, 9, 18, is a bulbous
plant; and my whole is a botanical term.

G. GLENNY.

TOWNS IN SCOTLAND EXPRESSED BY
ANAGRAMS.

1. Not bad rum. 2. Tom Snore. 3. Hit lo man. 4. Bare need. 5. Mud fires. 6. A girl. VOLUNA.

TOWNS IN ENGLAND ENIGMATICALLY
EXPRESSED.

1. My first is the name of an animal, my second is a shallow part of a river, and my whole is a famous town in a midland county.

2. My first is a part of the human body, my second is a collection of water, and my whole is a town in Lancashire.

3. My first is an expression for cross-tempered women, my second is a custom after death, and my whole is a town in Shropshire.

4. My first is the name of a colour, my second is the Scotch name for a rivulet, and my whole is a town in Lancashire.

5. My first is a name applied to ladies who have not been married, my second is a hard substance, and my whole is a town in Kent.

6. My first is the motion of a horse, my second is a custom after death, and my whole is a town in Kent.

HONOR EST A NILO.

FACTS AND SCRAPS.

AUTUMN.—The year rolls on apace. As week after week expires, bright summer, though she still retains her throne, looks evidently towards southern lands and her home in the far orient. There are voices and signs full of warning around us—the mysterious heralds of her speedy departure; yet not in grief does she leave us, nor with grief do we watch her vanishing, for, though glorious her presence, she gave us only sweet promises, the fulfilment of which now draws nigh. Her purpose is ended—her task accomplished—and with the sound of her receding pinions blends a shout of joy. The fruit has ripened—the harvest is at hand: who does not gladly exchange the trustful but anxious watching, for the perfect fruition of hope. Thus is it throughout all creation—in animate and in inanimate things alike; first the promise, then the fulfilment,—ever faithful. Season succeeding season, generation following generation, whether of men or animals, or herbs; each and all showing forth the unchanging spirit of nature, which, though flippantly lisped by earth-wise fools, is reverently named amongst the angels, being indeed a glorious manifestation of the might and mercy of God.

CANDOUR.—Charitable and candid thoughts of men are the necessary introduction to all goodwill and kindness; they form, if we may speak so, the only climate in which love can grow up and flourish. A suspicious temper checks in the bud every kind affection.

SEDIMENT OF RIVERS.—Every river carries down mud, sand, or gravel to the sea; the Ganges brings more than 700,000 cubic feet of mud every hour, the Yellow River in China 2,000,000, and the Mississippi still more; yet, notwithstanding these great deposits, the Italian hydrographer, Manfredi, has estimated that, if the sediment of all the rivers on the globe were spread equally over the bottom of the ocean, it would require 1000 years to raise its bed one foot.—*Physical Geography, by Mary Somerville.*

INDIAN WATERFALL.—Among the cliffs of the Eastern Ghauts, about midway between Bombay and Cape Comorin, rises the river Shirawati, which falls into the Arabian Sea. The bed of the river is one-fourth of a mile in direct breadth; but the edge of the fall is elliptical, with a sweep of half a mile. This body of water rushes at first, for 300 feet, over a slope at an angle of 45 degrees, in a sheet of white foam, and is then precipitated to the depth of 850 more into a black abyss, with a thundering noise. It has, therefore, the depth of 1,150 feet! In the rainy season the river appears to be about thirty feet in depth at the fall; in the dry season it is lower, and is divided into three cascades of varied beauty and astonishing grandeur. Join our fall of Genesee to that of the St. Lawrence, and then noble the two united, and we have the distance of the Shirawati cataract. While we allow to Niagara a vast superiority in bulk, yet in respect to distance of descent it is but a mountain rill compared with its Indian rival.—*Rochester Democrat.*

ELEPHANTS AND CAMELS.—The elephant is dangerous only in the rutting season, or when he perceives a camel. The elephants have the bitterest enmity to that harmless animal. When the camel scents the elephant it stops still, trembles in all its limbs, and utters an uninterrupted cry of terror and affright. No persuasion, no blows, can induce it to rise; it moves its head backwards and forwards, and its whole frame is shaken with mortal anguish. The elephant, on the contrary, as soon as he perceives the camel, elevates his trunk, stamps with his feet, and, with his trunk thrown backwards, snorting with a noise like the sound of a trumpet, he rushes towards the camel, which, with its neck outstretched, and utterly defenceless, awaits with the most patient resignation the approach of its enemy. The elephant, with its enormous, shapeless limbs, tramples on the unfortunate animal in such a manner that in a few minutes it is scattered around in small fragments.—*Baron Van Kattas's Abyssinia.*

AN IRISH VERDICT.—In the case of "Goodebild v. Pile and others," in which several persons were indicted for assaulting the former person in the discharge of his duty, the jury returned a verdict of "Pile guilty of his own rescue!"

He who is favoured with the sight of Truth cannot fail to admire her beauties; and it is certain that those who remain indifferent about her have never beheld her charms.

THINKING AND TALKING ABOUT BEING GENTLE.—There cannot be a surer proof of an innate meanness of disposition, than to be always talking and thinking about being genteel—one must feel a strong tendency to that which one is always trying to avoid; whenever we pretend, on all occasions, a mighty contempt for any thing, it is a pretty clear sign that we feel ourselves nearly on a level with it.

ODE TO "NOBODY."

BY MAZEPPA.

To thee, great "Nobody," I dedicate
These lines, expressive of thy mournful fate.
A victim to the world's malevolence,
Cast from the pale of man's benevolence!
Unfeeling, merciless, and deadly foe,
He doth conspire to cover thee with woe!
("Exceptions to all rules there are," 'tis said—
/ by the acts of others am not led).
Methinks that, were thy wrongs more clearly
known,
This base conspiracy might be overthrown;
Thou hast one friend! Nay, doubt not my sincerity,
I'll chant thy many sorrows, ay, with verity.
To business then. No longer I delay,
But toss all dreary prologues away.

Even the young idea will oft proclaim
That thou, and thou alone, art much to blame;
For should a school-desk ink-stain bear upon it,
The pupils say, "This 'Nobody' has done it!"
(Experience tells them that an affirmation
To "rods of chastisement" bears close relation).

If an unwieldy omnibus, upsetting,
Topples its crew upon the slimy road,
And should the passengers, with but a "wetting"
Escape, a rumour soon is spread abroad:
'The coach has fallen! 'Nobody' is hurt!
And thus of thee a falsehood men assert.

Change we the subject. "Prisoner at the bar,
Tell us most truly, faithfully, who are
Your base accomplices?" Perchance the man
Alone, uncleaned with other sinners ran.
If so, not wishing those to implicate
Who are not guilty, thus the culprit speaks:
"With 'Nobody' did I associate!"
(Again, and undeservedly, man wrecks
His rancour, for to ruin thee he seeks).

I cease my strain. A sad mysterious sound
Fortentous rings upon my startled ear,
And I remain transfixed and spell bound,
The prey of ev'ry horror-laden fear!
Whence comes that noise! Ah! now I can divine—

It is a summons! "Nobody," farewell!
A reason for the call I can assign:
"The rusty, noisy, clattering—dinner-bell!"

DEATH.

BY DIOGENES.

The other morn I watch'd a rose
Its downy leaves unfold,
And thought:—Alas! in things like those
How oft a tale is told!

Not long ago, a child I led,
In beauty budding forth,
'Fore break of day its spirit fled—
Its life had lost its worth.

A maiden at the altar stood,
Dressed in bright array,
Grim Death looked on in silent mood,
And stole the bride away.

Does pleasure then remain on earth,
Since Death steals all we love?
Yee—there is joy, of holy worth,
In thinking of above.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, No. 334 Strand.

ALLEN LOW (Perth).—We believe not.
SUBSCRIBERS.—The publisher cannot undertake to bind the numbers as proposed in your note.

SAINT MUNGO.—We return thanks for your kind note, but we were already in possession of the information.

J. C. (Liverpool).—The print has not been distributed.

LONDON.—Old French,
YOUNG SCOTLAND (Glasgow).—We have given several receipts, both in the body of the work and among the notices, for the purpose mentioned.

A TOTAL ABSTAINER (Vauxhall).—We do not wish to agitate the question in the "TRACTS."
"What we have written, we have written."
LEO.—It is not "untrodde ground;" however, we shall make use of it, in all probability.

L. B. HENDERSON.—We know of no other mode than by posting it.

R. H. S. P. (Preston).—Decidedly.
AN OLD OFFICER (Glasgow).—We are not aware of the reason why the medals have not been forwarded.

JULIUS FLOXUS (Edinburgh).—This correspondent has kindly favoured us with the following information respecting the Free Church of Scotland, in answer to W. F. C. S. L. R., in our 37th number.—"The Free Church of Scotland contains 17 synods, 71 presbyteries, and about 850 churches or preaching stations. In Edinburgh there are 24 churches; in Glasgow, 37; in Aberdeen, 16; and in Dundee, 11." We shall be delighted to hear from JULIUS FLOXUS on the subject mentioned in his note.

E. C. DAVIES (Murray-street).—We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the sharades, &c.

H. T.—Apply at the Chamberlain's Office.

HONORER & NILO (Liverpool).—It would suit very well a lawyer's voice. Thanks.

"We beg to acknowledge communications from W. H. H.; L. T. J. Conlan; J. W. R.; R. E. Grry; J. M. N.; Allan Low; Hans; Young Lewis; Manfrone; J. Marley; C. J. Dallas; Volute; E. R.; J. Keys.

CONTRIBUTORS RESPECTFULLY DECLINED.—Be Content with your Lot, by G. Langaa; Felicity, by E. Smithurst; Happy Remembrances and Woman, by Leo; Mourning, by H.; Epitaph, by J. P. G.

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TRACTS

For the People.

A WEEKLY MISCELLANY OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE AND AMUSEMENT.

No. 44. VOL. V.]

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1848. [PRICE ONE HALFPENNY.



[BATING.]

THE TERRIER.

THERE are many varieties of terriers, and many celebrated breeds of these dogs. Some have a cross of the bull-dog, and these, perhaps, are unequalled for courage and strength of jaw. In the latter quality they are superior to the bull-dog. Then there is the pepper-and-mustard breed, the Isle of Sky, the rough and smooth English terrier, &c.

Mr. Edward Jesse, in his very amusing

book, entitled "Anecdotes of Dogs," has given some very interesting and curious notices of the terrier, a few of which we here present to our readers.

"One of the most extraordinary terriers I ever met with belonged to a man of the name of T——y, well known for many years in the neighbourhood of Hampton Court. The father of this man had been in a respectable way of life, but his son wanted steadiness of character, and indeed good conduct; and had it not been for the kindness of his late Ma-

jesty, King William the Fourth, he would have been reduced to poverty long before he was. T—y, through the interest of the king, then Duke of Clarence, was tried in several situations, but failed in them all. At last he was made a postman, but was found drunk one evening, with all his letters scattered about him, and of course lost his situation. He then took up the employment of rat-catcher, for which, perhaps, he was better qualified than any other. His stock in trade consisted of some ferrets, and an old terrier dog—and a more extraordinary dog was seldom seen. He was rough, rather strongly made, and of a sort of cinnamon colour, having only one eye; his appearance being in direct contrast to what Bewick designates the *genteel* terrier. The other eye had a fluid constantly exuding from it, which made a sort of furrow down the side of his cheek. He always kept close to the heels of his master, hanging down his head, and appearing the personification of misery and wretchedness. He was, however, a wonderful vermin-killer, and wherever his master placed him, there he remained, waiting with the utmost patience and resignation, until an unfortunate rat bolted from the hole, which he instantly killed in a most philosophical manner. The poor dog had to undergo the vicissitudes of hard fare, amounting almost to starvation, of cold, rain, and other evils, but still he was always to be seen at his master's feet, and his fidelity to him was unshaken. No notice—no kind word, seemed to have any effect upon him if offered by a stranger, but he obeyed and understood the slightest signal from his owner. This man was an habitual drunkard, at least whenever he could procure the means of becoming one. It was a cold, frosty night in November, when T—y was returning from a favourite ale-house, along one of the Thames Ditton lanes, some of which, owing to the flatness of the country, have deep ditches by their sides. Into one of these the unfortunate man staggered, in a fit of brutal intoxication, and was drowned. When the body was discovered the next morning, the dog was seen using his best endeavours to drag it out of the ditch. He had probably been employed all night in this attempt, and in his efforts, had torn the coat from the shoulders of his master. It should be mentioned that this faithful animal had saved his master's life on two former occasions, when he was nearly similarly circumstanced.

"Terriers appear to have a strong instinctive faculty of finding their way back to their homes, when removed from them to long distances, and even when they have seas to cross. There are instances of their having done this from France, Ireland, and even Germany. Their powers of endurance, therefore, must be very great, and their

energies, as well as affections, equally strong. They have also an invincible perseverance in all they do, to which every fox-hunter will bear testimony. When following the hounds, I have been delighted in witnessing the energy of a brace of terriers, who were sure to make their appearance at the slightest check, running with an ardour quite extraordinary, and incessant in their exertions to be with the busiest of the pack in their endeavours to find. If the fox takes to earth, the little brave terrier eagerly follows, and shows by his baying whether the fox lays deep or not, so that those who are employed in digging it out can act accordingly. In rabbit-shooting in thick furze or breaks, the terrier will take covert with the eagerness and impetuosity of a fox-hound. On one of these occasions, I saw an enormous wild cat started, which a small terrier pursued, and never quitted, notwithstanding the unequal contest, till it was shot by a keeper. As vermin-killers, they are superior to all other dogs. The celebrated terrier, Billy, was known to have killed one hundred rats in seven minutes.

"Nor are their affections less strong than their courage. A gentleman in the neighbourhood of Bath had a terrier which produced a litter of four puppies. He ordered one of them to be drowned, which was done by throwing it into a pail of water, in which it was kept down by a mop till it appeared to be dead. It was then thrown into a dust-hole, and covered with ashes. Two mornings afterwards, the servant discovered that the bitch had still four puppies, and amongst them was the one which it was supposed had been drowned. It was conjectured that in the course of a short time the terrier had, unobserved, raked her whelp from the ashes, and had restored it to life.

"It may be also mentioned, as an instance of courage and fidelity in a terrier, that as a gentleman was returning home, a man armed with a large stick seized him by the breast, and striking him a violent blow on the head, desired him instantly to deliver his watch and money. As he was preparing to repeat the blow, the terrier sprang at him, and seized him by the throat. His master, at the same time, giving the man a violent blow, he fell backwards, and dropped his stick. The gentleman took it up, and ran off, followed by his dog, but not before the animal had torn off and carried away in his mouth a portion of the man's waistcoat."

THE MAGIC DYE.—Nearly fill a wine glass with the juice of beetroot, which is of a deep red colour, and a little lime-water, and the mixture will be colourless; dip into it a piece of white cloth, dry it rapidly, and in a few hours the cloth will become red.

An Irishman, describing the outward man of a friend, observed that he was rather *inclined* to the perpendicular!

MAZEPPA.

GEORDIE'S STILL.

LATE in the summer of the year 17—, the —th regiment of light infantry received orders to march from Dublin to a city in the north of Ireland, which was to be their head quarters for the ensuing year. The day after their arrival, the officers were assembled to learn what stations they were to occupy with detached parties in different districts of the country. It was rather an anxious moment—each individual anticipating with horror the chance of being doomed to pass the winter in the comfortless barrack of some Irish village, with no better substitute for the brilliant balls and crowded soirées of the gay metropolis they had just quitted, than the Sunday dinner and quiet glass of whisky-punch with the rector, or the homely tea-table and countrified gossip of his “womankind.” Such were the fearful visions which floated through the imaginations of our fashionable lieutenants and ensigns whilst their lot was yet undecided. At length the decrees of fate were pronounced, and amongst others the following:—“Lieut. Howard and twenty-five men to be quartered in —, at the foot of Craig-na-shiounk mountain.

The village where Howard found it his interest to domesticate himself possessed but few attractions in the way of society or amusement. The old rector was courteous and kind, but he lived in “single blessedness;” and there was too little sympathy in their characters and pursuits for this intercourse to warm into anything beyond ordinary acquaintance. The agent to the estate of the chief proprietor, a noble absentee, was one of those little great men who shine only from the borrowed lustre of their employers, and whose mental vision takes in nothing further in the circle of this planet than his lordship, his lordship’s agent, his lordship’s friends and tenants.

It will readily be supposed that there was but little attraction in such a circle of acquaintance. No wonder, then, if Howard sought that interest in the natural beauties of the neighbourhood which he failed to find within the narrow limits of its society. With his dog and gun he would wander for whole days amongst the glens and mountain-passes of this Alpine region; he would scramble up the precipitous sides of Ben-bradagh, to obtain a view of the sea from its summit; or, gaining the pinnacle of Cairn-togher, would scare the hawk from his eyrie amongst the crags, or perhaps bring him to the ground whilst in the act of pouncing on his prey. The ascent of Craig-na-shiounk itself he destined for the last of his achievements, and, hitherto deterred by the threatening aspect of its clouded brow, the hope of finer weather induced him to delay this expedition from day to day.

At the time which this narrative treats of, the frauds practised upon government, in the shape of illicit distillation, existed in Ireland to an almost incredible extent; and though carried on to the very height of audacity, no effectual measures had as yet been taken to check the increase of the evil. The revenue police had not then been organised; and it was consequently the disagreeable duty of the military to protect the ganger in his efforts to discover and apprehend such offenders.

This duty, so repugnant to the feelings of a British officer, Howard had hitherto been exempted from; but one day he received a notification from the ganger of the discovery of a private still within a few miles of his quarters, and a consequent requisition for his assistance in destroying it, and delivering the guilty parties over to justice.

With a bent brow and a chafed spirit, Howard set forth the following morning at the head of his party, in the direction indicated by the ganger’s informant. When arrived at the miserable hovel pointed out as the spot where the illicit manufacture was carried on, he looked around him with mingled feelings of disgust and pity. Situated on the bleak north-eastern side of a barren mountain, the cabin was only accessible by a kind of sheep-track, winding around and across the jutting fragments of rock. It was constructed of merely a few sods, piled one upon another; the thatched roof, so full of holes that the wind had free passage through the whole wretched fabric, was propped up by a few rickety pine trunks; and as for chimney, any one of the aforesaid holes in the roof might lay claim to the title, as the blue smoke found equal egress through all of them. A small patch of ground had once been enclosed round the hut, but seemed to be cropped with stones rather than potatoes; whilst a broken-down cart, a half-famished pig, with a group of squalid bare-legged children, completed the desolate picture. The interior of the hut was divided by a partition, composed, like the outer walls, of piled turf, but reaching only about five feet from the ground. The furniture of the first room consisted of a wheel-barrow, turned upside down in a corner, to form a pig-sty, two or three clumsy wooden stools; a substitute for a table, made out of the bottom of an old cart, and a kettle; the hearth was a broad slate stone, with another placed up right at the back. In the inner compartment might be dimly discerned a miscellaneous heap of rags and old clothes in one corner, from one of which issued the hoarse asthmatic cough of a poor invalid apparently doomed to pass the remainder of his days in this den of misery, every object in which was begrimed by the ever-brooding cloud of turf smoke. Besides the child and the sick man within, the only visible inmate of the cabin was an old woman, who

sat moodily smoking her pipe at the fire, intent upon the boiling of a pan of potatoes. The hag did not rise from her seat at the entrance of Howard and the soldiers, and but for an increased action of vehement puffing at her short black pipe, she might have been supposed both blind and deaf; but when the Irish countryman who had acted as informer and guide slipped in behind the soldiers, her indifference, real or assumed, suddenly forsook her, and uttering a bitter imprecation, she rose, with a countenance of fury, and dashed her pipe to atoms on the hearth.

"In the name of the holy Mother of God," exclaimed she, turning to Howard, "what want ye frae the lone widow in her desolate cabin?—and you, ye black-faced villain, Daniel MacTaggart, remember the fate of ye'r father, an' tell me who silenced the tongue that spoke against his own people?" The informer did not answer a word, but looked full at the old woman with a scowl of deadly hatred. She soon sank down, as if exhausted, and with her eyes still steadfastly fixed upon MacTaggart, she continued—"But tak ye'r wull, gentlemen, tak ye'r wull, an' saith the house through an' through, for the God that's above knows there's little in it but this last male for the children." So saying, she relapsed into silence, and seemed to regard with apathy the rigorous search immediately commenced by the soldiers. They ransacked every corner of the dilapidated dwelling; overturned, or rather restored to its natural position, the misplaced wheelbarrow; drove out the sow and her noisy litter; searched the straw, the rags, the bed of the invalid, and sounded the turf stack, and the dunghill, but all in vain.

"Well, sir!" said Howard, turning to the informer, who was leaning very composedly against the wall with his arms folded—"a pretty dance you have led us for nothing, after all your boastings of the certainty of making a seizure in this very cabin!" A sort of savage smile passed over the man's face as he slowly raised his finger and pointed. Howard's eyes followed in the direction indicated, and rested on the hearth-stone. There sat the hag, whose eyes, still riveted with an expression of malignity on the informer, sparkled with such a fiendish glow in that uncertain light, that Howard felt his flesh creep, and almost involuntarily averted his gaze; but he looked again, and discovered the meaning of the sign. The old woman had risen with a strange alacrity, and swept away the burning turf; and in the centre of the hearth-stone a small orifice was now visible, with a piece of iron bent into it like a handle. MacTaggart coolly walked up to the stone, and slowly lifting it, with the assistance of the poker thrust through the handle, he pointed, without a word, to a rude ladder descending into a vault below. Howard looked down with a

shudder into the gloomy abyss, but quickly rallying, he called, in a cheerful voice, to his men,—“Come, my lads, we shall have some work here yet I see. Now show me how cleverly you'll ferret out the fox.” Then with one foot on the ladder to lead the way, he turned to MacTaggart—"You, my good fellow," said he, "will have the goodness to come down after us, and stay at the foot of the ladder to watch this opening." The informer hesitated, but seeing Howard's eye begin to flash with suspicion and anger, he at length screwed up his courage, and prepared to follow the men.

Most of the soldiers had reached the bottom, and were groping about, by the aid of the glimmering light from above. The last man was half way down, and MacTaggart a little above him, when suddenly was heard a fall, a crash,—all became immersed in darkness, and the soldier, violently struck by some heavy body from above, was precipitated to the ground down eight or nine steps of the ladder. He was stunned for an instant, but soon recovered himself, and a breathless "what was that?" was ejaculated by the alarmed party, now involved in utter obscurity. A dreadful groan and gasp of agony arose as if from the earth, and the stoutest heart amongst them was thrilled at the sound. A moment afterwards, the trap-door above was again lifted, and on turning their eyes towards the re-appearing light, they beheld the haggard face and dishevelled locks of the old woman, her fierce eyes glaring down upon them, whilst a wild grin of fiendish exultation lighted up her withered features. They remained for an instant transfixed and bewildered, when Howard suddenly called out, with a voice of horror, "Oh! God! secure her, she has murdered the guide!"

Such was indeed the case—stretched at their feet lay the unfortunate wretch's body, bleeding profusely from an enormous fracture in the skull. The heavy stone from the back of the fire-place had been dropped upon his head as he was in the act of descending. All efforts to restore him were unavailing—it was his death-groan that had pierced their ears a few moments before. Howard now rushed up with some of the men, and secured the old woman, who offered no resistance, but tossed her arms in the air with fearful laughter, or pointed down into the pit, uttering exclamations of diabolical triumph. "Ha! ha!" cried she, "are you the man that was to see me and mine rotting in a gaol? Ye've seen ye'r last sight noo, I doubt! but I warned ye long ago that a black heart would win a bloody head, and there ye lie to prove it, informer that ye were! Get up, noo, and gae and tell the magistrates that Geordie's still has been found in the mountain, and ye'll get ye a share of the profit may be—ha! ha!" They secured her firmly with cords, and leavin g

guard at the top of the ladder, with orders to fire and sound the alarm, should any one attempt a rescue from without, Howard re-descended into the vault, and proceeded to explore its mysterious recesses, leading the way through a low winding passage, lighted only by some chinks in the rock, its roof and walls expanding by degrees, and at length terminating in a spacious cavern.

At sight of this place Howard perceived that he had made a valuable discovery. The whole space was filled with distilling apparatus on an extensive scale, and numerous kegs of the prepared spirit were lying about; but what seemed remarkably strange, was, that although the still was actually in full operation at the moment, not a trace of any human being was discoverable! This was the more unaccountable, as Howard knew that the process of distillation requires incessant watching. The most rigid search through the cave terminated, however, with no further success than finding a man's hat of rather a peculiar shape under one of the rude benches. On examining it, Howard was startled to perceive that it had evidently been the regimental cap of a soldier, uncouthly altered and battered into a hat. He could even distinguish, half effaced upon a button, the number of the regiment which had preceded his own in this part of the country; and this circumstance seemed but too confirmatory of certain rumours he had heard, of some of the privates of that corps having more than once been missing, after their mountain expeditions. Keeping his thoughts, however, to himself, he merely placed the cap aside on a cask in a dark corner, intending to inspect it more narrowly by daylight; and having noticed a piece of paper sticking out of the lining, he thought it not impossible some clue might be afforded by it towards discovering the fate of its former possessor. In pursuance of his orders, the men proceeded to break up the whole apparatus, preparatory to its removal, and when they were ready to carry off their booty, Howard returned to the corner for the cap, when, marvellous to say, it had disappeared. Every man of the party was separately interrogated—not one had seen it since it was in Howard's hands. Every nook was again searched, but no cap could be found. The men, ready as they were to brave open danger, were affected strangely by this mysterious circumstance; and Howard himself emerged from this den, bewildered by the occurrences of the day—the dreadful deed he had witnessed, and the extraordinary disappearance of the cap, which he could not by any means account for. The party returned to their quarters in safety with their spoil, the dead body of the unfortunate guide, and their wretched prisoner, whose ravings threw no light upon her associates. The sick man and the children had escaped unnoticed, probably at the mo-

ment of their first descent into the vault—and all attempts at further discoveries proved for the time unavailing.

About a month after Howard's adventure at the still, a beautiful autumnal morning found him, with his gun on his shoulders, half-way up the steep side of Craig-na-shioux. He stepped forth firmly and boldly; but his eyes were cast to the ground as if in deep thought, and his brows contracted, as though the subject of his meditations were any thing but pleasant. He would now and then raise his eyes with a searching glance to the summit above and rocks around him; and then, handling his gun-stock with a tighter grasp, resume his toilsome ascent with increased vigour.

Now, reader, cast your eyes a little lower down the mountain, and you will perceive, just at the mouth of the ravine from which Howard emerged a few minutes ago, the figure of a tall old man, watching the progress of the young officer with a sorrowful expression in his looks. Now you may hear him muttering to himself in a suppressed voice, "Well, well, e'en let him gang! A wilfu' man maun hae his way, and am not I an auld fule that would be hindering a red-coat from getting his deserts? and yet he was kind to puir auld Allie in her daftness, and I'll be no lettin him dee that way neither. So I'll e'en gang and warn his party to look til him." With this resolve, the old man suddenly raises himself from his drooping posture, and, turning his back to the ascent, strikes down the ravine, and soon becomes lost to the view.

Howard, meanwhile, during his wearisome ascent, was perplexed by strange thoughts and presentiments. "How extraordinary," thought he, "an old man, whom, as far as I can recollect, I never saw before, to come and exhort me so pertinaciously to give up my day's shooting, and, when nothing else would do, to swear that he had seen my *feich*—that I stood before him last night in my winding-sheet! In spite of myself, there is something in this that haunts and oppresses me. And yet what a fool I am to bestow a second thought on such nonsense.—By Jove! all the old croakers in Ireland sha'n't stop my day's sport. And there goes a pack of grouse, I declare.—Now for it." And, setting off with alacrity in pursuit of his game, he speedily forgot the ominous bodings which had for a brief space over-loaded his buoyant spirit.

The sun shone cheerily, and the bracing mountain air infused an unwonted vigour into his frame. Heedless of time or distance, he bounded over the heather, till, about three o'clock in the afternoon, he found himself, with a well-filled game-bag, on a sort of table-land at the top of the mountain, stretching out on all sides without any apparent limits. The sun had at this moment become obscured by a black cloud, and a

veil of mist seemed thickening in the distance: but these portentous signs were utterly lost upon our mountaineer, in whom a keen sense of hunger was then the paramount impulse.

He sat down, drew out his provisions and flask, and applied himself to the enjoyment of them with that determined relish which perhaps none but the thorough-bred sportsman can fully understand. Sandwich after sandwich disappeared, each accompanied by a corresponding draught of genial "half-and-half," and he never thought of looking up till both flask and tin-case were fairly emptied. When at length he did so, he perceived, with some dismay, that the sky was far more threatening, and the mist much denser than before; and as the heath spread around him in one vast, unbroken surface, with nothing to serve as a landmark, he had not the least idea from which direction he had reached his present position. He saw that there was no time to be lost, and starting up, began to stride rapidly across the moor in the direction which he instinctively took to be the right one. But the heath seemed interminable; and at every step he seemed to be more thickly enveloped in the mist. Still he wandered on, consoling himself with the hope that whichever way he took, he must surely at length come to some track which would lead to a human habitation. Unhappily, and to him unaccountably, no such track appeared.

By this time the fog had acquired such a bewildering density, that, to use a common expression, "he could scarcely see his own hand;" the thick damp air became oppressive to the lungs, and impeded his respiration, and his clothes were wet as if with rain. Though almost overcome with fatigue, he still bent his steps forward, when suddenly his foot struck against something hard;—another step, and he felt he was no longer treading on springy heath, but on solid rock. At the same moment a strange unaccountable shudder thrilled through his frame, and he stopped, he knew not why. Then he became aware of a rush and flapping motion in the air close above him, as if some huge body were whirling rapidly about his head:—his blood became chilled, and he involuntarily closed his eyes for a moment;—then opening them again, endeavoured, but in vain, to pierce through the "palpable obscurity" which enveloped him as with a shroud.

"This will never do," thought he, and he was about to advance another step, when a sudden gust of wind, rushing through some unseen fissure, transfixed him with the sharpness of a knife, and cleft asunder the rolling masses of fog. At the same instant, a horrible scream ran through the air above him, and turning upwards his bewildered glance, he beheld the form of an immense black eagle, wheeling round his head with

outstretched pinions, uttering fierce cries of awful bodement. He hastily averted his eyes, but on looking downwards, what was his horror to find himself standing on the very brink of the tremendous Craignashoun precipice; one single step further must have been his last! Some hundred feet of the perpendicular wall were open to his view—the rest of the fearful chasm was shrouded in the mist. He stood for a moment paralysed—his brain grew dizzy, and he felt as if about to lose his footing—but collecting with a last effort his fast ebbing strength, he flung himself backwards, and fell at full length on the heath. The fragment he had been standing on, loosened by the impulse, dashed headlong down the gulf with a fearful crash; the stunning sound rang confusedly in his ears—his senses forsook him, and he swooned away.

When Howard awoke to consciousness, he stared vacantly around him, unable to divine where he was lying. The faint glimmer of a rushlight just sufficed for him to distinguish that he was in some subterraneous abode, with an arched roof above and a dark recess beyond him. The first image that flashed upon his mind was that of the old man upon the hill. By degrees all the circumstances of his mountain adventure began to unravel themselves in his memory, though he was unconscious of what had befallen him from the moment of his escape at the brink of the precipice.

As his eyes became accustomed to the obscurity around him, he was able to distinguish a few other features of the vault (for such it appeared) in which he now found himself; but nothing which could give him the slightest idea where he was, till at length they rested on an object which made him turn sick at heart; a cask placed in a dark corner, and lying upon it—an old bat! The whole truth, and all the sinister recollections of this place, burst at once upon his mind, and forgetting the prostration of strength which had hitherto kept him supine and motionless, he attempted to spring up and feel for his gun. The movement, however, was suddenly checked, and the whole horror of his situation was brought before him when he discovered himself to be bound down to a rude kind of bedstead. Agonising were the convictions that ensued upon this discovery; he could no longer doubt that he was in the power of the smugglers. "This, then," thought he, "was the source of the old man's prophecy! No doubt these villains were lying in wait for me whilst I was wandering bewildered in that mist. Yet why not have told me in plain terms the real danger I had to fear. Instead of dropping those mysterious hints! Can it be that he is one of them, and feared to make further disclosures? Yet in that case, how strange that he should warn me at all!" To these reflections succeeded

other and more bitter thoughts, as the helplessness of his situation pressed itself more and more upon his mind. At one moment his blood boiled with rage at the idea of being bound down like a culprit, deprived of every means of defending himself, and destined thus to become a prey to the knife of the assassin—at the next, visions of his happy home in England floated before his eyes—he thought of his father—his mother—his sisters—of all most dear to him, and of how little those fond ones dreamed of the danger that menaced an existence so precious to them—and, blame him ye who are strangers to the sweet charities of home, he wept long and bitterly. But to this mood succeeded one of a more manly strain. Despair aroused all the energies of his nature, and he resolved, should all attempts at escape prove ineffectual, at least to sell his life dearly. Determined to leave no means untried for regaining his freedom, he began cautiously to work about his wrists in the ropes that bound them. By degrees, to his great joy, he felt them stretching, for they were only made of straw. One hand was at length set at liberty, and breathless with hope and agitation, he was proceeding to disengage the other, when a powerful grasp seized him by the throat from behind, and he was instantly pinned down again to his pallet. Gasping for breath, and half suffocated, he looked up and saw a fierce-looking ruffian bending over him, his eyes peering through the shaggy elf-locks of matted red hair which hung about his face.

"Now, jist be say wid ye, my jewel," cried he, with a frightful grin, "for I'm no so soft as that neither, and I feel here to watch on ye. May be, though I did shut my eyes for a while, I'm no going to let you off yet." So saying, he put one knee upon Howard's chest and pressed him down, whilst he secured him with the ropes more firmly than ever.

"In the name of God," exclaimed Howard, "what do you mean to do with me?"

"Is it what I'll do wid ye?" answered his ferocious jailer. "An what ha'e ye done wid our stulla, that nivir did yerself any harm? Couldna ye let a pair body mak his livin' quietly, ye black-hearted Englisher, widout comin' ower the say to ruin us intirely? Is it what I'll do wid ye? Troth there's the black pit o' the Shiouk no very far from this, that no man ever seed the bottom of, and nothin' ever came out alive or dead that ones went in; an when the rascally gauger came last year to speer at us, ye saw we jist threw him down head foremost for speakin' about it, an' may be the captain will be for sendin' you after him, and that I'll be what we'll do wid you, if it's no somethin' waur." Perceiving that his victim was writhing with horror at his language, the wretch went on with his taunts. "An' ye had a sharp eye, to be sure, on you soder's

cap t'other day; an' more fule ye, that niver looked inside the cask—may be if ye had, I hadna been here the day to laugh whin I see ye leavin' whin ye can't help yersel down the pit of the Shiouk. But here comes the captain his own sel, and ye'll soon know what we'll do wid ye."

With a savage leer he arose, and going towards the entrance of the vault left Howard in a state of suspense too dreadful to describe. He heard the tread of a body of men approaching above ground, and with a half-uttered prayer to heaven, he endeavoured to steel his mind for the worst. They came heavily on, and every reverberation sounded like a knell to his fainting heart. At length they seemed to have reached the mouth of the cave. Howard held his breath in an agony of excitement, when suddenly his hideous tormentor came rushing back in a frenzy of rage. "By the eternal powers," cried he, "ye've brought yer sodgers on us again, but ye'll no 'scape me yersel any how yit,"—and darting aside, he seized a pick-axe which lay in a corner. The desperation of the moment lent Howard the strength of a giant, and with one convulsive effort he burst asunder the ropes that bound him, and sprang forward to seize the uplifted arm. Just then he heard the voice of his own sergeant in the passage.

"Forward! my lads, and we'll save our officer yet!" The ruffian struggled fearfully at the sound, and, shaking himself loose, was just aiming another blow at Howard, when a musket-shot levelled him to the ground, and the instant after six bayonets were thrust through his body.

"Step!" cried Howard, "secure him alive;" but it was too late.

"Faith, your honour," cried the sergeant, "you might as well have cried *stop* when he had that ugly pickaxe ower your honour's own head just now."

When Howard, safely housed in his quarters, had leisure to recapitulate his adventures, he found that an old man answering in description to his warming friend of the mountain, had come and apprised the sergeant that he would find his officer in great peril at the cave where they had seized the still. After giving this hint he immediately made off, without a word further in explanation. As a climax of good fortune, he also found waiting for him a despatch from head-quarters, containing his recall from this always disagreeable, and now insupportable station. Losing no time in preparations, he immediately bade adieu to Origna-Shiouk, bequeathing to it his heartless maledictions.

THE imperfection of the English language is exhibited when we state the fact that a blackberry is red when it is green.

MICHAEL KALLIPHOURNAS.

A TALE OF MODERN GREECE.

MICHAEL KALLIPHOURNAS was left an orphan the year the Greek revolution broke out. He was hardly fourteen years old, and yet he had to act as the guardian and protector of a sister four years younger than himself. The storm of war soon compelled him to fly to Egina with the little Euphrosyne. The trinkets and gold which his relations had taught him to conceal, enabled him to place his sister in a Catholic monastery at Naxos, where she received the education of a European lady. Michael himself served under Colonel Gordon and General Fabvier with great distinction. In 1831, when the Turks were about to cede Attica to Greece, Michael and Euphrosyne returned to Athens, to take possession of their family property, which promised to become of very great value. At that time I had very often seen Phrôssa, as she was generally called; indeed, from my intimacy with her brother, I was a constant visitor in the house. Her appearance is deeply impressed on my memory. I have rarely beheld greater beauty, never a more elegant figure, nor a more graceful and dignified manner. She was regarded as a fortune, and began to be sought in marriage by all the young aristocracy of Greece. It was at last conjectured that a young Athenian, named Nerio, the last descendant of the Frank dukes of Athens, had made some impression on her heart. He was a gay and spirited young man, who had behaved very bravely when shut up with the troops in the Acropolis during the last siege of Athens, and he was an intimate friend of her brother. I had left Athens about this time, and my travels in the East had prevented my hearing any thing of my friends in Greece for years.

There is a good deal of society among the Greek families at Athens for a few weeks before the carnival. They meet together in the evenings, and amuse themselves in a very agreeable way. At one of these parties the discourse fell on the existence of ghosts and spirits; Michael, who was present, declared that he had no faith in their existence. All the party present exclaimed against what they called his freemasonry; and even his sister, who was not given to superstition, begged him to be silent lest he should offend the *neraïdes*, who might punish him when he least expected it. He laughed and ridiculed Phrôssa, offering to do any thing to dare those redoubted spirits which the company could suggest. Nerio, a far greater sceptic than Michael, suddenly affected great respect for the invisible world, and, by exciting Michael, gradually engaged him, amidst the laughing of his companions, to undertake to fry a dozen of eggs on the tomb of a Turkish santon, a short distance beyond

the Patissia gate—to leave a pot of charcoal, to be seen next morning, as a proof of his valour, and return to the party with the dish of eggs.

The expedition was arranged, in spite of the opposition of the ladies; four or five of the young men promised to follow at a little distance, unknown to Michael, to be ready, lest anything should happen. Michael himself, with a *sembil* containing a pot of charcoal, a few eggs and a flask of oil in one hand, and a frying-pan and small lantern in the other, closely enveloped in his dusky capote, proceeded smiling to his task. The tomb of the Turk consisted of a marble cover taken from some ancient sarcophagus, and sustained at the corners by four small pillars of masonry; the top was not higher than an ordinary table, and below the marble slab there was an empty space between the columns.

The night was extremely dark and cold, so that the friends of Michael, familiar as they were with their native city, found some difficulty in following him without a lantern through the mass of ruins Athens then presented. As they approached the tomb they perceived that he had already lighted his charcoal, and was engaged in blowing it vigorously, as much to warm his hands as to prepare for his cooking operations. Creeping as near to him as possible without risking a discovery, they heard, to their amazement, a deep voice apparently proceeding from the tomb, which exclaimed: "It must be a cold night for mankind."—"To pisevo effendi," said Michael, in a careless tone, but nervously proceeded to pour a whole bottle of oil into the frying-pan. As soon as the oil was boiling and bubbling, the voice from the tomb again exclaimed: "Infidel, what are you doing here? You appear to be cooking. Fly hence, or I will eat my supper of thy carrion." And at the instant, a head, covered by an enormous white turban, protruded itself from under the tombstone with open mouth. Michael, either alarmed at the words and the apparition, or angry at the suspicion of a premeditated trick on the part of his companions, seized the panful of boiling oil, and poured the whole contents into the gaping mouth of the spectre, exclaiming: "If you are so hungry, take the oil, son of Satan!" A shriek, which might have awakened the dead, proceeded from the figure, followed by a succession of hideous groans. The friends of Michael rushed forward, but the lamp had fallen to the ground and was extinguished in the confusion. Some time elapsed ere it was found and lighted. The unfortunate figure was dragged from the tomb, suffocated by the oil, and evidently in a dying state, if indeed life was not already extinct. Slowly the horrible truth became apparent. Nerio had separated himself from the rest of the party unperceived, disguised himself, and gained the tomb before the ar-

rival of Michael, who thus became the murderer of his sister's lover.

The affair never made much noise. The Turks did not consider themselves authorised to meddle in the affairs of the Greeks. Indeed, the infamous murder of the Greek *bakalbashi*, a short time before, by Jussufbey, with his own hand, had so compromised their authority, that they were in fear of a revolution. The truth was slowly communicated to Euphrosyne by Michael himself; she bore it better than he had anticipated. She consoled her brother and herself by devoting her life to religious and charitable exercises; but she never entered a monastery nor publicly took the veil. She still lives at Athens, where her charity is experienced by many, though few ever see her. When I left Greece on a visit to Mount Athos, my friend Michael insisted on accompanying me; and, after our arrival on the holy mountain, he exacted from me a promise that I would never discover to any one the monastery into which he had retired, nor even, should we by chance meet again, address him as an acquaintance, unless he should speak to me. His sister alone is entrusted with his secret.

AMICUS.

AN ESSAY ON THE PLEASURABLE PASSIONS.

THE passions founded on pleasure cause a universal expansion—if so it may be expressed—of vital action. The blood, under their animating influence, flows more liberally to the superficies, and, playing freely through its capillary vessels, the countenance becomes expanded, its expression brightens, and the whole surface acquires the ruddy tint and genial warmth of health. The body also feels buoyant and lively, and there is a consequent disposition to quick and cheerful muscular motions; to run, to jump, to dance, to laugh, to sing; in short, every function would seem to be gladdened by the happy moral condition. The common expressions, therefore, as "*the heart is light*," or "*leaps with joy*," "*to swell with pride*," "*to be puffed up with vanity*," are not altogether figurative; for the heart does bound more lightly, and the body appears literally to dilate, under the pleasurable affections of the mind.

But an excess of feeling, whatever may be its character, is always prejudicial; this class of passions, therefore, when likely to become violent, should be subdued, lest they lead to danger of the health and life. Even felicity itself, if it surpasses the bounds of moderation, will oppress and overwhelm us. Extravagant and unexpected joy unduly excites the nervous system, increases unnaturally and unequally the circulation, and occasions a painful stricture of the heart and lungs, accompanied with sighing, sobbing,

and panting, as in severe grief. Under its influence, too, the visage will often turn pale, the limbs tremble and refuse their support to the body, and in extreme cases, fainting, convulsions, hysterics, madness, temporary ecstasy, or catalepsy, and even instant death, may ensue. If the subject be of a delicate and sensitive constitution, and more especially if he labours under any complaint of the heart, the consequences of the shock to the nervous system, of sudden and immoderate joy, will always be attended with the utmost hazard.

Diagoras, a distinguished athlete of Rhodes, and whose merit was celebrated in a beautiful ode by Pindar, inscribed in golden letters on a temple of Minerva, died suddenly from an excess of joy on seeing his three sons return crowned as conquerors from the Olympic games.

Dionysius, the second tyrant of that name, is recorded to have died of joy on learning the award of a poetical prize to his own tragedy. The death of Sophocles is ascribed to the same cause.

Chilo, a Spartan philosopher, one of the "seven wise men of Greece," on seeing his son obtain a victory at Olympia, fell overjoyed into his arms and immediately expired.

It is related that Pope Leo the Tenth, under the influence of extravagant joy at the triumph of his party against the French, and for the much coveted acquisition of Parma and Placentia, suddenly fell sick and died.

Dr. Good tells us of a clergyman, an intimate friend of his own, who, at a time when his income was very limited, received the unexpected tidings that a property had been bequeathed to him, amounting to three thousand pounds a-year. "He arrived in London in great agitation, and entering his own door, dropped down in a fit of apoplexy, from which he never entirely recovered."

If the extreme of joy follow unexpectedly an emotion of an opposite character, the danger from it will be materially increased. A story is told of two Roman matrons, who, on seeing their sons, whom they had believed to be dead, return from the famous battle fought between Hannibal and the Romans near the lake of Thrasymene, and in which the Roman army was cut to pieces, passing suddenly from the deepest grief to the most vehement joy, instantly expired.

Examples have likewise happened where culprits just at the point of execution have immediately perished on the unexpected announcement of a pardon. We may draw, then, the important practical lesson, that the cure of one strong passion is not to be attempted by the sudden excitement of another of an opposite character. To endeavour at once to eradicate deep grief by excessive joy is as irrational as it would be to expect the restoration of a frozen limb from pouring upon it hot water.

The human constitution was manifestly never designed for acute excitements, whether of a pleasurable or painful character; hence its energies soon waste under their too constant operation. Even our good desires, then, may be too impetuous, and our virtuous zeal outrun the limits of healthful moderation. It is an apt saying, that "the archer who shoots beyond the mark, misses it as much as he that comes short of it." There is nothing more conducive to health, longevity, and true enjoyment, than a just equanimity of mind, a quiet harmony among the various passions; wherefore it is that most philosophers have made our sovereign good to consist in the tranquillity of soul and body, leaving ecstatic pleasure and rapturous feelings to beings of a different nature from our own. OMEGA.

AN ADVENTURE.

ONE winter's night, about 120 years ago, a young lady was reading in bed Le Sage's celebrated novel of "Le Diable Boiteux." She was the only child of a merchant in the city of London; her mother had been long dead, and she kept her father's house. In those days, gentlemen who had made fortunes in the city, and spent the early part of their lives in the counting-house, felt no inclination to desert the scene of their youthful labours and success, or to touch upon ground foreign to their feelings, or to the plain trade-like habits of their life. Houses at the West-end, eight o'clock dinners, and bankruptcies, three of the plagues created by man for his own destruction, date their commencement at the same time.

The house in which Mr. and Miss Felton resided was in the very depth of the city, choked up by narrow lanes and buildings at the back, and altogether presenting the true unadorned picture of a wealthy city merchant's abode, at that comparatively remote period. The night in which the circumstance occurred which we are about to relate, Mr. Felton happened to be in the country on particular business, and the young lady his daughter was left sole mistress of the house, guardian of no mean quantity of valuable plate, and costly articles of one sort or another.

At the hour of ten o'clock she retired to bed, and after carefully fastening her room door, and placing the candle on a table close to her side, she took up her novel, and was soon buried in the sorrows of Donna Leonora, or exulting with Amodeus on the house-top of some old miser, whose heart's idol he was just ready to seize upon and tear from his grasp for ever. But intently as she was thus engaged, her attention was suddenly disturbed by the sound of a very gentle movement at the lock of her own room door! She listened: an attempt was evidently being made to force open the lock. The

blood flew with impetuosity to her heart, and her limbs shook with terror! A man and two women servants formed the establishment, and she reflected that were she to ring her bell, it was possible the man might be out, and what could two helpless and frightened females effect against a determined housebreaker? for such she had no doubt whatever was the character of the individual now endeavouring to force an entrance into her room, in which the well-stored plate chest, with several other articles of value, were constantly kept.

In the impulse of her almost deathly fear, she thought seized her to extinguish her light, the last thing perhaps any one would have done in so perilous a situation—but the experiment was mercifully blent: after a few more ineffectual attempts at the lock, the noise entirely ceased, and Miss Felton distinctly heard retreating footsteps. When the beating of her heart had subsided, she poured out to the Almighty her fervent thanksgiving for his gracious protection and deliverance, and then fell asleep. On going down to breakfast, she learned that there had been a violent noise and confusion during the night, in a narrow street at the back of the house; that a gentleman had been robbed and beaten, and that after a long pursuit the robber was taken, and the stolen property found upon him. She also learnt that their man-servant had not been seen since an early hour of the last evening, and the greatest anxiety prevailed as to his safety, as he was a civil, trustworthy man, and had lived in the family for several years. Every possible inquiry was made by Mr. Felton for his lost servant, but to no purpose. His daughter could not help connecting his absence with the adventure of her room door. But Mr. Felton treated the latter circumstance as a mere piece of imagination, the bad effect of romance reading, and paid no attention whatever to his daughter's surmises and fears concerning the servant.

In less than a month after the above event had occurred, a message was one morning brought to Miss Felton from a prisoner in Newgate, beseeching her to visit him without loss of time, for he had something to communicate to her. He expected shortly to be tried for highway robbery, and he could not be at peace till he had made a confession to her. Miss Felton immediately followed the messenger to the prison, and on being shown into the cell of the wretched man, what were her horror and grief at recognising her own lost servant!

"Oh, dear mistress! well may you shudder," he began; "you see before you one guilty of intended murder and robbery. Do you remember the night when you heard the lock of your door being tried?" Miss Felton assured him she did. "That night," he continued, "I went to your room door with the in-

tention of murdering you, and taking away the plate; but when you *extinguished the light*, all clue was lost to me, for I was too terrified at the strange circumstance, and was not sufficiently expert in my new business to understand how to perform the material part of it in the dark—so your life was saved. In desperation, I ran into the narrow back streets and robbed the first gentleman I saw of his money and his hat, after ill using him in the struggle. I had for several previous months been with vicious companions who had made me their tool, and my own life was not safe till I had satisfied their rapacious desires. Oh, madam, pardon and pray for me."

Miss Felton, as may be supposed, felt shocked and moved with dread and compassion at the tale she had heard; and acknowledged in her after hours of meditation, how wonderfully her life had been preserved, through (to all outward appearance) the most unlikely means.—*Stebbing's Literary Companion*.

THE MODEL PROPRIETOR OF A CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

BY MAZEPPA.

He commences business with a small capital and large expectations. With the flambeau of self-interest, and the pole-star of policy, sets he forth for the goal of independence. Steering from the breakers of credit given, he endeavours to glide into the smooth water of ready cash. He cannot sufficiently oblige, and merit the favours of, his customers. In his own opinion that is a moral impossibility.

Benevolence is one of the leading features of his character, for he is continually promising a "rise" to the apprentice, or a holiday to the shop-boy.

Forgetfulness, also, receives its due development, as not only does he neglect the accomplishment of his promise, but, on receiving a "reminder" from the expectant "promise," is totally unconscious of having "plighted his troth." When the indentures of the apprentice are cancelled, by his having passed the rubicon of his engagement, then, indeed, the Model Proprietor relaxes his austerities, and, in lieu thereof, substitutes honeyed treatment, fearing that his subject may revolt, and, peradventure, commence a rival establishment (should cash and connections smile on such an act).

And now comes to pass the fulfilment of the promise given in the olden time, viz. "a rise." The Model Proprietor attends on his customers with an air of disinterested kindness and benignity, and executes their orders with promptness and affability—(always excepting the blacksmith's "striker," who, after declaring his wishes for immediate attendance, changes a sixpence, and as

the felicitous possessor of six sheets "wussset 'ritlin' pay-per,—that at sixpence a quoir,"—leaves the shop). You never saw such a "nice" gentleman as the Model Proprietor; so amiable, so good-tempered, so eloquent (in the praise of his own articles); and so exceedingly willing to oblige! He is the concentrated quintessence of suavity.

Patron and patroness are alike charmed with him. To the former he is complaisant; to the latter he is——. No, we can't attempt the description!

One saying (short and sweet) may serve to illustrate our meaning. Metaphorically speaking, he will "turn the shop (and library, of course) out of the windows."

Dear ladies! forget not that, though proprietors may "pull down," it is 'prentices, &c., who restore. The former may *rehearse* "counter" scenes of the most unmitigated disorder; but, rest assured, it is the latter who, prompted by their master, are the "*scene-shifters*."

"Lights and shadows" are not chimerical. Possessed by the "Model Proprietor," the former rests on his "fashionables," the latter on his underlinge. Little scenes, expressive of his prudence, forethought, kind consideration, and "neighbourly notions," are constantly occurring.

For the sake of illustration, we select a brace.

SCENE THE FIRST.

Lady Seraphina Simperwell drives to the door of "our" library, and, assisted by her footman, tremulously descends from her carriage, and makes her "entrée."

Encircled by a halo of bows, &c. (these costing nought, are lavishly dealt out), the proprietor "phantomises" across the intervening space, and gracefully placing a chair for her ladyship, fervently trusts she has enjoyed her ride.

"Certainly the weather is rather unfavourable."

"Exactly so, her ladyship! Ah! yes, pardon."

"The day is, indeed, beautiful; temperature celestial, and——"

"Her ladyship is precisely correct. The heat is rather oppressive."

"Volumes" of observations flow from the proprietor, and after a short pause he inquires in what he can oblige her ladyship.

It is with excessive sorrow that the proprietor is compelled to record the absence from his library shelves of "The Dangers and Disasters of a Deserted Daffodil." They are expected "in" every moment. The person who at present has them is an extremely "fast" reader. Shall he have the pleasure of sending them to her ladyship's residence? or would her ladyship cast a glance over the catalogue? Perhaps she might be pleased to select some other work.

Lady Seraphina Simperwell is going a

"leetle" further, and having to pass the door on her return, will call for the absentee. Inclinations, &c. from our model, and exit her ladyship.

In a short time the "Dangers," &c. make their appearance, duly escorted by the "fast" reader, who perchance selects another work and departs.

Enter the youthful Master Scrubbs (washerwoman's son)

"Muther wants the 'Daingears,' &c., &c., and please she'll pay when it's dun with."

Our proprietor is grievously afflicted at the absence of his much-wished-for work, but on its return, will not forget to preserve it for Mrs. Scrubbs. Exit Master Hopeful.

Presently her ladyship drives to the door, but this time vacates not her carriage. The proprietor, anticipating her wish, presents himself at the vehicle side, and politely tenders the "Dangers and Disasters of a Deserted Daffodil." Of course they are not then "settled" for, as her ladyship is a subscriber to the library. Let us now glance at

SCENE THE SECOND.

The proprietor delicately inquires, "Come, what's all that noise about, eh?"

Answered by his apprentice: "Butcher Pearson has sent his compliments, and Jacob, (the carrier-out), and wishes to borrow the step-ladder."

"How stupid and forgetful Thomas must be! Don't he know the ladder will be required *here*? (this last adverb receives due emphasis). Are there not all *those* works recently arrived from London, to arrange on the shelves?" The proprietor is surprised at Thomas. Perhaps the latter, *knowing* that no volumes had been ordered or received, indiscreetly germinates some remark touching the "parcel." What's that he says?

"Ah! he may thank his stars that his master is good-tempered, and not hasty to 'set persons down' after 'taking them up.'"

"Jacob must tell his master that the step-ladder is engaged, and cannot for one moment be spared."

Exit the "carrier-out."

"Thomas! What does he mean by contradicting the assertions of the proprietor? Don't he know his own business? He should think so! Thomas must take care. This time the offence is passed over, but he must guard against a repetition of it. On a second perpetration 'off he goes!' Scoundrel! Think the proprietor don't know his own business, eh?"

The thoughts of our model now flow in another direction:—

"And so Butcher Pearson wanted the ladder. Don't he wish he may get it! No, no! 'chaff' won't catch the proprietor. He knows very well that — (rival establishments) is patronised by the Pearsons. Not to be 'come over' that way! Knows a trick

worth two of that. The very idea is monstrous! Butcher Pearson (with whom he has never dealt) to ask a favour! The man must be mad!"

And thus the Model Proprietor goeth through life. Ever adopting the above "line of treatment, he manages to collect a very respectable fortune, on which he retires. (One homely proverb—viz., "What's bred in the bone," &c., is singularly applicable to our "subject." Apart from business, he still retains those "prudent" and obliging habits and manœuvres germinated in the "establishment." Courteous and affable to the influential, despotic and harsh to the "nobodies," passeth through life the Model Proprietor of a Circulating Library.

ABORIGINAL CARVINGS. UPON ROCKS AND HEADLANDS IN THE VICINITY OF FORT JACKSON, NEW SOUTH WALES.

MR. G. F. ANGAS, in his "Savage Life and Scenes in Australia and New Zealand," gives some curious notices of these aboriginal carvings, or outline tracings. They are found on North Head, on South Reef Promontory, on Middle Head, at Camp Cove, at Point Piper, at Mossman's Bay, and at Lane Cove. The subjects represented are, the human figure, the *hieleman*, or shield, kangaroos, birds, flying squirrels, black swans, and various sorts of fish, some of them twenty-seven feet in length. In Lane Cove, in Middle Harbour, at George's Head, and at Port Aiken, are carved heads; and at the latter place, parts of the human body cut in *intaglio*. At Port Aiken and in Middle Harbour they are found in caves, formed by projecting masses of rock. There can be no doubt that they were executed by the original inhabitants, but at what period is quite uncertain. From the half-obliterated state of many of them (although the lines are cut nearly an inch deep into the hard rock), and the fact that from several of them Mr. Angas and his party were compelled to clear away soil and shrubs of long-continued growth, it is evident that they have been executed a very long time. At first it was believed that these carvings were not the work of savages; but when, pursuing the research further, it was found that all the most out-of-the-way and least accessible headlands were adorned with similar carvings, and also that the whole of the subjects represented indigenous objects, such as kangaroos, opossums, sharks, the *hieleman*, or shield, the boomerang, and, above all, the human figure in the attitudes of the corrobory dances—no other conclusion could be arrived at but that they were of native origin. Europeans would have drawn ships, and horses, and men with hats upon their heads, had they attempted such a laborious and tedious operation.

Captain Grey discovered numerous native delineations in caves upon the north-west coast of Australia, during his expedition in 1838. The figures were principally men and kangaroos; the human figures, like those carved on the rocks at Point Piper, being all destitute of mouths. "Another very striking piece of art was exhibited in the little gloomy cavities situated at the back of the main cavern. In these instances, some rock at the sides of the cavity had been selected, and the stamp of a hand and arm by some means transferred to it,—this outline of the hand and arm was then painted black, and the rock around it white, so that on entering that part of the cave, it appeared as if a human hand and arm were projecting through some orifice admitting light."—*Grey*, vol. i., p. 204.

The natives call the places where these carvings occur, *horadjee* ground, or "priests' ground." The carvings may, probably, have had some connection with water worship.

USEFUL RECIPES.

TO COLOUR DEAL FLOORS SO AS TO RESEMBLE OAK.—If the boards are old, they should be scoured at least twice with bran and hot water to get all the soap off. Dissolve sulphate of iron, two ounces, in boiling water, one gallon; while hot, wash the floor over with it, and let it dry. With old boards a second coating is desirable; when this is perfectly dry, put on the following mixture:—Boil for half an hour two pounds and a half of fustic in two gallons of water, and use it hot; care must be taken, when once the floor is covered with the fustic, not to step upon it till it is quite dry; the wood will now appear of a greenish hue. This coat should remain on twenty four hours before the next liquid is used; then dissolve in one gallon of boiling water one pound of salts of tartar (subcarbonate of potash). This mixture is to be cold when it is washed over the boards; it will change them to fine brown, resembling old oak. When the floor is perfectly dry, it is to be polished by dry-rubbing with equal parts of turpentine and bees'-wax. Three of the commonest sorts of whitewashers' brushes will be necessary, one for each liquid. This colouring is very cheap and durable, and can only be removed by planing the boards, but acids will leave a slight mark upon it.—**Expense:**—Sulphate is about 1d. per ounce; fustic, 4d. a pound; subcarbonate of potash, 8d. a pound; and the brushes, 2s. 6d. each.

TO STAIN DEAL TO IMITATE EBONY.—When your work is cut out and fitted, before nailing it together brush it over with aquafortis, in which a small piece of iron has been steeped for a few minutes and then removed; instead of the usual brown colour

produced by aquafortis, it will be black; but care must be taken that no metals approach it until perfectly dry, when it may be nailed together and polished. Pine deal is preferable to the common kind.

WEST INDIAN SWEETMEATS IMITATED.—Take some small and well-shaped cucumbers, as green and free from seeds as possible, put them into a narrow-mouthed jar in strong salt and water, with a cabbage-leaf to keep them down; tie a paper over the jar, and set them in a warm place till they look yellow; then wash them, and put them over the fire in a preserving-pan, with fresh water, a little salt, and a cabbage-leaf over them; cover the pan very close, but they must not boil; if they do not soon turn to a fine green, change the water and leaf, which will help them, make them hot, cover close as before; when of a good green, take them off the fire to stand till cold, then cut them in halves longwise, and take out the seeds. Put the cucumbers into cold water, and let them stand two days, changing the water night and morning to take out the salt. Make a syrup of one pound of lump sugar to a pint of water; boil in it, to every pint, the rind of two lemons, cut thin, and stamped in patterns, and two ounces of ginger, with the rind scraped off. The syrup should be rather thick. When cold, pour it over the cucumbers, having previously wiped them dry. The syrup will require re-boiling every three days for a week or two, adding more sugar if required. Serve it up in the syrup, garnished with the lemon-peel. It will be equal to the finest West Indian preserve, if the syrup is re-boiled until it remains thick.

IRISH MILK.—Put the yolk of a fresh egg in a tumbler, and with a fork beat it to a fine froth, then fill the glass three quarters full of boiling water stirring all the time, add one or two lumps of sugar, to be taken on going to bed. To those who dislike gruel it will be found an equally efficacious remedy for a cold, and perspiration may be increased by adding a teaspoonful of sweet spirits of nitre.

THERE is something astounding in the abundance of food in proportion to population in Australia. In New South Wales, where the people number 180,000, the cattle are two, and the sheep eight millions, being at the rate of thirteen head of oxen and fifty sheep for each person! Such facts recall the patriarchal times, when having a large family was that which enabled a man boldly to meet his enemy in the gates. It was calculated that, in 1847, while the wool was gathered and sent away, 64,000,000 lbs. of meat would be wasted for want of mouths to eat it, being probably more than is consumed annually by the whole mass of the working-people of Scotland!

POPULAR PASTIMES.

SOLUTIONS TO ANAGRAMS, TOWNS IN ENGLAND, CHARADES, ENIGMAS, ETC.

ANAGRAMS.

1. Dumbarton,
2. Montrose,
3. Hamilton,
4. Aberdeen,
5. Dumfries,
6. Lairg.

TOWNS IN ENGLAND.

1. Oxford,
2. Liver-pool,
3. Shrewsbury,
4. Black-burn,
5. Malden,
6. Canterbury.

CHARADES.

1. Gentle-man.
2. Drag-on.

ENIGMAS.

1. Coal
2. Murmur. *Reversed.*
Rum! Rum!

BOTANICAL CHARADE.

- Polyanthus—Narcissus.
Plymouth—Emerson—
Eddystone—Lever—
PEEL.

ENIGMAS.

- 1.—A word there is, of letters three,
Which signifies a luxury;
Affix a letter to this word,
A farmer's waggon thou'lt find;
Prefix another, and you'll find
What is of service to mankind.

J. W. R.

- 2.—I am white, black, or blue, I am red,
grey, or green,
I'm intended to hide what is meant to
be seen.
To supple sometimes, that I'd meet at
each end—
At others so stubborn, I'd break ere I'd
bend.
Inflexible, like your proud mortals, am I;
Till by the tongue softened I'm brought
to comply.
Of prodigal traders a very apt token,
I only exist to be ruined and broken.

VOLUTE.

RIDDLES.

- 1.—I'm found in loss but not in gain—
If you there search, 'twill be in vain;
I'm found in hour, but not in day:
What I am, by this time, you can say.
- 2.—I'm powerful, yet—without joke—
I seem as nothing, merely smoke—
And yet by me the wind and tide
And other forces are defied.
- 3.—I come before you twice a day,
But yet have not a word to say;
My body's large, but legs I've none,
Nor in me will you find a bone;
I wear no clothes upon my back,
Although I'm mostly seen in black.

TYKE.

MEN OF LEARNING AND GENIUS ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

Ancient.

- 1.—Disclose a mighty sphere,—then bring
to view
That word most dreaded by "The Wander-
ing Jew."
- 2.—Unto an exclamation
Attach a generation.

- 3.—Reverse a hint, and by it place
A cover for a box or case.

- 4.—Submitted to a certain transformation,
I shall have passed terrestrial probation:
Before the throne of God I raise
My tuneful voice to chant his praise!

- 5.—An adverb name, and next declare
Receipts for earthenware.

- 6.—First, a king of Judea, (the Scriptures
have shown
That a "halo" of cruelty round him was
thrown!).

A hint (for the reader) I may as well
mention:—

Had the "Infants' Preservative" (recent
invention)
Been discovered in those rough
times,

It *might* have prevented much bitter
dissension,
Strife, discord, and scenes of the darkest
contention,
"Baby murder," and similar crimes.

But now for the sequel. Purljoin
And *invert* a minute preposition;
Myself and my readers *subjoin*,
And you name one, of greater erudition.

CONUNDRUMS.

1. What part of a quadruped does a person
have on when he is naked? E. R.

- 2 Why is a rat in a granary like a bundle
of straw?

3. What mechanical trade does a clergy-
man represent when officiating at a marriage
ceremony?

4. Why is an ancient fabulous story like
the foot? YOUNG CHEETWOOD.

5. What two letters of the alphabet express
a man's surname? G. GLENNY.

- 6 Why do glaziers suffer more than other
men? VOLUNA.

7. Why is the editor of the "Puppet-Show"
like a testotaller? H. MAYER.

CHARADES.

- 1.—I am a person of some importance, and
consist of eleven letters.—My 7, 6, 5, 11, 5,
2, 8, is of a loving nature; my 9, 11, 10, 8, 8,
10, 8, are often admired by lovers, and sung
of by poets; my 8, 6, 7, 11, 9, is very brisk;
my 8, 7, 6, 10, is exactly as before; my 1, 2,
11, is the head of a plant; my 1, 5, 4, is a
morass; my 6, 7, 8, 9, is part of a vessel;
my 11, 2, 9, is a wheel track; my 6, 5, 3, 9,
7, 11, is a cement; when travelling, most
people look well to my 1, 7, 4, 4, 7, 4, 10, in
fear that any 3, 5, 4, 2, 10, may lay hold of it;
a 6, 7, 9, or 3, 2, 4, is very comfortable in a
railway carriage; my 8, 7, 6, is a male appel-
lation familiarised; my 7, 4, 7, is a Turkish
officer; my 1, 2, 11, 4, is a corporation; my
1, 2, 3, 4, 10, 8, 8, is a freeman; my 4, 11, 10,
10, 9, is to welcome; my 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 3, is
an employer of men; my 11, 5, 5, 6, is an

apartment; my 6, 7, 9, 9, 5, are a few words often attached to my 7, 3, 6, 8; my 9, 2, 1, is a hollow wooden utensil; my 7, 4, 5, is some time since; my 6, 7, 9, 9, 11, 10, 8, 8, is part of a bed; my 1, 2, 11, 4, 7, 6, 5, 9, is a perfume; my 4, 5, 7, 9, is a four-legged animal; my 5, 6, 1, 3, 10, is a game at cards; my 4, 5, 2, 9, is a troublesome ailment, so also is my 7, 4, 2, 10; my 9, 10, 7, 11, is a pearly tribute to the shrines of joy and sorrow; my 4, 11, 5, 2, 8, 10, is game, so is my 8, 9, 7, 4; my 1, 7, 11, is used as a security against my 11, 5, 1, 1, 10, 3; my 1, 10, 3, 8, 9, is exploded; my 1, 5, 7, 3, signifies an animal; my 1, 11, 2, 9, 10, is little *better* than one; my 10, 6, 10, 3, 4, 10, is to come out of; my 8, 5, 2, 11, is far from being sweet; a colour is my 2, 6, 1, 10, 3; a waste my 5, 5, 6, 3; my 5, 6, 11, 10, is often very valuable; my 5, 6, 10, 4, 7, is a Greek letter; my 1, 11, 7, 8, 8, is a metal; my 7, 6, 7, 8, 8, is to gather in quantities. And finally, I hope my readers may not take 2, 6, 1, 3, 7, 4, 10, when I 7, 8, 8, 2, 3, 10, them that I must now 3, 10, 8, 9.

YOUNG CHERTWOOD.

2.—If one and a hundred be added twice over,
That is in succession as trains run to Dover,
And then fifty more, with a *third part* of one,
"I'll show what will soon disappear in the sun. H. A. VILES.

FACTS AND SCRAPS.

GOLD FROM VIOLETS.—Mr. R. Hunt, at the Royal Institution, stated that a friend of his had succeeded in obtaining a minute though weighable portion of gold from a quantity of the petals of the blue violet.

A BUTTERFLY'S MORAL.—A boy, on perceiving a beautiful butterfly, was so smitten with its gaudy colours, that he pursued it from flower to flower with indefatigable zeal; at first he attempted to surprise it among the leaves of a rose; then he endeavoured to cover it with his hat as it was feeding on a daisy; now he hoped to secure it as it revelled on a sprig of myrtle; and now grew sure of his prize on perceiving it to loiter on a bed of violets; but the fickle fly still eluded his attempts. At last, observing it half-buried in the cup of a tulip, he rushed forward, and, snatching at the object of his pursuit with violence, it was crushed to pieces. The dying insect, perceiving the boy chagrined at his disappointment, addressed him with the utmost calmness in the following words:—"Behold, now, the end of thy unprofitable solicitude; and learn, for the benefit of thy future life, that pleasure, like a painted butterfly, may serve to amuse thee in the pursuit; but, if embraced with too much ardour, will perish in thy grasp."

THEATRICAL APPLAUSE.—It is a curious fact, but little known, that the expression of applause, as handed down to the present day, originated with the church; for we are told on eminent authority, that exclamations, or shouts of joy, were in ancient times expressed by the people by way of approbation of their preachers. It hardly seems credible to us that practices of this kind should ever have found their way into the church, where all ought to be reverence and solemnity. But so it was in the fourth century. The people were not only permitted, but even exhorted by the preacher himself, to approve his talents by clapping of hands and loud acclamations of praise. The usual words they made use of were "Orthodox," "Third Apostle," &c. The acclamations being carried to excess, and often misplaced, were frequently prohibited by ancient priests, and at length abrogated. Even as late, however, as the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, we find practices that were not very decorous, such as loud humming, frequent groaning, strange gestures of body, &c.

CHARITY.—Give not only unto seven, but also unto eight, that is, unto more than many. Thought to give to every one that asketh may seem severe advice, yet give thou also before asking; that is, where want is silently clamorous, and men's necessities, not their tongues, do loudly call for thy mercies. For though sometimes necessitousness be dumb, or misery speak not out, yet true charity is sagacious, and will find out hints for beneficence. Acquaint thyself with the physiognomy of want, and let the dead colours and first lines of necessity suffice to tell thee there is an object for thy bounty.

TO MAKE A MATCH.—Catch a young gentleman and lady; the best you can: let the young gentleman be 'raw, and the young lady quite tender. Set the gentleman at the dinner table, put in a good quantity of wine; and, whilst he is soaking, stick in a word or two about Miss —. This will help to make him boil; when getting red in the gills, take him into the drawing room, set him by the lady, and sop them both well with green tea; then set them at the piano, and blow the flame till the lady sings. When you hear the gentleman sigh, it is time to take them off, as they are warm enough. Put them by themselves in a corner of the room, or on a sofa, and let them simmer together for the rest of the evening. Repeat this three or four times, taking care to place them side by side at the dinner, and they will be ready for marriage when you may want them.—After marriage, great care must be taken, as they are apt to turn sour.

H. H.

WISDOM consists not in mere learning and information, however extensive, but rather in knowledge rightly applied and consecrated to useful moral purposes.

I'M A CLERK

AN OFFICE DITTY.—TUNE, 'I'M AFLOAT.'

I'm a clerk—I'm a clerk, and a handsome one,
too;

A clerk badly paid, but with plenty to do;
I've a tamper as blithesome, as merry and gay,
As a fellow can keep on a shilling a day,
I've a pretty black eye, and a nice little nose,
In figure I'm thin, as you may suppose;
I've curly brown hair, and sport a gold pin,
And should really look charming if I wasn't so
thin.

But though thin as a lath, I've a beautiful waist,
The delight of the ladies of elegant taste,
As they tell me, and, as to myself, I can feel
I am of all clerks the most sweetly genteel

I'm a clerk—I'm a clerk, and a handsome one,
too:

A clerk badly paid, but with plenty to do;
I look quite as fine, as I think I will may,
On my excellent income—a shilling a day,
I've a beautiful stock, and a white satin vest,
And look quite enchanting attired in my best;
My trousers are coloured, a bright shining blue—
And, oh! how bewitching that well-out skirtout!
What a swell—what a swell do I cut in the
street,

As I wink at each girl that I happen to meet!
How often! how often! I hear their remarks,
That I am the finest, the sweetest of clerks!

I'm a clerk—I'm a clerk, and you'll not be
amused

To hear that my figure has set the girls crav'd;
In fact, the dear creatures crowd on me so thick,
That, to keep them at distance, I carry a stick!
The men are all envy—the girls all admire
Both my beautiful form and my handsome at-
tire!

Though some of them titter, and whisper out—
"What

A pity it is that he isn't more fat!"
But this I ascribe to their low, vulgar taste,
Who wouldn't be thin for so graceful a waist!
Besides, too, they cannot consider, I say,
What can they expect for a shilling a day!

I'm a clerk—I'm a clerk, and a clever one, too;
There's but one thing on earth I'm unable to do,
I can draw up a deed, and can manage your wills,
But I can't—on my word—I can't settle my bills
But this I can say—'tis easy to know it—
I'm esteemed (by myself) a most excellent poet
I can write verses short—indite them as long;
Can whistle a tune, or sing a good song.
In accomplishments all I am thought quite
divine.

I'm exceedingly fond of a good glass of wine
I can both play the sage, and enjoy a good lark,
In short, and in fact, I'm a wonderful clerk!

CHAPEAU.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE PRACTICAL BREAD-BAKER. By G. Read New Edition. (London: Clavie, Shoe-lane, Fleet-street).—In this work the author has succeeded in clearly describing the art of managing and manufacturing all sorts of bread, and the method of preventing sour bread. There is also an account of the secrets practised by the trade.

THE CHOLERA: HOW TO PREVENT AND HOW TO CURE. (London: J. Cradock, Holywell-street, Strand).—This pamphlet contains a history of the disease, with means of preservation, cure, &c. It is carefully compiled.

TYBELL'S PRACTICAL ELOCUTIONIST. (London: G. Vickers, Holywell-street, Strand).—We are glad to see so careful a collection of pieces made. The original articles are not the least amusing.

NOTICE.—We have the pleasure to announce to our readers that on Wednesday, October 4th, was published No. 8 of the "MYSTERIES OF LONDON; OR, LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF LONDON LIFE," by THOMAS MILLER, ESQ. We may be allowed to assert (and the assertion is founded upon a most careful perusal of the first two numbers) that, by the publication of this work, Mr. Miller, who had already attained a very exalted station in the literary world, will add considerably to his fame, as one of the most truthful, and, at the same time, poetical writers of the age. No one need be under any apprehension that Mr. Miller will compromise himself by depicting sensuality and vice in the alluring colours which have been adopted by certain contemporary writers.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, No. 334 Strand.

VOLUME (Newcastle-upon-Tyne).—The charades, &c., were received with pleasure.

FULLER (Middlesex).—We are not aware that Dumas has written such a work. Thanks.

HARRY I.—The "Observations" are accepted, with thanks. We were not aware of the misprint until too late.

H. MARY.—We suppose the practices originated in the wish to hand down to posterity the dates, and the portrait of the sovereign who reigned when the events occurred. Thanks.

W. H. (Manchester).—We have lately given all the information we possess on the subject.

J. WILKES, JUN. (Crews).—Your contribution is accepted.

W. L. (Glasgow).—Thanks.

W. H. H. (Manchester).—Both tales will, if possible, be made use of. Thanks.

M. E. M.—Mr. Isham Baggs has, we believe, commenced a series of lectures upon science, in the principal towns and cities of the United Kingdom. According to his prospectus, they are to explain and illustrate the most prominent inventions of the present day. He will, in all probability, make Leeds one of his stopping-places.

J. S. (Stafford).—We return thanks for the kind letter.

A SUBSCRIBER.—A small apparatus for the purpose is sold at tobacconists.

BENJAMIN BOWEN.—The plate is still on sale. **J. BIRCHACRE** (Sidmouth).—The yearly volume will be complete, with title page, index, &c. Thanks for your kind letter.

ERT MANS VOLUPTAS (Haverfordwest).—Similar riddles have already appeared.

E. W. R.—(Taunton).—In order that it might be published on the 1st of the month, the six parts will contain 32 numbers.

A SUBSCRIBER FROM THE EAST.—Almost any chemical work, treating on colouring matter, will give the information desired.

CONTRIBUTIONS RESPECTFULLY DECLINED.—A Good Wife, by Ella; A Sight for the Poet, by J. S.; Sonnet, by Dunstan; two Extracts, by D. Barber; Boyhood, by E. A. C. C.; The Surgeon, by T. W. C.; The Backwoods, by Matheson.

“We beg to acknowledge communications from J. Shoberg; A Subscriber; H. Mayer; An Author; A Subscriber to the Tracts.

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TRACTS

For the People

A WEEKLY MISCELLANY OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE AND AMUSEMENT.

No. 45 VOL. V] SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1948. [PRICE ONE HALFPENNY.



[THE GREYHOUND.]

COURSING.

"With emulation fired,
They strain to leave the field, top the barred gate,
O'er the deep ditch exulting bound, and brush
The thorny-twining hedge; the riders bend
O'er their arched necks; with steady hands, by
turns
Indulge their speed, or moderate their rage."
SOMERVILLE.

It is not easy to ascertain the exact period at which coursing was introduced into England (we allude to coursing with the greyhound); for the mode which, from remote antiquity, has been practised in the east, of pursuing the stag with the eagle, and in Europe of chasing the hare, &c. with the hawk, belongs more properly to falconry.

Coursing, however, nearly in its present form, has been a favourite diversion in Great Britain for some centuries; it has frequently afforded a recreative pastime for royalty: it was much admired by Queen Elizabeth. In 1591, this queen visited Cowdrey-park, in Sussex, the seat of Lord Montecute; and saw, from a turret, "one day after dinner, sixteen bucks, all having fair law, pulled down by greyhounds." It was in the days of this queen that coursing was systematised, and the Duke of Norfolk drew up that code which still forms the fundamental law on the subject, known by the appellation of *the laws of the leash, or coursing*. Wolves, foxes, and deer, were the animals

chiefly selected in former times for coursing, and were pursued by a stronger and more hardy animal than the modern greyhound, known by the name of the *gazehound*. As, however, ferocious animals became extinct as civilisation advanced, so coursing gradually assumed a different form, and kept pace, as it were, with the progress of other improvements.

Whatever may be the pleasures of coursing, (and, in common with every other field sport, it has its attractions, and its proportion of admirers,) where hares are scarce, it becomes a very tedious employment, and is destitute of that interesting variety which is ever attendant upon shooting; neither does the pursuit of the timid hare furnish any pleasures which at all approach the impetuous and maddening enjoyments produced by the bustle and music of a fox-chase.

Some of the best coursing in England takes place on the Wiltshire Downs, where it is no uncommon sight to see a hare run away from two good dogs without a single turn. Nearly three hundred years ago, Sir Philip Sidney referred to this sport on the Wiltshire Downs in one of his poems, in which he remarks:

"So, on the downs we see, near Wilton fair,
A hasten'd hare from greedy greyhounds go."

The modern highly-improved greyhound is perhaps the most elegant of the canine race; it owes much of its superior beauty, swiftness, and courage to the sagacity and perseverance of the late Earl of Orford, of Houghton, in Norfolk. Major Topham, of Wold's College, Yorkshire, also did much to improve the breed, as well as Colonel Thornton, of Thornville Royal, Yorkshire.

Snowball, perhaps one of the best greyhounds that ever ran, won four cups, couples, and upwards of thirty matches, at Malton, and upon the Wolds of Yorkshire. Another dog, which belonged to Sir Henry Bate Dudley, won seventy-four successive matches, without having been once beaten.

The courage and spirit of these dogs is very great. A greyhound ran a hare single-handed, and raced her so hard, that, not having time to run through an opening at the bottom of some paling, she and the greyhound made a spring at the same moment at the top of the pales. The dog seized her at the instant she reached it, and in the momentary struggle he slipped between two broken pales, each of which ran into the top of his thighs. In this situation he hung till the horsemen came up, when, to their great surprise, he had the hare fast in his mouth, which was taken from him before he could be released.

On one occasion, two dogs ran a hare for several miles, and with such speed as to be very soon out of sight of the coursing party. After a considerable search, both the dogs

and the hare were found dead within a few yards of each other, nor did it appear that the former had touched the hare.

Mr. Daniel, in his "Rural Sports," states that a brace of greyhounds in Lincolnshire ran a hare from her seat to where she was killed, a distance, measuring straight, upwards of four miles, in twelve minutes. During the course there was a good number of turns, which must have very considerably increased the space gone over. The hare ran till she died before the greyhounds touched her.

Mr. Jesse, in his "Anecdotes of Dogs," relates the following anecdote:—"As a gamekeeper of Lord Egremont's was leading a brace of greyhounds in couples, a hare accidentally crossed the road in view. This temptation proved so irresistible, that the dogs, by a joint effort, broke suddenly from their conductor, and gave chase, shackled as they were together. When they got up and gave the hare the first turn, it was evidently much to her advantage, as the greyhounds were so embarrassed, that it was with great difficulty they could change the direction. Notwithstanding this temporary delay, they sustained no diminution of natural energy, but continued the course through and over various obstructions, till the object of their pursuit fell a victim to their invincible perseverance, after a run of between three and four miles."

THE longest day in Great Britain is two hours and twelve minutes longer than the longest day in the United States, and the shortest day in the United States is one hour and fifty minutes longer than the shortest day in Great Britain.

EARTHLY things are essentially of a mutable character. Empires arise, and as time speeds on, they attain their meridian of strength and influence, then decay. Change is written on the face of universal nature; and man himself, from the cradle to the grave, is subject to the same law.

THE human mind has immense capabilities, but they can only be effectually brought out and tested by a proper cultivation of them. Mental indolence tends to mental imbecility; while a just exercise of the intellectual powers promotes their full and useful development.

AN indisposition to renounce prejudices, when their unreasonableness becomes apparent, is the mark only of a debased mind.

MORAL excellence, unlike genius or talent, does not come by birth, but must be the result of choice and labour.

To cherish in our hearts a deep reverence for the Supreme Being, and gratitude for his mercies, is an unquestionable duty, though too often neglected.

Z E P H E .

CHAPTER I.

THE SEDUCER AND HIS VICTIM.

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon of a fine summer's day, that a party of fishermen and country girls were assembled round the door of a cottage on the beach of the little bay of Pietre Romana, on the western coast of the island of Corfu. The fishermen, or rather boatmen, were indulging in a light wine called Capra, having just finished the arduous task of launching a large boat, and preparing her masts, sails, and oars for an evening excursion. The girls carried baskets filled with grapes, melons, and pomegranates, and they all seemed to be expecting with impatience the arrival of purchasers for their fruit, their frequent glances towards the neighbouring hill shewing that the direction in which they were expected to come was not unknown to them.

"What have you to give a friend to-day, Nina?" said a handsome young boatman; "the sun is hot and high."

"Nothing, Signor Pippo; your thirst is scarcely worth quenching in my opinion."

"Ay, indeed, signora! I remember a time when I was never thirsty if you had fruit to offer."

"True, indeed," replied Nina; "but the lies which I have heard about myself were not then traced to you."

"And besides, Nina, perhaps you fancied that I cared for your pretty face more than for your melons."

"Shame, Pippo," said another Greek sailor, named Bruni; "she is a good girl, and pretty, too; as you would be too glad to find out, if you thought it would pay you."

"Well said, Bruni," cried the other girls; "no one ever said any thing wrong of Nina who was a man, and dared to speak it openly."

"See, Bruni," said Nina, offering her basket, "search under those vine leaves and help yourself; the fruit is all mine, I sold my father's share long ago."

"And here, Pippo," cried another girl, fearing a quarrel, as she observed the eyes of the jealous sailor flash fire, "try mine; you know I am going to be married, so I can offer them without danger of your remarks."

"No, no, Minetta; not I; but thank you for your offer, my sweet, and may I be in equal luck as the happy Francesco when I make up my mind for a wife."

A long shout at the top of the hill, which at this moment reached their ears, cut short any further chance of a quarrel, and made the men jump on their legs, and hurry to the boat, and the girls gather up their baskets and run to meet the strangers. It was a party of officers of the regiment, who, in their cool silk trousers, cotton jackets, and

white straw hats, were hastening to enjoy the pleasure of an easy pull until mess-time, and meet the evening breeze before its welcome coldness reached and refreshed their drowsy comrades at the barracks.

"Come, girls," said one, as they reached the beach, "what have you got? Where is that pretty sister of yours, Tinta, that you promised should be here to-day?"

"She could not come to-day, signor; it was her turn to-day to wait upon the priest."

"A pretty excuse, Miss Tinta! Priest, indeed, a nice rascal, I'll bet my existence! What does he have all the pretty girls in the neighbourhood to wait upon him for?"

"Will the signor buy a fresh melon to-day?" said Nina, offering her basket.

"Put some in the boat, Nina; give them to the coxswain; and stay, whisper here; bring me up a lot to the barracks to-morrow evening, about nine, and ask for me. I'll buy as many as you like then."

"Now, then, Forster, if you've done making love to those girls, come along, and get into the boat; it's time we're off; I think I felt the breeze upon my cheek just now. Come along, Bacon, jump in; let me be stroke-oar to-day. Come, Pippo, we want you for coxswain."

"Step in, Forster; all's right. Pull easy ahead there, towards the point, Pippo, and then go round towards the Avéné Creek."

"What on earth was the matter with the chief this morning on parade? He was as savage as Josephus."

"It was that old fool the major, who had been bothering him about leave again. And the truth is—the colonel does not like to say it—but he wants to go to England himself. I wish he'd take me with him. Have you any objection, Goldie, to give up your turn to me?"

"What's it worth, Forster, oh? I suspect it's more than a pleasure trip this time."

"Well, come, old fellow, I don't mind making a bargain with you now, in case I do want to go. What'll you take for the chance?"

"You shall have it for the chestnut mare, and the trappings, of course, included."

"Well done, Goldie; not bad, I declare; wide awake, Goldie. A cheap bargain for you, Forster," cried all around.

"Any thing else you'd like, Master Goldie; perhaps I'd better feed her for you, too."

"Well, at any rate, she'll eat her head off long before you come back, my boy! you forgot that."

"And what's to prevent my selling her, eh?"

"Only this, Forster; that you'll find my bargain cheapest to you in the end; or else I'm very much mistaken."

"Pull easy, Forster; let's lay to for a few minutes. Here comes the breeze. Oh! how delicious! Hand over that tumbler, Bacon.

When's the porter?—let's drink a health to the wind; and a capital thing porter is, too, to do it in!—my blessings on you, Guinness!"

"And a thousand from me," added Forster, "it is worth all the grapes and melons in the world, though Pippo does not think so: do you? Here, drink this. d'ye hear you won't. Well, then, don't sit there making ugly faces at me, or I'll just throw you overboard, and make you swim to shore again, as we did the other day."

"Look, Forster, look how the man's savage eyes are glaring at you; how he'd like to stick a knife into you!"

"Ay, that he would," said Lumley; "and the best of it is, he pretends not to understand English. or, at least, not half what you say."

"Come, now," said Forster, "we've had enough of him, let's pull on again. I must be making haste; you promised to land me at the creek, and it's high time I was there, by the look of the sun."

The towers resumed their oars, and the boat, rounding the opposite point, entered a creek, apparently the mouth of a small river. The banks were lined with trees and fragrant shrubs, then overhanging branches seeming to hold converse with their shadows reflected in the clear water beneath, whilst every here and there long avenues of trees and garden plots indicated the near approach to some dwelling of more than ordinary pretensions.

After ascending the river for about a quarter of a mile Forster directed them to stop, and, jumping on shore, proceeded to don his cloths and arrange them with greater care. A bright blue handkerchief, tied with a sailor's knot, now ornamented his throat, and a white waistcoat, carefully buttoned, concealed inside his breast two small pistols. A white Greek cap, with a gold tassel, confined many a luxuriant lock of flaxen hair, his most especial pride. Throwing a light cloak over his shoulders, he called to Pippo to hand him a black-thorn stick out of the boat, and prepared to depart.

"Well, old fellow, good bye," said Lumley; "I suppose we shan't see you again?"

"Please God to-morrow at breakfast. You're not so easily rid of me, Lumley."

"Well, Forster," said Bacon, "you're no step for me, so I hope you'll look to your barkers."

"I don't mind taking long odds that you use them before you come back."

"May be; but my eye is pretty well in; and it's worth a risk, at any rate. Good bye till to-morrow."

"Good bye, good bye," echoed the rest. "Good luck to you."

"Poor girl," said Lumley, "I am glad she's not my sister."

The young man, after quitting his comrades, drew his cloak round him, and walked straight up the avenue before which the boat

had stopped. He avoided the path in the centre, preferring to walk amongst the trees. Ever and anon he stopped, and looked carefully around, evidently not wishing to be seen. At the end of the avenue he reached a small summer-house, the inside of which was nearly filled with rare plants and flowers in pots. Lifting up several of them, he found at last a piece of paper, which he eagerly perused. The contents seemed to afford him satisfaction, for he at once resumed his walk, entering another avenue, and avoiding the path as before. As he neared the dwelling-house, which was becoming visible between the trees, his caution increased; and before emerging into open daylight, he gave another scrutinising scatch around. He was now in the midst of a flower garden, stocked with the rarest and most delightful plants. The well-trimmed walks, the carefully-tended flowers, the charming taste displayed in grouping the beds, and, above all, the little set of tools ranged against the wall, showed that the owner of the place was a female.

Forster heeded not the flowers. Before him stood the mansion, a large whitewashed building, without a single window or opening on this side save a small well secured door. Stepping up to this, and listening eagerly for an instant, he administered two taps with his stick, and the door was immediately opened by an old woman, who evidently expected him, and beckoned him in. After a short whispering, she conducted him up a staircase, and across a long passage, at the end of which was a room fitted up with every article of comfort and luxury.

The windows looked into an open court planted with trees, in the centre of which a fountain played, and innumerable birds flew about, enjoying the cool air, and dipping their wings in the light spray. Forster stood watching their motions, when the door of an inside room opened, and the old woman, inviting him to enter, closed the door after him, and the happy Forster found himself in the presence, and, almost at the same moment, in the arms of the beautiful Zephé, only child of the old Greek chief Ergaoes. Her arms round his neck, clinging with the fondest affection, her head resting on his bosom, for a moment Zephé seemed to give way to the most passionate grief. The room in which the lovers met was her own little private boudoir, where she was accustomed to receive Forster without the least reserve, considering him quite in the light of a husband, and where, when once in it, there was very little chance of his presence being discovered. She had just risen from her sofa, where she had lain eagerly listening for his arrival. Her dress of dark purple silk, open at the throat, contrasted—ah! how well!—with the rosy whiteness of her skin; her dark hair, carefully parted over her forehead, was partially confined at the back by a net-

work of golden threads; and her small foot, when it could be seen, displayed no covering save a green morocco slipper edged with gold. She wore trousers fitting tightly round the ankle, and a sash of golden tissue, tied loosely round the waist, fell in rich and wavy folds almost to her feet. Zephé had been educated in a convent for the first sixteen years of her life, and had acquired all the useful and ornamental arts which form the education of our English girls. Having principally been taught by English masters, she could speak their language with the greatest fluency. Even as a young girl, she soon saw how superior the men of that nation were to those of her own; and, as she grew older, accustomed to hear their praises, and to see their energy and brilliancy of character, she could no longer relish the society of her own listless countrymen; and with all the warmth of a young heart ripe for love, Zephé thought of nothing but the happiness of finding a lover in one of the gay young men who composed the garrison of the island. No wonder, then, that meeting Edward Forster at a ball, where he, struck with her beauty, had paid her the greatest attention; no wonder that her heart had met his more than half way in its advances, and, carried away by the happiness of finding her affection seemingly returned, she had allowed these clandestine visits, which, at first innocent, soon, alas! became too dear, and too necessary to her existence to be relinquished, save with life.

"Oh, Edward, dear Edward! you are here at last; three long weary days have I been waiting."

"Indeed, Zephé, you should not blame me. Come, dry those tears, and smile again, dearest; let us sit down on the sofa, and I'll tell you how it is; and then I'm sure you will not blame me."

"You know you promised, Edward, to be back the following day."

"I did, dearest, but I found I was for guard, and there was a court-martial the following day; so you see, dear Zephé, my military duties will not always permit me to be with you, much as I should wish it. Now, don't let me see any more crying," said the young man, passing his arm round her waist, and kissing her tenderly; "I've come to pass a pleasant evening; so let us be very happy, and think no more of care."

"Tell me, then, dear Edward," said Zephé, "have you got your colonel's permission for your marriage?"

"He has been out shooting, dearest, and I've not yet seen him, but—"

"Oh, Edward! Again put off; always these excuses, dearest Edward; what shall I do? You know that every day our love will become more dangerous. It must soon be discovered."

"Oh, no, darling, do not fear; I'll see the colonel as soon as I can, and try and prevail

upon him to give me leave. He refused several last week; but I will, to a certain extent, explain our peculiar situation to him; and I've no doubt it will be all right."

For a moment a shade seemed to cross the mind of Zephé, as she scrutinised the face of her lover; but it was dispelled by the entrance of the old woman bearing a tray, on which were small glasses of liqueurs and cordials. Soon after, she announced supper was ready in the adjoining room, and Zephé, offering Forster her hand, invited him thither.

It had always been her custom to dine alone, and her father took care that nothing befitting her rank should be wanting at the table of his child. A rich man, he knew how to value the pleasures which money can procure; and on his tables the comforts of the west and the luxuries of the east were united for the gratification of the appetite. Forster had often thought that Zephé, her supper and delicious wines, were no bad exchange from the noisy mess-room and stale company of his brother officers. The old woman waited on them without the aid of any other servant, and after dinner they returned to the other room, where iced wines and fruit were placed before them; and, had any listener stood beneath the open lattice, he would have heard how Forster soothed his gentle mistress, calmed all her doubts and fears with his soft and fallacious promises, and made her believe that soon the day was coming when hand in hand they might rove together in open daylight, nor dread the gaze of any. But he did he ever mean to ratify those fond vows? No, no; but his heart smote him sorely for his false promises, for conscience was still holding her own in his breast; but, carried away by the joy and fervency of the moment, its control was weak, compared with the ecstasy of possessing such a treasure as the gentle maiden.

THE TWO LETTERS.

BY J. LADIMAN.

THE only son of a respectable manufacturer in the north of England, I was sent at an early age to London, consigned, like other wares, from my father's establishment, to the care of an eminent house in the city, Messrs. Ready, Blunt, and Co., to be disposed of to the best advantage; and in whose office I was accordingly installed as a junior clerk. Educated under the watchful eye of an affectionate and prudent mother, I fell into none of the graver vices to which youth and inexperience are exposed in the vast metropolis; but my virtuous tendencies did not protect me against the grand error of falling into love—a pitfall into which the best and wisest men of all ages had long before my time fallen—and the careful study of whose misfortunes in that respect had

instead of acting as a beacon, warning me of the dangerous rock in the ocean of life to which my too susceptible heart was exposed, but rendered the more irresistible the innate propensities I felt to pay my devotions at the shrine of the fairer portion of the creation.

I saw Angelica Vincent at a ball; and nearly, at first sight, Angelica *visu*. The angel threw her *minuets* around my weak heart, whose fortices, unused to such a rude attack, surrendered at discretion. I was introduced to and danced with my charmer, and, as a natural consequence—with me at least—I went home deeply in love, doomed to experience all the throes of the tender passion in its ardent infancy. Sleep and appetite deserted alike my eye and my stomach. So chopfallen was I, that I could not endure the sight of a chop; pining away, I eschewed the delicacy of a pine, wine did not cheer me; and as to the duties of the counting-house, my attempts to perform them set the most ordinary rules of Cocker at defiance.

In this state of mind, I determined, after much consideration, upon the desperate expedient of a love-letter, as the only mode of giving free vent to the passion which consumed me; and having studied the most approved models of letter-writing, I drafted and redrafted, copied and recopied, till at length, satisfied with the result of my studies, I prepared a goose-quill (as, no doubt, the most suitable for my purposes), and thus addressed my lady-love:

“—, City, April 1, 18—.

“Madam,—To attempt, by any straining of language, to depict the ardour with which my bosom glows, in the contemplation of your charms, were a task utterly hopeless; and I entreat that you will deign to give me an opportunity of throwing myself at your feet, and of assuring you how deeply and sincerely I am, madam, your slave to command,
JOHN LADIMAN.”

Of the same date, though certainly of very different tenor, it was my duty to direct and dispatch a letter upon business, addressed by the house to a Mrs. J—, which ran as follows:—

“London, April 1, 18—.

“Madam,—We are instructed by the house of—, of Calcutta, to place to your credit the sum of two hundred and fifty pounds, and which, upon your calling upon us, will be paid to you by, Madam, your most obedient servants,
READY, BLUNT, & Co.”

In conformity with custom, I posted the letter of the house, with that to my Angelica; and having thus, Cæsar-like, passed the Rubicon, I sat down, satisfied that I had now only to proceed boldly to take possession of the empire of my mistress's heart, and I took supper with a better appetite, and slept

more soundly, than I had done for a long time past.

Morning came, and Mr. John Ladiman went to the house of Messrs. Ready, Blunt, and Co., with little inclination, however, for business. The first five hours of that eventful forenoon I spent, as my readers may imagine, in cogitation upon the matter uppermost in my thoughts. Now was the hour—nay, the moment—Angelica would receive my letter. And another hour having elapsed—now did my imagination revel in the anticipation that Love's welcome messenger, garbed as a “twopenny postman,” was winging his way, fraught with a favourable answer to my suit.

In the midst of these delightful reveries, a lady, whose manners and *tout ensemble* indicated high respectability, entered the office, and inquired of a senior clerk if the reader's most humble servant was a member of the establishment, which amiable young gentleman being pointed out, he, at the lady's request, accompanied her into an apartment then happily vacant.

Having, by inquiry, assured herself once more of my personal identity, she forthwith drew a letter from her reticule, and, calling my attention to the address (it was no other than the letter I had addressed to Mrs. J— before mentioned), requested to know if “that was my handwriting?”

“Certainly, ma'am, it is so,” I replied.

“And how, sir,” continued Mrs. J—, “may I, who am an utter stranger to you, have arrived at the distinction of having such a letter addressed to me?”

“Oh, ma'am,” I replied, confounding the interpretations of which the word “address” is capable, “only in the usual way of business.”

“Business, sir?” said the lady. “Your business must be of a very extensive character. You seem, at least, to push it in a very extraordinary manner.”

“Not at all, ma'am. I assure you there is nothing irregular in it.”

“Not irregular, sir!” said the lady. “You are not, perhaps, aware that I am a married lady, and that my husband, Col. J—, is now in Calcutta.”

“I was not previously aware of the circumstance,” I replied, not a little puzzled at the unnecessary, and, as I considered, uncalled-for sensitiveness of my fair visitor. “Such, however, being the case, I trust, when you heard from him, that he was quite well.”

“He was quite well,” rejoined the lady; “but would, I believe, be not a little astonished had he the opportunity of perusing the precious epistle you have thought proper to address, in his absence, to his wife.”

And Mrs. J— proceeded to open the letter, which I could not but be surprised should cause so much asperity from one who was evidently of an amiable disposition; and,

reader, judge of my astonishment—nay, my horror—when I discovered that, in the confusion of my ideas, floating, as it were, between love and business, I had addressed “my first love-letter” to Mrs. J—, while my Angelica must necessarily, instead of the outpourings of Mr. John Ladiman’s heart, have received intimation to call upon the house of R. & J. Blunt, and Co., for the sum of two hundred and fifty pounds!

Suppose you were to see an attorney refuse a fee—a waiter a gratuity—an elector of the borough of — a bribe;—or imagine that having gone to sleep overnight, surrounded by green fields, you awoke the next morning on a barren rock, environed by the ocean—suppose these and fifty things if possible, still more improbable, none of them all, singly or collectively, can give you any but a faint idea of my feelings at this moment.

Mustering, however, some degree of courage, towards the attainment of which I was assisted by the kindly bearing of the lady, I explained, rather sheepishly I acknowledge, the error into which I had fallen; and never shall I forget the absolute rage of laughter which then possessed her. Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! So outrageously was the cachinnatory process carried on, that I began to be alarmed lest it should produce internal hæmorrhage, or create suspicions in the counting-house that my private business with the lady was not sanctioned by the strictest rules of decorum. In vain did I entreat her to be calm. There she stood, or rather attempted to stand, the very personification of the goddess of mirth, while I might equally well have represented the demon of despair.

Quiet was at length restored—and restored to me was also the ill-fated epistle. The lady transacted her business with the house—departed, and no doubt ha! ha! ha! had at my expense during the remainder of the day.

Out of one trouble I was aware another must follow. I had almost made up my mind to inglorious flight. My love had, like that of Hudibras,

“Turned to regret so resolute,
That I resolved to waive my suit,
And either to renounce her quite,
Or, for a while, play least in sight.”

This, however, my kind fates would not permit. I was mentally weighing the matter, when, who should enter the counting-house, but the individual for an interview with whom I had been sighing but half an hour before, but whom I now most heartily wished at the Antipodes, or any where else, provided it was far enough from me—my Angelica, accompanied by her mamma and an elderly gentleman of grave aspect. Their request, to which I felt quite unfitted, however disposed, to oppose any obstacle, to see

Mr. Blunt, was complied with by their being ushered into the *sanctum sanctorum* of the house, whence, as might be expected, a mandate shortly issued for the appearance of Mr. Ladiman, and which he moved to obey, though in a state of mind far from satisfactory, and a deportment very different from that he would have assumed, had he been about to introduce his Angelica to the harp, or to accompany her in the quadrille on the “light fantastic toe.” There sat, between her mamma and their elderly friend, my quondam chamber, whose charms were now, however, tasteless to me.

“Mr. Ladiman,” said Mr. Blunt, “how has it happened that you have addressed this letter to a lady who has no earthly interest in the business it refers to, and who also informs me she has not the slightest personal knowledge of yourself?”

This last observation made the climax of my embarrassment.

“Indeed,” said Angelica, “now that I recollect, I acknowledge to have met the young gentleman casually somewhere, but I have certainly not the honour of his acquaintance.”

“My daughter,” said the elder lady, with something like a toss of her head, “forms no acquaintanceship without my sanction.”

“It is a very extraordinary piece of business altogether,” said the elderly gentleman; “but perhaps the young gentleman can explain.”

“Do,” said Mr. Blunt, “give us some explanation, Mr. Ladiman, (whose lips experienced at the moment a feeling akin to what they might be supposed to do, had they undergone the process of soldering).”

“I must say, ladies, for Mr. Ladiman, who is a young gentleman most respectably connected, that since he has been under my charge, he has uniformly conducted himself with the strictest propriety; nor can I suppose him capable of doing or designing any thing else.”

Fortified, as it was benevolently meant that I should be, by this speech of Mr. Blunt, which came to me as oil poured upon the sea of my troubled mind, I delivered my speech, in which, Othello-like, it fell to my part to tell

“That I did love this lady’s daughter
Was most true.”

but, as may be imagined, with a lamentable lack of the powers of elocution—indeed, in downright opposition to all the rules and maxims of Lindley Murray.

“And where, sir, may be the letter intended for my daughter?” inquired Mrs. Vincent, who, as a prudent mamma, had listened not unmoved to Mr. Blunt’s mention of my own and my family’s respectability. Even the frigid Angelica seemed to have somewhat thawed.

I acknowledged (and such was the fact)

that the lady to whom it had been by mistake addressed, having returned it to me, it had, for some time, been committed to the flames.

"I regret, ladies," said Mr. Blunt, "you had so much trouble, arising from a mistake of my clerk, who, I hope, will take care in future not to mix up the affairs of love with those of business. Mr. Ladiman is at entire liberty to form his private friendships, and will, no doubt, make ample apology for the trouble he has caused."

Mr. Ladiman did accordingly do so, in the best manner he could, though that manner was certainly not such as Chesterfield would have approved of; and the party, much to his gratification, departed, the old gentleman repeating in my hearing, as I bowed them out, "Very extraordinary piece of business altogether."

Angelica and I did not again meet; but our short and casual intercourse, with the results that followed, had a twofold good effect upon me. I wrote not another love-letter (and I have written a great many in my time, though, I regret to say, all to very little purpose) without having the assurance that I was personally known to my charmer; and for a long time afterwards I did not finally dispatch one till I had carefully unsealed and resealed it, that I might be certain there was no mistake as to the contents falling into other than the fair hands for which they were destined.

THE KORIGANS..

A BRETON LEGEND.

THE Druidical stones are still objects of terror and adoration amongst the Breton country people, and if we believe the tales told by them, some were placed where they now stand by the Virgin, others by saints in commemoration of their passage through the land, and some by the devil, who threw them at churches in a rage, but ineffectually of course, the heavenly powers being always exercised to turn them aside from the mark. The Dolmens are the habitations of Poulpignets or Korigans,* a species of black fairies, who dance by moonlight, and make travellers, who unwarily enter their domains after sunset, dance with them, whether they will or not, until they drop down dead from fatigue and supernatural exhaustion.

A thousand amusing tales are told of these little black people, and implicitly believed by the peasants. There is scarcely a heath or a forest in Brittany without its fairies. I give the reader the benefit of one as related to me near Goel.

Many centuries have rolled away since the Korigans took possession of the valley

of Goel, and since that time, as soon as the sun has set, and the shepherds have collected their flocks by the sound of the horn, no one ventures into the valley, for fear of the Poulpignets. One evening, however, a labourer and his wife thoughtlessly passed near the dwelling-place of the Korigans, and unexpectedly found themselves surrounded by the little black people, who were dancing like mad things, and as soon as they saw the gigantic intruders, made a large circle round them, and began to caper with tenfold glee and activity, occasionally bursting into such loud shrill fits of laughter, that they were heard at the village of Coat-Menre. The man and his wife were frightened out of their wits; their knees trembled, and consequently were never less in a dancing humour. But the Korigans were as merry and unconcerned as crickets, and began to sing in chorus:

Lez y, lez hon,
Bas an arer zo gant hon;
Lez ou, lez y,
Bas an arer zo gant y.

Let him go, let him go,
For he has the wand of the plough;
Let her go, let her go,
For she has the wand of the plough.

The labourer had in his hand the small *fourche*, or forked stick that is used instead of an iron scraper in the primitive husbandry of the province for removing the earth and other obstructions which collect in the plough irons.

He did not know, at first, the meaning of the song; however, he observed that the circle of the dancing Korigans was broken, and opened a passage, through which he and his wife walked off unopposed by the fairy creatures; and they arrived at their home in safety.

This strange occurrence was soon spread around the country; and, from that time any one who wished to be present at the dance of the Korigans, might gratify his curiosity with impunity, by taking in his hands the sacred plough *fourche*.

Two tailors, out of curiosity, went thus protected to see the dervish dance: as they were looking on, one said to the other, in a bantering way:

"I say, Peric, thou, who art a sort of conjuror, who knowest the language of beasts and birds, wouldst thou be afraid to dance with the gentry, *peris bons gens*, there?"

"Why should I?" said Peric; "I would catch them, if they were saucy, by the little wallets which they carry on their shoulders, just to see what is inside of them."

"So could I too," said Jean, the other tailor; "I suppose they have a thimble, a needle and thread, and a pair of scissors to make their little jackets. Let us catch one or two of them."

"Very well," replied the other; "but let us draw lots, to see who shall go first."

* They are also named Courcills and Cornicannets.

"Agreed."

The two tailors drew lots, and it fell to Peric, who was a little, deformed, hump-backed fellow, with fiery red hair, mischievous as a school-boy, and had no more fear of the devil than he had of a fellow-tailor. To make the attempt, he walked up to the Cornelianets with a firm step, took off his hat very politely, and, drawing his neck into his hump to assume an agreeable air, asked permission to join the dance.

"Willingly, willingly," cried the little people; and they enlarged the circle to make room for Peric, and began singing, at the same time turning rapidly round:

Di-lun, Di-meurz, Di-merc'her.
Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday.

"Truly, this song resembles the turning of a mill," said Peric to himself; "it is always the same thing; there would not be any harm in adding something to it." He selected the moment when the Korigans pronounced the word *Di-merc'her*, to add, in a clear and distinct voice:

Di-zion a Di-rguenner.
Thursday and Friday

"Mat, mat," (good, good,) screamed or howled the little faeries, increasing their speed, and uttering loud shouts of delight. Then, as if suddenly inspired with sentiments of friendship for their visitor, they surrounded the little hump-back more closely, and said to him:

"What wouldst thou have, tailor—what wouldst thou have from us? Beauty, rank, or riches? Thou shalt have of the three whichever thou demandest?"

"What I ask, then," said Peric, laughing, "is that you would remove the mountain that I carry on my shoulders, and change the colour of my hair."

"Mat, mat," repeated the little men; and seizing Peric, they threw him into the air, caught him and tossed him again and again, like a ball, until the little deformed fellow was completely stunned and terribly fatigued. At length he alighted on his feet, a fine handsome young man, with a flat back, and black curling locks falling over his shoulders. He immediately returned to his companion, who was not a little surprised at the metamorphosis, and to whom he related all that had passed. Jean, encouraged by the success of the *ci-devant* humpback, did not delay a night in going to the valley of Goel, and craving permission of the Korigans to join in their dance. The Korigans consented, and the dance commenced with the accustomed song, but with the addition of the two words that Peric had added:

Di-lun, Di-meurz, Di-merc'her,
Di-zion, Di-rguenner.

"Parblen!" thought Jean, "I must also add something, that they may be as kind to

me as they have been to the ex-humpback;" and in a loud voice he cried out:

Di-sadorn, a Di-sul.
Saturday and Sunday.

The Korigans stopped, and uttered loud cries of "Oh! oh! oh!"

"Di-sadorn, a Di-sul," repeated Jean.

"Oh! oh! oh! what more—what more?" and all the little men surrounded him with impatience. "What more—what more?"

"Di-sadorn, a Di-sul," once more said the tailor.

The Korigans did not wait for any thing more, and said:

"What dost thou wish, what dost thou wish—beauty, rank, or riches?"

"I wish for riches."

"Very well," said the little men; and they seized him, and tossed him in the air, as they had served Peric, until Jean cried out, in the greatest agony, that he would not have any more, and said,

"Grace, grace."

"So let it be," said the Korigans; "thou hast the riches that thou deservest."

The tailor found himself on his feet, but—on his shoulders was the deformity of which Peric had been relieved; he was a hunchback, and a hideous red chameleon fell over his forehead and his cheeks. He departed, terrified and heartbroken.

It was afterwards ascertained why the Korigans were so vindictive, when Jean pronounced the words "Di-sadorn a Di-sul." They had been condemned to dance round the Druidical stones every night, until some man should join in their ballet; and after repeating the names of all the days in the week, should say, "*A cetu echu er nizam*," "And now the week is ended." For an instant, they thought that Jean was about to utter the mystic words and set them free from their obligation—for even dancing, however pleasant at times, is irksome under compulsion—but when they found that he stopped short, disappointment rendered them malignant, and they revenged themselves on the poor tailor in the manner related.

Since that time, some more fortunate man has uttered the wished-for words, and this is the reason why the Korigans no longer dance, as formerly, every night of their lives, in the valley of Goel. H—Y.

THE SPIRITS AMONG THE CLOUDS.

AN AUTUMNAL DAY-DREAM BY
A VISIONARY.

THAT nature abhors a vacuum, is a saying among natural philosophers, ostensibly founded upon truth. A reflective mind arrives, by necessity, at the conclusion that creation is as illimitable in minuteness as it is in magnitude, and that we cannot imagine the existence of nothingness (to use a

paradox) in any portion of the universe. If, by the aid of optical instruments, we descend to the consideration of the very minims which form our own earth, we discover that every particle is fraught with life to an extent that defies calculation. A single drop of water is peopled with creatures of all imaginable shapes, in the enjoyment of their various attributes, actuated by their innate passions, and pursuing their prey with as much eagerness as the huge beasts that roam about the forests. And thus, on investigation, the pathologist is amazed to find that the very air which we inhale, and the very blood which circulates in our veins, teem with living things so infinitely small in their proportions as to baffle our unassisted senses. The merest blade of grass is a kingdom in itself, and every crevice in creation is populous with existence, and admirable and fantastic in its formation.

Bearing these facts in mind, is it not contrary to right reason to conceive that the worlds which are scattered about space, at such a vast distance from each other, are *alone the regions of life*? that Omniscience restricts itself simply to these atoms of eternity, and fills them only with living creatures? that these globes are moreover rendered the sole arenas for a prodigal display of the creative power? and that the vast intervals which separate the various heavenly bodies form one prodigious and desolate void? The mere assumption of such a notion appears to us little short of actual blasphemy. While we perceive the vegetable kingdom stored so carefully in its minutest parts with such myriads of lives, we cannot, without an insult to Omnipotence, deny the creed of many of the Rosicrucians, that all space is thronged with sentient beings, without number and without boundary, whether in immensity or littleness. This belief has been casually hinted at in "Zionism," but the idea has not hitherto been considered with the seriousness due to its importance. Though it is impossible, of course, to reduce the problem to positive certainty, there is a real splendour and majesty in the supposition that immaterial creatures are afloat in the blue glory of the sky, and that happiness and love, and all those ethereal joys of which our limited intellects can entertain but a faint conception, revel in those realms of air. To those to whom this fancy is a novelty, the question startles them into delight with its magnificence; and they feel, to employ the exquisite imagery of Keats, "like some mute watcher of the skies when a new planet swims into his ken." Who shall answer our inquiry in the negative,—Are there spirits among the clouds?

Doubtless many have remarked in their spring-time rambles, upon a tree, otherwise of delicious green, a single leaf red prematurely with something like the autumnal

russet; and they have wondered that upon that insignificant fragment of vegetation a horde of insects in countless numbers have found repose and nourishment, and that their presence imparted to the foliage its dun crimson hue. Is the conjecture too quaint to imagine that the gorgeous colours which are so frequently visible at the dawning and the dying of the day are suffused among the clouds by legions of bright beings thronging together in the ethereal dome? Are those fairy battlements and cities which are repeatedly formed by the upper clouds, or the *cirrus*, tenantless and lonesome? Those mimic fanes and temples which are raised in an instant by the fickle vapours above, and which mock us with their evanescence—are they solitary and desolate? Or rather, may not creatures of impalpable loveliness reign among those cloudlets, hover above the pleasant regions of the world, bodiless but seeing? Who shall answer, "Nay?" These reflections may appear extravagant to some, but we are influenced in their utterance by the calm dictates of judgment: we look upon the ineffable glory of those realms amid the cloud and amid the sunshine; we paraphrase the before-mentioned saying of the philosophers, and exclaim, *God loves not the void*! But even conceding that such thoughts are visionary, our most unimaginative cavillers must confess at least that they are not the less beautiful: and a "thing of beauty is a joy for ever!" We would, however, simply question these uncompromising materialists, if it be probable that the twenty millions of miles and upwards which intervene between this world and Sirius, the nearest of the stars, may be regarded as a sheer vacuity? The supposition, as we have already remarked, is preposterous. This prodigious territory, therefore, must be inhabited; our organs of vision inform us that the beings which people that space can scarcely be substantial; the deduction is self evident. Of the monsters which glide in the secret depths of the gigantic ocean, man has, without doubt, but a dreamy and superficial cognisance; and it is more than possible that marine reptiles of a loathsome and enormous character crawl among the weeds and coral rocks in the profundity of the great seas, such as human eyes have never beheld. In a similar manner we are ignorant of the population of the immeasurable ether, which it is obvious *cannot*, according to the acknowledged laws of nature, be a silent and dismal wilderness.

There is a tradition prevalent among the Chingese, and which, a few years ago, was narrated in the shape of a tale by a popular author—a tradition of an ancient seer, who, through some mysterious and occult studies, was enabled to increase the scope of his vision with regard to material objects—in other words, to endue his eyes with the power of microscopes of marvellous efficacy;

insomuch that the fairest landscape became to this sage repulsive and terrible, since in it he could discern the smallest animalcule, so that the crystal draught from the fountain which had previously alleviated his thirst, became a subject of abhorrence, being to his sight insatiable with astounding life; the fragrant moss which used to afford him agreeable repose, appeared swarming with creeping things; the breeze which once revived him by its freshness, made him shudder with the multitude of its insect populace; until the overmuch wisdom of the philosopher became a bane and a torment to himself, conveying ludicrous visions to his mind through the malefic influence of his senses.

What matchless spectacles, on the contrary, would be unfolded to our imaginations, were those veils torn aside which conceal from the gaze and scrutiny of man the dwellers in the fields of space! Then might our souls be ravished with the effulgence of an unsubstantial universe; the dim vistas of the atmosphere might appear animate with glorious phantoms, and the still twilight might be visibly haunted by beings of celestial aspect! It is no phantasy of an overwrought brain to meditate upon the creatures that populate the intermediate portions of creation. Common sense declares that the boundless expanse of space is not merely fraught with existences on the different spheres which intersect it with their orbits, and that the stupendous regions of the heavens between the planets constitute one "cold, grey, dark, illimitable void." How, then, can common sense deny that there are SPIRITS AMONG THE CLOUDS?

ANCIENT TEACHING.

CHARLEMAGNE established a "palace school," which followed him every where in his journeys, and at the head of which he placed Alcuin. Amongst those who were present at the lectures of Alcuin were Charlemagne's three sons, Charles, Pepin, and Louis, his sister, his daughter, and many of his councillors, including two archbishops. There has come down to us a "conversation between Alcuin and Pepin," which conveys a strange idea of these lessons. We take extracts of it from Monsieur Guizot's "History of Civilization in France."

Interlocutors:—PEPIN; ALCUIN.

P. What is writing?—A. The guardian of history.

P. What is speech?—A. The interpreter of the soul.

P. What gives birth to speech?—A. The tongue.

P. What is the tongue?—A. The whip of the air.

P. What is the air?—A. The preserver of life.

P. What is life?—A. An enjoyment for the happy, a pain for the wretched, the waiting for death.

P. What is death?—A. An inevitable event, an uncertain voyage, a subject of weeping for the living, the confirmation of wills, the thief of men.

P. What is man?—A. The slave of death, a passing traveller, a guest in his own house.

P. How is man situated?—A. Like a lamp exposed to the winds.

P. Where is he placed?—A. Between six walls.

P. Which?—A. Above, below, before, behind, right, left.

P. What is sleep?—A. The image of death.

P. What is man's liberty?—A. Innocence.

P. What is the head?—A. The pinnacle of the body.

P. What is the body?—A. The dwelling of the soul.

P. What is the sky?—A. A moveable sphere, an immense vault.

P. What is light?—A. The torch of all things.

P. What is the day?—A. An incentive to labour.

P. What is the sun?—A. The splendour of the universe, the beauty of the firmament, the charm of nature, the glory of the day, the distributor of the hours.

P. What is the earth?—A. The mother of all that grows, the nourisher of all that exists, the storehouse of life, the gulf that swallows all things.

P. What is the sea?—A. The highway of the daring, the boundary of the land, the inn of rivers, the source of rains.

P. What is winter?—A. The summer's exile.

P. What is the spring?—A. The earth's painter.

P. What is the summer?—A. The power which clothes the earth and ripens the fruits.

P. What is the autumn?—A. The storehouse of the year.

P. What is the year?—A. The quadriga of the world.

P. What is grass?—A. The earth's raiment.

P. What are vegetables?—A. The friends of doctors, the glory of cooks.

P. What renders bitter things sweet?—A. Hunger.

P. Of what do not men become weary?—A. Of gain.

P. What is the sleep of those who are awake?—A. Hope.

P. What is hope?—A. The refreshment of labour, an uncertain event.

P. What is friendship?—A. The similarity of souls.

P. What is faith?—A. The certainty of things unknown and marvellous.

ANTIQUARY.

THE RESTLESS MAN.

THE following circumstance occurred some years ago, at a circuit court of judicature in Scotland, and in the presence of a judge whose peculiarities of temper and manner were more than compensated by his many excellent and amiable qualities.

Their lordships and suits had just met, and were proceeding to investigate rather an interesting case, when their deliberations were interrupted by a continued "knocking at the door," (the outer court door). Again and again the shrill-tongued maceur ejaculated, "Silence! silence, there!" to little or no purpose; but when the judge exclaimed, "What's the meaning of all that noise? Maceur—officers, what are you about, that you don't put an end to that constant shuffle—shuffling?"

Officer—"It's a man, my lord."

Judge—"A man! what man, sir? Who, where is he, and what does he want?"

Officer—"He's at the outside, please your lordship, and wants to get in."

Judge—"Well, keep him out; keep him out, I say, sir!"

The officer bowed assent, and the business of the court proceeded. By and bye, however, an individual possessing the right of *entrée*, walked into the hall of justice, and "the man," watching his opportunity, slipped in at the same time. By a restlessness, however, by no means uncommon, he had not been well in before he wished to get out again—applying, perhaps, to a court of law, what Chaucer (presumptuously or not, some of our readers will decide from experience,) says of the blessed state of matrimony:

"Marriage is like a rabble rout,
Those that are out would fain be in,
And those that are in would fain be out."

With this he began to jostle every body near him, a proceeding which not only created a new hubbub, but drew forth a fresh rebuke.

Judge—"What's all this, now? Even if my ears were as sharp as those of Dionysius, and the room in which I sit as well contrived as the celebrated vault in which he kept his prisoners, it would be impossible for me to hear one word that the witness is saying."

Officer—"It's *the man*, my lord."

Judge—"What! the same man?"

Officer—"The *verra* same."

Judge—"Well, what does he want now?"

Officer—"He wants to get out, please your lordship."

Judge—"Wants to get out! Then keep him in; keep him in, I say, sir."

The obedient officer did as he was directed; but the "Restless Man" was not to be so easily driven from his purpose. Watching an opportunity, therefore, and elbowing his way to an open window, he mounted on what is called the *sole*, and appeared, con-

trary to all rule, to be meditating his escape in that direction; but the vigilant officer again caught the "tartan," and again interfering, a fresh tumult ensued. His lordship appeared angry (as well he might), and a third time exclaimed:

"What's the matter now?—is there to be no end of this?"

Officer—"It's *the man*, my lord."

Judge—"What! the same man again? Show me the fellow, and I'll man him."

The officer here pointed to a respectable enough looking individual, who, as he said, "had *cruppen* up on the window-sole, and wanted to get down again."

Judge—"Up on the window-sole! Well, keep him up, keep him up I say, sir, if it should be to the day of judgment!" (perhaps his lordship meant the *hour* of judgment.)

It is almost needless to add, that these successive interruptions threw the audience into a roar of laughter, and that the "Restless Man," whilst held in durance on the window-sole, had far more eyes turned upon him than either the prisoners or the witnesses at the bar.

THE ABBE LACORDAIRE.

THE career of this man has been most extraordinary. Bred to the stage, he was one of the most able and promising pupils of Talma, whom he strikingly resembles both in gesture and intonation; he afterwards studied for the bar, and was a fellow pupil with Baroche and Chaux d'Est Ange, bidding fair to rival them both in talent and popularity. The very first cause of importance which he was called upon to plead led him to Carpentras, and he accepted it most eagerly, little dreaming that he was hurrying to the death of all his happiness, to the destruction of the ambitious dreams of glory in which it was his delight to indulge. The particulars of the cause have never publicly transpired. I am told, however, that they can be guessed at from the result. The prosecutor in the case was an aged nobleman pleading for his daughter, a minor, and the defendants were the officers of a regiment quartered in the neighbourhood, reckoning among their number one or two members of the first families in France: one, indeed, amongst them is at this very moment holding a conspicuous position in the present government. The drama was a dark and melancholy one which the young lawyer was called upon to unravel, and he entered into it with all the ardour of his character, resolute in his intonation. Time passed on, however, and Lacordaire returned not to Paris. The cause had been put off to the ensuing *assizes* at Carpentras, and the announcement was followed by various summonses, containing promises of profit and glory in the capital, but Lacordaire came not; he was tending the sick bed of one who in the meanwhile was dying of

grief and shame; he was drinking from her dying lips, not words of hope and love, but those of despair and terror, and of the yearning wish to die. During the whole of the winter he never left her side, and resisted every offer which was made to him to come back and shine in Paris. It was only when the poor girl was borne to her grave, and needed no longer either consolation or deterrence, that Lacordaire left her father's chateau and hurried away to solitude, to bury beneath the cowl and frock of the Dominican his own broken heart, and disgust at the vices and injustice of mankind. It has often been remarked that there reigns in the whole person of Lacordaire a certain savour of the different social estates through which he has passed, and which follows him into the very pulpit, the graceful and impassioned gesture of the actor often accompanying the subtle argument and brilliant logic of the lawyer. The public eye has ever been upon him, for the restless ambition with which he began his career has outlived his hopeless love, and he has kept both the political and religious world in a state of *émou* for many years.

CHRISTOPHER THOMPSON.

In the village of Edwinstowe, on the very verge of the beautiful old Birkland, there stands a painter's house. In his little parlour you find books, and water-colour landscapes on the walls, that show that the painter has read, and has looked about him in the world. And yet he is but a house-painter, who owes his establishment here to his love of nature rather than to his love of art. In the neighbouring Dukery—some one of the wealthy wanted a piece of oak-painting doing, but he was dissatisfied with the style in which painters now paint oak—a style very splendid, but as much resembling genuine oak as a frying-pan resembles the moon. Christopher Thompson determined to try *his* hand; and for this purpose he did not put himself to school to some great master of the art, who had copied the copy of a hundred successive copies of a piece of oak, till the thing produced was very fine—but like no wood that ever grew or ever will grow,—Christopher Thompson went to Nature. He got a piece of well-figured oak, well planed, and copied it precisely. When the different specimens of the different painters were presented to the aforesaid party, he found only one specimen at all like oak, and that was Thompson's. The whole crowd of master house-painters were amazed and exasperated—such a fellow preferred to them! No, they were wrong; it was Nature that was preferred.

Christopher Thompson was a self taught painter. He had been tossed about the

world in a variety of characters—errand-boy, brick-maker's boy, potter, shipwright, sailor, sawyer, strolling-player, and here he finally settled down as a painter; and having achieved a trade, he turned author and wrote his life. That life, "The Autobiography of an Artizan," is one of the best written and most interesting books of its class we ever read. It is full of the difficulties of a poor man's life, and of the resolute spirit that conquers them. It is, moreover, full of a desire to enlighten, elevate, and in every way better the condition of his fellowmen. Christopher Thompson is not satisfied to have made his own way; he is anxious to pave the way for the whole struggling population. He is a zealous politician, and advocate of the Odd Fellow system, as calculated to link men together and give them power, while it gives them a stimulus to social improvement. He has laboured to diffuse a love of reading, and to establish mechanics' libraries.

Time, in eight-and-forty years, has whitened his hair, though it has left the colour of health on his cheek, and the fire of intelligence in his eye. With a well-built frame and figure, and a comely countenance, there is a buoyancy of step and an energy of manner about him that agree with what he has written of his life and aspirations. Such are the men that England is now, ever and anon, and in every nook of the island, producing. She produces them because they are needed. They are the awakeners who are to stir up the sluggish mass to what the time demands of them.

WILLIAM HOWITT.

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

RECIPT FOR MAKING GINGER WINE.—Boil nine quarts of water with six pounds of lump sugar, the rinds of two or three lemons very thinly pared, with two ounces of bruised white ginger, half an hour, skim. Put three quarters of a pound of raisins into the cask; when the liquor is lukewarm, tun it with the juice of two lemons strained, and a spoonful and a-half of yeast. Stir it daily, then put in half a pint of brandy, and half an ounce of isinglass shavings: stop it up and bottle it six or seven weeks. Do not put the lemon peel in the barrel.

ELDER WINE.—To every quart of berries put two quarts of water; boil half an hour; run the liquor, and break the fruit through a hair sieve; then to every quart of juice put three quarters of a pound of Lisbon sugar, coarse, but not the very coarsest. Boil the whole a quarter of an hour with some Jamaica peppers, ginger, and a few cloves. When of a proper warmth put into the barrel, with toast and yeast to work. When it ceases to hiss, put a quart of brandy to eight gallons, and stop up.

POPULAR PASTIMES.

SOLUTIONS TO CHARADES, ENIGMAS, RIDDLES, CONUNDRUMS, ETC.

- | | |
|---------------------|--|
| CHARADES. | 5 So-cra-tes. |
| 1. Burgomaster. | 6 Herod(<i>topius</i>). |
| 2. Lucie. | CONUNDRUMS |
| ENIGMAS. | 1 A bear's skin (bare skin) |
| 1 Tea, Team, Steam. | 2 It comes after straw. |
| 2 A water. | 3 A joiner. |
| RIDDLES. | 4 It is a legend (leg-end). |
| 1. The letter O. | 5 R V (Harvey) |
| 2. Steam. | 6 They generally have a pane (pain) in their hand. |
| 3 The tea-kettle. | 7 He has a great dislike to Punch. |
| MEY OF LEARNING. | |
| 1. Sol-on. | |
| 2 Ho-race. | |
| 3 Cue—Euc-lid. | |
| 4. Angel—Galen. | |

REBUS.

Where most of the Yankees proclaim they are going;

That word which is never pronounced by man;

Last year's visitation to which all were bowing;

A lover of Folly, whose flame he doth fan;

That weapon to which "chops and st(e)akes" are allotted;

A person whose projects would be "counter-" plotted.

In the above six lines, six words are found,

Disimilar in meaning, length, and sound.

If you this "trebled brace" decapitate,

Also the final letters separate,

The produce of this act of great simplicity,

Will be two words—and these, for eccentricity,

Unrivalled stand—in fact, they have no "betters."

Their fellows live not in the world of letters!

Read the initials properly, or "down"—

What human beings are is clearly shown;

Exactly opposite change their position,

And but a slender scale will meet your vision;

Exit, initial; enter, final. Scan

Them falling—you detect the work of man.

Lastly: reverse, and read them; I believe

You surely will reveal,

That which "the Serenaders" did receive

For singing "Lucy Neal."

MAZETTA.

ENIGMA.

Originally I am an inflammable substance; reverse me, and I become an animal detested by all storekeepers; transpose me, and I am ingenuity; reverse me when transposed, adding a letter I become a bearing utensil; prefix a consonant when transposed, and I am a carriage; affix a vowel when reversed originally, and I am a levy. But a very small word; which am I?

YOUNG CHEERWOOD.

RIDDLE.

I'm always hard, I'm sometimes round,

In almost every place I'm found;

Omit a letter, and 'tis clear,

A musical sound I next appear;

Omit another, and you'll reduce

Me to a figure in frequent use. J. W. R.

CHARADES.

1.—I am a word of ten letters.—My 4, 2, 7, 2, 8, 7, is a favourite; my 6, 5, 4, is a domestic animal; my 9, 2, 7, 7, 5, 4, 8, 7, is the bark of a tree; my 9, 5, 6, is a vehicle; my 6, 5, 9, 1, is an engine of torture; my 9, 8, 5, 3, is a mineral; my 9, 8, 9, 1, is part of a gun; my 9, 8, 9, 8, 5, is a fruit; my 9, 5, 3, 4, signifies to quell; my 9, 3, 5, 2, 4, is a demand; my 9, 3, 7, is a metallic vessel; my whole is a town in Scotland. W. L.

2.—Jonathan Noggs was a tight little boy,
A roaring major in the Queen's employ,
From the "Emerald Isle;" Kate Biggs
was his joy.

A handsome damsel, engaging though shy.

A farmer's daughter, just fresh from Fer-moy,

Blest with penetration.

Mister Noggs met Kitty one morning
bright;

An appointment they made to chat at
night.

Says she, "That's my window, just to the
right;

Pray keep on this side, or the dogs will
bite!"

"Och! sure, honey! sure!" quoth Noggs
in delight—

Ful ejaculation.

The night arrives, and off Jonathan jigs;
He gives three raps just as "careless as
figs."

In rapture *my list* on her cheek he digs;

She scratches his face, and he falls midst
the pigs.

"Sure I've made *my first*, it's old Mrs.
Biggs!"

Was his ejaculation.

Off runs the major unheeding of plaister:
B. snatches *my whole*, running even fas-
ter;

But soon he is stopped by a dire disaster.
Pretty Miss Biggs, in a swoon it has cast
her,

Threat'ning for two or three hours to last
her.

Oh, dreadful relation!

Six months after, mustered up courage the
swain,

To "speak to her ma" of his heart-rend-
ing pain:—

He gained the consent, and one were
made the twain,

For her parents forgave, seeing very plain
That after all 'twas but *my whole* o'er
again,

Without alteration!

YOUNG CHEERWOOD.

CONUNDRUMS.

1. When is a sheep a letter of the alphabet?

2. Why are the "TRACTS" like the blood
of a healthy animal?

3. Why are peeled turnips like Wellington
boots?

4. When may a man be said to be composed the same material as butchers' skewers?
5. When is it best to "cut one's stick?"
J. WILKES, JUN.
6. When does a man eat the most indigestible supper?
7. Why are the fair sex like the letter L?

TOWNS AND COUNTIES EXPRESSED BY
ANAGRAMS.

Towns.

- 1.—He told us this.
- 2.—Big wells turned.
- 3.—A mutton shop.
- 4.—Each lord.
- 5.—We've hit a hen.
- 6.—Got in a stone.
- 7.—Mangle! not I.
- 8.—Shun wool.

Counties.

- 1.—Oh! sir, see Dr. I.
- 2.—The lad run, sir.
- 3.—Cram bundle.
- 4.—She drove in.
- 5.—Her horse fired.
- 6.—Oh! sir red fox.
- 7.—So three misers.
- 8.—I got her money, Mrv.
G. GLENNY.

FACTS AND SCRAPS.

Two young ladies and Mr. Thaddens O'Grady were conversing on age, when one of them put the home question: "Which of us do you think is the elder, Mr. O'Grady?" "Sure," replied the gallant Emerald, "ye both look younger than each other!" MAZEPPA.

BUSINESS is like fishing—if you wish to succeed, you must anchor once in a while; to be constantly changing is to keep yourself out of change for all eternity. As Tom Hood observes, the man that is always stirring must be a spoon.

SMART WORK.—A man down in Lynn, Massachusetts, it is said, made so many pairs of shoes in one day, that it took two days to count them! He was a smart one, but not equal to one up in New Hampshire, who built so many miles of stone wall one day, that it took him all that night and the next day to get home.

SAVAGE CONUNDRUM.—A cannibal having devoured his wife, expressed his satisfaction of the horrid deed in one word (English). What was it? Gladiator (Glad I ate her).

MAZEPPA.

GRATITUDE has always been justly accounted one of the greatest virtues, and ingratitude one of the chief vices in the human character. Indeed there is scarcely anything that we can say of a man, which conveys a more unfavourable idea of him than to describe him as ungrateful; while, on the other hand, a grateful disposition recommends its possessor to the esteem of all.

THE OLD MONKS at four A.M. began their monastic day, when the chapel bell roused the convent from their beds. Rising was no very difficult matter with them, for they generally slept in their clothes. After matins, they went to bed again till "prime" about six. They were then summoned to the chapter—the room wherein the chief business was conducted—and in presence of the abbot the list of all their benefactors was then read over, and the souls of all deceased brethren prayed for. Applicants for admission, and complaints for general irregularity, were here cases promptly disposed of. From the chapter they dispersed themselves about the cloisters, when the period of silence commenced. In different houses, this practice varied considerably; but it was generally enjoined for the whole day, and the loquacious were compelled to retain pebbles in their mouth, —not like Demosthenes, to improve, but to restrain their oratory. This cloister was like the inner court of a castle, and consisted of a square area, enclosed by the convent building; and having a piazza round, with a green plot in the centre. Here were little boxes, something like our modern tea-gardens, where the elder monks retired to read.

WANT OF SYMPATHY.—Lennette, the wife of Siebenkas, is thus presented:—"Little disputes before marriage are great ones after it; as northerly winds, which are warm in summer, blow keen and cold in winter. The zephyr breeze from married lungs resembles the zephyr in Homer, about the cutting cold of which the poet sings so much. . . . The whole of her profane library consisted of one pair of authors, the authoress of the cookery-book and her husband, whose work, however, she never read. She paid the tribute of the greatest admiration to his essays, but never looked into them. . . . He could never inspire her with a lyrical enthusiasm of love, in which she could forget heaven and earth, and every thing else. She could count the strokes of the town clock between his kisses, and could listen and run off to the saucepan that was boiling over, with all the big tears in her eyes which he had pressed out of her melting heart by a touching story or a sermon. She accompanied in her devotion the Sunday hymns, which echoed loudly from the neighbouring apartments, and in the midst of a verse she would interweave the prosaic question, 'What shall I warm up for supper?' and he could never banish from his remembrance that once, when she was quite touched, and listening to his cabinet discourse upon death and eternity, she looked at him thoughtfully, but towards his feet, and at length said—"Don't put on the left stocking to-morrow: I must first darn it."

THREE months since, one of the metropolitan papers gave publicity to an advertisement headed, "Wanted, a Miller." Will it be credited, when we say that a noted pugilist applied for the situation? MAZEPPA.

LONDON.*

LONDON, thou world-controlling city, when I gaze
On what thou art, and know thy former days;
When I reflect that in this spot there stood,
In native grandeur, a wild trackless wood,
When I remember how the incense rose,
That Pagan gods might crush the Briton's foes—
That in those streets which we so oft have trod,
Men sacrificed to idols, not to God,—
I wonder more that thou shouldst empires guide,
O'er distant lands thy senate should preside.
Thy name is known wherever man may roam,
And far-off climes our empire—thine our home.
Great Heaven has wrought this change: the
mighty plan

Were too amazing for the mind of man;
And golden showers has God vouchsafed to pour
On this once barren but now favoured shore.
Imperial London, hail! thy very name
Inspires mankind with love of wealth and fame,
Majestic Thames! glide prosperous as thou art,
And still may England boast of Europe's mart

"THE FIRST PARTING"

A BALLAD ILLUSTRATION OF THE PICTURE
SO NAMED.

BY EDWARD MONDAUNT SPENCER.

THE night I left my native home,
And a' I cherished dearly,
I took a fond, a "first adieu,"
Of her I loved sincerely.
Upon her cheek love mantling lay,
She looked so fair and pretty;
But when I breathed my heart's farewell,
Her eye was filled with pity.
She gazed, she sighed, but didna speak,
Her heart was sad and weary;
She couldna bear to say adieu,
My Mary O—my dearie!
We lived and loved for many a day,
The hearts had twined together,
But brightest dreams are apt to fade,
As summer flowers wither.
A tear bedewed her blooming cheek,
And grief usurped her gladness.
Although I talked o' happier days,
I could not move her sadness.
She gazed, she sighed, but didna speak,
Her heart was sad and weary.
She couldna bear to say adieu,
My Mary O—my dearie!

BOOKS RECEIVED.

A LITTLE LOOK AT MODERN LITERATURE.—(G. Vickers, Holywell-street.)—The author has admirably described his own case—thus:—"Others commence without a subject, but after fairly raising their standard, find subjects flocking round it. So numerous are cases of this description, that a writer commencing without a subject, suddenly finds himself so besieged with ideas, that he can only catch one or two of them by the heels—thus ending his book with 'leather and prunella.'"

BRITISH POETS OF THE PRESENT CENTURY.—(London: Kent and Richards, Paternoster-row, 1848.)—This work (consisting of biographical and critical notices of the British poets of the present century, with specimens of their poetry) does great credit to the industry and talent of Mr. Toovey. It is an admirable book to put into the hands of youth.

THE UNSOCIAL PARLIAMENT. (G. Vickers, Holywell-street.)—A capital burlesque of an Act of Parliament, which, generally speaking, is "no joke." It is "An Act for the Better Promotion of Unsociability and Discontent."

* Extracted from "Modern Life, a Poem," by A. D. Toovey. London: Arthur Hall and Co., 25, Paternoster-row. 1848.

NOTICE.—We have the pleasure to announce to our readers that on Wednesday October 11th, was published No. 4 of "MYSTERIES OF LONDON; OR, LIGHT AND SHADOWS OF LONDON LIFE," by THOMAS MILLER, ESQ. We may be allowed to assert (and the assertion is founded upon a most careful perusal of the first three numbers) that, by the publication of this work, Mr. Miller, who had already attained a very exalted station in the literary world, will add considerably to his fame, as one of the most truthful, and, at the same time, poetical writers of the age. No one need be under any apprehension that Mr. Miller will compromise himself by depicting sensuality and vice in the alluring colours which have been adopted by certain contemporary writers.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, No. 394, Strand.

E. WILKINSON.—It would be worse than useless for you to go to New York, unless you took letters strongly recommending you, addressed to merchants there, from friends here.

J. HOOD.—The treatment of warts is, to pare the hard and dry skin from their tops, and then touch them with the smallest drop of strong acetic acid, taking care that the acid does not run into the wart upon the neighbouring skin, for if it do, it will occasion inflammation and much pain. If this practice be continued once or twice daily, with regularity, paring the surface of the wart occasionally, when it gets hard and dry, the wart may be soon effectually cured.—*Erasmus Wilson* "On the Management of the Skin," p. 316, 2nd edition.

M. J. R.—(Chichester).—For the treatment of freckles, see page 29, vol. iii.

REGINALD.—We do not know of an edition.

A CONSTANT READER (Rochdale).—About two months since, the *Athenaeum*, in giving a biographical sketch of Captain Maryatt, introduced a complete list of his works. It is too long for extract here.

A SUBSCRIBER FROM THE SECOND VOLUME (Bury).—It is not yet reprinted.

L. JOHNSTON.—See answer to M. C. R.

ADOLESCENTS.—One hundred and four.

CONTRIBUTIONS RESPECTFULLY DECLINED.—The Sea, by A. A. Riddles, &c., by W. Treble. The Sailor, by T. G. Jones. Charade, by D. K. Riddles, &c., by A. Subscriber. Anagrams, &c., by J. C. Coomb. Poetical Illustrations of G. Cruikshank's Works, by R. Hawkins. Rules for Improvement by Conversation, by T. W. C. The Snuff-Taker, by C. Dallas. The Broken Heart, by Hazz. On a Canary Bird, by J. P. D. Advantages of Calabar, by Langstone. Anecdote of a Russian Priest, by E. W. R.—A Village Scene, by H. J. L. Biographical Sketch of Cardinal Alazarine, by J. R. P. Prepare to Die, by F. J. Perry. Sketch of Auverri, by R. Gooderson.

* We beg to acknowledge communications from J. W. Moon; A. P.; Gordon Glynn; Inceop; Quiz; G. Glenny; M. M. Clark; G. Swords. Mingo, Volans; J. R.; Allmay; E. W. R.—N. W. Walker; O. P. Q.; T. R.; Hazz; Caliban F. J. Perry; Volans; W. Coward; H. Mayer.

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TRACTS

For the People.

A WEEKLY MISCELLANY OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE AND AMUSEMENT.

No. 46. VOL. V.] SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23 1848. [PRICE ONE HALFPENNY.



[THE WILD BOAR.]

WILD BOAR HUNT IN LUXEMBURG.

On the 17th of December, 1846, some sixty sportsmen and a hundred beaters met at the cottage of the keeper at Berisment. The order of the governor of the province, who had authorised this *chasse*, had placed it under the guidance of the *garde general* of the place.

In the evening ten woodsmen of the neighbourhood started to ascertain the whereabouts of the wild boars, and reported that recent traces of these animals were discoverable, and that they would be found in an immense marsh covered with thick tufts of birch, alder, and willow trees, almost impenetrable to the sportsman.

Before daybreak the expedition, guided by this information, commenced their march, observing the most profound silence. At four o'clock in the morning the beaters, led by an experienced keeper, were placed *en echelon* round three-fourths of the circumference of a circle enclosing the game. At the same time the *garde general* ranged the hunters on the opposite side, so that the wild boars were surrounded on all sides. At a given signal the beaters rushed in, shouting and driving the game before them towards the spot where the hunters were placed. Roused by the clamorous shouts of the beaters, the inhabitants of the old forest rushed pell-mell towards the only sportsman whence no noise was heard. A wolf was

the first that showed himself at the cordon fenced by the hunters, and was immediately knocked over by a shot from an English tourist, who had joined the hunt. Two roe bucks followed the wolf, but passed scathless, it being forbidden to fire at them; an innumerable crowd of foxes, hares, &c. &c. then passed from out the forest, but no wild boar was as yet met with.

Several of the hunters now began to despair. Some complained of having been brought for no purpose from their homes, others dreaded the jokes and quizzing which they would meet with on their return to their village, whilst some did not hesitate to accuse the *garde general* of incapacity, or doubted altogether the existence of the wild boars which they had come out to hunt. The old woodmen, however, smiled sullenly, and listened up the wind, with their necks stretched out, for the herd of wild boars. At last they came on. An extraordinary noise, as if a squadron of cavalry were galloping through a corn, was heard, and every moment seemed to increase the noise. An undulating smoke, such as is usually produced by the muzzles of cannon, in a long plain, &c. At this point a tremendous burst of smoke was seen, and a tremendous report, which was soon followed by a second, and a third, and a fourth. The report of a gun was heard; the main band of the hunters advanced, and the wolf rolled over upon his back, but quick as thought, he sprang up, and stopped an instant to pick himself up, and then rushed upon him. The hunter sprang a little on one side, and the boar running at full speed, missed his aim, and received, in passing, a second shot, which broke one of his legs.

Notwithstanding this, he cleared the circle and fled towards the surrounding woods, and was on the point of escaping, when two men, named Titoux and Jacobs, accompanied by dogs trained to the sport, set off after him. For some time the dogs could not come up with him; at last they headed him, and one of them, at a bound, seized him by the ear, which compelled the boar to run with his head all on one side. By a sudden dart, the boar shook off the dog, and instantly ripped him up with one blow of his tusks; other dogs then took the place of him who was thus disabled, and at last brought their enemy to bay. Titoux then got up, armed with his knife, and at a bound sprang astride upon the boar's back, and endeavoured to cut his throat. Jacobs, who had watched his comrade's motions, followed instantly, and still bolder than his friend, seized the animal by one of the hind paws, turned him up, and laid him upon his back; Titoux, who had fallen under the boar, withdrew himself quickly from his dangerous position, and the spectators, who had watched him with terror, now saw him seize the boar by the ears, hold his head

against the ground under his knee, and then cut the throat of the monster as quietly as if he was operating upon a tamed pig.

At another spot a sow, followed by her pigs, and furious from the wounds she had received, rushed upon an imprudent hunter, who had suffered himself to be surprised in a narrow passage between two rocks. Having no time for flight, he waited till the animal was quite close; but his gun having missed fire, he had only time to throw himself down flat on his stomach, and the sow passed over him. He jumped up, and having reprimed his gun, began shouting, to provoke his enemy to renew the fight. The sow, with her head and breast covered with bloody foam, darting fire from her eyes, returned, and charged him, and having approached within ten paces, she received the tip of the huntsman's, and fell.

These terrible scenes were not all together unaccompanied by others sufficiently ludicrous. At one point a regular Brussels dancer, who had come expressly to assist at this hunt, was pursued closely by an animal, and, turning round, with his gun, he sprang at one bound with extraordinary agility, nearly ten feet into a branch tree, where he sat perched on, whilst some of the beaters, armed with sticks, having followed some of the young swine into a bog, lost their footing, at the very moment they had reached them, and rolled headlong pell-mell together into the mud, from whence they were only rescued by the spectators forming a chain and dragging both out.

The results of the hunt were a wolf, two enormous bears, and three pigs killed, and five young swine taken alive.

Z E P H E.

CHAPTER II.

BETRAYAL TO THE INJURED FATHER.

It is the same night, twelve o'clock, and in the study of his house the old Greek Ergaces is enjoying his pipe previously to retiring to bed, seated at an open window in his easy-chair, enveloped in a loose dressing-gown. He was apparently watching the bright rainbows formed by the moonbeams on the silvery spray of the fountain. The old man was thinking of his country, and the different changes it had experienced, even in his own times; and proudly he hoped that, now freed from the grasp of the turbaned followers of Mahomet, it would rise again from its ashes, and regain its station amongst the nations of Europe.

He had spared neither himself nor his wealth to effect her independence, and by the side of the enthusiastic Byron had fought bravely for liberty. This achieved, he had retired to his native isle, and collected the remnants of his fortune together, to spend the

remainder of his days in peace, and in the society of his child. His habits were those almost of an English gentleman, acquired by constant intercourse with that country and admiration of the superior talents of her children; and from this the education of the gentle Zephé had been entirely entrusted to English masters. Was he not happy now, the old man gazing on the moonlight fondly did he think so, when, alas! a few minutes more, and the cup of bliss will be dashed in atoms at his feet, and his heart, the heart of a parent, convulsed with agony and distraction. He was just retiring to his bed, when his servant entered, and informed him that a sailor was outside, who wished to speak with him on particular business. He bade the man inquire what the stranger wanted so late at night; but he refused to disclose any thing, save that his communication was of the utmost importance. Wondering at the unusual occurrence, he desired him to be admitted and lights to be brought; and soon after, the Greek, Pippo, was ushered into the room, cringing and bowing.

"What want you, my man; so late? Be as quick as you can; for this is the time for sleep for all honest men."

The man hesitated at first, but regaining his assurance by a violent effort,

"I have come, your excellence," said he, "to warn you of a hidden danger. What will your excellence give to have your greatest enemy in your power at this moment?"

"Enemy! fellow, I have no enemy; you have mistaken my market if you think to impose upon me."

"No imposition, your excellence, but truth I am telling you; at this very moment you have the power of crushing the most deadly foe you ever had."

"If you have any thing to tell me, my good fellow, once more I say, drop these riddles, or else begone."

"Well, I'll trust your excellence's honour, first, not to betray me, and next, as to the value of my communication. This evening I was the coxswain of the officer's boat of the — regiment; we rowed about the bay, and as the sun was setting we dropped into the Avoné creek, just under your grounds. Here one of them landed, and went towards the house, and, from what dropped from the other gentlemen's lips, he went to look after the lady, your daughter, and is with her at this moment."

"Liar!" screamed the old man; "dare you think to impose upon me such falsehoods? tell me the name of this officer—quick, or your life is less safe than his."

"Edward Forster."

"How know you it is not one of her maids he came to seek?"

"It may be," answered the sailor; "but your excellence will still —"

"Rascal!" shouted the old man, "begone

this moment; think you to come here and impugn my daughter's honour for the sake of gold, and without the slightest foundation? I spent the evening myself in my daughter's room, and know therefore the value of your atrocious falsehoods. Begone!

Seizing the luckless Pippo with one hand on his indignation, he showered down a blow upon his head until he had beaten him to the wall-door. Having thus disposed of the object of his wrath, the old man returned to his room, and, throwing himself into a chair, lay for some time seeming unconscious and quite exhausted with his unwonted exertions. He knew but too well that if sailor's information might be correct, for he had heard his daughter speak of Forster but he was too wise to own his suspicions of her dishonour founded only upon a supposition; and by a clever cheat he had all effectually damped the informer's belief in it. The suspense, however, was too agonising to last; better, he thought, to know the worst at once, than to live in doubt and apprehension. Seizing a light, he concealed a dagger beneath his gown, and ascended the stairs towards his daughter's apartment but avoiding them, he entered the bedroom of the old nurse. Placing the candle on the table, he sat down upon the bed, and drawing the dagger, shook the old woman rough by the shoulder; giving her time to recover her fright and intellects, he bade her silent and listen.

"Speak, woman! and speak the truth, this moment is your last. Hesitate no said he, placing the cold steel against her breast; "tell me, who is with my daughter. The wretch was paralysed; she felt the guilt was discovered, and sense seemed forsake her as she fell back upon the bed and gasped for breath. But Ergaces could not brook delay. He seized her roughly the shoulder amidst her pitiful cries for mercy. He bade her once more speak the truth, or he would drive the weapon to her heart. She saw that the worst was expected, and amid sobs for mercy her marriage at last distinguished the name of Forster. This was enough: the old man, after locking the door upon his faithless servant, turned to his study, and, again throwing himself into his chair in which he had lately been occupied with such happy thoughts, he covered his face with his hand and wept bitterly. Long thought he, a carefully, for the path before him was so gloomy and difficult to be followed with safety but reason resumed her empire, and he felt the necessity of execution. Returning to the nurse's room, he extracted from her exact account of the intimacy between Forster and his daughter; and, after making her take the most solemn oath, on pain of death, not to disclose to his child in any way his discovery of her shame, he left her to make arrangements for counteracting

ills which the seducer had brought upon
 her.

It was about nine o'clock the following morning that Forster entered his rooms on a return from the house of his beautiful mistress. Breakfast was laid on the table, and a couple of cold partridges seemed earnestly to invite attention. Ringing the bell for his servant, he drew his chair towards the table, and was about to commence attack upon the birds, when his eye fell upon a note addressed to himself, and which had before been concealed amongst the tea-pots. Breaking the seal, he found the contents ran thus:

"If before this day week Zephé, the daughter of Ergaceus, is not your wife, you are no longer a man!"

CHAPTER III.

DESPAIR OF ZEPHÉ.

THREE days after this—a weary time—Zephé, Zephé! is not your fond heart tiring with impatience? Four days! and your aching eyes too plainly show your her the fire of impatience fiercely raging your bosom. Five days! and those sobs, which seem to force themselves through the mists of strength you had so bravely built up, seem almost to indicate that all within is broken and destroyed. How beauty fades in despair, and youthful charms are crowded up by the deep furrows of deferred pleasure! Scarcely would you have known the bright maid of Greece in one short week on the evening of her last meeting with her lover, so keenly had grief and disappointment weighed down and crushed her faint hopes. The old nurse, constantly tormented by her father, had not dared to reveal to her the cause of Forster's absence; and Ergaceus, in his frequent visits to his daughter's apartments, had not betrayed his knowledge of her secret. Thus Zephé was left all at a loss to account for the sudden change, unless when the fatal thought crossed her mind that he had deserted her, and left the land altogether. Her father had given orders to the old woman that if Forster came he was to be admitted as usual; but, as he truly suspected, he might have used himself this trouble. Days had now passed, and the faint light in the east showed Zephé, from the windows of her room, that Aurora was again about to herald the approach of the prince of day, on the unhappy girl, rising from her hopeless bed, sought the apartment of her mother, and besought her with tears and prayers to aid her in holding some communication with Forster, in order to decide at once a unhappy conflict with her destiny. Every plan they thought over; but in all these great difficulties were to be over-

come, as they were both of them unacquainted with the exact direction in which Forster was to be found. At last a thought struck Zephé as more feasible than any which had yet been proposed. "Go," said she, "go and find the fruit-girl Nina, she who used to work in the garden below for me; I will get her to take a note, for I can tell she sells fruit now to the soldiers; she will be sure to find him." The old nurse approved of the idea, as it did not involve the trouble of seeking Forster herself; and instantly setting out on her search, in two hours reappeared before her mistress, and told her that Nina was in the adjoining room. Renewed hope at this success sprung up in the heart of Zephé; and, instantly putting on her wrapping-gown, she hastened to communicate her wishes to the girl.

"Sit down, Nina, beside me on this sofa; you must not be alarmed at being sent for so early; but I want you to take a message for me, and I could think of no one but you."

"I shall be but too happy, my lady, to serve you in any way, as you know," replied the fruit-girl.

"Nina, can you be secret and faithful to me, and tell no one of this?"

The young girl said nothing, but, kneeling on the ground before Zephé, signed the cross upon her forehead, and, bowing her head, betokened that she awaited to hear what was required of her.

"Good Nina, thanks; I knew you could be trusted. Tell me, do you often go to the houses where the soldiers live?"

"All day long."

"Do you know an officer of the name of Forster; a very handsome young man?"

The young girl bowed her head.

"Then, Nina," said Zephé, drawing a letter from her bosom, "take this to him immediately; and, by the love you bear me for past kindness, tell no one of it, but bring back an answer instantly; and see, this bracelet shall be your reward; only haste—haste—and be back."

The moment she received the letter the fruit-girl concealed it in her dress, and departed on her errand. Going home for her basket of fruit, she sought Forster's room in the barracks, and, not being able to find its inmate, she proceeded to the apartments of the other officers, but without success. All day long she wandered about the town in hopes of meeting with him; but afraid to ask for him, fearing to excite suspicion, until at last, about to give up the search, she spied him sitting on the wharf of one of the harbour quays, and talking earnestly with the captain of a merchantman. Waiting until this person had left him, she approached, and offering her basket of fruit, slipped the letter into his hand at the same time. He received it with much astonishment; and while reading it, the girl had

time to note the great change that had taken place in his countenance during the last few days. He was pale and thin, and his brow was knitted with anxious care; his dress was slovenly, and his whole appearance was that of a man in deep despair or distress.

And so it was, in truth. Aware of the danger he was in, he had by great exertion obtained leave to join the *dépôt* for a year; but, alas! no vessel was about to sail, the packet having departed only three days before, and all his exertions to induce the captain to put to sea, and land him in Italy or Malta, had failed. Had he been left to himself he would have married Zephé without a moment's hesitation; but he thought that if his family looked with contempt upon the Greek girl, he should never survive the shock; and he well knew the proud feelings of his mother on the subject. He read the note brought to him by Nina with attention, and apparently with pleasure; and, turning to the girl, placed it aliver in her hand, and bade her say nothing of this occurrence to any one: then, placing his lips close to her ear, he added:

"Go back, Nina, and say 'to-morrow, at the usual hour,'" and crossing the quay into the street, pursued his way thoughtfully towards the barracks.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE PORTUGUESE NUN.

I REMEMBER, when I was serving in the Peninsula during the late war, a brother officer and myself both received severe wounds at Vittoria, and went to Lisbon for the recovery of our healths. During his residence in that city, Wentworth (as my brother officer was named) being young and handsome, was not a man to let intervals of leisure pass unenjoyed. While he was in a state of progressive convalescence, we both of us proceeded together on a visit to a convent close to the banks of the Tagus. There Wentworth saw a nun—an exquisitely lovely young creature, who captivated his heart by her pensive, deep blue eye and melancholy mien. Letters passed between them, and many an interview took place in the gardens attached to the convent. After a lapse of time, Wentworth made up his mind to run away with her, and make her his wife. He came to me, and, telling me that family circumstances on the lady's side rendered it necessary that the union should be clandestine, begged me—in order to avoid any possibility of the marriage afterwards being questioned—to attend and witness the ceremony. To this I willingly acceded; and it was arranged that the marriage should take place at my house. I then understood it only to be a "runaway match," and had no idea that the bride came from a convent; much less that she was the identical nun whom I had seen

with Wentworth at the convent by the bank of the Tagus.

From what I afterwards learnt from Wentworth himself, this nun, whose name was Juanna, was the second daughter of Don Sebastian di Vicenza, a noble of considerable wealth, with a place at court, and a splendid mansion in Lisbon. After the death of her brother and the marriage of her sister Juanna had hints intimated to her of the propriety of her making choice of a religious life. To this change she strongly dissented, and when it became apparent that her determination against taking the veil was not to be shaken, her father and the confessor of the family—Pedro, the priest—had recourse to what they termed penance, but which was in fact, torture. They deprived her of her harp, books—of all that she had hitherto had to occupy her time; and giving her a missal and the lives of one or two saints, kept her a close prisoner in a small, low, paved room lighted only from above, and furnished with a pallet bed, a table, and a stool. They then reduced her food, lessening it by degrees till it was sufficient only to sustain life; and as the winter advanced, they supplied her with no fire, and gave her but scanty clothing by day and as scanty covering by night. Al though in the midst of these sufferings she never expressed her consent to become a nun—for all that, she was transported from her home to a convent to pass her no vicariate. The year passed; the day of her profession came; and her strength entirely failed her. Those who officiated propounded the vows to her, which her lips never pronounced; and her silence being ascribed to shame and fear, the vows were held to be pronounced, and the ceremony was declared complete.

From this date her life was a series of sufferings and misery till the commencement of her intercourse with Wentworth. As he had the means of passing the convent wall, their meetings—which, by the way, were always at night and clandestine—were frequent. Their hearts became inspired with a mutual and excessive passion. It was not, therefore, with much difficulty that Wentworth prevailed upon her to elope with him from the convent.

Late one night, in the summer of the year 1813, Wentworth might have been seen driving his caratella slowly along by the side of a small brook, in a cool deep valley which wound down towards the Tagus in the direction of the beautiful glen in which stood the convent. This was a large, white gable-ended building, with small pinnacles and a tower; and standing, as it did, in the deep shadow of the hill, and relieved against the fine, rich green of the full woods, it appeared calm and secluded, yet not otherwise than cheerful—solitary in its sense of peacefulness, but not in that of desolation. Approaching the garden wall of this con

went, Wentworth waited there with a heart throbbing heavily till the first stroke of the clock swung through the air. As the clock ceased, he flung to the top of the wall a ladder of ropes, the ends of which were furnished with hooks to catch the opposite edge of the coping. It held, and in an instant he was in the garden.

That quick, hard shortness of breath which accompanies agitation in a woman, struck loudly and sensitively upon his ear, and turning to a jessamine bower whence the sound proceeded, he saw seated there a beautiful young girl, in the robes of a nun. In a moment he was by her side.

"Dearest, all-beloved!" he exclaimed, in a voice which passion at its climax made tremble, "this day you will be mine at last;" and as he spoke he folded her to his bosom.

"Come, Juanna," at length he said, "it is time to commence our journey. I have brought you a loose wrapping gown, a large cloak, and proper head-gear, that you may seem of this world to our friends, for they little dream it is from a convent that I fetch you."

He assisted Juanna to pass the wall, and as the stroke of one swung on the night air he was seated by her side in the caratella, which he had left at some little distance from the convent walls, lest the echoes of that quiet valley, awakened by so unusual a sound, might have reached the ears of the peaceful sleepers within them. Leaving the convent at two gave them the advantage of darkness as far as the Tagus, and it was not till six that they reached Lisbon. On arriving in the town they proceeded straight to my house; I was standing at the door ready to receive them, for Wentworth had told me that the lady was to be brought away from her friend's house before daylight. Accompanied by him, I conducted Juanna up stairs, and introduced her to my wife, who received her with a delicacy and kindness proportioned to the peculiarity of the position in which he stood.

It has rarely been my fortune to witness so beautiful a creature as Juanna di Vicenza, and never did she seem lovelier than on her bridal day. Her cheek was then flushed with mantling blood; her superb eyes flashed through their long jet lashes a look of joy, and hope, and love, checked ever and anon by the bashful confusion natural to a bride. She was dressed in simple white, which gave to view the outline of her exquisite form, so perfect in its undulation, so faultless in its details. On her neck she wore a string of pearls, with a cross formed of Wentworth's hair, and tipped with diamonds. In her hair, of the gloss and hue of a raven's wing, there was no ornament; but a large white veil thrown over her head both softened and gave contrast to its brilliancy.

The wedding party being assembled, we proceeded to the English ambassador's

chapel for the performance of the Protestant ceremony, and then returned to my house for that of the Catholic.

The morning after the marriage Wentworth was compelled to leave Juanna to join the army. For her to accompany him was impossible, from the strictness of the discipline. At one time, however, he had thought of taking her with him, and placing her in some town at a moderate distance in the rear, whither he could go to her occasionally; but on inquiry he found that even that was scarcely possible, as no leave of absence would be given, and she never could be brought near enough to the army for him to be able to reach her in such intervals of time as he should have at his disposal. He had thus no alternative than to leave her behind him in Lisbon. He placed her in a retired and beautiful situation in the neighbourhood, and supplied her rooms with every luxury and elegance that the fondest affection, guided by the most admirable taste, could furnish. Never did parting cause man and woman more anguish than that which filled the hearts of Wentworth and Juanna. Wentworth was to take a small detachment of convalescents up to the army, which they reached in their first quarters on French ground.

Time passed on, and the events of the memorable first quarter of 1814 brought with them daily increasing probabilities of peace. The hope of Juanna began to assume the character of direct expectation, and she, at last, almost expected that every letter of Wentworth would bring intelligence of the termination of the war. Juanna was, one day, reading a letter of his, in which he stated that some arrangements of peace would be made in a few weeks, when she was startled by a violent noise in the hall—the sound of many feet and voices, loud and hasty. She started up, and was about to go out to inquire into its cause, when there entered a tall elderly man, upon whom Juanna had no sooner cast her eyes than she exclaimed:

"Gracious God! my father!" and sank, almost fainting, on the couch from which she had just risen.

"Your father," exclaimed Don Vicenza, "has come to take you hence."

"Sir," answered Juanna, "I shall not go with you! No act of mine shall ever give assent to my being a nun. I will not go unless by force."

"By force then be it," exclaimed Vicenza; and, going to the door, he called to his people without. An alguazil and two servants entered, while several others formed an alley across the hall. In obedience to their master's order to convey her, two men approached Juanna. Each passed an arm under one of Juanna's; and, raising her, pressed her forward. Thus they hurried her through the hall, and lifted her into the

coach. Her father followed her, and they drove off at a rapid pace.

Wentworth's servant, José, who had witnessed this incident, hastened without delay to his master, who was then at Bayonne, and related the whole circumstance to him. As Wentworth was then not on general field-service, but actually besieging a fortress, he could not ask for leave; nor, even if it had been offered to him, would he have accepted it. But on the termination of that siege, and the conclusion of peace, he immediately started for Lisbon, swearing that not all the bars and locks in Portugal should keep his wife from him.

Meanwhile, the carriage into which Juanna had been hurried, after having gone four or five miles, drove into the courtyard of a gloomy looking house on the banks of the Tagus. Vicenza, taking his daughter up to the second story, threw open the door of a large and cheerless chamber, the walls of which were naked, and the whole furniture consisted only of a pallet bed with no curtains, two old chairs, a small table, and a ledge on which was a crucifix.

"This, madam, is your apartment," said Don Sebastian; "and here due means will be taken to bring you to a more fitting frame of mind. It is my desire," he continued, "that you should be gathered again into the bosom of the church; and I have formed the plan to take you back to Brazil with me, and to present you there as having belonged to one of the convents dissolved during the war, and therefore desirous of finding refuge in one not likely to be exposed to such catastrophes. This is my fixed purpose. See that by penance, prayers, and repentance, you fit your mind to be again received among a holy sisterhood."

"I cannot," said Juanna, firmly, yet mildly, "become a daughter of the church in the sense in which you speak it; first, because I never have been one; and, secondly, because I am a wife. If I should be carried to Brazil, and there taken to a convent, I will state the whole truth to the abbess."

"Madam," rejoined Vicenza, with composure, "I will visit you again at a more fitting season, for it is impossible I can converse with you in your present mood of mind."

So saying, Don Sebastian quitted the room; and Juanna heard, in addition to the lock, bolts and a chain drawn to secure the door.

From this date, Vicenza and the priest Pedro assailed Juanna with importunities which began to assume the character of persecution. For two succeeding visits she remained cold, calm, firm,—speaking little, but ever refusing to re-enter a convent. A system of rigorous and progressive penance was thereupon commenced; and her allowance of food was diminished to such an extent as to be imminently dangerous to life. At

length the patience of Don Sebastian began to be exhausted. He consulted with Pedro as to what step should be taken. The priest said that recourse must be had to the application of the scourge.

Now, after his return to Lisbon, Wentworth used to come to me almost every day to debate the necessity of attacking Don Sebastian's house, and carrying off his wife by open force; and it was with the greatest difficulty that I could dissuade him from such a course. But as soon as I heard of the severe measures that the father was taking against the daughter, I was induced myself to insist upon the attack. We were sitting together one day, when the woman who waited upon Juanna came and told us of the intended scourging. If Wentworth hitherto had thought me over cautious in saying, "Wait," he now found me active enough when the time was come to strike. We arranged on going ourselves, accompanied by Wentworth's servant, and a dozen persons in plain clothes; and of getting Juanna out of the country as quickly as possible. There was then lying in the Tagus the Emerald man-of-war, and with her commander, Captain Laubert, we arranged that Juanna should be got on board as soon as we had secured her a safe rescue from the house.

The day for the application of the scourge came, and within a few minutes of noon, Don Sebastian and Pedro entered the apartment. After a short pause came Lopez, the wretch who was to be the actual inflictor of the torture. He was a lean, abject-looking miscreant, and entered the room with a cringe to his superiors, his hands grasping the scourge. There was a dead silence for the space of more than a minute, and the lay brother remained awaiting the moment of what he termed his duty, when Wentworth and myself entered the room rapidly, while three stout fellows, with pistols and cutlasses, appeared outside the door.

"What means this outrage?" exclaimed Vicenza, furiously.

"Sir," replied Wentworth, "my name is Edward Wentworth; I am an officer in the English service, and I am this lady's husband. I am come to claim her, and, unless you this instant give us free passage from this room, I shall be compelled to forget what you have long forgotten, that you are her father, and force the way."

Vicenza stepped back a pace or two, exclaiming, "This is a brutal outrage!"

Wentworth, making all the haste he could, descended the stairs with Juanna. They were already in the courtyard, when they were crossing, when a voice from the upper window exclaimed: "Villain! do, do not yours yet; you shall not quit this spot alive!" and with the word of Don Sebastian, discharged a musket at Wentworth. At

the sound of her father's voice, Juanna crept close to Wentworth,—by which means she saved his life,—and the ball, before it could reach Wentworth, struck her to the ground.

In an apparently lifeless state she was hurried on board the *Emerald*; and the surgeon of the man-of-war, on examining the wound, said that it was not necessarily mortal, and that the ball must be extracted. The operation was painful, but successfully accomplished. On the sleep which ensued the surgeon said that all would depend. "As she wakes out of this sleep," he said, "my hope or my fear, one of them, will be turned almost into certainty."

He seated himself by her bedside, as did also Wentworth. As Juanna lay before him, pale, and breathing feebly, every respiration struck upon the nerves of her husband with a thrill which pervaded his whole system. Towards morning his anxiety rose to a pitch which he could scarcely any longer control. She moved—he started violently, and sprang towards the bed. "She wakes!" he exclaimed; "oh, God! she wakes! now my fate hangs on a word." A cold sickness seemed to spread over his whole frame, and he buried his face in his hands as the surgeon advanced to ascertain the condition of his patient.

I returned to England in 1818, and received an invitation from Wentworth to spend the Christmas holidays with him at his country seat, the Woodlands. It was with difficulty that I recognised the poor, pale, weakly invalid in the fine, florid, healthy beauty that his wife now was; her nerves braced by country exercise, and her cheeks tinted by the forest air. It is unnecessary to say that, from the unceasing care of Wentworth and the surgeon of the ship, Juanna entirely recovered her health before her arrival in England. It was impossible for visions of happiness to have been more fully realised than Wentworth's: it was delightful to see him in the bosom of his family, surrounded by his wife and children; and I left Woodlands, persuaded that no such happiness exists in the world as is found in the domestic circle of a married home.

CATHARINA, COUNTESS DOWAGER OF SCHWARTZBURG.

CATHARINA, born Princess of Henneburg, was descended of a family renowned for valiant feats of arms, and which had already given an emperor to Germany. This lady, upon a particular occasion, made the formidable Duke of Alva tremble by her bold and resolute conduct. As the Emperor Charles V., in the year 1547, passed through Thuringia, Catharina obtained of him a letter of safeguard, that her subjects might

have nothing to suffer from the Spanish army on its march through her territories, binding herself in return to allow the Spanish troops to supply themselves with provisions at a reasonable price. Meantime the Spanish general, attended by Prince Henry of Brunswick and his sons, passing near her castle of Rudolstadt, invited themselves to take their morning repast with the Countess of Schwartzburg. Catharina assured them of a welcome reception; reminding them, however, of the safeguard, and urging a conscientious observance of it. But scarcely had they taken their seats, when a messenger out of breath called the countess from the hall. He informed her that the Spanish soldiers had used violence in some villages on the way, and had driven off the cattle belonging to the peasants. Full of indignation at this breach of faith, yet not forsaken by her presence of mind, she ordered her whole retinue to arm themselves immediately in private, and to bolt and bar all the gates of the castle; which done, she returned to the hall and rejoined the princes, who were still at table. Here she complained to them, in the most moving terms, of the usage she had met with, and how badly the imperial word was kept. They told her, laughing, that this was the custom in war, and that such trifling disorders of soldiers in marching through a place were not to be minded.

"That we shall presently see," replied she stoutly; "my poor subjects must have their own again, or, by God!" raising her voice in a threatening tone—"princes' blood for oxen's blood!"

With this emphatical declaration she quitted the room, which in a few minutes was filled with armed men, who, sword in hand, yet with great reverence, planting themselves behind the chairs of the princes, took place of the waiters. On the entrance of these fiercer-looking fellows, the Duke of Alva changed colour, and they all gazed at one another in silence and affright. Cut off from the army, and surrounded by a body of resolute men, they were compelled to appease the offended lady on the best terms they could. Henry of Brunswick was the first that collected his spirits, and smothered his feelings by bursting into a loud fit of laughter; thus seizing the most reasonable way of coming off, by turning all that had passed into a subject of mirth; concluding with a pompous panegyric on the patriotic concern and determined intrepidity she had shown. He entreated her to make herself easy, and took it upon himself to bring the Duke of Alva to consent to whatever should be found reasonable, which he immediately effected by inducing the latter to dispatch, on the spot, an order to the army to restore the cattle without delay to the persons from whom they had been stolen. On the return of the courier with the certificate that all

damages were made good, the Countess of Schwartzburg politely thanked her guests for the honour they had done her castle, and they, in return, very courteously took their leave. H.

A DISSERTATION ON DRESS,

ADDRESSED TO ALL LADIES.

BY YOUNG CHEETWOOD.

WE enter the sacred circle, and we tremble! What now can shield us from the overwhelming denunciations generated by your wrath? Speak, O fair! But allow us, with due submission, to lay before you our thoughts. The warfare regarding dress has been carried on from age to age, without much progress in securing the desired object. Our predecessors have vented long tirades against hooped petticoats and compressed waists. Was it by *their* outcry that the custom ceased of thinking that an attenuated waist and disordered lungs were infinitely preferable to ease and health, and that a monstrously exaggerated figure constituted the essential element of beauty? No, no, the *fashion* died away, and *with it* all these deformities. And yet do tight shoes pinch the wearer's pretty little feet, and the punishment of pride is borne with the fortitude of a martyr; and might we gently hint, that appendage in very general use but unnatural exuberance, (we are at a loss for a name, gentle reader), this nameless appendage, when too extensive, absolutely becomes a deformity. We quit this subject in haste, being fully sensible of the enormity of our crime, and sufficiently repentant. But concerning inappropriate dressing. Well do we remember (we recall them with a shudder) the hundred times that we have followed some apparently charming young damsel, upon a hot summer's day, perspiring and puffing, when lo! our reward has been—a face which would have vied with the visage of Methuselah in the last year of his mortal career. We wish the ladies would not more systematically in the choice of their habiliments: we can never forgive ourselves for possessing so little discrimination as to mistake an elderly lady at the shady side of fifty, for a coquettish syren of eighteen. Horror of horrors! Consider, dear ladies, the effect that must be produced upon a sensitive gentleman's nerves, in coming immediately *vis à vis* with one of the ugliest creatures which the earth ever produced, after half an hour's pleasing hallucination that he had for a lender an angel, whose steps he has been thinking it almost dedication to follow! How is it that in general the plainest of the sex adopt the most fascinating style of dress? We should fancy the solution may be found in the fact, that the plainer of the gentle sex studies that style of dress which is most

adapted to her; while the handsome fair, knowing that she is in possession of beauty, cares not for the *suitability* of the apparel, if she is but dressed in the *fashion*.

Oh! how often do we, in our solitude, lament that so much of velvet, so much of satin, silk, muslin, and other paraphernalia appertaining to the enlargement of a lady's wardrobe, should be so wasted upon fair delinquents, who form an heterogeneous mixture of these articles without the slightest degree of taste! Oh! we could almost adore a lady who can dress sensibly: the most glaring or "nolay-patterned" dress may be subdued in radiance by according a little judgment to sober down the fiery silk or maniacal coloured satin. We do dislike to see a belle making a sunflower of herself: reds, blues, greens, and bright purples are heaped upon each other, forming a most admirable (!) confusion of colouring. Sometimes when walking, we have been amazed at the multitudes of pinks, light buff, nay, even "straw colours" displayed in parasols, accompanied by dresses which seemed donned with the notion, in the wearer's mind, that, like the turkey-cock, so the human species are attracted by bright colours. Goldsmith very happily compares dress to architecture, and a mixing of the different styles to a Gothic ignorance in mixing the orders. Let each one dress to suit her figure and complexion, and not only that, but let her harmonise the material and tint, and then we shall perceive many new beauties appearing, before unheard and unthought of. The Englishwoman has long carried the palm in personal beauty, but her not concede to her foreign neighbour in the charms of dress; for an Englishwoman dressed "*fashionably*" only is charming, but an Englishwoman dressed *perfectly* is an angel! Many sad mistakes are also made in suiting the *patterns* of the dresses. How many noble and commanding-looking ladies do we observe daily in dresses of *mousseline*, *balserina*, or *de laine*, with patterns almost defying the powers of the microscope to trace the design; and how many, below the ordinary stature, in huge scroily patterns, which would look admirable in the former case, and *vice versa*. We were one day walking by a fashionable resort, when our attention was attracted by a female before us; she possessed a very beautiful figure; but she seemed to be clothed in the most curious gown we had ever observed; at a distance it seemed to be a printed glazed calico, but on approaching, our curiosity was so much aroused that we determined forthwith *accidentally* to pass her; when, to our utter dismay, we discovered the despised vestment to be composed of—What think you gentle reader?—a *printed* satin! This was too much—we turned away with contempt (we fear) strongly marked upon our countenance; it was like "gliding refused

gold." Satin is a material that looks well, fair reader, unadorned, and only so; like many beauties, its beauty is in its simplicity.

And, lastly, ye languishing or flirting young belles, avoid a *theatrical* style of dress; it is execrable in private life. That which appears beautiful in one situation looks ridiculous in another, and that which seems a type of dignity in one female, may look irresistibly comic in any of her friends. Bear this in mind—you may suit all your peculiarities, and still be strictly *comme il faut*. Adieu.

AN ADVENTURE.

AT the commencement of the present century, a small colony, mostly made up of emigrants from the Highlands of Scotland, settled on the banks of the Albany River, which falls into Hudson's Bay. Though the soil of the valleys contiguous to the river was rich and fertile, yet the winter being long and severe, these people depended somewhat on their skill in hunting and fishing for their subsistence; there being at that time abundance both of game and fish.

Two young kinsmen, both Macdonalds, went out one day into the woods to hunt, each of them armed with his rifle, and a *skene-dhu** by his side. They shaped their course towards a small stream which descended from the mountains to the north-west of the river, on the banks of which they knew there were still a few wild swine remaining; but they were unsuccessful in their search, and a little before sunset they returned homeward, without having shot any thing save a wild turkey or so. When they least expected it, to their great joy they discovered a cavern, which contained a large litter of fine half-grown pigs, and neither of the old ones with them.

This was a prize indeed; so, without losing a moment, Donald said to the other:

"Mack, you be the littlest man, creep you in and durk to little sows, and I'll be keeping vatch at de door."

Mack complied without hesitation—gave his rifle to Donald, unsheathed his *skene-dhu*, and crept into the cavern head foremost; but after he was all out of sight save the brogues, he stepped about, and called back:

"But Lord, Tonal, pe shoore to keep out te ould wons."

"Ton't you be fearing that, man," said Donald.

The cave was deep, but there was abundance of room in the farther end, where Mack, with his sharp *skene dhu*, now commenced the work of death. He was scarcely well begun, when Donald perceived a monstrous wild boar advancing upon him, with the fire of rage gleaming from his eyes.

Donald said not a word, for fear of alarming his friend; besides, the savage beast was so hard upon him ere he was aware, that he scarcely had time for any thing; so, setting himself firm and cocking his rifle, he took aim; but, that the bullet might prove the more certainly fatal, he suffered the boar to come within a few paces of him before he fired. He at last drew the trigger, but—merciful Heaven!—the weapon *missed fire*.

There was no time to lose. Donald dashed the piece in the animal's face, turned his back, and fled with the utmost precipitation. The boar pursued him only for a short space, for, having heard the cries of his suffering young ones, as he passed the mouth of the den, he hasted back to their rescue.

Most men would have given all up for lost; it was not so with Donald: Mack's life was at stake. As soon as he observed the monster turn back from pursuing him, Donald faced about, and pursued him in his turn; but having, in his fright, run some distance, the boar had got considerably ahead of him. Donald strained every nerve; uttered some piteous cries; and even, for all his haste, did not forget to implore assistance from Heaven. His prayer was short, but pithy—"O Lord! pulir Mack! pulir Mack!"

In spite of all his efforts, the enraged animal reached the mouth of the den before him, and entered! It was, however, too narrow for him to walk in on all-fours; he was obliged to drag himself in as Mack had done before; and, of course, his hind-feet lost their hold of the ground. At this important crisis, Donald overtook him; laid hold of his large, long tail, wrapped it around both his hands, set his feet to the bank, and held back in the utmost desperation.

Mack, who was unconscious of what was going on above ground, wondered why he came to be involved in utter darkness in a moment. He waited a little while, thinking that Donald was only playing a trick upon him; but the profound obscurity still continuing, he at length bawled out,

"Tonal, man; Tonal! phat is it that'll aye be stopping to light?"

Donald was too much engaged, and too breathless, to make any reply to Mack's question, till the latter, having waited in vain some time for an answer, repeated it in a still louder tone:

"Tonal, man; Tonal! I say, phat is it that'll aye be stopping to light?"

Donald's answer was very laconic, but very much to the purpose:

"Should te tail break, you'll fin' tat."

Donald continued the struggle, and soon began to entertain hopes of ultimate success. When the boar pulled to get in, Donald held back; and when he struggled to get back again, Donald set his shoulders to him, and pushed him in: and in this position kept him, until he got an opportunity of giving

* Highland dirk.

him some deadly stabs with his *skene-dhu* behind the short rib, which soon terminated his existence.

By this adventure the two Highlanders realised a valuable prize, and secured so much excellent food, that it took them several journeys to convey it home.

THE MODEL HOUSEKEEPER.

SHE is retired in behaviour, although not prudish. She strives to retain her dwelling neat, clean, and in good order; and lays an embargo on those who offciate as servants, relative to teasing, with fearful recklessness, the slops from the front steps, thereby endangering the peace and habiliments of passers-by. She keeps her journal with rigorous equity and integrity, and never substitutes visionary articles to supply a deficiency of terrestrial metal. She is never known to gossip with her neighbours; and, with laudable purpose in perspective, endeavours to instil into the minds of the menials those principles pertaining to loquacity that are cherished by herself. During the bachelor's absence, she never entertains a select party of friends, for the purpose of discussing scandal and behea. She is satisfied with her wages, and does not devote time to purchasing gaudy dresses, &c., of cannibalistic patterns and inflammable colours, but prefers serviceable materials of modest appearance. She always contrives to have a store of real necessaries in the house; and above all, endeavours to preserve her pickles (a feat, by the bye, unknown to M. Boyer, or any other traitor), as she thinks that, by doing so, they will continue the longer. She is respected by her master and the neighbours for the good generalship evinced by her in conducting the household affairs. Continually striving to promote the welfare and comfort of her chief, she sinks into the grave universally beloved and deeply regretted by all who had known her. MAZEPPA.

SHARP PRACTICE.

IN a certain county resides a magistrate, an excellent man, greatly esteemed both for his personal qualities and the suavity and uprightness with which his duties are discharged. He has unfortunately contracted some debt, through, perhaps, liberality of disposition, and has necessarily become cautious of the instruments of the law. In fact, bailiffs seldom could come near him. Several clever "limbs of the law" having been foiled, at length one fellow undertook to do the business, and he did it this way:—He arrived in the town where the magistrate now and then attended to preside at petty sessions, when no danger was likely. He discovered that on the next

day his worship was expected. He accordingly repaired, after the hour of attendance, to a public-house hard by, and out of this he was to go apparently tipsy. Passing on a door or two, he tripped and reeled against a window, and dashed in a pane of glass, of course not by design. Declining his inability to pay for it, a constable was sent for, the fellow was arrested, taken to the court-house, and placed in the dock. His turn came for examination by the magistrate, and the very gentleman he wanted was before him on the bench. The magistrate asked him who he was, whence he came, why he had been guilty of drunkenness, and why he had broken the window as he did. The answers to the first questions were evasive—to the others the reply was in a deprecatory half sheepish tone:

"Shure, sir, 'tis a good man's case. Oh! yes, sir, shure I couldn't help it."

The answers were not satisfactory, and he was about to be committed as a drunkard and a vagrant; but again he appealed:

"Plaize yer worship, I'm an honest boy; I can show you a good character; I've it here in my pocket," putting his hand into his breast pocket, and pulling out the "character" covered with soiled paper. "Road that, yer worship," and he handed it to the magistrate.

The latter took it, but his eyes scarcely fell on the document he opened when he was seen to change colour slightly, and was somewhat stunned. He was roused from his embarrassment by the "drunkard and the vagrant."

"You see, your worship, I am not so drunk as you thought. Here is the copy, sir; you are served now, plaize yer worship, and I call on you to protect me. You have the police here about you, sir, and I require them to see me safe."

The out-maneuvred gentleman recovered his self-possession and good humour.

"Faith," said he, "my good fellow, sure enough you've your wits all right about you. You did what you were sent for;" and the clever understrapper of the law departed from the court-house.

THEATRICAL ANECDOTES.

COLMAN.—At the commencement of the year 1804, a writ was issued against George Colman, at the suit of a Mr. A.—This made him, of course, very chary of his visits abroad. But on a certain fine morning, he placed himself snugly within a hackney-coach, for the purpose of calling on his legal adviser, near Bedford-square. He reached the house about mid-day, and desiring the driver to remain with his vehicle at the door until he had transacted his business, proceeded at once up stairs. His purpose being in due time fully discussed; Colman

was about departing, but his solicitor having as great an affection for the *dramatist* as the *client*, detained him as his guest for the day; Colman remained, therefore, for dinner; and at midnight the supper-table found him still unwilling to depart.

It so happened that Mr. A——, Colman's friendly creditor, had been accidentally passing the street on that very morning, soon after Colman had been set down, and had noticed the coach in question at the door of the lawyer; and on passing the same spot about the chimes of midnight, observed the identical vehicle on the identical spot; for Colman had altogether forgotten he had even arrived in a coach at all; obedient to whose orders the driver had remained nearly twelve hours at the curbstone. A——, who was a man of quick perceptions, and by no means a stranger to the councils of the manager of the Haymarket at the house in question, felt at once persuaded he had discovered his man. "This must be Colman!" cried he; "there is but one man in London who would keep a hackney-coach waiting twelve hours, when at twelve paces distant he might beckon twice the number to his service—*here must be Colman!*" For "jarvey," this was a good day's work. The hire was of course paid, besides some five shillings fraudulent per centage which Colman, after supper, was not in a state to dispute. The man had also in prospect a fat bribe on the next day, for the discovery of the manager's retreat, which he received in due course from the wily Mr. A——, and poor Colman surrendered.

Some months previous to the foregoing event, Colman had been living at Fulham, immediately contiguous to a cottage then tenanted by Mathews. A—— was at that time in search of him, and Colman being well aware of this, was in the habit of stealthily entering Mathews' house by the back door, and thus had opportunities of passing many agreeable evenings with his friend. Mathews, who was as fond of fun as schoolboys of plum pudding, had a remarkably fine parrot, which was quick at picking up words; and in as short a time as might be, the green pet was instructed in the exclamation—"Be off! be off! A——'s coming!—A——'s coming!" On a certain evening, therefore, Colman having raised the latch of Mathews' back door, and being about entering the yard, in which the parrot had been purposely placed, his ears were suddenly startled by the bird's new lesson—"Be off! be off! A——'s coming!—A——'s coming!"—a hint which, it may be well believed, he instantly obeyed. Puzzled by the possibility of A—— being so near, but at the same time not displeased at the hint, Colman, on the following eve, applied himself to the postern gate, for the purpose of ascertaining the true state of affairs, when the strident assault was again repeated—

"Be off! be off! A——'s coming!" Utterly bewildered, and with renewed mortification, the affrighted dramatist was once more taking to his heels, when the actor, deeming he had carried the joke quite far enough, popped his head from behind the wall, and, in a voice half parrot and half Mathews, screamed out—"Come back—come back! A——'s in the water-butt!—A——'s in the water-butt!" The sequel may be well imagined. The friends passed their night merrily together—an event which Mathews fully anticipated, never doubting the thorough good humour of his companion.

ELLISTON.—The popularity of Elliston, by 1804, had increased so much, that on the announcement of his benefit, the dimensions of the Haymarket Theatre were found unequal to the accommodation of his "troop of friends." It was, therefore, decided that it should be held at the King's Theatre. The performances were *Pizarro*, and *Love Laughs at Locksmiths*. At an early hour a crowd assembled about the theatre, which, by the time the doors were about opening, had so thickened, that neither constables nor guards could prevent a pressure which threatened consequences as fatal as those at the Haymarket in 1794.* As the clock was striking five, the doors were fairly, or rather unfairly, carried off their hinges. To the very letter, it was a "*Laugh at Locksmiths*"—the people poured into the theatre at every aperture, and in a few minutes there was an overflow in pit and boxes, which found its level at no less an elevation than the ceiling. But a small portion only could have paid their money, though many had left pledges to the amount, in the shape of hats, shoes, shawls, and skirts of clothing. Many scrambled over the orchestra, *chevaux-de-frise*, to the stage, at the further outlay of skirts, both woollen and linen; and sundry were the spikes on which still hung the ignoble trophies of lacerated garments, which were never intended to meet the eye of any but the wearer. At length, the *chamade* being sounded, and the disturbance somewhat quelled, Elliston stepped forward, as plaintiff in this losing cause, though his jury was sufficiently packed for any verdict he might desire. As Richard II., at Smithfield, "he advanced towards the multitude, and accosted them with an affable but intrepid countenance;" told them the eyes of all Europe were, at that moment, upon them!—reminded them of the frightful days of the year '80; and blessed his majesty on the throne! From which culminate state of imagery, he dropped into the Martinus Scriblerus vein, concluding by saying that,

* On the occasion of their majesties visiting the Haymarket Theatre in the above year (1794), the rush into the pit was so great, that many persons were thrown down, and being trampled on by others, fifteen were unfortunately crushed to death, and twenty dreadfully mangled.

"convinced as he was every person honouring him with their presence meant to pay, he begged leave to observe that the deficiencies would be received on the following morning at his house, No. 6, Great Russell-street, Covent-garden!"

But the "bathos" was not yet complete. Some of his fast friends being determined to catch all they could at the spur of the moment, actually procured sundry pewter porter pots, and threading their way through the multitudes in pit and gallery, collected payments in this manner: silver and copper—pots of half-and-half—"a lame and impotent conclusion," we may indeed call it, for it was fitted only "to chronicle small beer." But though impotent as respected the comedian, it was a strong drink to some of these officious pot-companions; for more than one of them were so tempted by the draught, as to decamp with not only the silver and copper, but the pewter to boot, leaving to Elliston all the odium of so tap-room an experiment, but not that liquidation to which he was entitled.

With very great difficulty the play proceeded. Part of the audience occupying those inches on the stage to which the Peruvian's "brave associates" vainly struggled to advance, *Rolla's* address was actually delivered to an admiring circle of ladies and gentlemen from the vicinity of Knightsbridge, Marylebone, and Bloomsbury-square. So unconscious were some of the party of their peculiar situation, and so utterly destroyed was, at least, the scenic illusion, that on Mrs. Litchfield (who played *Elvira*) dropping, by accident, her mantle, while rising from the Spaniard's couch, a bystanding young lady, with the promptest kindness in the world, stepped forward, and picking up the spangled restment, begged, with a grateful curtsy, she might have the pleasure of replacing it; nor was she at all aware of this grotesque piece of *maladroitness*, until brought to her senses by one of the loudest shouts which had transpired in the theatre on this memorable night. Elliston realised by this benefit full 600*l*—Collected from *Raymond's* "*Life and Correspondence of Elliston.*"

AN ATROCIOUS CHARACTER.

DURING the prevalence of the plague in the north-east of Spain, in the autumn of 821, a foreigner, who was variously said to be a Jew, a Turk, and an American, but whose acknowledged vocation was that of a merchant, in which capacity he had amassed immense property, visited the devoted city of Barcelona.

This man, who, from his long white beard, might have been taken for a patriarch, had been an eye-witness of the plague that had

desolated, of late years, the Turkish empire. As soon as he heard that a pestilence had broken out in any city, he immediately hastened to it; accounting for these journeys by the advantage which he found in such desolated countries in purchasing goods at a lower rate than usual.

When he arrived at a "theatre of death," he wrapped himself from head to foot in tarred linen, covered his hands with black leather, his face with a glass mask; and thus guarded against infection, and provided with a stick which had an iron hook at the end, he entered the infected houses.

He had been at Barcelona about a fortnight when he was detected in the act of stabbing a patient. This patient was a young French merchant, who was greatly beloved on account of his integrity. He had just lost his wife and two sons, and was then himself seized with the distemper. He was murdered almost in the presence of a countryman, Captain R., who was in an adjoining room. Hearing the door opened, he hastened to his friend, saw the villain stab his victim to the heart, rushed on him, and threw him on the ground after a desperate struggle, in which the wretch displayed considerable strength and activity.

"Sir," cried the wicked wretch, finding himself overpowered, "surely you will not kill me?"

"Villain! what have you done?"

"But he was so ill."

"And those things which you had already stolen?"

"I thought every body was dead. Give me life; I will make you a rich man."

"You dare to offer me your blood-stained gold?"

"Sir, be without fear: I possess several remedies against the plague, I will give you as many *zeckins* as you can carry."

"And were you to offer me two *arabes*—"

"You shall have ten," said the murderer, and received the Frenchman's sword through his heart.

The magistrates seized the dead body, and had it hung at the corner of Regomín-street. His effects were sold for the benefit of the poor.

From inquiries which were now made, it was discovered that, when he entered infected houses, he possessed himself of whatever he found, seized on the most valuable utensils, and tore the jewels from the bodies of the dead. Several instances were proved in which he hastened the effects of the pestilence, and gave the death-blow to those whose cries would have interrupted him perpetrating his robberies. If chance led him into a house which was still free from the contagion, he announced himself as a physician; and wooed to those who confided in his skill! He always returned to Venice loaded with treasures, where he waited the signal for fresh booty.

POPULAR PASTIMES.

SOLUTIONS TO REBUS, ENIGMA, ANAGRAMS, RIDDLE, CHARADES, AND CONUNDRUMS.

ANSWER TO REBUS.

Ahead.
Never.
Influenza.
Merry-Andrew,
Axe.
Linen-drapeR.

Initials read down,
ANIMAL;
Initials read up
LAMINA.
Finals read down,
DRAWN;
Finals read up,
KEWARD.

ANSWER TO ENIGMA.

Tar; rat; art, tra (y) (o) art; rat (e).

ANSWERS TO ANAGRAMS

Towns
1. South Shields
2. Tunbridge Wells.
3. Southampton.
4. Koshdale.
5. Whitehaven.
6. Ingatestone.
7. Leamington.
8. Hounslow.

Counties.
1. Dorsetshire.
2. Rutlandshire.
3. Cumberland.
4. Devonshire.
5. Herefordshire.
6. Oxfordshire.
7. Somersetshire.
8. Montgomeryshire.

ANSWER TO RIDDLE.

Stone—tone—one.

ANSWERS TO CHARADES.

1. Kilmarnock, in Ayr-shire. | 2. Blunder-buss (a class) blunderbuss.

ANSWERS TO CONUNDRUMS

1. When it is an ewe (U). | 5. When one has a sharp knife.
2. They have a good circulation. | 6. When he bolts the street-door before going to bed.
3. They have no tops to them. | 7. You cannot make love without them.
4. When he's an elder-man

REBUS.

A riddle which Edipus could not have found out;

A spring from which water no person obtains;

That being whose life is a series of pains;

A pike which of water was ne'er seen to bound out;

A pupil well known to high masters of college;

The travelling depôt of various knowledge;

That which each loser or mendicant gains.

Seven lines are above; ('tis an ominous number,

And great singularity doth it encumber).

Seven words latent are in the lines, which conceal them:

Correspondents! I call upon you to reveal them.

Suppose you have found them, your task is not finished,

Although the employment is greatly diminished.

But hold! I am hurrying on to that terror Of authors,—the writer's abhorrence,—an error.

Dear readers! your terrible task is perfected,

Considering that ye the words have detected.

Yet still is the labour not ended; a sequel Doth hang to these words (and the last are unequal.

I mean as to letters. Yes! all are uneven; For oddness doth reign supreme over the seven.)

But no doubt you the "fina" desire. With a view to it

I enter the following,—just as a clue to it. Disclose all the seven,—arrange in rotation.

Now follows a vile act of great mutilation.) Initials and finals,—I beg you will read them not,

They are of no consequence,—ergo, we heed them not.

From the words take their CENTRES, and downwards peruse them.

(Apropos, my dear readers, you must not confuse them.)

One name meets your vision,—it beareth no stigma,

And telleth the author of this queer enigma.

ENIGMA.

I am a pale creature,
And soft is my nature,

Except when you squeeze me together;
I then become hard,

And when not on your guard,
Oft face you in winter's drear weather.

I'm shunned by the old,
And oft have been told,

I'm a terrible foe to the poor:

I garnish your nose,
And I tickle your toes,

And make all your little ones roar.

While I am dancing,
Oft under me prancing,

You'll see many children debating;
Some holding their caps,

And others their laps,
Delighted in me *captivating*.

To the fire when taken,
I can't save my bacon,

But melt into numberless tears;
When thus flabbergasted,

I'm very soon mastered,
Though I've lived now some hundreds of years.

GORDON GLYNN.

CHARADE.

'Twas at that moment when the rising sun
First throws a radiance o'er the mountain top;

Ere the huge city's din had yet begun,
My first was used a special train to stop.

Yet many a mile had sped that early train,
For 'twas my second in its daring flight,

Enabling me my happy home to gain,
Where kindred smile, and hail me with delight.

So now once more I'm seated by her side,
Whose care I needed when a helpless boy,

With other relatives all near allied,
And there most gratefully my whole

enjoy.

H. A. VILES.

CONUNDRUMS.

1.—When is a president, having vacated the chair, like an account settled?

2.—Why should a certain mountain in North Wales be bleak and cold in the hottest summer?

3.—If a barbarian army were to destroy and plunder a great nation, why should they receive the thanks of the inhabitants?

4.—What operation would convert a colour into a beat?—YOUNG CHESTWOOD.

FACTS AND SCRAPS.

SMART REPARTEE.—Walpole relates, after an execution of *eighteen* malefactors, a woman was hawking an account of them, but called them *nineteen*. A gentleman said to her, "Why do you say *nineteen*? there were but *eighteen* hanged." She replied, "Sir, I did not know you had been reprieved."

"**REALLY**, I cannot find a work to suit me!" was the ejaculation of a gentleman who, having pored over the catalogue of

Library for an hour, raised his head, and with a lugubrious expression of countenance, addressed the man in waiting.—"Very sorry for that, sir," replied the librarian; "but have you ever read 'Agincourt'?" It is a romance by G. P. R. James, Esq.; interesting in every detail," he added.—"Can't say that I have," returned the gentleman, "but no doubt it is stale and decidedly vulgar."

"If you have never perused the work, why give such a forbidding character of what is to you unknown?" and this time the librarian spoke "voluntarily."—"You require my reason; 'tis here," said the gentleman. "What, in the name of goodness, can you find attractive in the 'Romance of Agincourt'?"

JAMES SMITH.—Two gentlemen with the same Christian and surname took lodgings in the same house. The consequence was, eternal confusion of calls and letters. Indeed the postman had no alternative but to share the letters equally between the two. "This is intolerable, sir," said our friend, "and you must quit." "Why am I to quit more than you?" "Because you are James the Second—and must abdicate."—Mr. Bentley proposed to establish a periodical publication, to be called "The Wit's Miscellany." Smith objected that the title promised too much. Shortly afterwards the publisher came to tell him that he had profited by the hint, and resolved on calling it "Bentley's Miscellany." "Isn't that going a little too far the other way?" was the remark.—A capital pun has been very generally attributed to him. An actor, named Priest, was playing at one of the principal theatres. Some one remarked, at the Garrick Club, that there were a great many men in the pit. "Probably clerks who have taken Priest's orders."

RIVAL REMEMBRANCE.—Mr. Gifford: "What we read from your pen, we remember no more." Mr. Hazlitt: "What we read from your pen, we remember before."

MODESTY is the certain indication of a great spirit, and impudence the affectation of it.—*Spectator*.

I CASPER AGUILA, parish priest of Saalfeldt, in his youth attended the Emperor Charles V.'s army to the Netherlands, in the quality of chaplain, and because he there refused to baptise a cannon-ball, was fastened to the mouth of a mortar by the licentious soldiers, to be shot into the air, a fate which he only avoided by the accident of the powder not catching fire.

CUT AND COME AGAIN.—An old story has been realised by an actual occurrence, which has amused the good folks who are not strangers to Kidderminster, and proved beyond doubt that some good tales have fact to hang to. A few days ago a knight of the cleaver, celebrated for his sharp cuts and chopping ways, waited on a respectable solicitor of this town, and thus addressed him:—"Pray, sir, what would you do if you was me, if another person's dog had taken a leg of mutton and destroyed it?" "Send him a lawyer's letter and make him pay," said the professional gentleman, assuming the airs of an important adviser. "You would, would you?" said the knight, being hard in the matter; "you would,—then I won't send the letter, but trouble you for 3s., for yours was the dog, and mine the leg of mutton." "So be it," was the short reply; "take your cash." The butcher, putting the cash hard into his pocket, was about to depart—"Stay, stay," was the peremptory command of the legal gentleman; "I have paid you for your mutton, give me 6s. 8d. for my advice." "Ugh!" whistled the knight, who found it too late to save his mutton; "that's it, is it?" "Oh, yes; we must not make fish of one and flesh of the other," was the reply. Cleaver lost 3s. 8d. by the joke.

A HYPOCHONDRIAC was once so provoked at his physicians, who maintained that nothing ailed him, that he, on the contrary, to carry his opinion of his disease as far as possible, at last took it into his head that it had attained its height by depriving him of life. He continued obstinately in the notion of his being dead, till a more sensible practitioner was called in to see him. This gentleman agreed that he was dead, but as he could not discern the particular cause of his death, he therefore proposed to open the body; in setting about which he purposely made such a clashing with a great apparatus of instruments which he had provided, that the patient was roused from his obstinate sullenness, and allowed that this physician had come nearer to his case than any of the rest, but acknowledged that he now found he had some small remains of life.

LOVE'S MISGIVING.

A BALLAD.

BY EDWARD MORDAUNT SPENCER.

THEY tell me he's altered,—they whisper he's changed,

That love far away like himself is estranged;
Another, they say, holds my ones bosom away,
And yesterday's love-dream is blighted to-day.
Yet when we last parted, he vowed to remain
Unaltered till death covered life's thread in twain.

Though my bosom misgives me, I'll cherish his name,
And although he deceive me, I'll love him the same.

I will not upbraid him, though 'tis as all say,
That one far more wealthy hath weaned him away;

And even though he wed her, I will not repine,
Nor! not though it kill me,—his welfare his mine.

Yet oh! can it be—I can scarcely believe
That he could so soon both forget and deceive.
Though my bosom misgives me, I'll cherish his name,

And although he deceive me, I'll love him the same.

4, St. Alban's place, St. James's-square.

THE EYE OF BLUE.

BY F. G. LEE.

I LOVE the laughing eye of blue,
So tender, soft, and clear;
An amethyst begem'd with dew,
When sparkling with a tear.
It melts the soul with soft desire,
As sunbeams waste the snow;
Seldom it kindles hasty fire,
But gives one steady glow.
When pity means her feeble wail,
The eye of blue soon grieves;
And when a lover tells his tale,
The eye of blue believes.

THE DARK EYE.

(WRITTEN IN ANSWER TO THE "EYE OF BLUE,"
BY F. G. L.)

I LOVE the feeling, fine dark eye,
So sparkling, clear, and bright;
Sweet as the dew-drops from the sky,
When graced by morning's light.
One look, one animated beam,
Sheds brightness o'er the heart;
Purer than evening's happy dream,
When twilight's rays depart.
And every sparkling, fine dark eye
By heavenly love is fired;
Then tell me quickly, tell me why
The blue alone's admired.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE EMIGRATION CIRCULAR. (London Cleave, Shoe-lane, Fleet street).—A reprint of "England and America Contrasted," at one-third of the price.

FANCY-PARTS OF ELEMENTARY SCHOOL WORKS.—ELEMENTS OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE. (Wright, Simpkin and Co., Stanhope street, Strand).—This work, written by one who has spent the greater part of his life in the service of the rising generation, is a very miniature Encyclopedia for information. It is arranged in the catechetical form.

MANAGEMENT OF POULTRY. (E. Diddle, Holywell-street, Strand).—This little work contains many excellent remarks on the general management of poultry, choices of stock, &c., &c.

NOTICE.—We have the pleasure to announce to our readers that on Wednesday, October 18th, was published No. 5 of the "MYSTERIES OF LONDON; OR, LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF LONDON LIFE," by THOMAS MILLER, ESQ. We may be allowed to assert (and the assertion is founded upon a most careful perusal of the first four numbers) that, by the publication of this work, Mr. Miller, who had already attained a very exalted station in the literary world, will add considerably to his fame, as one of the most truthful, and, at the same time, poetical writers of the age. No one need be under any apprehension that Mr. Miller will compromise himself by depicting sensuality and vice in the alluring colours which have been adopted by certain contemporary writers.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, No. 334, Strand.

JUDITH NICHOLSON (Glasgow).—The work is published by Dean and Co., Threadneedle-street. Price 1s 6d.

JABUR.—We cannot promise to insert it, not having had an opportunity of judging of its merit. THALOPHILUS.—We do not recollect your signature. We always make a point of noticing every letter that comes into our possession.

W. J. BRAMBLE (Millbank).—The article required to be re-written before we could put it into the printer's hands.

JAMES WILDE.—There is an expensive work on the subjects you mention: it is advertised in the *Bulwer*. We do not know of a good work on bookbinding.

E. C. DAVIES.—We cannot give the series of articles at present. Thanks.

PASTOR (Chichester).—David Hume wrote the "History of England," so well known for the beauty of its style and the inaccuracy of its statements.

ATTICUS.—To have the wine in perfection, it should be kept the time stated in the recipe. In No. 42 we have given another mode of making elder wine. Thanks.

S. T. (Rochdale).—Which kind of engraving on steel do you mean? Line or mezzotint? We know of no method of taking impressions from pictures.

ELIJAH (Hackney).—Lithographic ink and paper, and a lithographic press. At any artist's colour shop. The general index will shortly be ready for the five parts.

J. B. (Nare).—You forget to inform us whether the rheumatism was acute or chronic. We have already given several remedies for toothache.

ROB ROY (City-road).—We cannot inform you; write to the proprietor.

M. C. R.—(Chichester).—The title-page is in the first volume. See answer to Rob Roy.

YOUNG HENRY (London).—We refer you to the article on the "Toilette," which appeared in Nos. 33 and 34.

W. R. (Durham).—If you allude to the royal navy.—No.

JOHAN WASS (Birmingham).—We can give no advice respecting the acquisition of the Polish language.

Published for the Proprietor by GEORGE YVEMA, 2, Catherine Street, Strand, and sold by him at his Office, 26 and 28, Holywell Street, Strand.—Printed by WALTER GALT, "Boomer House" Printing Office, Rensall Lane, Farringdon Street, London.—October 28, 1844.

TRACTS

For the People.

A WEEKLY MISCELLANY OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE AND AMUSEMENT.

No 47 VOL. V. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1848. [PRICE ONE HALFPENNY.]



[THE SETTER.]

THE SETTER.

THAT variety of the dog denominated the *Setter* originated in all probability between the large English spaniel and the Spanish pointer. The setter is less liable to be foot-sore than the pointer; but is generally considered more difficult to break. When, however, a well-broken, well-bred setter is hunted frequently, no dog trained to the gun does his work better or is more stanch.

The setter possesses a high degree of intelligence, and is capable of the strongest attachment. Mr. Bell's account of a favourite of this breed is no interesting, that we give it in his own words:—

“By far the most interesting, and, if I may

so employ the term, amiable animal I have ever known, was a bitch of this kind, formerly belonging to my father, which he had from a puppy, and which, although never regularly broke, was the best dog in the field that he ever possessed. The very expression of poor Juno's countenance was full of sensibility and affection. She appeared to be always on the watch to evince her love and gratitude to those who were kind to her; and the instinct of attachment was in her so powerful, that it showed itself in her conduct to other animals as well as to her human friends. A kitten which had been lately taken from its mother was sent to us, and, on Juno's approach, showed the usual horror of the cat towards dogs. But Juno seemed determined to conquer the anti-

pathy, and, by the most winning and persevering kindness and forbearance, advancing or receding as she found the waywardness of her new friend's temper required, she completely attached the kitten to her; and, as she had lately lost her puppies, and still had some milk left, I have often seen them lying together before the fire, the kitten sucking her kind foster-mother, who was licking and caressing her as her own offspring. She would also play with great gentleness with some tame rabbits of mine, and would entice them to familiarity by the kindness of her manner; and so fond was she of caressing the young of her own species, that when a spaniel bitch of my father's had puppies, of which all excepting one were destroyed, Juno would take every opportunity to steal the remaining one from its mother's nest and carry it to her own, where she would lick and fondle it with the greatest tenderness. Poor Busy, the mother, also a good-tempered creature, as soon as she had discovered the theft, hastened of course to bring back her little one, which was again to be stolen on the first favourable opportunity; until at length the two dogs killed the poor puppy between them, as they were endeavouring each to pull it from the other; and all this with the most perfect, mutual, good understanding. Juno lived to a good old age, an unspotted pet, after her master had shot to her for fourteen seasons."

HANS RUDNER;

OR, THE FIGURE OF NINE.

In the year 1632, the Great Forest in the neighbourhood of Frankfort was infested by brigades. The leader of the band was a young man of a good family, residing near a village upon the skirts of the forest. Libertinism had lured him into crime. Passionately enamoured of a young girl, who had been refused him in marriage, he had decided upon her abduction. For this purpose he associated himself with some wild youths, of dubious or decidedly bad character; and, to escape the vengeance of the laws which the greater number of them had outraged, they went together to pass their lives in the midst of the forest. Skillful and fearless, they presently became the terror of the keepers; and when any of these opposed their depredations, a shot from an arquebuse (the fire-arm then in fashion), aimed from behind the covert of a tree, speedily silenced the keepers' attack. Presently no one dared to penetrate within the recesses of the Great Forest; and few were hardy enough even to journey on its environs. Hans Rudner, the leader of this daring band, had commenced the reckless life of an outlaw by carrying off the young girl of whom we have already spoken; but running riot in the excess of his unbridled power, he presently became sated with his conquest. Like other gallants, less alien-

ated from society, but scarcely less mischievous, he was fond of change. He visited the neighbouring towns and villages under different disguises, and whenever he spied a beautiful woman, he was sure to watch all her movements, until a favourable moment arose, and then pouncing upon her like a vulture, he bore her away into the heart of the woods. After this, came the turn of a second and a third, until, presently, there were reckoned in Frankfort no fewer than nine beautiful girls thus carried off, eight of whom were subsequently returned to their disconsolate parents in a state little calculated to allay their sad disquietude.

Hans Rudner left to his companions his share of the plunder, reserving for himself the maidens whom he tore from their homes and kindred. The best shot for many a long German mile around, the stags, wild boars, and rebucks which passed within two hundred paces of his arquebuse, were sure to receive a fatal ball, which usually passed through their hearts.

When the keepers of the forest jointly attacked the brigands, the latter, forming an ambuscade in the pits and ravines with which the forest abounded, or amidst the branches of the tall trees, allowed the enemy to advance. At a signal given by Rudner, their pieces were all fired at once, and seldom did one of the unfortunate keepers escape from the cruel massacre to carry the fearful intelligence to the neighbouring villages. Rudner's companions fired at the bodies of their opponents; but Rudner himself always lodged his ball (so at least said the peasantry) in the left eye of the man at whom he took aim. Whenever a poor wretch was found lying dead upon one of the forest-paths, or of the roads adjoining, with the mark of a ball having passed through his left eye, the customary exclamation was, "Tis the ball of Rudner *Lincke-augs*" (left-eye).

Enormities like these could not fail to lead to a decisive catastrophe. The senators of Frankfort assembled to deliberate upon the most effectual means of breaking up and utterly exterminating this atrocious band. Troops were hastily enrolled for the service. All the hardy youths of the neighbouring villages, including the brothers and those who had been affianced to the injured maidens, panting for revenge, joined the expedition with an ardour which was nursed by the sense of personal wrong, armed themselves to the teeth, proclaimed a sacred crusade, and swore never to return without the body of Hans Rudner, living or dead!

The forest was surrounded, and the circle contracted by degrees, as in the grand hunting expeditions of the east, until the brigands were at length discovered, hunted to their lair; and, urged to extremity, these lawless men defended themselves with great bravery; but, overpowered by numbers, they

were taken almost all alive, with the exception of their chief, the dragoon. "Left-eye," and led in triumph to Frankfort to be judged and hung.

As might well be expected, short work was made of such notorious criminals. The inhabitants of all the surrounding districts rushed to Frankfort to witness their execution, as to a most delightful spectacle.

But men, and women, and children who had been taught to hiss his name in terror, deeply regretted that Hans Rudner was not the first to mount the scaffold.

An exceedingly pretty young woman, leading a child by the hand, was standing near the gibbet, watching the executioner performing his office, when, on suddenly turning her head, she perceived a tall man standing by her side. A cry of terror escaped her.

"Silence!" said the tall man, in a deep, but concentrated and ferocious tone, while, at the same time, he displayed a long woodman's knife: "Silence, or that infant is an orphan!"

She uttered not a word; but that wild cry of terror, and the faint murmur of the stranger's muttered words were heard by one of the municipal officers. He eyed this mysterious man before him, and remembered that the woman had passed some months in the brigand-poacher's cave. Comparing his face with that of the child, he perceived a striking resemblance. He made a sign to two of his brother officers; and the three precipitating themselves upon the stranger, made him a prisoner, in spite of his violent resistance, and led him before the senators.

"The brigands have been executed," said the man who had been principally instrumental in effecting the capture. "Worshipful senators, you wanted the arch-villain that led them: there he stands!"

"Spare him! Spare him!" shrieked the woman, whose involuntary cry had led to his arrest; "for Heaven's sake, spare the father of my child!"

"Well, be it so!" said the prisoner; "let there be no farce about it! This woman has betrayed me; but I pardon her—I AM RUDNER—Rudner *Lencks-aug*," he added, fearlessly and proudly.

"Go, tell the hangman," said a senator, "that his day's work is not yet accomplished."

"That paltry wretch who, with the assistance of two others, has made me a prisoner," quoth Rudner,—"I played with him yesterday at two hundred paces' distance. I was about to plant a ball in his left eye—but pity withheld my hand. Had I followed my first impulse, he would have fallen dead the next instant, and," bitterly he continued, "I should not now be standing before you with fettered hands."

"You reckon with certainty, then, on

lodging a ball, at two hundred paces' distance, in the eye of a man?"

"Ay, ten—one after the other. They shall enter through the same hole!"

"Pooh! impossible!" said the arquebusiers of the city, who assisted at the execution, with the banner of their craft displayed.

"Because you are all bunglers," said the brigand, with an ill-suppressed sneer, "you imagine I am no better. Good! if you desire to be amused, I am ready, before I die, to show you how to handle an arquebuse."

"Agreed! agreed!" shouted several of the bystanders, eagerly closing with the proposal.

The senators did not oppose the wishes of the people, and the chief of the arquebusiers said:

"Let a bottle be placed at two hundred paces' distance. If the ball enter through the neck without breaking it, I would most humbly suggest, eight worshipful senators, that a free pardon be accorded to this man."

"A mere nothing," said Rudner.

"True," said another of the arquebuse-troop; "besides, chance might serve his turn; for the devil hath his luck. This lawless galliard hath borne off nine of the fairest maidens in all the district; let him, then, with nine balls, write the figure of 9 upon the weathercock which surmounts the Thor Ernscheimer (a gate so called); let him hang else!"

The bystanders roared out their applause. "If he fail but once," continued the same voice; "if one of the balls is ill-placed, assuredly we will hang him."

"Good! good! excellent!" shouted the crowd, charmed at the idea of having two sights instead of one.

"Agreed," said Rudner. "If I do what is required of me I shall have my pardon?"

"Yes, yes," cried the arquebusiers, "we shall demand it!"

The senators consulted together for some time; and, as the majesty of the law boasted, no great supremacy in those days, they informed Rudner that the condition was accepted.

"Let me have an arquebuse, powder, and nine balls," said Rudner.

"Place him beneath the gibbet," said the burgomaster; "put the rope round his neck, and if he be not as good as his word, pull until death ensues!"

Hans Rudner examined the arquebuse, without seeming to pay the smallest attention to the pains-taking and revolting laboriousness with which the executioner disposed the fatal knot, so that, at the slightest signal, he might execute the burgomaster's order. Rudner charged the piece with powder and ball, and rammed the wadding tightly down. After finishing these preparations with the minutest attention, he fired, and the weathercock, turning on its

pivot, showed itself pierced through and through.

"Oh! that's nothing at all!" said one of the arquebusiers.

"Anyone might do as much," said another.

"I'm waiting for the remaining balls," said a third.

"I'll wager a brace of florins," said a fourth, "that he is hung before the third ball."

"My business now is with the second, and not with the third ball," said Rudner. "Hold for a moment—look sharp—there it is. Is it well placed?"

The arquebusier assented.

"Now for a third," said Rudner; and he fired. "Does that describe the curve line accurately?"

"To admiration!" was the reply.

"And the fourth—and the fifth?" quoth Rudner. "There, the O's made; I've only to put the tail to it now."

"Better and better!" cried out the astounded arquebusiers; forgetting their hatred of the man in their admiration of his skill.

"Now for the sixth!" The ball flew from the muzzle of Rudner's piece, and hit as accurately as if the head schoolmaster of the town had designated its place.

"Long live Rudner!" shouted the crowd; "the foremost marksman in all the world!"

Thousands of people who, a few moments before, eagerly desired the brigand's death, now offered up ardent vows for his safety! Such is human nature. The arquebusiers trembled with apprehension, lest the remaining balls should not be so accurately placed: the young woman who had been the involuntary cause of the situation of jeopardy in which he was placed, pressed her infant closer to her breast, and her heart beat almost audibly, to think that one single ball, diverging in the smallest degree from the right line, might be the signal for his instant execution.

The three remaining balls were fired, and ranged themselves in the order which was necessary to complete the figure of 9 with as much accuracy as if they had been placed there with the hand.

"Hurra!" cried the young woman.

"Hurra!" echoed the arquebusiers.

"Hurra!" repeated the people.

Rudner was instantly released from his hempen cravat, and carried in triumph before the senators.

"What dost thou mean to do," was the first question asked, "with the life which we are about to render to thee?"

"I will employ it in earning the character of an honest citizen."

"Lawless man, why didst thou not begin sooner?"

"My companions prevented me. They are dead—may they rest in peace! If this young woman consents, I shall become her husband

to-morrow; and Frankfort shall possess no better citizen."

Hans Rudner kept his word. He became "an honest citizen, a good father, and an exemplary husband," in the familiar words of the epitaph engraven on we know not how many thousand headstones. He was unanimously appointed chief of the arquebusiers of the city. Go to Frankfort on the Maine: above the gate which is called the Thor Ernscheinmer, you will see a small Gothic dungeon, surmounted by a weathercock. Look closely, and you may read the figure of 9 traced upon it by the nine balls of Rudner Lincks-Auge.

Z E P H E.

CHAPTER IV.

REVENGE OF ERGACES.

It was the evening of the seventh day: a fine bright moonlight was pouring down on the columns that supported the piazza in front of the barracks, where, about ten o'clock, Hamilton, of the artillery, was regaling himself with a soliloquy and a cigar, walking quietly up and down, thinking of home, and of a prospect of soon meeting a certain Mary, now enjoying the surname of Mrs. H., when these pleasant thoughts were suddenly put to flight by finding himself seized and gagged by six or seven men, who, with masks on their faces, rushed from behind the pillars of the portico. Resistance was useless, even had he had time and opportunity to make it against so many; therefore, submitting with a good grace, he made up his mind that they were about to search and rob him, and hoped that while they were about it some friend would come across them and spoil their fun; but, to his increased astonishment, he was lifted upon the shoulders of four of the stoutest, who bore him across the barrack-yard, two of them keeping watch about ten yards on each side, and one acting in front as guide or leader.

They left the square by a private door belonging to the officers, of which the leaders had a key, and avoiding the streets of the towns, struck directly across the fields in the direction of the "Panta Leone." When about half a mile from the town, the men dropped him from their shoulders and ungagged him, and the leader, showing him a pistol, informed him that if he did not walk on, he would be disposed of at once without any further trouble. On they went, avoiding the highroads and houses, across fields, olive groves, and vineyards, a weary walk of fourteen miles, until they had nearly reached the top of the mountain; and Hamilton thought, as he looked down upon his overalls, torn with briars and thorns, that all his shooting excursions and marches in Ireland had been a joke to this. Several times on the march had he endeav-

voured to learn his destiny, and the reason of his seizure, but he was only struck in the face, and ordered to hold his tongue. At last they reached the mouth of a cave, where, tying him to a tree, the robbers entered, and left him alone to his thoughts. Here, under the directions of their leader, some of them began to collect wood and to make a large fire, whilst others brought a huge post, and dug a hole for it to stand upright against the inner wall of the cave. A horrible thought now stole across the mind of Hamilton, that he was destined to be burnt alive, and that this was some act of vengeance they were about to perform. This idea was soon confirmed. The banditti having now finished their preparations, collected round him, and began spitting upon him, and striking him in the face. In vain did he appeal to their mercy, offering a thousand times more than he was worth, and beseeching them to let him know the cause of this terrible cruelty. Fresh blows were his only answer, until, weary of their sport, the ruffians unloosed him from the tree, and stripping him naked, re-bound him to the post in the cave. Bowing his head upon his bosom, long protracted sobs seemed almost to rend his heart in twain, and large drops of perspiration streamed from every pore in his skin; but soon his mind became wholly absorbed in past scenes, and he regarded no longer what was passing among his captors. They had now finished all their arrangements, and the chief approached him with a knife, and striking him again, said:

"Will you accept the conditions? Speak!"

"Come, Morello, don't stand looking at him"

"Speak, I tell you again! Are you ready to swear that you will accept the offer made to you, or this knife shall teach you to repent your refusal."

"Speak," said the chief, seizing Hamilton roughly by the hair, and daubing the knife before his eyes.

"Stop—stop! on your life, stop!" cried the voice of a stranger, bursting into the cave; "that's not the man."

"How so?" said Morello; "what mean you by this? How came you here?"

"Leave him alone; you've caught the wrong bird. Step here outside, capitano Morello, and I'll explain it all."

"Pippo, if you dare to trifle with me, your fate shall be as bad as his."

"Not so, Morello; but as you are aware I knew of your design to night, having been first appointed to be one of the party, and afterwards sent by you to the barracks with the young girl who came from Ithaca last night, I saw you carry off your prize, but to my astonishment, being afterwards in another officer's room, there I saw the Signor Forster smoking a cigar and playing at cards; therefore you must have seized some one else by mistake in the dark."

"Who, then, can this be?" said the robbers; "if it is not him, it is devilish like him. Not

him! Search his pockets for some papers that will show who he is."

This was done immediately by one of the band, and an envelope was handed to the chief who read the direction on it:

"CAPT. HAMILTON, R.A."

Here was indeed a mistake, and to repair it to the utmost in their power now seemed their chief desire, and they devoted themselves to it with energy. The prisoner, who had heard nothing of all this, now found himself unbound, reclothed with the utmost gentleness, all his goods restored to him, and in place of being flayed alive, treated with the greatest deference. Equally at a loss to account for this wonderful change, he suffered himself to be again blindfolded, and was reconducted by two of the band over the same ground he had so recently traversed under such different circumstances. When they arrived within a quarter of a mile of the barracks, his conductors took the bandage from his eyes, and making him a low bow, disappeared.

Hamilton, more and more bewildered at the strange events of the night, made the best of his way home, and threw himself upon his sofa; at last a thought seemed suddenly to strike him which would enable him to elucidate all these mysteries; for, jumping up, he rushed up stairs and entered the rooms of another officer without any ceremony.

"Good heavens, Hamilton! is that you? why, where do you come from? I never saw a fellow in such a mess."

"Good morning, Forster; I've had a long walk, it is true; so as you're going to breakfast, I'll join you, if you'll allow me, for I'm very hungry. The fact is, Forster, my dear fellow, we are so like each other, that I've just been down in the town to order a black wig to be made for me, in hopes that it will prevent such little mistakes as those which occurred last night. What do you think happened? I was walking under the piazza below, about ten o'clock, when I was seized by a dozen ruffians, blindfolded, and carried fifteen miles up the country, somewhere in the mountain's well. When we got there, they stripped me, tied me to a stake, and then lit a fire; after which, a fellow very coolly informed me that they would kill me, and burn my body, if I now refused to fulfil some condition or other. It is a very comical thing, isn't it?" said Hamilton, seeing Forster grow very pale, "but it's as true as Gospel. Well, all of a sudden, in rushed another fellow, who says, he had followed them as fast as he could; he swore that I was not the right man, and this he proved. God bless him, somehow or other, for they unbound me, and brought me down here again as civilly as if butter would not melt in their mouths, making a thousand apologies for the trouble they had given me, and hoping my excellency would pardon them. I have only to add that if you're the man they meant, I hope the hint may be useful to you."

That very same afternoon, Edward Forster mounted his chestnut mare, and, galloping over the well-known road to Avéné, sought an interview with the father of Zephé. The old man received him kindly and quietly, neither expressing the least astonishment at his visit, or eagerness to avail himself of the object of it. He did not allude in the slightest degree to Forster's former acquaintance with his daughter, but told him, in answer to his wishes, that he was not aware of his being a suitor for her hand, but that he was willing to accept him for a son-in-law, provided he could secure his child's affections. Little more need be told of the happiness of Zephé in the restoration of her lover, to whom she was united during the following week, but, alas! as Forster had too truly predicted, his lady mother in England received the stranger with freezing hauteur; and after enduring two long years of coldness and scorn from his family, and even indifference from Edward himself, her gentle heart was broken, and she was laid in an humble grave in the churchyard of an English village, where few of those who followed the coffin knew aught of her simple tale of neglect and quiet suffering!

A CHAPTER ON "CONGREVES."

A "LIGHT" ARTICLE.

FROM so recent a period has the invention of a simple, efficacious, and economical mode of producing an instantaneous light got to date its origin, that it must be within the recollection of most of our readers when the old fashioned, clumsy tinder-box, and the triangular brimstone-match, were the sole means they had of kindling the morning fire, or igniting the lamp on their return home at night. Now what a change has come over the spirit of their illuminations! The "box of congreves" has become a domestic necessity; and we can hardly imagine what our ancestors could have done without it. Its familiarity has almost engendered the proverbial consequence of contempt; and its very chemical composition has nearly ceased to be an object of curiosity or inquiry. It is to remind the reader of the inestimable blessing of this simple article of commerce, which we should better appreciate were we again deprived of its services for a few days, that we have devoted a chapter in the "TRACTS" to what may be called "The Rise and Progress of the Match Manufactures."

About the year 1673 phosphorus was discovered, and, as a refined chemical method of getting a light quickly, its inflammability was soon turned to advantage. A small portion of phosphorus rubbed between the folds of brown paper, instantly bursts into a flame which will kindle a common brimstone match. This, which was then a great chemical curiosity, became more plentiful in the year 1680, when one Godfrey Hanschwitz

manufactured and sold it in large quantities at his laboratory in Southampton-street, Strand. The marvellous properties of phosphorus then excited much attention in this country, and Godfrey set out on his travels abroad to exhibit and vend the article; so that to him may be accorded the merit of having generally introduced the first chemical method of getting a light.

A substance called *pyrophorus* (or fire-bearer) next came in vogue. It was a black powder, produced by the calcination of flour, sugar, and alum, and having the singular property of taking fire upon mere exposure to air. A small bottle of *pyrophorus*, well prepared, lasted a considerable time, and was a very fair way of getting a light. The theory of its action was long a mystery, but we now know that the flame resulted from the attraction of oxygen for *potassium*, which highly inflammable metal is elicited from the potash of the alum by the action of the charcoal, of the flour, and the sugar. The next invention bore the name of "Instantaneous Light Machine," or "Inflammable Air Lamp of Volta." This was an extremely elegant and scientific apparatus, consisting of a glass reservoir, filled with hydrogen gas, which could be subjected to the pressure of a column of water, upon turning a stop-cock. The pedestal upon which the reservoir was placed contained an electrophorus, (a variety of the electrical machine), and the apparatus was so adjusted by connecting wires, that, upon turning the cock, a small stream of hydrogen rushed out and met with a spark of electric fire, which caused its combustion, and this flame kindled a wax-taper placed directly against it.

One fatal objection to its general introduction was its tendency to explode; and a most disagreeable tendency, we must admit, this was. Such an accident, indeed, often happened; and this light machine was, at last, very properly denounced as an "Infernal Machine."

The next ingenious invention of this kind, was a small stout brass tube, about six inches long, and half an inch in diameter, closed at one end and fitted with a hollow air-tight piston, containing in its cavity a scrap of *amadou*, or German tinder. This constituted an apparatus which was called "*The Pneumatic Tinder Box, or Light Syringe.*" The piston was suddenly driven into the tube by a strong jerk of the hands; the air in the tube thus compressed had its capacity for heat diminished, and therefore parted with it in sufficient quantity to cause the ignition of the tinder.

This "Light Syringe" even now may be met with on the continent, but it is very rarely used. Considerable practice was required to learn the right method of using it; and a novice had to undergo numerous abrasions of the knuckles and blows across the fingers before he could acquire the pro-

per knack of suddenly and successfully compressing the air. There was thus a kind of apprenticeship necessary before one could even obtain a light; and, therefore, as a purchaser, after many persevering trials, generally gave up the business and retired, the fashion, like the light itself, soon went out.

But all the contrivances which have been before spoken of vanished into oblivion before the sudden blaze of the oxy muriate matches. It was discovered that the singular salt called oxymuriate, or chlorate of potash, when mixed with sugar and other inflammable matters, caused a sudden combustion when brought into contact with a drop of vitriol. Small portions of such mixture in powder were first employed, but it was soon mixed with gum-water into a paste, together with a little vermilion for the sake of colour; and with thus thin slips of deal were tipped. These were put into a neat little case with a bottle, containing a bit of asbestos soaked in strong oil of vitriol; and the cases thus fitted up were improperly, but universally, called *phosphorus-boxes*. Soon after the addition of a wax-taper was made, and the matches, bottles, and boxes appeared in swarms, of all colours and dimensions. Competition, at last, became so great, that from fifteen, ten, and five shillings, the price fell to half-a-crown for a small box; and this continued steady for some years. People began to eye them curiously in the shop windows of the chemists; and the casual finding of one in the possession of a country gentleman was sufficient to render him suspected of similar "dark designs" to those cherished by the renowned Guido Fawkes.

The theory of the action of these instantaneous light-boxes consisted in the sudden decomposition of the chlorate paste by the oil of vitriol, and the evolution of oxygen, which, entering into energetic combination with the inflammable elements of the sugar, produced flame. It was a very complex action, and understood by none but chemists; but its practical application was universally appreciated, and there was nothing more wanted.

There were, however, still many faults to be remedied. The production of fire sometimes took place so instantaneously, that the wood of the match had not sufficient notice to light. Occasionally, also, from the weakness of the acid, or the badness of the composition, not a spark of fire was evolved at all, but the red tip merely fizzed and spluttered the vitriol over ladies' dresses, to their utter destruction. It was no unusual occurrence either, in these "dark ages" of domestic illumination, for the lady who could not get the match to light at once, to innocently return it to the case amidst the others and select a fresh one. The rejected match, still retaining a spot of

vitriol, imparted it to the tip of its next neighbour. This being, perchance, a good one, entered into rapid combustion, which instantly spread through the whole legion of fiery spirits, and out they all shot from the box, like a small grandiose flight of skyrocket to the indescribable terror and discomfort of the female experimentalist. This firework happened when the tips of the matches were placed downwards; and complaints of the danger being made to the match-maker, he, to avert it, placed the tips upwards; but this plan was even worse than the other: for if the greatest care were not taken, especially in the dark, a general illumination would be unwittingly produced to a certainty, and a pyrotechnic display would follow, which would probably convert a bachelor's bedroom into a sort of miniature Vauxhall. All these domestic disasters made old folks of stubborn prejudices triumphantly point out the superiority of the ancient tinder-box, and they were firmer than ever in their resolve to have nothing to do with these "new-fangled guncrackers," as they chose, somewhat unintelligibly, to style them. At this eventful crisis an operative chemist in the Strand came to the rescue, and brought out "Prometheans."

Prometheans were a clever refinement upon the oxymuriate matches, consisting of a small roll of waxed paper, in one end of which was a minute portion of vitriol in a glass bulb, hermetically sealed, and surrounded with chlorate paste. When the end thus prepared was pressed so as to break the bulb, the vitriol came in contact with the composition, first reversing the old operation of putting the match into the bottle; for we, in this instance, had to put the bottle (the bulb) into the match. From this time the fate of the ancient tinder receptacle was sealed, and the doom of flint and steel proclaimed. Rapid improvements came out in quick succession, and manufactories were erected on the largest scale in various parts of London, to supply the sudden and unexpectedly extensive demand. Most of those that still exist employ in various departments about 500 hands, and 50 of these are children who sort and count the matches into boxes. So great is the competition, that the wholesale price is rarely more than 2d. per dozen boxes.

Lucifers consisted of chlorate of potash mixed with sulphuret of antimony into a paste with starch. The pieces of wood tipped with this composition inflamed upon the friction of glass paper, and generally succeeded in setting every body's teeth on edge who saw or performed the operation. The "*congreves*" are made in a similar manner, each manufacturer varying the ingredients to suit his own fancy or his customers' predilections, and seem to have attained the very pinnacle of perfection both as regards

economy and excellence. The busiest of these manufacturers is now engaged upon the production of a match which, when kindled, will exhale a beautiful aromatic fragrance. This will, then, be the "*ne plus ultra*" of match-making.

SYLVANUS SWANQUILL.

AMERICAN LITERARY LIONS.

BY A COSMOPOLITAN.

IN these days of light gossiping literature, a vast deal has been written about the personal appearances and every-day manners of the literary lions and lionesses of Great Britain. This sort of hero-worship (to coin a term) has been amazingly prevalent; and no wonder; for all of us, more or less, are anxious to know something of the look and manners of those whose works have delighted or instructed us. To gratify the public taste, sketches innumerable of English literati have been written; so that the race of authors have grown, as it were, to be such intimate friends, that we are as well acquainted with the size of their boots as the titles of their books. The more popular the writer, the greater the anxiety manifested by the public to be informed as to all the particulars of his *personelle* and habits; and so, from Byron to Bob Montgomery, poets, politicians, and preachers, have been forced to sit for their pen-and-ink portraits. It is strange, somewhat, now that such an immense amount of literature is imported from the New World, that, as yet, no one has attempted to sketch the flesh and blood appearances of celebrated American writers whose names are as familiar to our ears as household words. To supply, in some degree, this deficiency, is the object of the present article; and the writer having had ample opportunities of observing those whom he attempts to describe, the reader may rely on the faithfulness of the portraits.

The city of Boston, Massachusetts, or the "Athens of America," as Edmund Keane called it, with its suburban village of Cambridge, in which is situated Harvard College, is the head-quarters of literature in the United States. About three years since, whilst sojourning in that city, I was invited by Mr. Goodrich (the original "Peter Parley") to accompany him to Harvard College on the occasion of the sessional commencement. "You will there," said my friend, "have a chance of seeing some of our principal literary men." I gladly embraced the opportunity, and one broiling August morning I found myself bowling over the mile-long wooden bridge which separates the city from its suburb on my way to the latter.

My companion himself was, and is, no ordinary man. Who has not heard of Peter Parley—the beloved of boys and the adored

of girls? Many imagine him to be a benevolent, gossiping old gentleman, with an undiminishable stock of information on all subjects, but few comparatively are aware that he is a thriving publisher, as well as an indefatigable author, and that his offices are in School-street, Boston. It was in this place that I first met him, having been furnished with a letter of introduction to "Peter," by the editor of the well-known *Knickerbocker Magazine*. When I ascended the stairs I saw a little door, with "Goodrich" painted on a pane of ground-glass; on opening which, surrounded by books piled shelf over shelf, before a little desk, sat a tall, very gentlemanly looking man of about fifty years of age—his hair was black and curly—smoked-glass spectacles protected his much-used eyes from the strong light, and a long dressing-gown enveloped his well-shaped figure.

He received me very courteously, and from that moment commenced an intimacy, and on his part a series of kindnesses, which will ever render the name of Peter Parley a welcome and a pleasant one to me.

In the course of conversation, Mr. Goodrich informed me that he adopted the name of Parley from a wish to be considered (authorially) to be a talker to, and a *parleyer* with, young people. The name, as all my readers are aware, is now a pretty popular one, and of course has been adopted by many who have no title to it. But I must now jog on to Harvard, and here, reader, I stand in the square of America's oldest university, watching the gay scene around me. Every one of the youths educated there seem to have sisters and female friends innumerable, who rush to the theatre for the purpose of witnessing the triumphs of their favourite—and as the Yankee girls are remarkably pretty, and dress extremely well, the scene is one of great liveliness and interest.

Pretty girls, thank Heaven! are plenty every where, but poets and professors of learning are rather scarce articles. So accompany me, reader, into the parlour of the head of the college, Professor Quincy, and there, doubtless, we shall find some men of mark.

Whilst I was, from a snug corner, observing the crowd of professors, &c., my companion said:

"Do you see that gentleman, standing near the fire-place with a little knot of respectful listeners around him?"

I looked in the direction indicated. The person referred to was an individual of a striking appearance. He was beneath the middle height, short-necked, and thickly built. With the exception of his temples, which were covered with gray locks, his well-shaped head was bald, and shining; light gray piercing eyes, weak from age—he could not have been less than eighty years old, gleamed with consider-

able vivacity. The nose was short, the mouth indicated firmness, amounting almost to obstinacy. The figure, as I have hinted, was stout, and the shrunk legs those belonging to the seventh stage of existence. The old boy, however, was active, though his hand shook from it, seemed, former attacks of paralysis, and he conversed with considerable fluency and animation. Very great respect appeared to be paid to him by all present—he was evidently a “noticeable man.” “Who is he?” I inquired.

“One of the most remarkable men in our country,” replied Peter Parley. “That little man is John Quincy Adams, who has twice been President of the United States, and whose father was also a president, and a signer of the declaration of independence. Shall I introduce you to him?”

Of course I assented, and was duly presented to the ex-president, who shook my hand, and chatted pleasantly. I afterwards met him at Professor Quincy’s table, and was much struck with his remarkable memory. It was rather strange and striking to see *vis à vis* with one who had been a protégé of Washington, and who prefaced one of his observations with the remark: “When I was minister at the Hague, sixty years ago,” and who had been the head of a mighty nation. The old gentleman was quite a character, and very loquacious—he talked well too. His voice, however, is now hushed for ever, for a few months since he was seized with a fit whilst sitting in the Senate-house at Washington, which proved fatal in a few hours.

As I was yet gazing at Mr. Adams, my attention was drawn by my friend to a gentleman who, in point of personal appearance, was in every respect his opposite. “There is one of our most popular poets,” said Mr. Goodrich. The individual he spoke of was slightly, yet gracefully built, of about the middle height, and apparently of active habits; for he was perpetually on the move, bowing and smiling as he glided hither and thither, his handsome and intellectual face radiant with genius and good-humour. I think I never saw such beautifully clear and deep blue eyes as those which flashed from beneath the gracefully arched brows of the party I am alluding to. The whole countenance was pleasing—I might say handsome; and the expression of the combined features very striking. This was Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Professor of Poetry at Harvard, who is as well known in this country by his “Hyperion,” and his numerous poems, as in his own. Longfellow stands high in the ranks of American writers; and there is scarcely an English selection of poetry in which extracts from his works are not to be found. He resides near Cambridge, in a house once occupied by Washington, blessed with fame and fortune; and with

him, in this (for America) ancient house, I spent, just before I quitted America, one of the most charming of evenings. Longfellow, to conclude my notice of him, is about the best dressed man in America. He frequently visits England, when he is invariably the guest of Charles Dickens, to whom he is greatly attached.

Bowing gracefully, with something of a foppish air in dress and manners, I noticed the lively form and face of the “Penciller by the Way,” N. P. Willis. Nat—who, whatever Lockhart may say about him, is a dashing prose-writer and a true poet—seemed to be quite in his element amongst the ladies, by whom he was surrounded, and with whom he appeared to be a no small favourite. Willis was educated at Harvard; and his fine eye sparkled with pleasure as he now and then recognised an old “chum.” The author of “Melanie’s Ambrosial Curls” seemed, however, to be showing silver signs of the progress of time, and his round face was not quite so boyish-looking as of yore. Alas! poets, like grosser mortals, cannot escape from the touch of the universal destroyer, who,

“In the dark and silent grave,
When they have warbled all their lays,
Shuts up the story of their days.”

But a truce to moralising; and having been invited to take tea in Mrs. Quincy’s pretty parlour, let us repair thither, where, we are given to understand, blue stockings abound.

And there—sipping the “cup which cheers but not inebriates”—at a bery of fair ones whose names are not unknown to fame. First, let me introduce you, fair reader, to a sweet singer of your own bewitching sex. Doubtless you have read many of her beautiful productions, and have heard her styled “The Felicia Hemans of America.” I am alluding to Mrs. Lydia H. Sigourney, America’s first lady-poetess. Some months subsequent to the period to which I am referring, I visited Mrs. Sigourney at her charming residence in Hartford, Connecticut. The poetess is a little woman, by no means handsome, but her countenance is very pleasing in its expression, and her forehead well developed. Her conversation is lively, her voice low and sweet, and her manners perfectly free from affectation. It will be remembered that Mrs. Sigourney and our own Mrs. Southey had a sharp literary quarrel some years since, respecting the publication by the former of some letters relating to the laureate. I must say, that I think Mrs. Southey exhibited a little too much sensitiveness on the occasion. I heard the true history of this quarrel from Mrs. Sigourney’s lips; but this is not the place for entering into such particulars.

Near Mrs. Sigourney sat the delicate and pretty-looking poetess, Fanny Osgood; and close beside me was Mrs. Child, whose let-

ters must be familiar to most of my lady readers. Mrs. Child had, it seemed, recently heard Ole Bull's new composition, "Niagara," and was profuse in its praises. Besides these professed literary ladies, there were present a number of female aspirants to the honours of print; and I must say that these fledglings of literature, whose most important productions were perhaps milk and water verses in some magazine or a tale in a newspaper, were the only persons in the party who did not suffer their petticoats to conceal the blueness of their hose.

The evening wore pleasantly on, and the proceedings of the "commencement" terminated by a promenade in the college square. There was to be seen the tall and burly form of Jared Sparks, author of "Washington's Life;" the ungraceful figure of Percival, the poet, and about the most learned man in the States; Moses Stuart, the celebrated Scripture commentator, arm in arm with Bethune, the preacher poet—the former long, lean, and study-dried, the latter ponderous and prosperous; George Bancroft, who wrote the "History of America," stalked stately along; and the best song-writer of America, General George P. Morris (who does not know his "Woodman, spare that tree?"), fitted about, his diminutive form and good-humoured face rendering him a striking object. But I must hasten to a conclusion. Over the Gothic turrets of Harvard College library the skies are darkening, thinner and more deserted grow the grounds, lamps begin to twinkle in the students' rooms, and we, too, must depart. A hasty good-night follows a warm invitation to wander to Cambridge again; and now seated on one of the huge Yankee omnibuses, we bid, for a time, adieu to Yankee poets, professors, historians, and the ladies of the pen.

A MODERN WHITTINGTON.

SIR RICHARD PHILLIPS relates in his "Personal Tour through the United Kingdom," published twenty years ago, that when he was in Nottingham, he fell in with a plain, elderly gentleman, an ancient reader of the *Leicester Herald*—a paper printed by the garrulous knight "in the halcyon days of his youth," and which he abandoned in 1795, on exchanging Leicester for London. The old man, hearing that Sir Richard was in Nottingham, came to him with a certain number of the *Herald* in his hand, to receive the solution of a mystery therein contained, which had perplexed the "constant reader" and his neighbours, at intervals, for the greater part of half a century. Casting his eye in the direction indicated by the inquirer's finger, the tourist saw a column of type headed "Dutch Mail," and professing to be printed in, "original Dutch."

Very "original" Dutch it undoubtedly was. The sight of it brought to Sir Richard's mind a long-forgotten passage in his Leicester experiences. On the eve of one of his publication days, when all was hurry-scurry "to catch the mail," that Mercurial spirit, the "P. D.," made choice of the inauspicious moment for a frolic with the men, and a column of types fell a sacrifice to the sport. The mail would be gone before the mischief could be repaired; but it so chanced that another column of types, picked up from the office-floor and arranged at random—technically called "pie"—some letters topsy-turvy, often ten or twelve consonants in succession, as many vowels neat, and then half a dozen commas and other stops in close company—stood temptingly at hand; so the distracted editor, glad of any refuge from the anger of his country readers, gave orders that the "pie" should be served up to them, with the following explanatory introduction:—"Just as our paper was going to press the Dutch mail arrived; and as we had no time to make a translation, we have inserted its intelligence in the original." Off went the pie, as original Dutch, into Derbyshire and Nottinghamshire! In a few hours, other matter, in plain English (says Sir Richard) supplied its place for our local publication. Of course all the linguists, schoolmasters, high-bred village politicians and correspondents of the *Ladies' Diary* set their wits to work to translate my Dutch; and I once had a collection of letters containing speculations on the subject, or demanding a literal translation of that which appeared to be so intricate. How the Dutch could read it, was incomprehensible! My Nottingham *guidance* was one of the number, and it appeared that, at times, for above four-and-thirty years, he had bestowed on it his anxious attention. I told him the story; and he left me, vowing that, as I had deceived him, he would never believe any newspaper again! The author of this mischief was not constant to the press. He forsook it early—perhaps when (and because) his master forsook Leicester; and he afterwards became connected with the manufactures of his native place. Industrious, persevering, and sagacious, the small shop which he first occupied as an employer gradually grew into a manufactory, and warehouses were added, of vast extent and singular convenience, so as to become one of the wonders of the borough. The shallow and the thoughtless called him a fortunate, a lucky man: others, with more justice, regarded him as a wise and prudent man—one who, to superior skill and intelligence, united those moral and religious qualities which minister largely to success in an honourable career. On the passing of the Municipal Reform Bill, the doors of the council chamber, before closed to the liberal and dissenter, were thrown open to him.

Chosen a councillor by his fellow-burgeesses, the council elected him, first to the office of alderman, and then raised him to the seat of the chief magistrate. Councillor, alderman, mayor—what remained but that, on Saturday morning last, the returning officer (who has run himself a precisely similar course) should hail him on the public hustings on behalf of a unanimous constituency, "Richard Harris, Esq., Member of Parliament for Leicester! Long may Old England continue to furnish such bright examples of enlightened enterprise and successful industry!

SINGULAR MODE OF FISHING.

SOME years ago, a farmer, who resided in the neighbourhood of Lochmaben, Dumfriesshire, kept a gander, that had not only a great trick of wandering himself, but also delighted in piloting forth his cackling harem to weary themselves in circumnavigating their native lake, or in straying amidst forbidden fields on the opposite shore. Wishing to check this vagrant habit, he one day seized the gander just as he was about to spring into his favourite element, and tying a large fish-hook to his leg, to which was attached part of a dead frog, he suffered him to proceed upon his voyage of discovery. As had been anticipated, this bait soon caught the eye of a greedy pike, which, swallowing the deadly hook, not only arrested the progress of the astonished gander, but forced him to perform half-a-dozen of somersets on the surface of the water! For some time the struggle was most amusing—the fish pulling, and the bird screaming with all its might—the one attempting to fly, and the other to swim, from the invisible enemy—the gander the one moment losing and the next regaining his centre of gravity, and casting meanwhile many a rueful look at his snow-white fleet of geese and goslings, who cackled forth their sympathy for their afflicted commodore. At length victory declared in favour of the feathered angler, who, bearing away for the nearest shore, landed on the smooth green grass one of the finest pikes ever caught in the Castle-lock. This adventure cured the gander of his propensity for wandering.

SCOTUS.

THE MODEL MILLINER'S APPRENTICE.

"GENTS" of the metropolis, have ye never, when out late in the evening, or early in the morning, met or overtaken a modestly attired female, hurrying along the pathway as if for dear life? Little did you think that she, whom you have so often annoyed with your impertinent and unmanly importunities, has been slaving all the day—perhaps the greater part of the evening—and perchance

engaged on one of the dresses which are to decorate your mothers or sisters! Oh! think of this, and suffer that pale young creature to pursue her way through the streets unmolested. The Model Milliner's Apprentice is the most hard-working and well-conducted girl in the establishment which employs her. She is never known to rebel against the strongly diluted solutions of cheap congo, or the diminutive quantity of thinly buttered toast. Since her début as an apprentice, she has never joined any pleasure excursion or picnic party. Civil and obliging, she is always the first to tender her services for the completion of any article of dress required at an exceedingly short notice. While pursuing her diurnal employment, she endeavours to appear cheerful and contented; (kind creature! striving by such means to alleviate the cares and sorrows of her fellow-sempstresses!) See her at her poor home when the toll of the day is concluded, and recognise her—if you can! Oh, no! in that melancholy and low-spirited girl of the evening, you cannot perceive any traces of the sprightly creature whom you beheld in the morning. The Model Milliner's Apprentice is born to an early grave. Oh! ye employers! treat her kindly, for her sojourn with you is but for a short time! Oh! ye high-born ladies! drop a tear for her whom we have endeavoured to portray: 'tis for you that she labours! Feeling ourselves to be standing on uncertain and dangerous ground, we relinquish our task.

MAZEPPA.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE WINTER.

UNDER this head we purpose giving a few hints respecting the prevention and treatment of colds, chilblains, &c., taken chiefly from the last edition of Dr. Thomas Graham's very valuable work, "Modern Domestic Medicine."

In the common cold, a little domestic repose in a very moderately warm atmosphere, diluting drinks, of a temperature not higher than lukewarm, and abstinence from animal food and fermented liquors, with a sudorific posset of treacle and milk, or some warm gruel at night, is usually sufficient to carry off the complaint. If the cold be rather severe, four grains of James's powder alone, or combined with half a grain of calomel, taken at bed-time, is a useful remedy. If the cough be troublesome at night, four grains of compound powder of ipecacuanha, taken on going to bed, will be found of great service. Four other recipes for coughs will be found in this work, vol. i., p. 168; vol. ii., p. 45, 77, and 141.

The following rules for avoiding colds may be adopted with great advantage:—When you come out of a very cold atmo-

sphere, you should not at first go into a room that has a fire in it; or, if you cannot avoid that, you should keep for a considerable time at as great a distance as possible; and, above all, refrain from taking warm or strong liquors when you are cold. A frequent cause of colds are wet feet. Now, it is very easy to prevent getting your feet wet, by using the water-proof mixture for your boots and shoes; a receipt for the purpose will be found, vol. i., p. 109.

When a sudden hoarseness comes on, we advise the use of the recipe for it, vol. iii., p. 61.

The best mode of managing chilblains in their first stage, is by keeping the feet warm by wearing worsted stockings, and encouraging the circulation by rubbing once or twice a day with soap liniment or mustard liniment. But when they have broken, a bread-and-milk or linseed-meal poultice is a very excellent application. For further information respecting the mode of treating chilblains, we refer the reader to vol. i., p. 63, and vol. iii., p. 29. Some valuable advice relating to the treatment of frost-bitten parts has been given, vol. i., p. 152. See also vol. ii., p. 45.

A capital lip-salvo to prevent the lips from chapping may be made thus:—One ounce of white cerate, made with almond oil, and fifteen drops of Peruvian balsam, well mixed by titration. Another receipt is given, vol. i., p. 125.

Camphorated soap has lately been much used for chapped hands.

THE FIRESIDE AND THE SUNSHINE.

BY STEPHEN HUNT.

How exceedingly delightful are those dreamy days of autumn, with their subdued glow of sunshine in the morning, followed by the cheering light and quiet click of the evening fireside, as though summer and winter were shaking hands with each other, determined to separate on the most amicable terms imaginable! "Farewell," says summer; "I'm off for a ramble to other climes;" but like an old friend, she lingers still, till the chilling grip of winter warns her that longer stay would be a most unpolite and unwarrantable encroachment. Already has she put on her autumnal garb, of a bright, golden, but somewhat sombre hue, inviting us to one more ramble to some favoured spot where we have been wont both to rollick and repose in the very glow of good fellowship; parting, not as now, at early eve, but keeping it up all night, and sometimes not going home for days and weeks together. But now 'tis only a morning in the sunshine and we part—a morning in the sunshine and an evening by the fire—and glorious mornings they are, spent in rambles to Hampstead,

Highgate, Richmond, Epping Forest, Shooter's Hill, with pleasant inns and most friendly welcome at each, sometimes making companionship of one of those ardent lovers of nature, the old poets, and at others, seeking the more matter-of-fact socialities of real life! And we say to such of our readers as have the full control of their time, go you and do likewise; make the most of an old friend while he is yet departing; hold him tight till he tells you that he really must go, and so shall you be enabled to lay up a goodly store of cheering reminiscences to gladden your hearts during the murky days of winter. In the midst of gloom you will find sunshine still, enjoying that and the fireside together, and thus mellowing down each day into a substantial state of mental and bodily felicity, just as we are doing now, seated in our own arm-chair by a cosy little fire, after a delightful day's ramble in the golden glow of autumn. Farewell then, say we, to summer, while yet we welcome the hearty fellowship of winter once again. Our sunshine rambles now are nearly over; summer leaves us with pleasant thoughts, good health and spirits—let us see what winter will bring us—the in-door enjoyment of the fireside.

"What though now we can no more
On the skies of summer gaze,
Let the poker's aid restore
June's bright substitute—a blaze!"

And here we have it, and how it scatters itself about the grate, flaming and flaring, and frolicking, as if rejoiced to find us seeking a renewal of socialities. And we welcome it with outstretched palms and uplifted hands, affectionately and reverentially, remembering the time when, with wondering eyes, we were wont to sit and gaze upon its mysterious brightness, and at last fell asleep, nestled like a bird in some fond lap.

Strange that it should carry our thoughts back even to the happiness of childhood, and make us think of every degree of felicity that we enjoyed both then and since. Let us see; there were the old Christmas parties; the group of happy faces round the blazing hearth, the crackling chestnut, and the hissing apple, the elder wine and toasted sippets, and last, though not least, the crumpets and tea cakes; all very enjoyable things, but still not equal to the mental feasts the fireside afforded us—the phantasmagorical depictions within the bars in which we used to revel so dreamily—and the pages of romance we used to pore over by the fire-light—ha!—"Robinson Crusoe," "Arabian Nights," "Persian Tales," "Butterfly's Ball," "Gulliver's Travels," and "Jack the Giant Killer." In the midst of winter we had plenty of sunshine then; the sunshine of romance and the sunshine of love, with the bright eyes of our juvenile Juliet gazing fondly and delightedly upon us;—alas! it was all a delusion, but a very pleasant one

nevertheless, the only fault of it being that it did not last a great deal longer. And now—what have we now? nothing more remaining than an autumnal gleam of this most transient brightness—but here is the fireside still to revive the memory of the past, and cheer us into pleasant dreams of the future—ay more, to enable us to enjoy the present as well, looking brightly upon us when the world frowns—secretly consoling and communing with us when we have the “blues,” and adding to our enjoyment when revelling in a state of perfect tranquillity. With a blazing fireside, every man has, more or less, the means of creating his own sunshine; though there are shadows too which will sometimes obscure it, but only that its brightness may come forth again more cheerfully than ever. “Give it a good poking,” you say; ay, and do you also arouse all the mental geniality, energy, and vivacity that is within you. There is great improvement as well as enjoyment to be got at the fireside, and be assured that it will add materially to the lustre of our life’s autumnal sunshine.

ARAB HOSPITALITY.

IN 1804, Osman Bardiesy was the most influential of the Mameluke boys, and virtually governed Egypt. Mehemet Ali, then rising into power, succeeded in embroiling this powerful chief with Elfy Bey, another of the Mamelukes. The latter escaped to England, where he was favourably received, and promised assistance by our government against Osman, who was in the French interests. At this time, a sheikh of Bedouin stood high in Osman’s confidence, and brought him intelligence that Elfy had landed at Alexandria. “Go, then,” said the old bey, “surprise his boat, and slay him on his way up the river; his spoil shall be your reward.” The sheikh lay in wait upon the banks of the Delta, and slew all the companions of the rival bey: Elfy himself escaped in the darkness, and made his way to an Arab encampment before sunrise. Going straight to the sheikh’s tent, which is known by a spear standing in front of it, he entered, and hastily devoured some bread that he found there. The sheikh was absent, but his wife exclaimed, on seeing the fugitive, “I know you, Elfy Bey; and my husband’s life, perhaps at this moment, depends upon his taking yours. Rest now and refresh yourself, then take the best horse you can find, and fly. The moment you are out of our horizon, the tribe will be in pursuit of you.” The bey escaped to the Thebaid, and the disappointed sheikh presented himself to his employer. Osman passionately demanded of him if it was true that his wife had saved the life of his deadliest enemy, when in her power. “Most true, praised be Allah!” replied the sheikh, drawing himself

proudly up, and presenting a jewel-bitted dagger to the old bey: “this weapon,” he continued, “was your gift to me in the hour of your favour; had I met Elfy Bey, it should have freed you from your enemy. Had my wife betrayed the hospitality of the tent, it should have drank her blood; and now you may use it against myself,” he added, as he flung it at the Mameluke’s feet.

ROCKS FORMED BY ANIMALCULES.

THE chalk-beds of England are many hundred feet thick, and many miles in extent. Who raised this wall of white around our coast? Who piled up those masses, from which all the labour and skill of man can only detach a few comparatively insignificant morsels? “We did!” utter a myriad-million animalcules, whose dead bodies we thus behold. The microscope assures us of the fact. These vast beds are composed of the shells of infusory animalcules. A “line” is the 12th part of an inch. Now these creatures vary from the 12th to the 280th part of a line in thickness! It has been calculated that ten millions of their dead bodies lie in a cubic inch! “Singly,” says a popular writer, “they are the most unimportant of all animals; in the mass, forming as they do such enormous strata over a large part of the earth’s surface, they have an importance greatly exceeding that of the largest and noblest of the beasts of the field.” The polishing-slate, or tripoli of Bilin, presents us with another instance. The investigations of that greatest of microscopical observers, Professor Ehrenberg, have shown that this substance consists almost entirely of an aggregation of Infusoria in layers, without any connecting medium. These are much more minute than the chalk animalcules. A cubic line contains about twenty-three millions of them, and a cubic inch has been calculated to be the cenotaph of forty thousand millions of these beings! The weight of a cubic inch is about 220 grains, and that of the siliceous shield of a single animalcule is estimated at the 187,000,000th part of a grain! The infusorial rock at Bilin forms a bed fourteen feet in thickness, and about fifty hundredweight is annually consumed of it at Berlin for different purposes.

QUID PRO QUO.—Campbell relates:—Turner, the painter, is a ready wit. Once at a dinner where several artists, amateurs, and literary men were convened, a poet, by way of being facetious, proposed as a toast the health of the *painters and glaziers* of Great Britain. The toast was drunk; and Turner, after returning thanks for it, proposed the health of the *British paper-stainers*.”

POPULAR PASTIMES.

SOLUTIONS TO REBUS, ENIGMA, CONUNDRUMS, AND CHARADE.

REBUS.

Wo-Man.
St-A-rt.
Gla-Z-ler.
Jav-E-lin.
Ap-P-le.
News-P-aper.
Ye-A-rs.
Centre letters, "Ma-
zeppa."

ENIGMA.

Snow.

CONUNDRUMS.

1. When he is re-seated (recepted).
2. It is always snow'd on (Snowdon).
2. They would have razed (raised) many mighty citles.
4. Making it a little lighter.

CHARADE.

Break-fast.

REBUS.

Sage expounder! get together
These articles which we shall mention.
When you've found them, pray try whether
They come within your comprehension:
A noble, stately beast of prey;
A stoppage to a vessel's progress;
In truth, a truth you must essay,
Truly to find. 'Tis easy to guess.
Next, a sound's reverberation
Heard in ruins and musty places.
Last, a city in this nation,
Harbouring mortals of all races—
Christian and Jew. Have you found all?
The initials take.
Like acroatic, having bound all,
Read: and they will make
(Reading either up or down)
"Something" *that's flat*: now take off its
Head and tail; these having flown,
You'll find a maid who "played at forfeits."
Oh! finale mighty!
Range yourselves, and form a word, that,
Seen, to be right he
May be sure. (To be inferred that
Down or up they are to be read.)
A province in France is there;
Take out its middle letter; bred
From this mutilation, fair
Portrayed—is noon!

So soon
'Tis guessed.
Adieu—we rest.
YOUNG CHERTWOOD.

CONUNDRUMS.

1. What is that which is always in dread, yet never in fear?
2. What expressive parts of a lover's feelings would be useful to painters?
3. What is that which is always in love, always in hate, and yet can neither love nor hate?
4. What household utensil inverted becomes a something that most people love?
5. What part of an enclosure transposed becomes what we detect?
6. Why may a hat vary properly be called Golgotha?
7. What word is that which is expressive

of past existence, and being inverted, becomes one that has a very bad name in the world?

8. There is a certain kind of bed-cover under which a man ought not to feel ill; what is its name? **Nobody.**

ENIGMAS.

- 1.—First-born of Heaven! we turn to worship thee!
Bright answer to the Eternal's "Let it be;"
Instant in motion, from thy heavenly home,
As constant as the day we see thee come!
And mortals greet thee as a smiling friend,
And droop and languish as thy visits end:
Say, Angel Visitant! from whence you came—
Tell us thy use, thy history, and name!
F. G. L.
- 2.—Though connected with virtue, 'tis seen in depravity;
And, reader, 'tis always the centre of gravity;
With vagabonds found, still it shunneth a rogue,
And, though unknown to fashion, is ever in vogue:
Loving conversation, yet avoiding society—
Detesting a change, it is fond of variety;
With benevolence seen, yet a stranger to charity—
Unacquainted with rudeness, 'tis fond of vulgarity;
With aversion, yet stands aloof from animosity;
Unconscious of speed, is a friend of velocity;
Though chained in gyves, is not held in subjection;
And fast bound in love, never feebleth affection.
MAZEPPA.
- 3.—Originally, I am a pronoun; head me with B, and I become a Spanish silver coin; with O, and I become a freeman; with F, and I become a distemperature; with H, and I become a lucky chance; with K, and I become a small fiddle; with N, and I become the egg of any small animal; with P, and I become an abyss; with S, and I repose on a seat; with T, and I become a small horse; with W, and I become a man of genius; with X, and I make my exit.

H. MAYER.

CELEBRATED RACE-HORSES ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED.

1. A white robe.
2. To feel, and a mineral.
3. A shrub, a consonant, and two-thirds of our.
4. A colour, and part of a lady's dress.
5. A preserve.

6. The name of a titled personage in France.
7. A cardinal virtue, a preposition, and one of the four kinds.
8. The act of plaguing.
9. A man's name.
10. A royal personage, a preposition, and a month.
11. The name of a titled personage in England.
12. To leap, a consonant, and a boy's nickname.
13. A girl's name, (curtailed).
14. A precious stone.
15. A bird of passage.
16. To salute.
17. Ridicule.
18. A mean habitation, three-fourths of *hero*, and a mineral.
19. A begging friar.
20. A narrow street, a liquid letter, and *expense*.

G. GLENNY.

CHARADES.

- 1.—A savoury dish my first is reckon'd;
And "to permit," you'll prove my second
A hero of the drama; you will find
My whole to be of philosophic mind.

J. WOOD.

- 2.—My first is a reed; my whole is made
from my first, and my second is obtained
from my whole.

- 3.—My first is an European sport; my
second is an European river; and my whole
is a town in an European country.

J. W. R.

FACTS AND SCRAPS.

CORREGGIO.—"Among the many legends respecting this illustrious artist, it is said that, when young, he looked long and earnestly on one of the pictures of Raphael, his brow coloured, his eye brightened, and he exclaimed, 'I also am a painter.' Titian, when he first saw his works, exclaimed, 'Were I not Titian, I would wish to be Correggio.'"—*Major's Cabinet Gallery.*

PRINTING AND BINDING.—"When the Americans sent Dr. Franklin, a printer, as minister to France, the court of Versailles sent M. Girard, a bookbinder, and a man of talent, as minister to the Congress. "Well," said Dr. Franklin, "I'll print the independence of America, and M. Girard will bind it."

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS' PUCK.—"This merry imp is the portrait of a child, which was painted without any particular aim as to character. When Alderman Boydell saw it he said, 'Sir Joshua, if you will make this pretty thing into a Puck for my Shakespeare gallery, I will give you an hundred guineas for it.' The president smiled, and said little, as was his custom; a few hours happy labour made the picture what we see it."—*Major's Cabinet Gallery.*

LORD BROUGHAM v. THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL.—On the occasion of a most interesting appeal from Scotland in the House of Lords, the Ex-Chancellor dissented entirely from the law and practice, as laid down by the Attorney-General. "Your lordship cannot recollect," said the Attorney; "your lordship must forget." "Strange alterations, then," said Lord Brougham, "since I knew any thing of Scotch law." "Your lordship must forget," reiterated the Attorney. "I have no doubt, Mr. Attorney," said his lordship, at length worked into a rage; "I have no doubt but that I have forgot more than twice as much as you ever knew."

When a powder magazine, by exploding, creates a vacuum in the atmosphere, the windows of the adjacent houses are not, as most people would be led to expect, forced *inwards*, but the air within their rooms breaks the glass *outwards*, in rushing to restore the equilibrium of the atmosphere.

ENGLISH PAINTING.—"Gainsborough is in every thing English: he was, in some measure, his own instructor; his academy was nature; he imitated no one either in his conceptions, or his style of colouring. As he had never studied out of the island, he had not that fame which clings to those who have studied in the eternal city; but his reputation was all the better for this; it came from an original source. There is much truth in the sarcastic admonition of Northcote to his pupils on departing for Italy, 'Go, my lads, go, and remember that you cross the Alps to steal.'"—*Major's Cabinet Gallery.*

AMERICAN DEER.—"They suffer most from wolves, who hunt in packs like hounds, and who seldom give up the chase until a deer is taken. We have often sat, on a moonlight summer night, at the door of a log-cabin on one of our prairies, and heard the wolves in full chase of a deer, yelling very nearly in the same manner as a pack of hounds. Sometimes the cry would be heard at a great distance over the plain; then it would die away, and again be distinguished at a nearer point, and in another direction; now the full cry would burst upon us from a neighbouring thicket, and we could almost hear the sob of the exhausted deer. * * * Immense numbers of deer are killed every year by our hunters, who take them for the hams and skins alone, throwing away the rest of the carcass. Venison hams and hides are important articles of export. The former are purchased from the hunters at twenty-five cents a pair, and the latter at twenty cents a pound. In the villages of Illinois and Missouri we purchase for our tables the saddle of venison, with the hams attached, for thirty-seven and a half cents, which would be something like one cent a pound."—*Hall's Notes on the Western States.*

THINK not of doing as you like; the expression characterises the headstrong, the unjust. Do as you ought to do: it is a golden precept.

BANKS OF THE TAY.

Along thy loved banks when a child I have stray'd,
And there with my youthful companions have play'd;

While thy beautiful waters flowed silently by,
And none were more happy or lighter than I!
And sailing along in the sunshine so gay,
The gaily-rigged vessels were gliding away;
While I gazed till a speck in the distance they grew,
And were lost to my sight in the twilight of blue.

I have sat on the beach till the daylight was fled,
And the moon on the billows her silver light shed;

While their murmuring music thrill'd sweet on mine ear,
Exciting emotions, soft, tender, and dear!
Oh! there have I strayed with one dear to my heart,
And from whom I had fondly hoped never to part;

But my love has departed,—the false one is flown,
And the dreams fondly cherished were all over-thrown.

From these scenes of my youth I have long been away,
But still dear to my heart are the banks of the Tay;

For memory throws o'er them a halo of light,
And absence endears them with stronger delight.
They may boast of the banks of the Doon and the Ayr,
And the Clyde with its beauties so rich and so rare;

Their charms may be many, but, ah! never can they
Take a hold on my soul like the banks of the Tay.

I see them again after years have gone past,
Yet the cords of affection still rivet them fast,
And they look yet as lovely and clear to my sight,

As when in my young days they gave me delight.
Oh! grant when my pilgrimage journey is o'er,
My remains may be laid by my dear native shore!
That the billows I loved in my childhood may lave,
And murmur wild music beside my lone grave.

T. Y.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

LITTLECOTE HALL. (Bird, Church-street, Kensington).—This little book contains a description of Littlecote Hall, on the borders of Wilts and Berks, with the legend attached thereto. It is written in a very pleasing manner, and does great credit to its author, Mr. F. G. Lee.

MODERN LIFE: A POEM. By A. D. Toovey. (Arthur Hall & Co., Paternoster-row).—We strongly recommend this poem to the notice of our readers, not only for the great merit which it possesses in a literary point of view, but for the excellent moral attached to the story. It portrays the career of Mordant, the son of a village parson, who, actuated by the desire of distinction, quiescent himself, leaves his happy country home, and proceeds to London. Incapable of resisting the temptations of the modern Babylon, he pursues a vicious course, which is terminated by a pistol-shot in a duel, from a man he had insulted over the gaming-table.

NOTICE.—We have the pleasure to announce to our readers that on Wednesday, October 25th, was published No. 6 of the "MYSTERIES OF LONDON; OR, LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF LONDON LIFE," by THOMAS MILLER, ESQ. We may be allowed to assert (and the assertion is founded upon a most careful perusal of the first five numbers) that, by the publication of this work, Mr. Miller, who had already attained a very exalted station in the literary world, will add considerably to his fame, as one of the most truthful, and, at the same time, poetical writers of the age. No one need be under any apprehension that Mr. Miller will compromise himself by depicting sensuality and vice in the alluring colours which have been adopted by certain contemporary writers.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All correspondence must be addressed to the Editor, No. 334 Strand.

AMICUS P. C.—As the Riddles, &c. are not original, we must beg to decline inserting them.
SQUIN (Rosenath).—Thanks for the kind communication.

T. W. C. (Walworth).—We do not think that we can avail ourselves of your suggestion.

W. L.—The measure is sometimes imperfect, and the language occasionally inelegant.

HAMLET.—A few months would suffice, under the most favourable circumstances.

H. MAYRA (Stafford).—We thank you for exposing the disreputable conduct of Voltaire, in plagiarising without acknowledgment.

J. P. Z. (Worcester).—Among the recipes extracted from Mr. Chubb's work, you will find the one desired.

DICKY SAM (Manchester).—The idea is a good one; we shall feel obliged if you will transmit to us the first of the series, as a specimen.

YOUNG LEWIS.—Occasionally only it is allowed. It is a dangerous act.

W. E. T. (Manchester).—We believe Dr. Watts was the author.

QUEER (Aylesbury).—We believe that the notable hoax of the "Bottle Conjurer," related page 121, vol. 1. of the "TRACTS" was got up by the eccentric Duke of Montague, and that the person who appeared was a poor Scotchman who had some office about the India House.

A STUDENT.—There is a recipe for removing ink stains at page 158, vol. 1. We apprehend that there is but one way,—by constant exercise of the memory.

D. WILSON.—Contribution received.
* * We beg to acknowledge communications from J. Minnes: "Much Ado About Nothing," "W. E.," "Hope," "Renrut," "Saint Munro," G. Glenny," "Julius Florus."

CONTRIBUTIONS RESPECTFULLY DECLINED.—
"Lines on a Bird," by James Schofield; "Charade," by J. H. Griffiths; "Autumn," by T. M.; "A Dream of Home," by Voluna; "Charade," by London; "Anagrams," by J. M. McK.; "Enigma," by J. Gatsels; "Epitaph," &c., by Cheesemite, "Names of Places Enigmatically Expressed," by Manfrone; "The Peasant and his Daughter," "William Wallace," "The Bottle," by Dickey Sam.

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Cadsworth, in the grounds of Hamilton, is about four miles from Dethmont Hill. The wild cattle there are smaller than our domestic cattle, they are not very safely approached, and only the keepers usually go near them. Their propitior, the duke, when it is necessary to thin the flock, gives the wild bull in presents. A similar, but slightly varied, breed of wild cattle, are to be found in Chillingham Park, the seat of the Earl of Tankerville, in Northumberland.

For the domestic ox, we refer to Smith field and Newgate markets. We may, however, quote the eulogium of the celebrated naturalist, Dr Goldsmith on the cow, who, after defining that animals of this kind have the horns hollow, smooth, turned outwards and forwards, in a semicircular form in the lower jaw there are eight front teeth, but none in the upper, and there are no tusks in either," goes on to say that "the cow is the poor man's pride, his riches, and his support. There are many of our peasants that have no other possession but a cow; and even of the advantages resulting from this most useful creature, the poor are but the nominal possessors. Its flesh they cannot pretend to taste, since then their whole riches are at once destroyed. Its calf they are obliged to fatten for sale, since veal is a delicacy they could not make any pretensions to, its very milk is wrought into butter and cheese for the tables of their masters, while they have no share even in their own possession but the choice of their market."

Without stopping to enquire what grievances may have moved the soul of the usually placid Oliver Goldsmith to pen a passage like this, let us refer to our sketch, which represents the wild American and African ox, the buffalo.

LUCIFER, ANA, AFRICA, and AMERICA possess each their own indigenous wild species of the genus *Bos* (or that of the ox), which have never submitted to the dominion of man. While the domestic ox, of which the wild origin is unknown, the zebu, the common buffalo, and the yoke of Tibet, have been reclaimed by his care, these, more untractable in disposition and more ferocious in temper, have resisted his efforts and defied his power. The aurochs of Lithuania; the arni, the gour, and the gyal of India, the blason and the muk ox of North America, and the savage buffalo of South Africa, have lived free and unfettered by the yoke of servitude.

Of these wild and dangerous natives of the mountains and the wilderness, one of the most remarkable is the buffalo of Africa (*Bos Caper*). It is found in troops in Southern Africa, but not within the tropical line. The localities it frequents are the watered glens, and ravines among the hills, and, like the rhinoceros, it is fond of wallowing in the pools or marshes. Most African travellers,

from Sparrman to Burchell, have given some account of this remarkable animal, and all agree in describing it as fierce and treacherous. The expression of its countenance is savage daring, and malevolent an effort to which the character of the horns not a little contributes. The formidable weapons are so enlarged at their base, that, like an impetuous mass of iron, they cover the whole of the forehead, they then bend downwards, and somewhat backwards, but are curved upwards at the points. The base is rugged, and the general colour black. Though not much taller than the ox of Europe the Cape buffalo is much larger in bulk and more robust in all its proportions. Possessing amazing strength, and no inconsiderable share of dexterity it tears its way through the thickets on up the mountain sides, leaving the hunter in the distance, unless, indeed, as is often the case, it conceals the aggression, ripping open both horse and man, and trampling their mangled bodies beneath its feet. This formidable species is covered with short black hair, thinly scattered, that on the under lip, and about the corners of the mouth, being elongated so as to form a scanty beard. The ears are large and pendent, the limbs short and thick, the shoulders high and muscular, the tail short and tufted. The hide is so dense as to be almost bullet proof. When duly prepared, it is in high esteem among the collectors and Hottentots, as it possesses great strength and durability, and is therefore preferred for various purposes, where such qualities are requisite.

As may be readily supposed, the hunting of so formidable and active an animal as the buffalo forms a very exciting employment. Where the object is merely to capture or kill the animal, pitfalls and other traps have been had recourse to. Europeans prefer shooting them, which is an exhilarating, but not always a safe sport. The natives, especially those of South America, where the buffalo is found in immense herds, use the *lasso* a daring mode of capturing a wild animal, and one attended with considerable danger to the hunter. The *lasso*, or *lozo*, is a strong rope or rather leather thong, with a loop at the end. The hunter, mounted on a horse trained to the exercise, pursues the flying buffalo, and galloping past it, dexterously throws the loop round its head or horns, and drags it to the ground, when it is speedily dispatched. So numerous are these wild cattle in some parts, that they are killed merely for their skins, the flesh being abandoned to birds and beasts of prey. The beef of the buffalo, although not so delicate as that of our highly fed oxen, is yet very good and wholesome; and one cannot regret that some means has not hitherto been fallen upon to preserve it for the use of these

comprise where, from the smallest state of the population, half-breed man has become scarce and dear.

Mr. Darwin gives the following account of hunting with the lazo. Speaking of the great corral at Buenos Ayres, where numbers of cattle are kept for slaughter to supply food for the people, whom he justly terms a beef-eating population, he observes that "the strength of the horse, as compared to that of the bullock, is quite astonishing—a man on horseback having thrown his lazo round the horns of a beast can drag it any where he chooses. The animal, having ploughed up the ground with outstretched legs in vain efforts to resist the force, generally dashes at full speed to one side; but the horse immediately turning to receive the shock, stands so firmly that the bullock is almost thrown down, and one would think would certainly have its neck dislocated. The struggle, however, is not one of fair strength, the horse's girth being matched against the bullock's extended neck. In a similar manner a man can hold the wildest horse, if caught with the lazo just behind the ears. When the bullock has been dragged to the spot where it is to be slaughtered, the matador with great caution cuts the hamstring. Then is given the death-blow—a noise more expressive of fierce agony than any I know. I have often distinguished it from a long distance, and have always known that the struggle was then drawing to a close. The whole sight is horrible and revolting—the ground is almost made of bones, and the horses and riders are drenched with gore."

Strong as the buffalo is, he is not a match for the ferocious lion or tiger, to which he often falls a prey. When tamed, which is not easily done, he forms an excellent beast of burden, from his strength and endurance. The most obvious distinctions of the buffalo are its enormous strong and wide horns, and its shaggy mane.

THE DIAMOND BRACELETS.

BY CORNELIUS COLVILLE.

In one of the dirty and poverty-stricken streets with which the great metropolis of London abounds, there lived two individuals—the one a man considerably advanced in years, and the other a youth, apparently about twenty years of age, who was his son. The room they occupied was in a tenemented house of the most humble pretensions. Poverty was not only in the habit of going in very often at the door, but had also a singular habit of constantly looking out at the windows, many of the panes of which were broken, which occasioned the tenants (being too poor to purchase glass) to step up the apartment with old rags, brown paper, and other substitutes of a similar description. The windows, indeed, the water-spouts, and

the street door were in the most dilapidated state, and the knocker, which once adorned the latter, had been wrenched off in consequence, probably, to allow for a moment the entrance of hunger. The neighbourhood, and the dirty, half-starved, half-clad children that were always scrambling about in the streets, awakened in the passer-by a host of the most disagreeable feelings, and rendered him only too glad to escape from a vicinity where poverty and human wretchedness were exhibited in their most agonising and hideous aspects.

The character of the persons we have alluded to, and their means of gaining a livelihood, were inexplicable mysteries to the neighbourhood generally. It was not often that either of them was seen abroad, and though one of them occasionally might be seen carrying something under his arm, like a picture wrapped up in a piece of cloth, it was by no means certain as to whether they were picture-dealers, furniture-makers, or artists, or whether any of the callings was followed by one or both of them. There was, despite the meanness and shabbiness of their attire, an air of gentility about them that bespoke a superiority of breeding and education.

The room which they occupied was in the second floor. It was remarkably clean in its appearance, though scantily provided with furniture; some of which was of the commonest and poorest description. An old deal table, half-a-dozen chairs, a rickety French bedstead, and a Dutch clock, hung in a corner of the apartment, were nearly all that the room contained; but here and there might have been seen some little memento of former times, that carried the heart back to better and happier days. What a contrast did these little trifling things bear to the general appearance of the place! Over the mantel-piece hung the portrait of a lady, to all appearance not more than twenty years of age, in a handsome gilt frame, chastely and elegantly carried. There was an elegance in her attire, and an indescribable air of refinement in the countenance, that betokened her station in life to be one of no common or ordinary character. In a recess stood a small fire-screen, on which some beautiful and tasteful needle-work was displayed. The screen was evidently prized by its possessor, for it was never used, and generally covered with a piece of white calico, to protect it from dust. A silver inkstand, with an inscription upon it, was placed upon the chimney-piece.

One morning, at that period of the year when every body is in town, the younger of the two individuals to whom we have alluded might have been seen busy with a picture that was placed upon an easel before him, and so which he seemed to be giving the last finish. Ever and anon he passed

his work, and retreated a few paces, in order to see what effect the last touch of the brush had produced. At one time his countenance would be overcast with gloom, as though his heart had sunk under despondency, at another it would brighten up, as though hope arrayed the future in the loveliest and most enchanting colours. Turning to the portrait suspended over the mantelpiece, he would exclaim

"Ah! mother, when I look at your portrait, I fancy that you are smiling on my labours; I fancy that your kind and benignant countenance is cheering me on. It is the only talisman that is capable of driving doubt or fear from my heart."

The appearance of the young man was eminently picturesque. He was slenderly made, and somewhat short in stature. His countenance, "sickled o'er with the pale cast of thought," was marked and intelligent. The features were small, and there was something effeminate about the mouth. The dark eyes were sometimes heavy and dull—at others, illumined with preternatural brilliancy.

The young man continued at his work for some time, when, leaving a tumbler steep upon the stairs, he threw his brush aside and awaited the appearance of the visitor with the greatest anxiety. The door presently opened, and the old man, carrying a picture under his arm, entered the room. His hair was quite grey, but it seemed to have become premature. His face was deeply furrowed and his whole bearing indicated a man of strong and violent passions. He had no sooner entered the apartment than the face of his son changed colour, and he sank listlessly into a chair.

"You've been unsuccessful I see," said the young man.

"I have," was the reply.

"What said they? Why would they not purchase?"

"The artist's name was unknown."

"But the picture?"

"Was examined together with my personal appearance."

"And—"

"The ill effects of the one counterbalanced the good effects of the other."

"Oh! poverty! poverty!" exclaimed the young man; "thou art not only to be dreaded for the privations and miseries thou inflictest upon thy victims, but also for the prejudices thou excitest in mankind towards them."

"Ah! boy, you may well curse your hard destiny; but much more may you curse me, who am the author of it. But for my extravagance—my recklessness, and dissipated course of life—your mother had probably still lived, and you might have had justice done to your talent, and moved in the sphere of life to which, by birth and education, you were entitled."

"Do not reproach yourself, father. You have endeavoured to make reparation."

"I can never make sufficient reparation; but what I can do shall be done. I will leave no stone unturned, Alfred, to do you justice. Were that accomplished, I care not how soon I were in my grave."

"Well, well, do not talk in that strain. Let us have a little more patience."

"We might, had we a little more money. There is still one chance left."

"What is that?"

"I will call upon Lady Clifton. It is our last resource. She is said to be a liberal patroness of the fine arts, and to be somewhat of a judge of pictures."

"Why did you never think of her before?"

"I was determined never to seek her patronage, till every thing else had failed."

"Why?"

"I have my reasons. You will probably know them ere long."

"When do you propose calling?"

"To-morrow. I will endeavour to get her to come here, if possible."

Lady Clifton was a widow; she generally spent three or four months of the year in town. She had a beautiful estate in the county of Northumberland. Her town residence was situated in Portland-place. This lady was considered a connoisseur of pictures, but, like many others, had acquired that title without in reality possessing any particular claim to it. She could certainly distinguish between a really bad and a really good picture; but if we said that she possessed a sound judgment or an exquisite taste in these matters, we should be according to her qualifications to which she had undoubtedly no pretension. Lady Clifton patronised all rising artists, not on account of their intrinsic merits, but simply because they were rising men—simply because the seal of public approbation had been stamped upon their works. She had a passion amounting to enthusiasm for anything that was in fashion—for any thing that had acquired a due degree of celebrity; but it was always necessary to surround the works of genius with that glorious halo of universal admiration, before she could appreciate them. She was not the woman to detect merit in obscurity; she was not the one to extend her hand to genius in the shade, and drag it forth into the glorious sunshine. No; genius must first scramble into the sunshine itself, and, having accomplished that, Lady Clifton's approbation and patronage could then safely be relied upon. Her gallery contained some of the best and most valuable pictures in the kingdom. She was proud of being considered a judge of paintings, and was much attached to the society of men who had distinguished themselves in the fine arts. From this short sketch of the character of Lady Clifton, it will be seen how remote was the chance of

any success attending the application of the old man in behalf of his son.

On the following day, he waited upon Lady Clifton at her residence. She evidently did not like his appearance; she demurred at going to look at the pictures. The locality in which the old man added sound harshly in her ears. Why could the pictures not be brought to her? The old man pleaded the inconvenience of a moral. He was particularly desirous that her ladyship should inspect them. She was an acknowledged judge of pictures. He was sure she would be pleased with his son's performances. The compliment paid to Lady Clifton's judgment was well timed. He consented, though hesitatingly, to go and look at the paintings. The old man was in a transport of joy. He could have fallen on his knees and worshipped Lady Clifton for her condescension.

"Your name?" said Lady Clifton, as her visitor was about to depart.

The old man hesitated.

"Mi—Mr Milburn," he stammered out at length.

The old man returned to his son breathless and excited to inform him of the success of his mission.

A few days subsequent to Mr Milburn's interview with Lady Clifton, a carriage drove up to the door of the former. Its fair occupant manifested considerable diffidence to alight. On hearing the sound of the carriage-wheels, the old man hastened downstairs to conduct her ladyship to his miserable apartment.

"What a wretched place!" thought Lady Clifton, as she entered the room.

The pictures had been hung in such a way as to exhibit them in the best light.

"Your ladyship has come rather inopportune," observed Mr Milburn, "my son has but just gone out with one of his best pictures, but I expect him to return in a short time."

"Those that are here, sir, will enable me to judge of his abilities."

Lady Clifton cast her eyes round the room, and took a general survey of every thing that it contained. She was by no means pleased with the novel position in which she was placed. Her brow was frequently contracted, and her whole bearing indicated impatience and displeasure. She advanced towards the pictures, hurriedly glanced them over, took another survey of the room, and was about to withdraw.

The old man watched her every look and movement. He read her thoughts, and could have told her of every thing that was passing at that moment in her mind.

"What does your ladyship think of the pictures? Are they not gems?"

"I fear, sir, you place much too high a value upon your son's performances; I do not consider the pictures gems, nor indicative of first-rate talent."

"I am a judge of pictures myself, madam, though I never attempted to paint one in my life, and regret that I should be obliged to say I dissent from your ladyship's opinion. It does not become me to extol my son's pictures in the presence of one who is said to be so good a judge, but I may venture to express a belief that your ladyship is in error."

"It will not avail our disputing upon such a point," said Lady Clifton, advancing towards the door.

"I have one request to make, Lady Clifton," said the old man, with sorrow and disappointment deputed upon his countenance. "It is not on my own account I make it, but on the account of one who is dearer to me than a life itself. I have determined, if possible, to rescue my son from the dreadful and degrading situation into which my extravagance and dissipation have brought him. My request is simply that your ladyship will remain till my son returns in order to inspect the other pictures."

This request was made so earnestly, that her ladyship was obliged to consent to return as soon as she had made another call. She had only been gone a few minutes when the young man returned. His father immediately communicated to him the result of her ladyship's inspection, and of her intention to return to look at the other pictures.

"It's of no use, father," said the young man, despondingly, "our last hope has fled."

"Not yet, Alfred—not yet. There is still something left."

"I know of nothing but misery and despair."

"Yes, yes, there's the diamond bracelets."

"Not as Heaven! would you sell them?"

"We must have bread. But stay,—something strikes me. By Heaven! 'tis a happy thought! I will offer the bracelets to her ladyship and ask her to purchase them."

"I could not part with them, father, for all that she possesses."

"Allow me to have my own way in this matter, Alfred. I will explain every thing to you afterwards."

It was not long before Lady Clifton returned. The old man introduced his son to her notice. She examined his features attentively for a moment, and then turned to the picture. She had made up her mind to be disappointed, and retreated from the picture with a feeling akin to contempt.

"Your ladyship is disappointed, I see," said the old man.

"Not so much disappointed, sir, as annoyed that my visit should be attended with so little satisfaction either to the young artist or yourself."

As Lady Clifton was retiring from the room, she drew her purse from her pocket

and tendered the old man a five-pound note which he respectfully declined accepting.

"If your ladyship purchases a picture we will take the money, but not otherwise."

"I am a try that their merits will not warrant my making a purchase."

"If you wish to render us a service, Lady Clifton, you have it in your power. The money which you kindly offered to us would have been very acceptable, but our feelings recoil from accepting it as a gift. I have a pair of diamond bracelets, which I should like your ladyship to purchase."

"A pair of diamond bracelets!" exclaimed Lady Clifton and again her eyes wandered round the room.

"Yes, madam," said Mr. Milburn, taking a casket from a small deal box that stood underneath the table.

"Impostors!" said Lady Clifton to herself.

Mr. Milburn opened the casket, and handed it to her ladyship. She examined the bracelets minutely.

"They are diamonds of the first water," said the old man.

"You do not mean to persuade me that these are diamonds," said Lady Clifton.

"I do not wish to persuade you to any thing, madam; you are perfectly at liberty with a lie or a distasteful statement. I will only say that they are what I have offered to sell me to be."

"Impossible!"

"Why, for your ladyship doubt my word?" asked the old man.

"Every thing around me all makes me doubt it. Your poverty, the appearance of the place, and a thousand other circumstances."

"Your remarks are just. If diamonds do not appear at diamonds in this miserable hole, but if you take them to your own mansion and wear them upon your own person I am sure your ladyship they will be duly appreciated and their purity and genuineness never disputed."

"I should be ashamed to wear such costly things, it to be seen with them in my possession."

"I give you my honest word, Lady Clifton, that they are diamonds. To convince you of the veracity of my statement I will set no price upon them, but entrust them to your ladyship to judge, with the understanding that in the first favourable occasion you are to wear them. If you will do us this favour you will confer an obligation, which we shall not forget."

"I have great objection to have any thing of a questionable character about me, but as you are so importunate in your request, I will take the bracelets with me, and, to oblige you, wear them on some future occasion."

"Your ladyship has our heartfelt thanks," said the young man accompanied Lady Clifton

to her carriage, and returned to his father. A fortnight from the time of Lady Clifton's visit to the Milburns, she gave a ball at her mansion in Portland-place. Some of the principal families in England were there. Her ladyship had ventured to wear the diamond bracelets. They sparkled with indescribable brilliancy. They set her ladyship off to considerable advantage. The brilliancy of the room—the high character of the wearers—their own dazzling radiance, all conspired to banish every doubt from the spectators' mind as to the purity and genuineness of the diamonds, which, surrounded with poverty and misery, had been repudiated and declared to be spurious. They attracted the attention and admiration of all.

"What handsome bracelets!" exclaimed Lady Clifton.

"What brilliant diamonds!" said another.

"Do you think they are diamonds?" asked Lady Clifton.

"Undoubtedly, there cannot be two opinions upon that point," was the reply.

The next day Lady Clifton was to her jewels. He assured her ladyship the bracelets were composed of the most brilliant diamonds, and of great value. Lady Clifton was confounded. How could such valuable property have come into the possession of such poor people? She at once repaired to the residence of the Milburns. She found the old man sitting, absorbed in reflection. He started from his reveries on her entrance into the room.

"I have come," said Lady Clifton, "to restore you the bracelets, and to apologise for being so sceptical as to the genuineness of the diamonds. Pray what price do you set upon them?"

"All madam, that you possess would not purchase them. They are a family relic."

"Indeed I did not expect so, to find such valuable property—such brilliant diamonds—in such a place as this."

"Madam," said the old man and his eyes were illumined with unwonted fire, and his whole frame seemed to quiver with emotion, "Madam, we are diamonds ever day, which we are unable to recognise from our own weak judgments—our own silly prejudices. Poverty and grief have so disguised them so bedimmed their lustre and brilliancy, that they no longer appear in their true and native character and hence the distrust and doubt as to their genuineness. Society, in consequence of that disadvantage, has ever been slow and averse to acknowledge and appreciate their merits. True genius, madam, no less than real diamonds, requires the additional aid of light and circumstances, to enable it to develop its splendour, and to prevent it from being misunderstood or neglected. The diamond ring placed upon the finger of her grace or her ladyship would run no risk of being

undervalued, but placed upon the finger of a country wench, would at once be proclaimed to be a mere bauble or a vile counterfeit. On your first entrance into this room, I perceived from your bearing you were determined to be displeased and disappointed. I saw that the weak and silly prejudices of society had taken too deep a hold upon your mind to expect any thing like justice at your hands. I thought of the diamond bracelets I knew our poverty and the whole appearance of the place would so influence your judgment as to cause you to deny their genuineness. I was not mistaken. I ask you now, in all the circumstances that prevailed in your judgment in the case of the diamond bracelets, may not the same be a similar influence on your decision upon these pictures?"

As Mr. Milburn uttered these words, Lady Clifton turned pale and trembled violently.

"Oh," said Lady Clifton, "your words have troubled me to the heart. I have never before seen the prejudices you speak of in so unjust and an unvariable light. Your illustration of the wrongs and injuries inflicted by society upon the genius and merit in difficulties has been so clearly demonstrated by the diamond bracelet that I am perfectly willing to make any reparation in my power for any wrongs which I may have inflicted upon you. So I now concede my inability to judge of his merits and I regret to say that my judgment in these matters has I therefore been misled by that of others. Send to the whole of his pictures to my house and if they are allowed, by eminent judges who shall inspect them, to possess my indications of talent, my efforts shall here forth be directed to promote the fortunes of the young artist."

The old man was overjoyed with gratitude. A thousand times did he thank her ladyship for her kindness.

Some weeks elapsed, and Lady Clifton paid another visit to the wretched habitation of the Milburns. A strange change however had taken place since she was last there. The old man was on his death bed. His son and an old woman were standing by him, expecting every moment his dissolution. Her ladyship approached the bed. The dying man recognized her. Her presence seemed for a moment to have recalled the cheerfulness of life. He spoke now for the first time for some hours.

"What business, your ladyship?—what tidings?"

"The fortune of your son is made. I now come to offer him a thousand pounds for his pictures."

"Heaven bless you," said the old man. "But the spirit of her whose portrait hangs over the mantelpiece will also bless you. Examine it, Lady Clifton, and see if

you do not recognize a face once familiar to you."

Lady Clifton advanced towards the portrait.

"Good Heavens! my sister!" exclaimed she.

"Ah, madam, your broken-hearted sister."

"Oh! God! I little thought her husband and son were in such poverty as this. Your name, then, is not Milburn but Milford?"

"Milford, madam, Milford."

The old man in a few minutes expired. The great exertion he had made to sustain a conversation with Lady Clifton had accelerated his death.

Our story is nearly told. The young artist by degrees, reached the highest pinnacle in his profession, and on the death of his aunt inherited the greater part of her property. He was exceedingly liberal and benevolent in all his actions, and he bore as a man of genius struggling with adversity, but he thought of the Diamond Bracelet no more.

A FORTNIGHTS TOUR IN AMERICA. LAKES—RAILS—RIVERS —AND RAIDS—

BY CORNWALLIS.

In the autumn of 1847 I made an arrangement with a friend whom I was visiting in New York or rather in its beautiful suburb, to take him to me in the Canadian city of Montreal. He was about to proceed on a journey of business. I proposed a pleasant excursion to myself. On the banks of the St. Lawrence we were to join each other, and then journey home together.

Accordingly I took, on an evening early in October, a berth on board the *Troy steamer*, which sailed from the "Empire City" about five o'clock, for Albany, that town which within the last six weeks, has been the scene of one of those terrible conflagrations which compel us to believe that every thing in America is done on a large scale.

It being my object to show how much a tourist may see in America for a mere trifle, I shall panoramaise as I proceed so far as I can do so in a mere pen and ink outline of this description. It is extremely difficult to describe scenery—words often another impression sought to be produced by the eye, avoiding as much as possible *figuring*, I crave the reader's company in my Yankee railings.

For less than half-a-crown sterling, the river Hudson may be steam-ridden up some one hundred and twenty miles. A glorious stream it is—if a wild, rushing, mighty one. It is of mountain waters, fed by incessant tributaries, may be denigrated by a humanly. Yet streams of water are streams like the world over, in they large or small rivulets and rivers are, after the manner

water-course. Within an hour after leaving New York, the Palisades wall in the river on its left side: they are huge stone fences, perfectly perpendicular, and they barrier the banks for nearly three miles, at a height varying from fifty to upwards of three hundred feet—the average level height from the water's edge being about two hundred feet. A few miles beyond these natural bulwarks, an expansion of the Hudson opens, and a splendid lake-like view is afforded. Those who have read Washington Irving's delightful chronicles of old "Diedrich Knickerbocker," will readily remember the Tappan Zee. On the right hand, as we plough our way against the stream, Tarrytown Lodge, the home of the author of the "Sketch-Book," is seen. I confess I looked at the shining white villa with deep interest; the owner of it had written "Bracebridge Hall," and was the Charles Lamb of America—sufficient excuse for a little authorolatry.

The Highlands, not the precipitous rocks of Catalina, next burst on the eye. Sharply turning a promontory, or knoll, on which stood a dwarf light-house, the "Troy" became bowed among mountains, fringed with verdure from their summits, round which wheeled eagles, to their bases, kissed by the waters. The sudden removal from the broad and open lake of the Tappan Zee to this labyrinth of wood and wave was startling. Winding our way, we once more emerged into something like a broad and riverish highway; and then, as if by magic, turning another sharp angle, the boat ran rapidly, as all American steam-boats seem to do, to the landing at West Point—the point of glory on the Hudson. High above us gleamed the lights of the Military College, and down the winding steep flashed the lanterns of those who were either guiding passengers in our boat, or conveying those whom we had just disembarked to their quarters.

I shall not attempt to describe this lovely point of the Hudson, believing as I do in the sincerity of the man who anchored on its calm waters one evening after dark, and on awaking a few hours afterwards, and viewing suddenly the lovely and strange scene, believed that he beheld the dawn of a paradise morning. I do not wonder at his celestial impression.

Leaving West Point, the blue range of the Catskill Mountains—down which Rip Van Winkle travelled, after his long sleep, according to our dear friend, Geoffrey Crayon—appeared like a huge chain of amethysts on my view; then rapidly passing Poughkeepsie, and other river-side towns, we hurried along in gloom, until, just when morning's light flashed, the metallic steeples, and the dome of the State-house of Albany—the capital city of New York state—gave us a glittering welcome. Albany is the head-quarters of those families who have descended from

the old Dutch colonists; the quaint, gabled houses still exhibit their gaudy colours, and on the sign-boards, "Van Brommens," "Von Kellermans," and "Von Oopa" still flourish in name. But quitting these interesting precincts, let us hurry onward to the depot of the Albany and Buffalo railway, for Niagara and the great lakes are luring us on.

A railway ride in Yankee-land is a rapid romance of real life. Now the locomotive dashes along like a rude monster, startling the primordial forest's silence; now it glides by an Indian village, and anon it traverses the borders of some vast swamp. One moment you are in the midst of a thriving township, and, ere long, the solemn woods, with an occasional view of a lonely trapper or hunter, almost oppress you with their lonely magnificence. During the long night we thus journeyed on, and, about eight o'clock in the morning, arrived at Schoenectady; from whence a canal boat conveyed us to Oswego, a small town on the banks of Lake Ontario.

I shall never forget the sensations I experienced when the magnificent inland sea first burst upon my sight:

"'Twas ere the sun had almost shone
His last and best, when I ran on,
Anxious to catch that splendid view
Before the daybeam quite withdrew."

Calmly and serenely lay the vast expanse of water, with scarcely a ripple on its broad bosom, a few steam-boats alone being visible. How I wished to see the Indian canoes glide from one of the islands! but, alas! reality had chased away romance; science and civilization had banished alike the canoe and its darky guide. Fulton and Watt had declared war against Fontimore Cooper and Sir Rud—the age of savage chivalry had passed.

The next morning I embarked on board a steamer for Niagara; and twenty-four hours from the time of sailing our boat was rapidly running up the Niagara river, the Canadian shore on our right hand. At Lewistown we disembarked, and were conveyed by a horse tram-road to the Falls. And this wonder of the world who shall describe? How can any written or oral description of the cataclysts convey a clear idea of their grandeur and beauty? There is nothing with which we can compare them. I shall not, therefore, attempt so hopeless a task, but simply say that, after remaining two days at the Falls, going under the great horse-shoe sheet, and performing all sorts of perilous exploits, I quitted the scene reluctantly, and again crossed the lake to Rochester, whence, after visiting the Falls of the Genesee, I started for Montreal.

Quitting Lake Ontario, our boat steamed rapidly down the mighty St. Lawrence as far as Kingstown, where I passed the night: the next morning, at dawn, we were again

off, and in the early light threaded our way through that expansion of the stream known as the Lake of the Thousand Islands; and it is not misnamed, for there must be quite as many islets rising from the water's bottom, some of them of considerable size, others mere dots, and all covered with rich verdure. About noon we approached the rapids, and down them rushed the vessel at a fearful rate, the water boiling and roaring fearfully around the boat, which seemed every moment about to be dashed to atoms. The long haul rapid is three miles long, and is traversed in about four minutes. Looking over the vessel's stern, a wall of water seemed to rise behind us—so precipitous here is the bed of the river. Other rapids were passed, and in the gloom of the evening we anchored in the mouth of the river Ottawa—a stream familiar to all who have read Tom Moore's "Canadian Boat Song."

The following day I reached Montreal, where I remained three days and then steamed it to Quebec; but I purposely omit any description of those cities, having already, I fear, exceeded my limits. I will only add therefore, that I returned to New York by way of Lake Champlain and Lake George, the latter the most beautiful sheet of water in the world. I, in three weeks from the time of starting, was comfortably seated in the good city of Brooklyn, sipping a mint julep.

By land and water I must have travelled at least two thousand miles, amidst as splendid scenery as any the world can exhibit. And what does the reader think my expenses (including every thing) were? Seven pounds did it handsomely. Is there any other country where as much can be seen and enjoyed for so little? I imagine not. Travelling in America is amazingly cheap; so are provisions;—thus a pleasure-trip is within the reach of every citizen. And civility is not scarce. Let some travellers grumble about Brother Jonathan as they may, I must honestly declare that more genuine politeness I never met with than during the trip I have just described,—more, I am certain, than I should have found in England.

But here I drop my pen, feeling assured that, before long, now that steam has brought the old and new worlds so close together, a pleasure-trip in the land of Washington and in Canada will be as fashionable, and quite as delightful, as any tour on the present much over-praised European continent.

SIX whales were driven ashore in a storm, on the coast of England, 2nd of February, 1762; one was killed above London Bridge, in September, 1781; one killed at Execution Dock, 22nd of August, 1793, measuring nineteen feet long.

THOUGHTS ON POPULAR LITERATURE.

It was once asserted by a celebrated statesman, that "he cared not who made the laws of a country, provided he was entrusted with the making of their ballads." If there be any thing in this more than a mere epigram, it must imply that mankind are governed more by love than by fear, and that it is better to appeal to their feelings than their judgment. This point may be safely left to philosophers. But if there be any truth in the remark itself, and it can be considered applicable to the times in which it was used, and to that species of composition to which it referred, it will acquire double weight if we substitute for the ballad that vast and accumulating stream of popular literature circulating unceasingly through every ramifications of society in the present day—with such a lever at his command, the destinies of a nation would be under the control of any aspirant. Ballads, however, at least for the purpose of exciting any thing like enthusiasm amongst us, are among the things that have been. "The age of chivalry is past," and poetry itself seems to have found a tomb in the grave of Byron. Even the traditional lore which not long ago formed the staple of infantine education has passed away, and the ancient and long-revered tutelary deities of the nursery have been rudely hurled from their pedestals by the blast of *disfranchise* knowledge. We are an infant school generation, and children are now taught to read before they run. The change is miraculous, and yet it is almost the growth of a day. If the literature of a people has always hitherto been considered as the greatest and most influential instrument of civilisation, what must it be at the present moment, when the elements of education are extended to all, and periodical and serial publications are issued by entire libraries, at prices which place them at the command of all readers. Although this species of writing (periodical) may be said to have found its origin amongst the authors of the last century, they made but a partial use of the weapon placed in their hands. Writing for a limited class of readers, their thoughts and speculations merely touched the surface of society. The mass, ignorant of what was progressing around them, remained inert and unmoved. Thus, notwithstanding the galaxy of talent which adorned this period of our history, it is pregnant with no great political change or social amelioration.

The genius of every age seems to have its peculiar mission, and to them we owe the purification of our language from many barbarisms, the establishment of a proper standard of taste and criticism on all matters connected with art and literature, together with a series of essays on morality,

and other subjects of a minor cast, more remarkable for polish of style and delicacy of handling than for any effect they produced upon the social condition of the age; in fact, they left morality much as they found it. Had their class of readers been more numerous, the effect would have been the same. The form in which their lucubrations were given to the world (the *essay*) is not calculated to make an impression on the general reader. This species of composition, addressing itself almost entirely to the intellect, though appreciated by the class amongst whom it circulated, and containing freely and animated pictures of the manners of the age, whose vices and follies it analysed, was never any thing more than a mere vehicle of literary display. It served the purpose of the hour—was desecrated on and forgotten. Dr. Johnson has observed, "that it is astonishing how little reading there is in the world!" In his age this was a truism, which shortly afterwards we find the same great authority accounting for by the assertion, "that the judgment always waded with pain through an abstruse work," and "that he ventured to say, no one ever read a book of science from pure inclination—the only books pursued with pleasure being works of light composition, containing a quick succession of events." If this was true in the time of the great Leviathan of literature, it is undoubtedly so in our day. The mass of the people read now, and ever will do so, more for amusement than instruction, and therefore just in proportion to the spread of education is the demand for works of fiction and excitement. Since the day when the great unknown launched his first novel into the world, this appetite has been on the increase, till this species of writing may be now classed amongst one of the great necessities of the age. To Sir Walter Scott we owe the opening of a new era in the history of romance. Novels, it is true, had been written before, but they were mere cabinet pictures in comparison with the grand historical frescoes of the great master.

The effect produced by these works was and is incalculable. Read alike in the hall of the peer and the cottage of the peasant—circulating wherever the English tongue had found a home—abounding in true morality and manly sentiment—speaking to the heart and feelings of humanity in language at once noble and impressive—placing before the mind's eye, in the most glowing colours, pictures of human nature—Shakespearean in their breadth of treatment, and of a character so universal, that every chord of sympathy vibrated in swelling response, as they successively appeared—he may, like his great dramatic prototype, be said "not to have written for an age, but for all time." It is the fashion with a certain class of critics, though they

oula works, to depreciate all writings of this class, on the score that the mind becomes unfitted by their perusal for more important studies; while an unhealthy tone of thought, and loose habits of reasoning, are engendered by the exciting scenes and passions it is the office of the novelist to depict. But it may be safely asserted that no mind of any calibre ever suffered from such association; and for the common run of intellect, surely this kind of reading is better than none at all. That such an engine, in the hands of corrupt and unprincipled writers, may be converted to base and unworthy purposes, cannot be doubted; the most bounteous gifts of nature are daily perverted and abused; and it is surely too much to expect that all the emanations of human thought should be free from the evils and imperfections which more or less pervade every earthly good. That the morals of society have not in the meantime deteriorated, is certain. Amongst the higher classes, the change which has taken place within the last thirty years is potent to all: refinement of thought and manners, the result of superior mental culture, is becoming daily of a more universal character; intemperance, the great vice of our fathers, is entirely banished; whilst the purity and high moral standing of all our great public characters contrasts most favourably with the acknowledged moral laxity of the leading men of the last century. This latter fact alone, amongst a people constituted as we are, must be held to prove that this improvement is not merely partial, but universal. Other and more potent causes have doubtless contributed to effect this revolution; but that it has been contemporaneous with an essentially romantic and fictitious literature, is undeniable. But be it for "good or for ill," the popular appetite for this species of mental food must be supplied.

To the mass of mankind, the path of life is but a rugged and thorny course of travel. Surrounded by a barrier of conventional restrictions, which impede, if they do not entirely prohibit, the exercise of those ideal and exalted qualities, which are for ever germinating in the human breast, the faculties of the imagination find a vent in the contemplation and study of fictitious conceptions. In every age, amongst every people, barbarous or civilized, the love of the marvellous, under one form or other, has always been indigenous.

The principal feature of our day, however, is the immense circulation given to works of this nature by periodical distribution, and the vast stream of weekly and monthly literature, of all kinds, which is now issuing from our presses. We are, it is true, a nation of readers, and soon bid fair to become one of authors also. The talent displayed in most of these works is surprising. The command of language, for-

ability of invention, general knowledge, and immense resources at the command of writers who now dedicate themselves to this species of composition, have never been surpassed. Their tone is healthy and vigorous, and entirely free from that morbid sentimentality and philosophy which predominate so much on the other side of the channel. Political and social questions are discussed in a fair spirit, while the follies of the day are satirised and ridiculed with great wit and humour. In the great mass of these publications there is nothing to desire. They are a credit to our age, and the number of fresh aspirants to literary fame who are continually swelling the rank of contributors is sufficient to prove that good models will always recruit apt pupils. The immense variety of truly (as now diseased) in those magazines tends to them a valuable addition to every circle. Men whose occupations draw them from any prolonged study, find a great resource in this kind of reading. Combining both instruction and amusement, it affords enjoyment to the well-congenial mind, and ensures improvement to all. Though the circulation of these works is no doubt enormous still their price puts them beyond the reach of the million, who, however, as is just and proper, have a press of their own. The popular literature is a great fact in itself, and is well worthy the attention of those who desire the elevation of the working man. We use the word (elevation) in the general, not the political sense. If used for worthy and honest purposes, the benefits arising from these popular periodicals must be manifold, it empowers to panders to the prejudices and passions of the masses, their destructive tendency must soon manifest itself. Hitherto, we believe the end and aim of by far the greater number to be highly creditable and meritorious like those of a higher grade, they contain both instruction and amusement, while the prices at which they are issued (1d and even 2d) are inconceivable, considering the amount and the quality of the matter they contain. The works of some of the most eminent French authors have appeared in their columns, and thousands have been delighted by the perusal of writings, to which, under any other circumstances, they must have remained strangers.

It is in the power of but few men to confer material benefits on society. But there is a vast and increasing machinery for the purposes of good or ill, placed at the disposal of those who wield the literary sceptres of the age. Let them bear in mind that they write not for a class, but for a world—and that as the agents and interpreters of intellectual power, their mission is the fearless and unbroken advocacy of truth. This duty incumbent upon all, is doubly so on those writers whose productions pass, by means of cheap publications, into the hands

of the million. Trained and disciplined minds may detect fallacies, however specious, the garb in which they are clothed; but those to whom the advantages of regular instruction have been denied, are easily deceived; false principles obtain ready credence amongst them, whilst, unfortunately, the tenacity with which they are maintained is entirely disproportioned to the facilities with which they are imbibed. The prejudices of our lower orders are powerful. The means of entirely uprooting them are at the command of the conductors of a popular literature. HAMINGTON.

HASTE AND DELAY.

BY HENRY HEAT.

It is well told of Talleveand that he both advocated and acted upon the maxim, that what could be put off till to-morrow should never be done to-day, and although we are far from intending to uphold such a theory, it may perhaps be considered a very reasonable display of scepticism if we honestly express a doubt whether, in very many cases the adoption of that delay, which is so sweepingly denied, would not, in fact, prove to be real haste in offering many of our intended objects. To be very "fast" is the characteristic of the present age, and hence it seems to us that people are continually getting themselves into fastness which admit but of very slow extinction. An idea is so soon conceived that it must be acted upon—the project is accomplished, when behold both the projector and his abettors find that, in their extreme haste with the edifice they have been building, they have not left a single door, or opening of any sort for them to creep out of. Bonaparte made much the same blunder when he had a spacious dome built over a portion of the palace, and discovered, at the last moment, that he was likely to be crushed underneath for want of the pillars to support it. Men spring this great one, are often guilty of similar oversights, and pay the penalty of being either seriously injured or utterly ruined by their over-speediness. They would make haste to be rich, but are too fast to accomplish their aim, fail, and ere they can rise again, they learn the value of that delay which would have enabled them to set about their purpose with proper forethought and prudence.

If people will but consider the matter quietly they will find, we think, that they are both teaching and acting upon a very wrong maxim, when they lay it down as a sweeping rule, "never to delay till to-morrow what can be done to-day;" a rule that cannot help conceiving is not only wrong in sound sense, but to the principles exemplified of the whole material world. Let us then try to hurry nature in vain.

style, and they will soon find how extremely mischievous the result will be. We repeat that we say this, not because we advocate hasty habits, but because we feel convinced that delay is sometimes far more advantageous than speed, or immediate action. The seeds of the most beautiful and rarest plants must lie long in the earth before nature will produce them, while ill weeds may be produced in a few hours. Almost every change throughout the universe goes on not only slowly but dilatorily; and where this is not the case, we find storms, hurricanes, earthquakes, and most malignant diseases spreading devastation around them. In fact, it is a question whether the earth would be as all habitable, if it was not for extreme delay in most of the operations of nature; each waiting its season—that "time for all things" which Solomon has endeavored to impress upon us.

We contend that to delay is much better than to be "fast," and that, except in cases that are either imperative or certain in their result, reasonable delay is wisdom. Even the argument that Talleyrand used in support of his principle possessed considerable soundness, if not altogether logical, namely, that, by waiting till the morrow, you might find that what you were going to have done would have proved either mischievous or superfluous. The only defect of the argument is, there is no end to the delay it proposes, in all matters that are left to one's own discretion. The fault of the opposite maxim is, that it makes people too prone to act without reasonable ground or occasion. It is a go-a-head, steam-engine, high-pressure sort of principle, without any safety-valve for the danger that is in it to escape at.

Admitting the habit of delay to be fraught with danger, we may yet observe that it seems to be almost necessary to the perfection of a certain species of mental greatness; and of this we have striking evidence in many men of great genius, composers and authors. For instance, most of whose best works have been dashed off with seeming haste at the last moment, the ideas having been ripening in their minds until they had attained something like the perfection of fullness. And we find the same peculiarity in the minds of less power, the delay being necessary to bring their ideas to maturity.

Medical men will tell us that they often find delay essential to the proper treatment of patients either in cases of bodily injury from accidents, or the sudden appearance of diseases. For there is no telling at first in what particular way the injury may develop itself, and diseases are sometimes so much alike in their earlier stages, that small-pox might be taken for measles, and measles for scarletina, a wrong treatment of which might seriously endanger the patient. In short, where there

is the least doubt about any thing, it may reasonably be questioned whether delay is at all dangerous; and, for our own part, we should feel strongly disposed to advise delay until the doubt had been removed, or the idea contemplated abandoned altogether. Delay, till we are certain of acting rightly, must ever be wise policy, and therefore great caution should be exercised in acting, even generally, upon the orthodox principle, that procrastination is invariably dangerous.

FACTS AND SCRAPS.

DUTCH IDLENESS.—A Dutch painter would feel as much ashamed to represent the ladies of the land idle, as they would to be caught slumbering over their knitting or their embroidery. Hence in all the pictures of the States there is no idleness; the women are busy generally in some becoming office, and the men are either at work or the wine cup, they keep moving. They have no man sitting and neither working nor thinking, like some of our island portraits; nor have they such a thing as a pattern-lady—on whose fine shape dress-makers display their costliest silks and rarest fashions.—*Major's Cabinet Gallery.*

WOOLLEN GOODS first exported from Ireland to a foreign market, 16th of January, 1780.

RAILWAYS.—The modern railway system of Europe may be said to date from 1825, when the construction, by Mr. G. Stephenson, of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, with its locomotive engines, was completed. After that date we heard no more of such prophecies as the following (from the *Quarterly Review*, in 1826), which it is not useless to record as a lesson of caution to us for the future:—"As to those persons who speculate on making railways generally throughout the kingdom, and superseding all the canals, all the waggons, mails and stage-coaches, post-chaises, and, in short, every other mode of conveyance by land and by water, we deem them and their visionary schemes unworthy of notice. What, for instance, can be more palpably absurd and ridiculous than the following paragraph,"—in which a prospect is held out of locomotives travelling twice as fast as stage-coaches. "We should as soon," adds the reviewer, "expect the people of Woolwich to suffer themselves to be fired off upon one of Congreve's rickshot rockets, as trust themselves to the mercy of such a machine going at such a rate." The modern railway system has, however, not only done this, but it has given rise to new habits in the present generation, and has proved to be the great mechanical invention of the nineteenth century, as the steam-engine was of the eighteenth.

SILENCE NOT ALWAYS WISDOM—Coleridge once dined in company with a person who listened to him and said nothing for a long time; but he nodded his head, and Coleridge thought him intelligent. At length, towards the end of the dinner, some apple dumplings were placed on the table, and the listener had no sooner seen them than he burst forth, "Them's the jockeys for me!"

IMPROMPTU,

*On being requested to write some verses on
'Love and Murder'*

Love and murder! Is that the theme?
Am I awake, or do I dream,
'To hear the two proposed together—
Fire and water in a tether?
I don't know how to go about—

When loves confessed, the murder's surely
out. F B T

THE BAGPIPE—In Scotland, the use of the bagpipe seems to have gradually superseded that of the harp, but this process we should think must have taken place chiefly within the last two hundred years, previous to which, we doubt very much whether the natives of North Britain were more distinguished for their patriotism than their southern neighbours. In a Shakespeare, although he talks of the drum (the "Incolust" bagpipe) and of a "Yorkshire bagpiper," has nowhere associated the instrument with the Scots, and when we go back several centuries anterior to this, we find it used in both countries by the same class of persons. Chaucer's miller plays it upon it.

"A bag pipe well conth he blaw and sownd
and 'Will Swane, 'The meikle Miller-
man, in our 'Pebilis to the Priv' calls for
it to assist in the festivities of the day

"Gill I sall dance I ave done lat se
'Blaw up the bagpypp than"

Indeed, although we are justly proud of our ancient proficiency on the harp, and altho we unhesitatingly to our claims to supremacy on that head, we are much disposed, upon a candid consideration of the facts to resign to the English the palm of superiority in this less refined description of music, about the time to which we refer—*Daunoy's History of the Music of Scotland*

CLAUDE LORRAIN.—"He made it his study to be acquainted with the varying aspects of nature, the changing hues of the sky in sunshine or in storm, the shifting colours of a field of grass as the wind sweeps over and disperses it, the light and shade of the forest, nay, the hues of the individual trees which compose it and the fleeting beauty of the evening clouds, when

"They turn their silver linings on the night,"

were all matters to him of curious thought."
—*Mayor's Cabinet Gallery.*

POSTHUMOUS FAME.—"There are many men who can despise misrepresentation or neglect during life from a feeling that justice will be done to their genius in death; a cold ear is lent, we are afraid, to praise which is poured over the grave, and there can be little doubt, whatever men of talent may aver, that they would willingly have the voice of admiration in life at the risk of having it deducted from the gross amount of their after fame."—*Mayor's Cabinet Gallery.*

SHERIDAN used to say, that poets were the unacknowledged legislators of the world.
—*Mayor's Cabinet Gallery.*

He established *The Month's Mirror*, in which Kirke White was a contributor. He was the Hill of Hook's *Gilbert Gurney*. He happened to know every thing that was going on in all circles and was at all "private views" of exhibitions. He especially was in favour of that which was recorded, when asked what he had seen the new coming he replied—"Pooh! pooh! I was present at the private view."

AN EXCELLENT SUBSTITUTE FOR WASHING POTATOES.—Take a teacupful of lard, boil it till thoroughly tender, put it into a basin with a teacupful of raw Scotch oatmeal, mix it with the rice till quite smooth, as usual with butter and salt, and brown the whole before the fire. **ANTI-VENATOR.**

CUCUMBERS (RIPE AND RIPE)—I carried the first population over the ocean until it is 1815, or in Yankee language, to a 1815. They then eat them as apples or oranges are eaten, the rind is peeled off and the juice sucked out without salt or vinegar. We have rarely seen a ridiculous spectacle as that presented by a live Canadian eating a large yellow cucumber, with juice coming out of one corner of the mouth and seeds at the other. A strange who should be seen in that country eating the fruit in any other way would be regarded as somewhat gross—as well as the cucumber. —*American Paper*

THE MAHOMETAN YEAR—The Mahometan year consists of twelve lunar months, each containing 29 days, 12 hours, and 78 scruples, so that the year contains 354 days, 81 hours, and 864 scruples. In order to reduce this year to an integral number of days, a cycle of thirty was chosen as the most convenient period, because thirty times eight hours, and 864 scruples, amount exactly to eleven days, and in this cycle there are nineteen years of 354 days, and eleven of 355 days. The Mahometan Hegira commenced on Friday the 16th of July, A.D. 622, and the 638th year of the Hegira began Friday, July 16th, which is the same day of the month and week that the Hegira commenced, and this corresponds to the year of our Lord 1143, so that 621 of our years are equal to 537 Turkish years.

POPULAR PASTIMES.

SOLUTIONS TO CRUCIGRAMS, ENIGMAS, CONTE-
DRUMS, KROUS, AND CELEBRATED RACE-
HORSE ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED, IN OUR
LAST NUMBER.

CRUCIGRAMS	CELEBRATED RACE- HORSE ENIGMATICALLY EXPRESSED
1 Hamlet.	1. Surplice
2 Rush light	2 Touchstone
3 Hunting-dog, in Eng- land	3 Canez u
4 ENIGMAS	4 Blue Bonnet
1. Light	5 Tamarind
2. The letter V.	6 Montpenser
3. It-Bit of Bit Hit Kit Not Pit Sit-In Wit Lit.	7 Justice to Ireland.
4. CONTE-DRUMS	8 Vegetation
1 The letter D	9 Orlando
2 High (s s)	10 March of May
3 The letter E	11 Melbourne
4 Pan (verbed nap)	12 Spry Jack-
5 Rail, transparent bar	13 Rescued
6 It is the place of a skull	14 Ruts
7 Lived, inverted level	15 Sealow
8 Country the (eun) ter part	16 Volleys
9 Venice	17 Rattle
10 Lion—In burge Verity	18 C. the stone
11 Echo London	19 Monticant
12 Initials, level	20 Increase
13 Enula, Noyon	

CHALADP

The rich poor man, who wealth enormous
pleas,
The poor rich man, who lives beyond his
means;
The civil alderman the needy poet
The bill contractor who would rather owe
it,
The gambler (human culture) and the no-
tary,
The novelist, and pleasure's mis-led votary
All, all of these within "the first" are found,
That Babylon of virtue, vice, and sound.

Business is on, and night succeeding day,
Hath, for a time, exiled the sun's bright ray
Closed are the shop, deserted are the streets
Except by "tall policemen" in their 'beats,
Unbroken silence happily doth reign
O'er princely thoroughfares and plebeian lane,
No tipsy brewer staggering along
Shouts forth the burden of some drunken
song!

Past is the witching hour, and fearful ghosts
No more perambulate the town in hoists
How many thousands, wearied with employ,
Sweet, renovating slumber now enjoy!
Blessed are they who, banishing distress,
Now steep their senses in forgetfulness.
Yet all repose not for in vnder room
A shining light exterminates the gloom.
Come, reader, let us enter. Pale and wan,
Bent on "the second," is an aged man;
Adown his sunken cheek a tear doth flow,
Telling of sorrow, misery, and woe!
Ah! laugh not. When the silent tear doth
start

Fresh from the eye, and gushing from the
heart

Of man, it is a sorry, sorry sight,
Throwing on cheerfulness a deadly blight!
So, so The old man speaks a passing
thought;

'Nought are the tales — comparatively
nought!"

Concise the sentence, yet within it lies
The source of all his sorrows, tears, and
sighs,

For Bankruptcy not far from him did stand
Holding grim Destination by the hand

Again a sentence on his lips did rest
'Twas spoken—"Every thing is for the best,"

This maxim was the old man's sovereign
balm,

Which oft had turned the storm into the
calm

"Away with grief! no more will I repine;

Dear Lord, these rods of chastisement are
thine

For this night 'ere ye well, O worldly cares!

To-morrow will I study my affairs."

With steady hand he doth "the second"
chose,

An iron chest now yieldeth it repose

Dear reader, glance towards that smoky
cess,

Tis the fac-simile of thickness,

And on its topmost shelf "the whole" doth
lie

Potent is it to 'drive dull care a way

Cautiously lifted from its resting place,

That speculum of truth, romance, and vice,

Is laid upon the table over its leaning

See the old man instruction from gleaming
Eastern romance with English truth was
blended

Amusement at following by mirth attended!

An intellectual banquet was there,

Composed of learning's jewels, rich and
rare

An hour hath fled, yet still that aged man

Each lively fascinating page doth scan

At last he has caught his reading to a close,

And on an ancient bed he sought repose.
MAZEPPE

SOLUTIONS TO MYSTERY AND CRUCIGRAM ENIGMA-
TICALLY EXPRESSED

1—Once in a row I hardly like to tell of it)
I saved — myself! and really I thought
well of it.

2—A hint by which perusers may proclaim
My name,

I have the power to create a flame.

3—Attach a letter From the lady's neck
I swing,

A thing
Of gold or silver, yea, sometimes pinch-
beck.

SOLUTIONS TO MYSTERY OF LEARNING, ETC.
IN OUR PRESENT NUMBER

MYSTERY OF LEARNING.	CRUCIGRAM.
1. Moon	
2. Cane	"LONDON JOURNAL"
3. Locke (1).	

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[illegible]

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[illegible]

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 1 l t u r i c e a w y
 Tl A l v e l i l l a t e
 N l t d f l l a n
 l l i c t a
 f l u i t i s s a
 j o t a l l
 a d l z z

1113

A. - n. n. i. f. f.

I have said the old
 And with the old
 That is the old
 And the old
 But I have said the old
 That is the old
 Secretly I have said the old
 Will you say the old
 No, I have said the old
 Personal I have said the old
 Indifference I have said the old
 In every I have said the old
 Are all the old
 (HAIKAT)

BOOKS RECEIVED

THE WHITTINGTON JOURNAL AND LITERARY REVIEW (V. 10, No. 11, WEDNESDAY, 11th WEEKLY) is a critical literary and a medium of information and regard to the literary and social literature of Great Britain. We trust it will meet with a cordial reception.

C. EDWARDS - The *Whittington Journal and Literary Review* is a weekly publication of the literary and social literature of Great Britain. It is published by Diddle, 11, Holywell Street.

NOTICE — We have the pleasure to an-

nounce to our readers that on Wednesday November 1st, we published No 7 of the "MYSTERY OF LONDON, OR, LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF LONDON LIFE," by THOMAS MITCHELL. We may be allowed to assert (and the assertion is founded upon a most extensive perusal of the first numbers) that by the publication of this work, Mr. Mitchell has already attained a very exalted position in the literary world, will add considerably to his fame as one of the most talented, and at the same time practical writers of the age. We need not under any circumstances that Mr. Mitchell will compromise himself by his too numerous and rare in the literary world, which has been adopted by the public.

TO OUR READERS

Will leave to the various Subscribers that I put in the "TRIAL FOR THE LIES" will be sought a conclusion with I go not into it in order that our Editor might be appointed in the present connection of interest that have been returned in a few weeks. Periodical, each one of the Prefector to complete them in the LONDON JOURNAL, and, in my regard to incorporate the "TRIAL FOR THE LIES" with that of the LONDON JOURNAL.

Re-issue of the "Tracts,"

It is, at the same time, to inform our Readers, and
Trade in general, that we have I and II
at our printing our intention to RE-
PUBLISHER the TRACTS aforesaid, with No
1, on Monday December 14. The Country
Traders are requested to send their orders one
week in advance, as the number printed will
be limited.

Published for the proprietors by Henry Vickers, No. 224
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